

"You don't look strong, dearie," she said; "ain't ye no folks with ye?"

"None on earth."

"We're both lone ones," she smiled, "an' how sad it be there ain't no one to fuss over ye. An' be keeful of the drafts, and keep flannels allus on your chist; that is good for the lungs."

"You are very kind to take an interest in me," he smiled; "but I am afraid it is too late."

Another night of weary slumber in the cramped seats and then the plain began to be dotted with villages, and soon appeared the straggling outskirts of a city, the smoke of mills, the gleam of the Platte River, and a net work of iron rails, bright and shining, as the train ran shrieking into the labyrinth of its destination.

"This is Denver," said the lad to her, "and I'll look after you as well as I can."

"I won't be no burden," she said, brightly. "I've twenty dollars yet, an' that's a sight of money."

The train halted to let the eastward-bound express pass, there was an air of excitement in the car, passengers getting ready to depart, gathering up luggage and wraps, and some watching the new-comers and the rows of strange faces on the outward bound.

The door of the car slammed suddenly, and a big-bearded man with eager blue eyes came down the aisle, looking sharply from right to left. He had left Denver on the express to meet this train. His glance fell on the tiny black figure.

"Why, Aunt Hannah!" he cried, with a break in his voice, and she—she put out her trembling hand and fell into the big arms, tears streaming down the wrinkled face.

"I knowed Providence would let me find ye, Sam," she said, brokenly and no one smiled when the big man sat down beside her and with gentle hand wiped her tears away.

"Why, I've sent John \$20 a month for five years for you," he said, angrily, as she told him why she ran away, "and he said you could not write, for you had a stroke, and was helpless, and I have written often and sent you money. It's hard for a man to call his own brother a villain."

"We won't, Sam," she said, gently, "but just forget; and I wouldn't be a burden for ye, for I can work yit, an' for years to come."

"Work, indeed! don't I owe you everything?" he cried. "And my wife has longed for you to come. There are so few dear old aunts in this country, they're prized, I tell you. Why, it's as good as a royal coat-of-arms to have a dear, handsome old woman like you for a relative."

Then he found out who sent the telegram and paid the lad, who blushed and stammered like a girl, and did not want to take it.

"I suppose you want a job?" said the big man. "Well, I can give you one. I'm in the food commission business. Give you something light? Lots of your sort, poor lads, out here. All the reference I want is that little kindness of yours to Aunt Hannah."

"Here's the depot, Aunt Hannah, and you won't see 'bars and injuns,' nor the buffaloes; sunniest city you ever set your dear eyes on."

He picked up the carpet bag, faded and old-fashioned, not a bit ashamed of it, though it looked as if Noah might have carried it to the ark.

They said good-bye, and the last seen of her was her happy old face beaming from a carriage window as she rolled away to what all knew would be a pleasant home for all her waning years.—The Standard.

### A Mammoth Clock.

The St. Louis Exposition is to have a unique floral clock. This mammoth clock will be installed on the side of the hill north of the Agricultural Building. The dial will be a flower-bed of 120 feet in diameter. The minute-hand will be sixty feet long, and the ring at the end, which will be fastened to the machinery, will be eight feet in diameter, large enough to support twelve men easily. A hundred persons might promenade on this hand without interfering with the time-piece. The minute-hand will move five feet every minute. The clock machinery will be in an adjacent building.

The flower-bed will be a master-piece of the florist's art. The entire dial will be a flower-bed and the numerals making the various hours will be fifteen feet in length, and made of bright-colored coleus, a foliage plant with bright-colored leaves that grow dense and may be pruned and kept symmetrical without danger of impairing its growth. In a broad circle surrounding the dial will be twelve flower-beds, one opposite each hour, each two feet wide and fifteen feet long. These collections will represent various flowers, but each will be so selected that the blossom is open at the particular hour it represents and no others. In this way both the hands of the clock and the flowers will tell the time of day. At night the whole vast timepiece will be illuminated with two thousand incandescent lights.—Electrical World and Engineer.

### July.

When the scarlet cardinal tells  
Her dream to the dragon-fly  
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees  
And murmurs a lullaby,  
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls  
The cornflower's cap awry,  
And the lilies tall lean over the wall  
To bow to the butterfly,  
It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,  
And poppies flame in the rye,  
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat  
Has softened almost to a sigh,  
It is July.

When the hours are so still that Time  
Forgets them and lets them lie  
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink  
At the sunset in the sky,  
It is July.

When each finger-post by the way  
Says that Slumbertown is nigh;  
When the grass is tall, and the roses fall,  
And nobody wonders why,  
It is July.

—St. Nicholas.

### The Origin of Names

The names of fabrics are often derived from the place where they were first manufactured; or the name is given in honor of the place where it first became known to commerce, or from the materials composing its texture. Muslin is derived from Mosul, in Asia; cambric from Cambrai; gauze from Gaza; baize from Bajaz; dimiti from Damietta; and jeans from Jean; damask is an abbreviation of Damascus; satin is a corruption of Zaytown, in China.

Velvet is the Italian "vellute," woolly, and is traceable farther back to the Latin "vellus," a hide or pelt; serge comes from "xerga," the Spanish for a certain sort of blanket; bandana is derived from an Indian word signifying to bind or tie; alpaca is the name of a species of llama from whose wool the genuine fabric is woven; and calico is named for Calicut a town in India, where it was first printed.

### Hot Weather Dangers.

More little ones die during the hot months than at any other season. At this time stomach and bowel troubles assume their most dangerous form, and sometimes a few hours delay in the treatment means the loss of a little life. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent these troubles, or to cure them if they attack the little one unexpectedly. Every mother should have a box of these Tablets in the house—their prompt use may save a child's life. Mrs. Arthur Cote St. Fortunate, Que., says: "My little one was greatly troubled with colic and bowel trouble, but since using Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared, and she is growing nicely and has good health." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiates, and are safe for a new baby or a well grown child. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Shawl is from the Sanskrit "sala," which means floor, shawls having been first used as carpet tapestry.

Blanket bears the name of Thomas Blanket, a famous English clothier, who aided the introduction of woollens into England in the fourteenth century.—Chicago News.

### The "Loving" Cup.

The origin of the "loving cup" is attributed to Henry IV. of France. While hunting he strayed from his companions, and, feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving-maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horse-back, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled, and the king's white gauntlets were soiled. As he was riding home the thought came to him that a two-handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so he had a two-handled cup made at the royal potteries and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when, to his astonishment, the maid—having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup—presented it to him by holding it herself by each of its handles. At once the happy idea struck him that a cup with three handles was the thing needed. The idea was promptly acted upon, as his majesty quaintly said: "Surely, out of three handles I shall be able to get one!" Thus the "loving cup" came into existence.—Presbyterian Banner.

### The Best Guide To World's Fair.

The handsome publication which the Grand Trunk Railway System has issued descriptive of the World's Fair St. Louis, Mo., has been very much admired by all who have seen it, and the Company are deluged with requests for copies of the publication. The book is a very useful one, giving as it does a brief, though comprehensive description of the \$50,000,000 Fair, including the best maps of the World's Fair Grounds, the City of St. Louis and the Grand Trunk Railway System showing variable routes to and from the "Ivory City." No one should miss securing a copy which will be sent by Mr. J. Quinlan, D. P. A., Bonaventure Station, on receipt of four cents in stamps.

If you would keep the wrinkles out of your face keep sunshine in your heart.