

## NORA'S STONE BUTTERFLY.

Teddy and Nora ran into grandpa's study all out of breath.

"It is, isn't it, grandpa?" cried Nora.

"It isn't, is it?" cried Teddy.

"What are you talking about, child-  
rent?" asked grandpa, smiling.

"About my stone butterfly," said Nora, eagerly. "I found it down by the brook. It must have got caught in the stone some way. See here!"

Nora held out a stone in which was something that looked very much like a butterfly with its wings spread. Grandpa took it in his hand and looked at it carefully. "That is not a butterfly," said he.

"There, Nora!" said Teddy; "I told you it just happened so."

"No," grandpa went on, "it did not just happen so. Let me tell you a story."

"Oh, do, grandpa!" cried Teddy and Nora together.

"A long, long time ago—"

"When you were a little boy?" interrupted Nora.

"It was long before there were any little boys in the world," said grandpa, "and just where our farm is now, nothing was to be seen except the ocean. In the ocean lived a great many shell-fish. There was one little fellow who had a very pretty shell, though I can't tell you just now what color it was. He had a splendid time swimming about with his mates in the warm sea water as long as he lived, and when he died he left his little shell in the sand at the bottom of the ocean. The sea slowly drifted away, and the sand grew harder and harder, till at last it turned to stone, and the shell turned to stone, too. There it lay for thousands of years, till at last a little girl found it and called it a stone butterfly."

"Oh, grandpa, how funny!" said Nora. "And are there any more shells in the rocks?"

"There are so many," said grandpa, "that you could not write the number on your slate."

"Then see if I don't fill my cabinet with 'em!" cried Teddy. — Youth's Companion.

## THE LONG WAIT.

Bill Nye when a young man once made an engagement with a lady friend of his to take her driving. The appointed day came, but at the livery stable all the horses were taken out save one old shaky, exceedingly bony horse.

Mr. Nye hired the nag and drove to his friend's residence. The lady let him wait nearly an hour before she was ready, and then, on viewing the disreputable outfit, flatly refused to accompany Mr. Nye.

"Why," she exclaimed, sneeringly, "that horse may die of age any moment."

"Madam," Mr. Nye replied, "when I arrived that horse was a prancing young steed."

## IMMUNE.

A certain women's club had a full meeting and an important discussion was on. In the midst of it one woman rose and asked the privilege of the floor for a moment. It was granted, and the interrupter, in a voice strained with emotion, said: "Is there a Christian Scientist present?" A woman, arrayed with laborious magnificence, arose on the other side of the room, and, in a stately tone of kindness, said: "I am a Christian Scientist." Then across the intervening space the first woman's sweet voice said: "Would you mind changing seats with me? I am sitting in a draft."

## THE ELEVATOR BOY.

There was a lean, freckle-faced boy who a year or two ago ran the elevator up and down in an old shabby office building in Philadelphia. I often went up in it, but certainly I never suspected "Billy" of any noble quality which raised him above other boys, high as was Saul among his brethren.

But one day the old house began to shudder and groan to its foundations, and then one outer wall after another fell, amid shouts of dismay from the crowds in the streets. And Billy, as these walls came crashing down, ran his old lift up to the topmost story and back again, crowded with terrified men and women. He did this nine times. Only one side of the building was now standing. The shaft of the elevator was left bare, and swayed to and fro. The police tried to drag the boy out of it, and the mass of spectators yelled with horror as he pulled the chain and began to rise again above their heads.

"There's two women up there yet," said Billy, stolidly, and he went on up to the top, facing a horrible death each minute, and knowing that he faced it. Presently through the cloud of dust the lift was seen coming jerkily down with three figures on it. As it touched the ground the whole building fell with a crash. The women and the boy came out on the street unhurt and a roar of triumph rose from the mob. Scores had been saved by the fidelity of the heroic elevator-boy.

But it was six o'clock, and Billy slipped quietly away in the dusk and went home to his supper. For your real hero does not care to remain for the shouts and clapping of hands.—Rebecca Harding Davis, in *The Interior*.

## THE BUSY CHILD.

I have so many things to do,  
I don't know when I shall be through.

To-day I had to watch the rain  
Come sliding down the window-pane;

And I was humming all the time,  
Around my head, a kind of rhyme;

And blowing softly on the glass  
To see the dimness come and pass.

I made a picture with my breath  
Rubbed out to show the underneath.

I built a city on the floor;  
And then I went and was a War.

And I escaped from square to square  
That's greenest on the carpet there,

Until at last I came to Us;  
But it was very dangerous;

Because if I had stepped outside,  
I made believe I should have died!

And now I have the boat to mend,  
And all our supper to pretend.

I am so busy, every day,  
I haven't any time to play.

—Josephine Preston Peabody.

## GOD'S REASON FOR BEING OBEYED.

God's laws are always guide-boards to blessings. The foundation-law is love; and upon that foundation are based all the rest, as instructions to us what to do and what to avoid in order to let God "crowd and crown" our lives with love. He never asks us to give up anything except for the purpose of replacing it with something better—something that we could not have unless we gave up that which blocks the way. He never asks us to do anything except as a means of laying hold of a blessing that far outweighs the effort demanded. God's laws are gifts, or stepping-stones to gifts. They never prohibit anything but trouble or disaster.

## MARS.

The recent observations on the planet Mars have increased the attention given its so-called "canals," which a few astronomers who have given most attention to the subject believe to be strips of verdure some thirty miles wide along canals, built for the purpose of irrigation. The winter ice cap covers the pole and extends half way down to the equator. The spring and summer sun readily melts it, until it disappears. These astronomers believe that practically all the water on the planet is accumulated and frozen at the poles and that straight canals are built for the purpose of conveying this over a level surface to the equator for irrigation. Most astronomers refuse to accept the theory. Prof. Simon Newcomb, in a recent lecture, rather ridiculed it. It should be noted, however, that his method was rather that of begging the question. He claims that Mars cannot be inhabited; therefore there is nobody to construct the "canals." On the other hand, the "canals" are used as an argument to prove that Mars is inhabited. Others claim that the lines are streaks of gases. Professor Newcomb believes that Mars is too cold to permit human beings to live.

## NOT YET.

Two gentlemen were travelling in one of the hilly countries of Kentucky not long ago, bound on an exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin claybank mule grazed 'round and 'round in a neat circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean man, whose garments were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by. "Wonder if he can speak," said one traveller to the other. The two approached the man, whose yellowish eyes regarded them without apparent curiosity. "How do you do?" said the Northerner. "Howdy?" remarked the Southerner, languidly. "Pleasant country." "Fur den the likes it," "Lived here all your life?" The Southerner spat pensively in the dust. "Noot yit," he said.

## RIGHT TO USE NAME "CHARTREUSE."

After a long litigation in the English courts the Carthusian monks have lost their case in an action which they brought to restrain the use of the name "Chartreuse" in connection with the sale of liqueurs in England. The monks were expelled from France in 1903 and their business of La Grand Chartreuse was continued by a French government sequestrator, against whom the action was brought. Justice Sir William Joyce, in the High Court of Justice, in delivering judgment said that after the expulsion the sequestrator became entitled to the business of La Grand Chartreuse, including the distillery and its assets and good will. The business now conducted by the monks at Tarragona, in Spain, was not legally the old business or a continuation of it. The defendant had not made any misrepresentations regarding the liqueurs he manufactured. The monks' action was therefore dismissed, with costs.

Potato Salad—Cut up six boiled potatoes when cold; add a teaspoonful of finely minced onion and one of chopped parsley, a cup of nut meats and, if you have them, half a cup of chopped olives. Mix all lightly together, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of oil mixed with half as much vinegar and salt, and set away for an hour or more; then add the mayonnaise and serve very cold.