

For Boys and Girls

"If you were me, and I were you, and all the world were twisted too, what do you think that you would do if you were me and I were you?"

"If I were you and you were me, I'd be as good as good could be, I'd never fret, nor tease, you see, if I were you and you were me."

"If you were me and I were you, you think that you'd be good and true?"

"Well, it's as easy a thing to do when I am I, and you are you."

"Since I'm not you and you're not me, suppose we try each day, to be so good that nobody can say which I am, and which is me."

Ragles.

Ragles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie.

He was a sorry looking little fellow, as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him, and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said, "Let him stay, papa, he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in, just as if it were his home.

Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him, so Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Ragles, on account of his long, tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairie.

But Ragles seemed to consider she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous-looking places and holes in the ground made by coyotes and prairie dogs.

When the next spring came Ragles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go, Ragles found he had regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the school house, two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if he was early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1886, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon, and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Ragles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick, and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his neck and told him to be sure and bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the school house.

One hour passed slowly, the anxious parents. When two sad hours passed, their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his saggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony, and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride, except being thoroughly chilled.—Good House-keeping.

Picked Up in Passing.

It is a delusion that is gradually being shattered that malt liquors, taken moderately and not injurious to physical health. Mr. Shepard Romane, a well known as one of the highest authorities in life insurance statistics, says: "It is my observation that malt liquor, taken habitually by the moderate drinker, tends to increase mortality, for it is a fact that the rate of mortality is greater among the Germans than among our native American people."

The receipts from the new liquor licenses of Philadelphia amount to \$1,418,000. The cost to the city, says the Lutheran Observer, for police, courts and prisons necessary to punish criminals and support paupers made by the saloons, is several times as great, besides the numerous poverty, wretchedness and vice caused by them. In a pecuniary view alone, this method of raising revenue is like "saying at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole."

Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the armies of Great Britain, does not take as kindly a view of Tommy Atkins' drinking habits as Kipling, but is probably nearer the truth. In a recent speech before the British Army Temperance Association, Lord Wolseley made this striking statement: "There are yet some battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered."

thinness

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counted by the United Kingdom, but the cost of pressing enemy at present is high. It kills more than all our new weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also.

"Believe me, my dear fellow, the trouble is not with your lot, or your environment, or your inheritance; the whole trouble is with your false philosophy of life, for he is a man thinking so he is. When your belief is wrong, then all is wrong."

"Yes, but then that is only my belief."

"Only your belief! My stars, man, what more do you want to convict you than this very confession of yours—only our belief! Why, what is a man's belief but the thing he lives by?—by the life that is what one lives by, hence his belief."

The Watchman notes that some people try to be more orthodox than the Bible—a fact of which we are frequently made painfully aware—and then relate incidents which we assume to be from the Bible. One of these hyper-orthodox brethren was recently engaged in discussing some question of Sunday observance. His interlocutor, to clinch the argument, said that Jesus allowed works of mercy to be done on the Sabbath; he permitted one to help an ox or an ass out of a ditch. "Yes," was the reply, "I have always thought that Jesus let down the bars too far there." And yet the man who could make that remark would probably have stoutly resisted any inference from the Christian consciousness not in accord with the letter of the Old Testament.

A Laugh--A Smile.

"I would send you a kiss, papa," wrote little Lucy, who was away on a visit, "but I have been eating onions."

Willie—I knew you were coming to-night. Castleton—Why so, Willie? Willie—Sister has been asleep all the afternoon.

Little Joe had been amused by some maps of the constellations. The next morning he asked: "Mamma, may I have those maps that came down from heaven?"

Old Bullion—What! You wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere school girl yet.

Suitors—Yes, sir. I came early to avoid the rush.

"You are as full of airs as a hand organ," said a young man to a girl who refused to let him see her home.

"That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

Doctor—You have something wrong with your digestive organs.

Patient—Well, considering that my three daughters are learning to cook, it is hardly to be wondered at.

Uncle Bob—What are you going to be when you become a man, Tommy?

Tommy—I'm going to be a soldier, 'cos then I can fight all I want to without being spanked for it.

Dr. Ebony—If you tie your neck round your front for one day, dat cold will be all gone.

Mr. Black—Sir, docto', won't I ketch fraish cold by not habbin' de sock on mah foot?

Mercy, Bridget, what's the matter with these cakes?

"I dun no, mum."

"They taste of soap."

"Yes, mum, I couldn't find the soap-stone griddle, an' I soaped the iron one."

Ardent Lover—If you could see my heart, Belinda, you would know how fondly

Up-to-date girl (producing camera) I intend to see it, Hiram. Sit still, please.

Small boy—Say, pa, teacher said today, "Study hard, boys, time flies."

Father—Very true, my son.

Small Boy—Well, and a little while after he said, "Time leaves footprints." Now, pa, how can it leave footprints if it flies?

"Got any quinine pills?" said Zedekiah Hoosier, of Indiana, to a New York druggist.

"Yes, sir. How many do you want?"

"I reckon a quart will do me all right, 'cos I get back to Injeanner. I'm goin' to start day after ter-morrer."

THOUGHT CHAOS RULED.

Astronomers in Fear That the Planetary Gearing Was Out of Joint.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There was great excitement in astronomical circles in the city of Berlin not long ago. The moon had gotten out of order and refused, apparently, to follow the course which had been marked out for her for all eternity.

The situation was grave. Calculation upon calculation was made by the savants, but no solution of the phenomenon seemed to be mathematically obtainable. It was discovered that both the fixed stars and the planets were shot in exactly the same way.

The whole universe was out of order! Fortunately, the poor, ignorant public had not yet gotten wind of the affair, when it occurred to some one of the astronomers that the fault might well be in the observatory itself and not in the general machinery of the universe.

The observatory of Brussels is of comparatively recent construction. It is supposed to have been built in accordance with the latest attainments of science and art, but, unfortunately, it was placed, contrary to Biblical admonition, upon a hill of sand, and the foundations, which the plans required to be some 3 feet deep, were only twelve or fifteen. The sparing of labor and material caused the building to lose its level and to slip gradually away from its proper position. This movement threatened to continue. But as to the conduct of Dame Luna, the scientists are completely reassured, having revised their calculations with due allowance for the enforced bias of vision.

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With the Poets.

The Difference.

Mercury, of course, is fluid at all. Uric St. de Holy Bible say, In speakin' ob de jus', Dat he do fall sebben times a day: Now, how's de sinner wuss?

"Well, chile, de slip may come to all; But den de difference foller— For, ef you watch him when he fall, De jus' man do not waller."

—John B. Tabb.

Plantation Lullaby.

'Way down en de holler screech-owl shout, An' de stars dey wink dey eye; De moon en de moon he soon turn out, Wile de daylight win's dun lie.

Heish, mer I'll one, go to sleep— Drap yo' eye an' don' yo' peep— Sleep, pickaninny, sleep!

De sorrowful whoop'll grieve'n sad, Lak she brek' her heart in two; She suty'n' 'bused' 'im monst'us bad, Heish, mer I'll one, go to sleep—

Heish, mer I'll one, go to sleep— Drap yo' eye an' don' yo' peep— Sleep, pickaninny, sleep!

De jes'n dat's lon'sum conjurin' crow To de fire-bug down de lane— Sey 'Hoo-ah-hoo, yo' better fly'n low, Fur termor' hit guine to rain.

Heish, mer I'll one, go to sleep— Drap yo' eye an' don' yo' peep— Sleep, pickaninny, sleep!

De big star shoot 'way across de sky, Wile de stream o' mammy by-em-by, Dun gone lak yo' mammy by-em-by, W'en her story dun bin tol'.

Heish, mer I'll one, go to sleep— Drap yo' eye an' don' yo' peep— Sleep, pickaninny, sleep!

—Nashville American.

Hersey in Pokumville.

I had for neighbors Silas Bean, Erastus Gove, an' William Smith, John Andrew Pratt, Horatio Dean, But no one to talk Bible with.

For Silas Bean would talk ob hops, Erastus Gove was strong on crows, An' William Smith on onion crops, An' Pratt an' Dean on shotes an' sovs.

But Bean, Gove, Pratt, Dean or Smith— Not one could I talk Bible with.

For w'en I tried to talk free-will With Dean or with John Andrew Pratt, They'd talk about the kind o' swill Was best to make a hog fat.

An' w'en I labored arouse Some intress in predestination, An' talk fore-knowledge, they'd talk crows,

An' hoo an' onion cultivation, A sordid, worldly set, you see, An' not companyins fit for me.

An' how all things were foreordained, An' how the human will was free, They didn't seem to want explained, And never listened much to me.

An' w'en my argumints I begun, Way into de reel Scripture's pin, John Andrew Pratt would wink at Dean,

An' Dean would wink at William Smith, An' Rastus Gove an' Silas Bean Would jest keep silent an' look green.

—Sam Foss.

WHY BURGLARS KILL.

One of Them Says Fear of Prison Alone Prompts the Act.

The London Chronicle publishes the following as remarks made by "an old criminal, now retired," when questioned as to the use of lethal weapons by burglars.

"New hands," he said, "never carry a revolver, and seldom make anything in the shape of a murderous attack on anybody intertering with them. 'There may be a skirmish and some hard hitting in the attempt to escape, but nothing beyond that."

"There is no accidental character about the policy that a 'freshman' pursues. He gets his instruction from the experienced cracksmen into whose companionship he has fallen, and he is coached, as a matter of expediency, not to carry weapons when engaged in his initial enterprises. If, at the very outset, he is clumsy enough to get captured, the fact that he has a clean record, and that he was not armed, goes a long way with judge and jury, and he may get through this particular escapade and quite a considerable number afterwards, before being sent up for any considerable stretch."

"Afterwards, of course, it is a very different matter. Should a man have been convicted three or four times, he knows that his next offense will be punished by something like fifteen years' penal servitude; more, likely enough, if the judge should be either Mr. Justice Hawkins or Mr. Justice Day. So the determined man makes up his mind that he will never again be captured if killing will prevent it. He sizes up the chances and concludes that he would as lief take his chance of the gallows (with a bid for freedom) as go into penal servitude for practically a lifetime."

"Therefore it is that from this time onward he goes armed, not in the least because he is murderously inclined, but because he is overcome with the horror of penal servitude—and, believe me, I would rather be hanged myself to-morrow, in my opinion, than go into penal servitude for another five years."

"Do you suppose there would be fewer crimes of violence if the sentences were less severe?"

"That has nothing to do with it. What leads us on and on to the commission of crime is the infernal system of police supervision. My last sentence was the outcome of a job which was put up by the police themselves. I had been out of prison too long for them, and they wanted to see me back, and so they set a 'mark' at work, who mixed me up in an entirely bogus robbery."

"That kind of thing has been done over and over again, and innocent men as often as not have been trapped. The fact that I had kept out of jail for nearly two years was actually used against me at my trial, for when

my previous convictions were recited the detective in charge of the case volunteered the statement that during that time I was suspected of having gained my living by dishonest means, as I had been in no employment since."

"Employment, indeed! As though the police would permit us to take any sort of situation! When a man has been hunted down by the police, and in sheer desperation reverts to his career of crime, small wonder, I say, that when he finds himself cornered he shoots, or stabs, or bludgeons in his dash for liberty. He may die in bed with the stain of blood on his hands; if luck is against him and he is captured, then I say he is better off on the scaffold than in lifelong penal servitude."

CANNON MADE FROM TREES.

The Cuban Insurgents Have the Strangest Artillery of Modern Times.

In these days of 80-ton guns, it seems hardly possible that an enlightened people would make cannon from trees. That is just what the Cuban insurgents have done, however, and with excellent success.

There grows in the interior of Cuba a peculiar tree with a winding grain. The wood is remarkably tough, and to split it by ordinary means is almost an impossibility. When wanted for artillery purposes the tree is felled, a section some five feet in length and one foot in diameter is selected and cut, the bark is removed, and all knots and uneven places on the surface are dressed down.

The embryo cannon is then placed on rude trusses and a hole burned in it with white hot crowsbars or round iron pipes from the sugar mills. This burning out of the interior serves to still further toughen the wood. Inside the bore is being burned, green ox hides are cut into long strips by commencing in the center and working toward the outer edge, as one would peel an apple.

When all is in readiness, one end of this rawhide band, which is about three inches in width, is spiked to the wood-cannon near the breach. A lever, or bar, is attached to the butt. Two or three stout negroes grasp the arms of the bar and slowly turn the hollowed log on its supports.

The band of green hide is kept under a strain, and in this way the core of the cannon is wound with one of the toughest materials, wire excepted, in the world.

The first layer of hide is tightly wound to the muzzle of the growing gun and back toward the breach again to the muzzle and back, until a number of successive layers have thus been wound on and the promising piece of artillery has grown several inches in diameter.

It is then placed in a draught of dry hot air and allowed to harden. When the hardening and curing process is complete, the persevering patriots have a really serviceable weapon, which will stand a greater strain than manufacturers of modern artillery would really believe.

One of these home-made combination wood and rawhide cannon is said to have withstood 104 charges of powder before becoming useless. The projectiles for it were made of scrap iron, round stones and fire-hardened clay balls.

The utmost ingenuity has been shown by the insurgents in supplying themselves with weapons. Almost everything has been pressed into service which would suffice for cannon.

At a Glance

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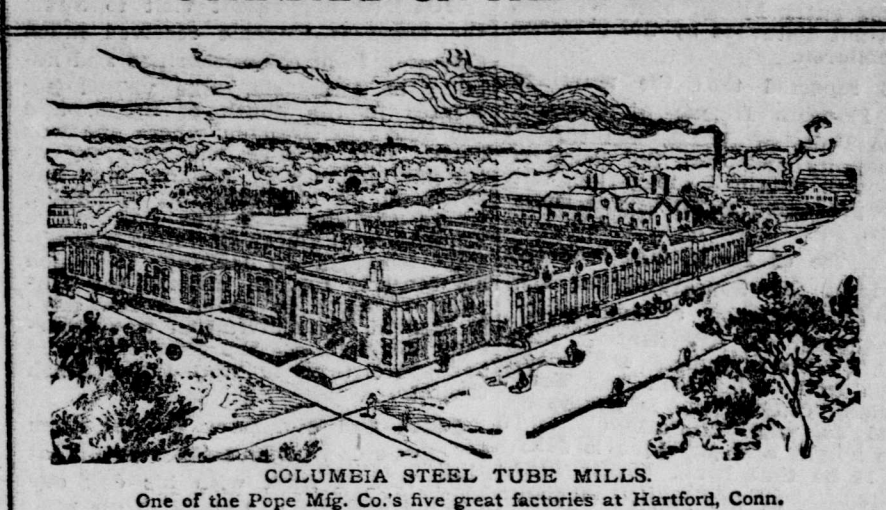
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