

For Boys And Girls

Family Cares.

[By Edgar Wade Abbott.]
I am just as tired as I can be!
To wash and iron and sweep and bake
And care for six in the family
Is enough to do for goodness' sake!

There's Isabel Maud, she's eight weeks old,
I don't know what she's crying about!
But there it isn't worth while to scold,
She's getting her teeth, I have no doubt.

Algernon Alfred! You just sit still!
That boy is so full of it and jumps!
But then he has really been quite ill
With a sort of intermittent mumps.

They've all had the measles and whooping-cough!
And Sarah Eliza, the blue-eyed one,
She pulled Seraphina's leg right off,
And told me she did it "just for fun!"

That Seraphina's a dreadful creature!
She's failed herself out of her carriage twice,
And broken two heads. It's hard to bear
When you try to keep your children nice.

Angelica's had the scarlet croup,
And half of her sawdust came right out.
I'm feeding her cracker and water soup,
And I'm sure she'll soon be strong and stout.

Children's is worries, but still I guess
They're kind of comforts when all is said.
Come, darlings, it's time now to undress
And each one go to your little bed.

The Prince of the Melted Heart.
[By Hannah Rodgers Sprague.]

Once on a time, far up on a snow-capped mountain, lived seven little men, each no bigger than your middle finger. They were the sons of the King of Winter, the overseers of the winds that bear the storms, everything about them was cold and hard and bleak, and they themselves were cold and hard and bleak also.

One day one of these little men was standing on a jagged point of frozen earth that looked down over a great precipice, when a mischievous snow-wind that he had lately punished with the prince in passing, and, whistling with him off his roosting, down he fell, and down, and down, and down—like Alice in Wonderland—only further, and faster, and longer, until his senses went to sleep, and still he went down, down, down, down.

When he awoke he was lying on a bank of roses, in a place where sweet perfumes were wafted about by mild breezes; but the wind did not like his warm sweetness, nor the bed of roses. "The edelweiss is a good enough flower for us in the Kingdom of Winter," thought he; "it is strange and unnatural for flowers to smell sweet."

But even as he thought of this, his heart began to feel as he fancied the snow would feel if it were brought into this place, and as he would he could not dislike the sensation.

As he lay in this half-conscious state he heard a low humming here, and there, and he saw a butterfly, he watched the approach of six wasps drawing after them a great red rose, the heart of which rose stood the Queen of Summer, and she was very beautiful; but the prince could scarce raise himself to meet her because of that strange feeling at his heart.

When the queen saw something among the roses she drove her steeds that way. "You are from the Kingdom of Winter," she said, and gazed wonderingly at his fur clothing. "And how do you like my land, the Kingdom of Summer?"

"I do not like it," answered the prince; "you have new scents and sounds and feelings here. They may be all very well; but they are new and strange, and I am not used to them; I would rather go back to the Kingdom of Winter."

Then the little queen smiled rather sadly and said: "I would not keep you here against your will. Come with me and I will try to take you home. So the prince climbed into the rose-chariot, and the wasps spread their wings again, and the queen directed them to the royal stables.

"These wasps cannot fly high," she said, "we must take my butterflies and try it with them when we reach the Kingdom of Winter."

So the butterflies were tied into the chariot, and they rose and rose; but finally it was evident that they could go no higher. "Then said the queen: 'The butterflies cannot take us; but I know a swallow who lives near here. Perhaps he will bear you to the Kingdom of Winter.'"

So they stopped at the swallow's nest, and he took the prince on his broad back and would have him, but the prince cried out as loud as he could, with that strange feeling at his heart: "Dear lady, you must come with me; I will not go without you!"

The queen's face shone, and she let him draw her up beside him, and the swallow flew with them a long, long way.

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way; but they did not reach the Kingdom of Winter. Then the swallow said: "I will take you to the lark, who rises higher than any bird that flies; perhaps he can take you."

So they left the swallow for the lark, and he mounted with them higher and higher, and higher and higher; but as the lark soared upward the prince on his back gazed at the little queen who clung to him for support. His heart was quite melted now, and he was happier than ever before, but he had to see that even now she dropped as they rose higher, and yet he could not go without her.

"Do you think you will like the Kingdom of Winter?" he asked.

She shivered a little and then her face brightened, and she said: "I shall like to be with you," she said. Just then the lark turned his head and said: "I can go no further; but perhaps if we ask the East Wind he will give you a lift, and he could take you to the very gates."

No, good lark," answered the prince, suddenly as he took the trembling form of the little queen into his arms. "Take us quickly back to the Kingdom of Summer, for there we will dwell forever."

And there they did dwell in great happiness, the prince's only wish being that some day his six brothers might also know the joy of a melted heart.—The Independent.

The Poets.

The Battle of Life.
Oh, lovely morn, oh, glorious life!
I run, I like the eagle fly
To join the throng amidst the strife,
And there to nobly die or die.

I know that dangers gather near,
That trials now have just begun—
O timid soul, ne'er yield to fear,
But pray in faith, Thy will be done!

FORTY.
The day advances; list, afar
The noise of battle rolls around;
Contending hosts are joined in war,
Succeeding charges shake the ground.

Unfurl the banner of the Cross,
Raise high our emblem to the sun,
Now strike the foe, whatever the loss,
And cry for aye, Thy will be done!

SIXTY.
The battle rages, but his roar
I run, I like the eagle fly
To join the throng amidst the strife,
And there to nobly die or die.

I know that dangers gather near,
That trials now have just begun—
O timid soul, ne'er yield to fear,
But pray in faith, Thy will be done!

EIGHTY.
I know not if the battle's tide
Is rolling heavily on and on;
A helpless pensioner I bide
While all my comrades brave are gone.

We waged hard for truth and right,
Full many a glorious victory won—
At eventide there shall be light—
Oh, God, Thy will be done!

THE JOURNEY.
I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done,
Though life has given me a heap of
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure.

Still better things await me further on,
I think death's train sweeps through the
And passes suns and moons that
And close beside us we shall find our dearest.

The spirit friends on earth we held the nearest,
And in the shining distance God's great throne.
Whatever disappointment may befall
In plans or pleasures in this world of doubt.

I know that life at worst can but delay me,
But no malicious fate has power to stay me
From that grand journey on the Great Death route.
—Baltimore American.

"IN GOD WE TRUST."

Origin of the Legend on Coins of the United States.

Director Preston, of the United States mint, has been asked so often about the origin of the legend on the coins of the United States in God We Trust, that he has made a statement of the results of his researches.

He says that the department records show, the first suggestion for the recognition of the Deity on the coins of the United States was made by M. R. Watkins, of Hildesville, Pa., who signed himself "Minister of the Gospel," in a letter dated Nov. 13, 1861. He wrote to Secretary Chase somewhat as follows: "You are probably a Christian. What if our republic were now shattered beyond reconstruction? Would not the antiquaries of succeeding centuries rightly reason from our past that we were a heathen nation? What I propose is that instead of the Goddess of Liberty we shall have next inside the thirteen stars a ring inscribed with the words 'perpetual union'."

Within this ring the all-seeing eye, crowned with a halo; beneath this eye the American flag, bearing in its field stars equal to the number of the states united. In the folds of the banner the words, "God, Liberty, Law." This would make a beautiful coin, to which no possible citizen could object. This would relieve us from the ignominy of heathenism. This would place us openly under the Divine protection we have personally claimed. From my heart I have felt our national shame in disowning God as not the least of our present national disasters. To you, first, address a subject that must be agitated."

Secretary Chase was impressed with the suggestion, and moved in the matter so that "An act was passed April 22, 1864, changing the composition of the 1-cent piece and authorizing the coinage of the 2-cent piece, the devices of which were to be fixed by the director of the mint, with the approval of the secretary of the treasury, and it is upon the 2-cent bronze piece that the motto, 'In God We Trust,' first appeared."

The legend was ordered on other coins by subsequent acts and finally, in 1873, it was ordered to be inscribed on such coins as admit of it.

A Smile: A Laugh.

A political speaker accused a rival of "unfathomable meanness," and then, rising to the occasion, said, "I warn him not to persist in his disgraceful course, or he'll find that two of us can play at that game!"—Tilt-Bits.

"Mamma, the right way to spell 'high' is h-i-g-h, isn't it?"
"Yes, dear. Why do you wish to know?"
"Cause I'm writin' a composition about the hyena!"—Chicago Tribune.

A small boy, the Rev. Dr. Lambuth relates, teased his father for a watch which he was forbidden to mention the matter again. At family prayers next morning, when asked for his Scripture verse, the youngster repeated, "What I say unto you, I say unto all—watch."

The master was asking questions—masters are apt to ask questions and these sometimes receive curious answers. The question was as follows: "Now, boys, how many months have 28?"
"All of them, sir," replied a boy in the front.

The teaching of science in elementary schools is liable to be attended by misunderstandings and complaints. An exchange reports that a teacher in a New York town received the following indignant note from the father of one of his pupils:

"My boy tells me that when I think beer overcoat from my stummack gets too thick, 'Please be so kind and don't interfere with my family affairs.'"

In a certain city flat the wallpaper had grown very dingy, but the landlord had persistently refused to replace it. At last the tenant said to his wife: "It's no use, Julia, we shall have to put on some new paper at our own expense."

"And take all the trouble to scrape off the old?"
"Certainly not, We'll put it on right over the other."

"John! And make the rooms smaller still!"

"How far is it from here to Bruehburg?" asked a tourist of an old fellow who was hoeing weeds in a field of sickly corn "down South." "Is it far?"
"Waah, it haint so very far nor it haint so very nigh. If you go round by the big road it's farder nor it is nigh, but if you cut across country it's nigher nor it is fer, an' if you keep right straight ahead it's kinder betwixt nigh an' fer, but it's consider'able, for from hyar no matter how you git har."

While talking to a mission school up-on the contrast between Darius and Daniel, a speaker said:
"Now, children, Daniel, in the den of lions, slept more sweetly that night than did the king. Why was it?"
"Darius was bad and Daniel was good," replied somebody.

"That's right, and now, what makes a bed soft?" continued the speaker, trying to develop the conscience point.
"Feeders!" exclaimed a 4-year-old, quick as a flash.

This is told of a young lady Kipling. He took a great fancy to little Miss Dorothy Drew, the favorite grandchild of his mother, and he was anxious to win her friendship by telling her stories. After some time, Mrs. Drew, fearing Mr. Kipling might be tired, called to her and said:

"Now, Dorothy, I hope you have been good, and not wearing Mr. Kipling's hat. Oh, no, mother, not a bit! replied the child, adding, with a sigh, 'but you've no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearing me!'"

The following is a story told of a doctor at one of the London hospitals. He was one day lecturing to a class of medical students, when he stopped and asked a question which for some time none of them had answered. A question before, and was looked upon as the fool of the class, answered him correctly. "The doctor was astonished, and stared at the man in amazement. You look surprised, sir," said the student.

"So did Balaam!" was the doctor's sharp reply.

The story is told of a Yankee housewife who was extremely neat, that she woke one night at the sound of her husband's snoring softly out of bed and toward the light-stair.

"What's the matter, William?" she whispered.
"Sh!" he whispered; "there's a burglar coming up the front stairs, and I'm getting up to watch him."

All was silence again, in the midst of which William crept noiselessly to the head of the stairs. Presently there was a loud report, followed by a mad scurrying of feet; then the husband came back, lighted a lamp, and returned to the stairs.

"O, William, William, did he—?"
"Yes, he got away," said the husband.

"Oh, I don't care so much about that," the woman said, "but, William, did he—?"
"Did he what?"
"Did he wipe his feet before he started up the stairs?"

SOME CYCLONE TALK.

Interesting Scientific Data Compiled From Several Sources.

"I've heard so many incredible stories about the cyclone and its eccentricities," said the solemn-looking man to a party of tourists he had joined in the sleeping car, "that I've been to Kansas making some personal investigations in the interest of science."

I find that many reports from that section have been grossly exaggerated. Nothing occurs there that is not in accord with our understanding of these terrible outbreaks of nature. For instance, the cyclone has a rotary motion. I have known it to dip low enough to bore a well and then bound once more to the region of the clouds. This wonderful phenomenon was an accomplished fact in far less time than it takes me to tell of it.

An extensive farmer there heard the roar of an approaching storm and just had time to get his team from the barn to a place of safety. The wind caught the reaper and sent it round and round and round the mill, and in a remarkably short time the money tract till the grain was all cut."

"But didn't it blow away?"
"Not at all. That would have destroyed our theory. The circular whirl of the irresistible power swept the grain to the center of the field, and into an immense stack such as human hands could not have piled."

"One of the strangest, but best authenticated incidents I learned of occurred where a cyclone struck the base of a mountain and went burrowing through it. A few feet in the twinkling of an eye it had made a tunnel. It was two weeks later when the tunnel was completed and the terror with resumed its devastating way on the other side. The tunnel was promptly appropriated by a railroad company."

I had rather an unpleasant experience in that section," said one of the tourists. "I bought a little farm there just before the cyclone struck. The place was in three counties was plastered thick with mortgages. A cyclone would then all up into one great package and pasted them down on my little place. We drilled and blasted to get them off, but it was no go. My farm is mortgaged to the hilt."

The solemn man of science never turned a hair, but took notes.—Detroit Free Press.

Novelties of Today.

The roughest thing on rats that has lately attracted attention is the electrical rat-trap. It is no fancy device, hinging on remote possibilities, but a simple, yet deadly method of clearing a building of rodents. In one night it is said to have captured 123 rats in a New York restaurant. The trap is baited with chickens, which every able-bodied rat finds irresistible. His entrance is easily made, as the door is open, but as soon as he is inside his return is cut off electrically, and he passes on by trap doors and passage-ways to a compartment in which there are plenty of rats and vegetables—though not of chicken. His grunts of enjoyment at this free lunch are heard by the rats as they hurry to join him as fast as they can find the way.

One of the best things ever done by the telephone people is the introduction of the doctor's portable telephone. The instrument has a very pronounced bell, and its success is well deserved. The peculiarity of the new telephone is that it receives and transmits a detachable. The ordinary wall equipment, with signal devices, etc., is duplicated in his bedroom. During the day the receiver and the transmitter are used with the office call box, but when the doctor goes to bed they are detached therefrom and connected to the bedroom box, forming a complete telephone equipment, ready for service. Everyone knows the racking kind of a life the average medical man has to lead. He comparatively seldom enjoys an undisturbed night's rest, and he may be summoned several times. Many of these calls are utterly unnecessary, resulting mainly from the nervousness or peevishness of the patient. In such cases the doctor, on being called up, can now speak directly to the patient—without a bedside telephone—and do much by a few reassuring words, and after making careful inquiries regarding the prevailing symptoms determine whether the contingency is sufficiently serious to necessitate a night visit. Oftener than he is able to give a few simple directions and then to turn over and finish his sleep, instead of tramping out in the night air.

One of the most important outdoor occupations, in its relations to eyesight and to public safety, it is now universally admitted, is that of the railway service. The same importance, it seems, in securing accuracy in this field by the introduction of a new kind of color vision, 5,651 persons were examined in form vision, and 24 failed; 5,077 were examined in color vision and 51 failed. The number of officers already in possession of a special report on the tests examined in 1896, failed to pass the special tests, was 12—1 master, 5 mates and 2 second mates. In 1895, 7 were examined on appeal in 1896, 1 being passed and 6 rejected; of the 56 candidates who failed in color vision in 1895, 12 were examined on appeal in 1896, 5 passing and 7 being rejected; while of the 36 candidates for vision who failed in 1894-95, 5 were passed next year, 2 also passing subsequently of the 36 who failed in form vision in 1896.

"Compressing air until it will remain compressed without any pressure upon it," are the few words which a writer in the Electrical Engineer describes the new product, "vacuum," or liquefied air, remarking that, though requiring an enormous pressure to get it into such a form, it will remain there for some time in the open air; that is, until it gets heat enough from the surrounding air to turn again into its natural state. It will turn mercury into a solid form as soon as it is poured into it, and freeze up a thermometer rapidly. Such is the assumed prospective usefulness of this liquid that predictions are made of distant naval powers now running to waste being soon employed compressing the very air we breathe into a liquid form and shipping it to all parts of the globe for industrial purposes.

A most phenomenal island is that of Bornholm, in the Baltic, belonging to the kingdom of Denmark. It is famous for its geological peculiarities, consisting as it does almost entirely of magnetite, and its magnetic influence is so powerful that it has caused the loss of many ships. It is said that the island being sighted by mariners on the Baltic, they at once discontinued steering their course by the needle, and turned, instead, to the well known lighthouses and other holds to direct their craft. Between Bornholm and the mainland there is also a bank of rock under water, which is very dangerous to navigators, and because of it being constantly submerged vessels having been frequently wrecked at that point. The peculiar fact in this case is that the magnetic influences of this ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will point down, and, if not disturbed, will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line.

Success appears to have attended the experiment made last December on the New Haven Railroad, and duly reported at the time, in the sheathing of a passenger car with copper. In this case the usual sheathing was removed from a first-class car, the frame was redressed and blocked, and the metal sheathing was prepared in the company's shop, the process being slow, as the work was out of the usual line. It was thought that the copper might add considerably to the weight of the car, but since the completion of the work it has been found that the thinner car sheathing is not desirable, for the reason that the lips of the grooves in the edges are inclined to curl, there being sufficient lumber in the upper lip to make it firm. All the posts and corners in fact, were of the superior part of the passenger car made of wood, were covered with copper. The car has been run several times without interruption, and no appreciable evidence of expansion has been noted during exposure to heat or cold, and the stiffness of the material prevents had appearance on the board. Some 800 to 900 pounds of metal are required.

A Column of Sunshine.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For aches avail this eager pace;
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day
The friends I seek are seeking me;
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years,
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flow the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

The shortness of life is bound up with its fullness. It is to him who is most busy always thinking, feeling, working, caring for people and things, that life seems short. Strip a life empty and it will seem long enough.—Phillips Brooks.

Remarks madame: "I think Gail Hamilton uttered a gospel truth when she said the wife who kept only one pair of stockings darned ahead, if you sit down with a basketful of yarn. But if you mend hose only as you need them, the reason is so obvious that the task becomes nothing."

"Moreover, there is no royal road in darning. Did I tell you about that little weaving machine I bought with my job, expecting to revolutionize the darning of my husband's socks? Well, to attach it under the hole, pass threads back at the under, and move a needle shut, and I was off. I was trying to attach it to the hole according to directions. The threads would not work and the shuttle was a beast! About 4 o'clock the door flew open, too exhausted and demoralized to dress for dinner. I was full of wrath. Next day I took, and the back and the saleswoman, while she could not refund the money, thanked me for my forbearance. She said most people threw the thing at her head. Men were especially vicious. They were in a broad grin when they purchased, but came back with a stern look and never heard of anybody who successfully wove the hole shut."

"No," she said, "I was not. But what might be called the vice royal way is simply to mend one pair ahead as you need them. It would horrify the grandmothers, but it is entirely up to date."

Failure is said to be the keynote of success. If the saying is true, the road to success must be through many heartburns, regrets and disappointments, and even failure may bring us nearer to success. What seems a crushing sorrow now perhaps is only a means to a desired end.

Let us, then, try to watch patiently every cloud of failure for the sunlight of success that may illuminate the other side of the threatening blackness.

Did a man or a woman write this paragraph? "We had a fine ride off her pedestal and jumped on her bicycle she tactfully abandoned the position which made possible fine manners in men. She has nothing to complain of, much to be grateful for. Camaraderie, good fellowship, the right to use the bicycle, the needle, and, turn, instead, to the well known lighthouses and other holds to direct their craft. Between Bornholm and the mainland there is also a bank of rock under water, which is very dangerous to navigators, and because of it being constantly submerged vessels having been frequently wrecked at that point. The peculiar fact in this case is that the magnetic influences of this ore bank is so powerful that a magnetic needle suspended freely in a boat over the bank will point down, and, if not disturbed, will remain in a perfectly perpendicular line."

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For several years I have been a subject of severe nervous headaches, and last June I became absolutely prostrated from the trouble. I also became a martyr to indigestion. I was persuaded to try South American Nerfine. I procured a bottle. My headaches were relieved, almost immediately, and in a remarkably short time I was entirely free. The remedy has toned up and built up my system wonderfully." James A. Bell, Beaverton.

I may not be the ocean grand
With deep and careless roar,
That beats upon its bosom vast
Great ships from shore to shore.

Yet, as the little rippling brook
Green fields and trees that winds among
Wild flowers bearing on my banks,
And leaving no sweet song unsung.

Can I not be content to voice
The message that my Father meant for me,
Even though by faith alone I know
That some day I shall join the crew?

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