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Pipe Organ giving two-manual and pedal
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Carpet cleaned and laid. Carpets
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WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN
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STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug-
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Boys and Girls

THE COMING MAN

Say, boys, did you ever stop to think
That we are the coming men?
That we've only a few short years to
prepare
Ourselves for the work, and then
The fate of the world will rest in the
hands
Of those who are boys to-day?
I tell you it makes a fellow feel that
He wants to be armed for the fray!
We cannot afford to hamper ourselves
With habits that work us harm;
We need to be true of head and heart,
With a steady, strong right arm;
With a love of life and its joys,
But ever ready to stand for the right;
And in order to do that boys,
We've got to begin right now, or
else—
No, I am not "Preacher Ben,"
And don't let us forget in our work
or our play
That we are the coming men!
—Anon.



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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

CHARLES was on his way from
the post-office one Saturday morn-
ing. He carried the mail beneath
his jacket, to keep it dry, for an
April shower was falling in beautiful
crystal drops about him. It was mak-
ing little streams trickle from the
brim of his ragged straw hat over
his freckled little face, and even into
the big blue eyes. As he brushed
them aside with his sleeve a streak
of dirt crossed the pug nose, and
ended at his ear. But Charles was
hugging tight beneath his jacket
Miss Jean's mail, and picking out an
occasional puddle along the way that
he might wash the dirt from his
chubby feet. To be sure, he took par-
ticular pains to walk into the next
ashheap, but then there was another
puddle just ahead, so he tacked his
way homeward from ashheap to
puddle, but carefully protecting the
mail beneath his jacket as he went.

"Say, Charles, what you got under
your jacket?" asked Clyde Hevner,
as he joined him.

"Miss Jean's mail," replied Charles.
"I'm Miss Jean's mail-carrier. Go
twice a day or it. She pays me a
penny a trip. I've twenty-five cents
in my bank now. Mother says if I
save half enough, she will pay the
other half for a new suit next sum-
mer; then I'm going with father out
on grandpa's farm for a month.
Mother says these clothes will do all
right for picking berries and riding
horses, but I must have a new suit
for Sunday School and church. My
Sunday suit, you know, is getting too
small; so Bob will take it, and I will
hustle round and get a new one. Two
cents a day until July will be a lot
of money, you see."

"Well, I guess," replied Clyde;
"your bank can never hold that much.
Let's see the mail you got? My, what
a lot! Look at that pretty postcard,
all covered with roses! That's a
beauty. Here, I'll give you this
penny for it. Miss Jean will never
know where it went. Well, then, I'll
give you these two pennies. What dif-
ference will it make? Only a card!
Miss Jean don't know that it is com-
ing. You'll have twenty-seven cents
in your bank then."

"Yes, twenty-seven cents and no
job! Then, if Miss Jean discharges
me, no one else will want a boy that
can't be trusted, and I won't be able
to get any errands to do. No, sir,
Clyde Hevner, I'll stick right to that
postal-card until I give it to Miss
Jean—so there!"

Clyde, still coveting the gorgeous
roses of the card, tried to pull open
the jacket, but Charles held it firmly
over the mail.

"Now, you let me alone, Clyde
Hevner, or take what you get; I'm
tending to business, and I want you
to let me alone."

Clyde made another grab at the
coat, but Charles dodged him, and
ran ahead. But as he ran he felt the
mail slipping from beneath the jacket.
He glanced backward—there lay the
beautiful card with the gorgeous
roses on the walk, but it fortunately

had not fallen into a puddle. Clyde
was about to stoop to pick up the
coveted treasure, but Charles dealt
him a blow in the chest which made
him stagger for a moment. Charles
quickly picked the card from the
walk, wiped it on his sleeve, and
placed it beneath the jacket.

"There, Clyde Hevner. I'm not a
fighter, but when it comes to a fellow
losin' his job, business is business,
I'd have you understand. The next
time I tell you to let me alone I guess
you will do it." And he turned to
the next ashheap by the edge of the
walk, thoroughly covered his feet with
the dust, and then as carefully washed
them off in the next puddle, so con-
tinued to the home of Miss Jean,
when he explained to her the little
difficulty he had in keeping the post-
card; and she then readily understood
why it was wet and soiled.

"Say, bubby," called the senior
member of the Finch clothing firm
the next Monday morning as Charles
hurried to the office before school,
"where are you going?"

"I'm going for Miss Jean's mail,
sir, and I cannot stop to talk, for it
is almost time for school."

"But I want you to bring the mail
for our store along with you. I hap-
pened to see the little difficulty you
had on Saturday with the fellow who
tried to take your mail, and I said to
myself: 'There's a boy that can be
trusted; he's the one we need for
special errands.' So just take this
order to the post-office, and when
school is out to-night, come round,
and we will make arrangements for
the pay."

Charles took the order for the
Finch Company mail, and hurried to
the office and back with the mail.
By running two blocks he got home
in time to brush his hair and gather
up his books, and get to school five
minutes before the bell rang.

"What do you think, mother? Mr.
Finch will give five cents just for
bringing their mail with Miss Jean's
twice a day. Then, he said that if we
got along all right he would give me
fifty cents each Saturday I did errands
for the store, besides giving me a
suit at first cost. We'll get along all
right, I know, 'cause I intend to do
that work as well as any boy he can
get—and better, if I can."

And sure enough they did; for
Charles went out on the farm next
summer, wearing the best boy's suit
that was in the Finch store, and
earned, not half, but all by himself.

When Charles opened the package
containing the suit he found it con-
tained a big straw hat and a suit of
denim for farm-wear, and with them
a communication from the firm, stat-
ing that they "wished to add a little
to the pleasure of their employees
on their vacation, and thought the
inclosed garments would add much
to the comfort of their messenger boy
in the hay-field on the farm next
month. For, having secured a trust-
worthy messenger boy," the letter
read, "we wish to retain him. Busi-
ness is business, you know."—Pitts-
burg Christian Advocate.

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SHOOTING STARS

Shooting stars are not real stars at
all, but are small bodies which the
earth runs into and which are made
so hot by friction in the atmosphere
that they are burned up. The real
stars, as those of the dipper, are
very, very far away, so far that no
one knows the distance. They are
bright bodies like our sun, but seem
like points of light because they are
so far off. As the earth moves about
the sun, it frequently meets little
bodies. It is moving so fast that
when it strikes them the friction in
the air is very great, and usually they
are burned up. They seem like mov-
ing stars, but are really only a few
miles above us in our atmosphere.
Sometimes one is so large that it
comes through the air, without being
wholly burned up, and falls on the
ground.

The boys of Harrow School have
contributed £500 to pay for a
Y.M.C.A. hut which is to be erected
in France.

Health
in Old
Age
As age advances
the blood gets
thin, the nerves
exhausted and
vitality runs low.
By building up
the nerve force of
body and mind
Dr. Chase's Nerve
Food is an un-
bounded blessing
to people of ad-
vanced years.
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