

into bed, he remained awake long enough to count on his fingers again: "March, April, May, June, July, August—that's six; and September, October and November—that's four and a half, and—oh, I can do it!"

Billy's birthday was on the second of December, and the day was Saturday. When Mr. Martin came home from the city the evening of the second, he noticed that a pair of crutches that had long hung in the window of the drug store had disappeared. He had almost forgotten Ted's strike, but now he remembered. As he sat in church the following morning, Ted beside him, just before the service began, Billy and his mother walked up the aisle, Billy proud with his new crutches, his face shining and his eyes failing to catch Ted's. Mr. Martin's eyes were a little moist, and his voice a little husky as he put his arm around Ted and whispered: "I wish all strikes were like yours my boy."—Religious Intelligencer.

### A Story of "Old Hickory."

The following story, quoted from the Washington Post, illustrates one of the best sides of Andrew Jackson's character.

When Jackson was President, Major Gibbon, a New Jersey man, was postmaster at Richmond, Va. A delegation from Richmond waited on Jackson to demand the postmaster's place.

"Isn't Major Gibbon an old soldier of the Revolution?" asked Jackson.

"Well, yes."

"Any charges against his official character?"

"No-o. But he stumps up and down the streets of Richmond abusing you and your administration."

"Does he?" said Jackson grimly.

"Yes; and besides he is an old-time Federalist."

When the delegation had withdrawn, Jackson sent promptly for the auditor of the Postoffice Department.

"Mr. Auditor, what sort of an official is Major Gibbon, postmaster at Richmond?"

"A model postmaster, Mr. President."

"Any charges against his official integrity?"

"None whatever, sir. His accounts are scrupulously correct, and always rendered on time."

The next day the delegation called again. "Gentlemen," said Jackson, "you admitted yesterday that no charge lies against Postmaster Gibbon's official character or conduct. This is verified by the accounting officer of the Treasury. But you dwell on the fact that he vilifies me and openly opposes my politics. For that you would have me turn adrift and penniless an elderly man—the man that led the forlorn hope at Stony Point, and left his right leg there."

"Such a man, gentleman, has bought the right to entertain his opinions and speak them, and to abuse me as much as he pleases."

### Sand Pictures.

"If the augustness would condescend to take honorable repose for but a moment, until his servant can get her miserable sands she will make for him the sand pictures."

That was the way a little Japanese girl spoke one day in Kobe to a visitor. An English child, even if she could do what this little one did, would have said: "If the gentleman will be seated I will get my sand in a minute."

They spoke quaintly in Japan.

But she brought in a moment three little

bags filled with sand—white, blue and yellow—and then she led the way into the garden. Seating herself, without disarranging a single fold of her dainty kimono, she scraped a smooth place on the gravel walk and poured out the white sand, carefully spreading it in a little square.

Then, taking a handful of the blue sand she let it trickle through her fingers, rapidly making a design of a cottage in outline. With the yellow sand she made the background, and, mixing the yellow with the blue, she designed trees of brilliant green.

She drew yellow windows in the blue cottage, and made a yellow walk leading up to the door. In five minutes she had made the most delicate little picture which looked like a panel in a Japanese screen.

Every child in Japan plays this little game of making sand-pictures, and it is one which will give unending entertainment to children everywhere. It is easily tried, and some beautiful little things can be made by any child with a taste for drawing.

### A Farewell.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;  
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol  
Then larks who hail the dawn o'er breezy down,  
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel than  
Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;  
Do noble things, nor dream them all day long;  
And to make Life, Death and that vast Forever  
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

### They Fixed the Eye.

From far away Ceylon comes a funny little story. A tea planter who had a glass eye was desirous of going away for a day, shooting with a friend, but he knew that as soon as the natives who were at work on the plantation heard that he was gone they would not get a stroke of work. How was he to get off? That was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men, he addressed them thus: "Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work." And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the men worked industriously, but at last one of them, seizing the tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree, and gently placed it over the eye. This done, they all lay down and slept sweetly until sunset.

### A Foregone Conclusion.

The late Henry W. Oliver, the Pittsburg capitalist, took great interest in poor children, and left numerous bequests in their behalf. One day he tried to test an orphan's intelligence. The result is given as follows in *The Lutheran Observer*:—

Pointing to a pile of stones, he asked how they were made. The boy replied that "they grew, just like potatoes."

Mr. Oliver shook his head: "No, my lad, you are wrong," he said. "Stones can't grow. If you were to come back to these stones five years or ten years or twenty years from now, they would still be the same size."

"Of course," said the little boy, sneeringly; "they've been taken out of the ground now, and have stepped growin' same as potatoes would."

### A Thoughtful Priest.

POINTS OUT TO MOTHERS THE WAY TO KEEP THEIR CHILDREN WELL AND HAPPY.

Rev. J. L. Francoeur, Casselman, Ont., is a kind hearted priest who has done much to alleviate suffering among the little ones in the homes of his parishioners. Writing under a recent date he says: "I must say that Dr. William's Baby's Own Tablets are deserving of the high praise they have had as a cure for the ailments of children. For the past eight months I have been introducing them in many families, and always, the mothers tell me, with perfect results. Their action is always effective, without any sickly reaction, and they are especially valuable in allaying pains in the head, fever in teething, nervousness, sleeplessness, spasms, cramps in the stomach and bowels, colic and other troubles. Their regulating action gives almost instant relief, and gives speedy cure. This is the comforting experience that has come to my knowledge out of their judicious use. I am glad to give you my sincere testimony, and I will recommend the Tablets to all mothers and nurses of sick children as I have done heretofore."

These Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers, or mothers can obtain them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing to The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Nagging and Fussy Women.

Beware, always, of the fussy or nagging woman. You will know her among a thousand by the look of utter dejection, corners of the mouth drawn down, and fish eyes that look upon every living thing as dishonest, disloyal and untrustworthy. Woe and misery are ever at her heels, be she mistress or servant. If the latter, her work will always be lagging, her pastry will be heavy, and her bread as soggy as her disposition. She will make constant trouble with the other servants, and keep the entire household in turmoil until she is gotten rid of. If it is the mistress of the house who is inclined toward this unfortunate habit, affairs of the home will indeed be pitiable. She will whine at everything, and prove herself to be one of the most tiresome creatures on earth. The fussy woman is generally idle and lazy, and one of the best cures in the world for fussiness is work. Let her be made to do for herself what others do so unsatisfactorily for her—Frances van Etten in *Leslie's Weekly*.

### Popular Route to World's Fair.

The Grand Trunk Railway System are in receipt of a letter from Mr. E. C. Bowler of Bethel, Me., who has just returned from the World's Fair, St. Louis, with his second personally conducted party of one hundred and five people from Maine and New Hampshire. Mr. Bowler says "My party were the happiest group of people I ever saw. Everything from start to finish proved beyond their anticipations, and they were delighted with the service of the Grand Trunk Railway System. I wish to express to you on behalf of the party our appreciation of all the courtesy and kindness extended to us en route. The train arrangements were ideal throughout the trip and carried out with precision and with a view to the comfort of the party. My next and final party will start on October 17th over precisely the same route as before, giving the same attractions, including a day a Montreal and a day at Niagara Falls."