THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIV. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906. NO. 16.

The raiding of a St. Petersburg bomb factory indicates a disposition to harass and annoy the leading Russian industry.

President Castro's proposal to test the Monroe Doctrine reminds us somehow of the boy's unfortunate desire to see if it was loaded.

A new sleeping car has been invented, but what we want most of all is an automatic porter that will brush you off without demanding twenty-five cents.

If Dr. Wiley really thinks that eating a good many cranberries shortens life he ought to read a few of the inscriptions on the gravestones in the burying grounds down on Cape Cod, suggests the Boston Globe.

"Tabloid education" is the satirical term that has been applied to the easy handbooks and the cramming system of instruction that fits a student to pass an examination on the minimum of knowledge and the minimum of work. Now President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, has coined a new term for the same thing—"baled hay education."

According to the New York American, the spectacle of a few millionaire railroad and trust criminals, in stripes and cowering, staring at the aroused American people from behind the barred windows of a jail would be of infinite value in putting a curb upon the conscienceless and insolent piracy which steals the honest name of "business" wherewith to cloak itself.

Our long disused or imperfectly used inland waterways seem to be again coming into favor. The Carnegie Company proposes to construct steel barges of 1500 tons each for the shipment of its products on the rivers south and southwest of Pittsburg. One steamboat, it is estimated, will be able to tow ten barges, making a total cargo of 15,000 tons for a single tow.

Automobiles have not impaired the popularity of horse racing. Last year the various racing associations paid out close to $5,500,000 in purses, although many of the tracks in the Middle West were closed. Thirty-six regular associations and jockey clubs had meetings, at which there were 8896 races. Six furlongs was the favorite distance, closely followed by one mile, and there were 337 steeplechases.

In 1904 during a drought in Silesia the woods caught fire from locomotive sparks and great destruction followed in forests belonging partly to individuals and partly to the Prussian Government. The amount paid by the railroad department for damages was $1,500,000, but it received $325,000 for what was left standing after the fire. The most notable fact in the matter is that all claims were settled without litigation.

President Hepburn, of the Chase National Bank, of New York, thinks the recent monetary stringency was not chargeable to our currency system. He says the country has been expanding, developing and speculating faster than its liquid capital increased, "and the recent financial flurry was more a question of capital than of currency." Still, the immediate demand was for currency, and it was not so easily met under our laws as it would have been in Canada or Germany.

The Rev. I. H. Whiton, associate editor of the Outlook, addressing an assemblage of prominent Congregational ministers at the Northern New Jersey Conference, at Asbury Park, on "Morality, Real and Unreal," said: "Covetousness, cloaked in the guise of thrift and business ability, is seldom heard of from the pulpit and no member was ever reprimanded for it by his pastor, although covetousness is morality's greatest modern enemy." Editor Whiton's exposition provoked the ministers to instant controversy and there was a long discussion of his conclusions.

The rice that comes on the American table looks mushy; the grains seem all mashed together, instead of being distinct and large, observes Country Life in America. The trouble (sometimes due to the cooking) is usually explained by the statement that our rice is of inferior quality, though there is no better rice in the world than our Louisiana and Texas article; the grains are large, firm and nutty. The fact is, our public won't buy any rice unless the grains shine and glisten. Consequently the first thing the miller does is to put his rice crop through a course of polishing, by which the covering of the kernel is rubbed off, and at the same time the most nutritive part. The result is that he gets a beautiful, almost sparkling, grain, which sells well; but inasmuch as the covering has been removed, the grains when cooked lose their identity and become a mush. "polished rices" is a peculiarity of America. The public can procure the unpolished rice if they will insist on the grocer getting it for them, for "polishing" is an extra process which the miller will be glad to abandon.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Don't coddle up a woe. Don't think about your foe.
What's the use?
It only makes you worry and keeps you in a flurry.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk about your wrong. It makes it last too long
What's the use?
It only gives you pain and suffering again.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk of your disaster. It makes the tears flow faster.
What's the use?
It only keeps you weeping and hinders you from sleeping.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk of your mishap. It's only one more rap.
What's the use?
It only can annoy and your peace of mind destroy.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk of your affliction. It only causes friction.
What's the use?
It opens an old sore and worries you the more.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

Don't talk about your sorrow. Trouble you only borrow.
What's the use?
It only makes you sad and sore and glum and mad.
What's the use? There's no excuse.

The Dream and the Reality.

THE great ocean liner had entered Southampton docks hard upon sunset, too late to enable him to reach her that night.

A thousand times during the long journey from the South American State in which he had spent his exile, Mansfield had read her letter. He not only knew the wording backwards, but he had fully succeeded in shaping the rather prim phrases to the white heat of his own ideals.

She recorded the death of her husband; and how could he expect so noble a woman as Coralie to regard that event as he did? The late Mr. Brooke ought to have died ten years earlier; indeed, he ought never to have lived. No doubt, he had treated her kindly, although he could never have understood her.

Worldly parents had persuaded her to marry the fellow. Mansfield had long ago accepted the inevitable, though at the time life had been robbed of all sweetness for him and the future without her had seemed entirely void.

He had never reproached her. He had replied in simple, manly words to her hysterical letter announcing the parental decision. True, he had urged her to defy conventions and to face possible poverty with him. Coralie replied that such was her overmastering desire, but that her sense of duty held her bound as in chains.

Thus they had drifted apart—she marrying Brooke, he seeking distraction in South America, starting life anew, shaking the dust of civilization from his feet. A very ordinary affair, you will perceive.

But the death of Brooke had changed for Mansfield the gray hue of life. In these ten years of strenuous work he had grown moderately rich. No other woman had ever attracted him for an hour, except one or two who recalled some memory of Coralie.

Then the craze for motoring set in, and Brooke obligingly broke his neck on a dangerous hill. Mansfield read of the accident in an old newspaper, but exactly twelve months elapsed before Coralie wrote to him herself.

She wrote guardedly, but he read between the lines of her conventionality—or fancied that he did. Leaving his affairs in the hands of a friend, Mansfield at once started for England.

* * * * * * *

Next morning the early train from Southampton brought him to the nearest town by 8 o'clock, and thence he drove to Eggbottle in a fly. He had shaved off his beard on the previous night. Also he had sent her a telegram. About 8.30 a. m. the fly entered the village. Mansfield's heart beat fast.

The village was wholly strange to him, but he knew that she lived in a house called "The Laurels," and thither the cabman had been directed to drive. It may have been 8.45 when the cab stopped at the door of a prim cottage drive, flanked at mathematically exact intervals by prim shrubs. A solemn butler, looking unaffectedly hostile, opened the door.

"Mrs. Brooke at home?" gasped Mansfield.

"Mrs. Brooke does not breakfast till 9.30," was the chilling reply.

"I—I'm an old friend," said Mansfield. "I'll wait."

"I will take your card up if the business is urgent," said the butler.

Mansfield affected to search for his card. He had long ceased to use such things, but the butler, he felt, would not have condoned such a breach of fashion.

"I have no card with me," he explained. "Say Herbert Mansfield."

"The mistress never receives in the morning," objected the butler.

"The 'at home' days are the second and fourth Tuesdays, between 4 and 6 p. m."

Mansfield took a half crown piece from his pocket and the butler yielded.

"Well, sir, if you'll wait in the cab for a few minutes, I'll send your name up," he said.

After a long delay the butler returned.

"The mistress will see you, sir, in half an hour, unless you prefer to return to luncheon."

The message chilled him, but to postpone the meeting till luncheon time was unthinkable. He followed the butler to a large drawing room, and was left alone with yesterday's paper and a view of the prim front garden.

The room was crowded with furniture, nick-nacks, framed photographs, frail tables, footstools and fully draped statuettes. Some anaemic water color drawings (in gilt frames) and a bad portrait of the deceased in oils represented art. There was too much upholstery, too much of everything except literature, which was represented by four new novels from Mudie's library.

Accustomed to the simplicity of a semi-tropical land, the crowded, ugly room jarred upon Mansfield. He laid the blame upon the deceased. Coralie must have retained the furniture out of respect for the dead man's mid-Victorian tastes.

Thus waiting, while she made an elaborate toilet, he vividly recalled all the qualities of heart and mind that had lifted her so high above her sex and held him constant to her. Her splendid freedom from conventionality and her bright humor had been, in his eyes, her greatest charm.

He tried, but rather unsuccessfully, to remember definite instances of her breadth of mind. But she had often expressed her impatience of those conventions that hedge the freedom of young Englishwomen, and once, as he distinctly recalled, she had allowed him three dances in succession.

Another proof of her originality was her contempt for her own sex. She had gloried, he remembered, in her lack of women friends.

Then he tried to recall, but with curious lack of success, examples of her rich and original humor. Well, it must have been her quaint way of saying things—the bright little touches, no doubt, that evade the memory. Yes, and he clearly recollected her appreciation of good puns, and of jokes from the comic which she used to retail to him.

Thus, time might dim her beauty, but the clever, merry girl of twenty would most surely have developed at thirty into the ideal comrade of his dreams.

Then, at last, the door opened, and they stood face to face. The lonely years fell away and were forgotten as he looked upon her untarnished beauty.

There was no change, save that she had grown a little thinner. The color mantled her cheek and her bright eyes sank modestly under his eager gaze. He tried to speak her beloved name, but emotion held him speechless in this supreme moment of ecstasy upon which he had counted for more than a year. His ecstasy lasted some five seconds at most; but emotion is not to be measured by time or weighed like so much bacon.

She came forward briskly, offering him her hand, at arm's length, just as if he had been some rather unwelcome acquaintance. Simultaneously a chilling torrent of words poured from her red lips. "How d' you do, Mr. Mansfield? I'm so glad to see you again. I'm afraid I've kept you waiting quite a long time; but, you see, I'd no idea you would come so early, and I seldom have breakfast before half-past 9."

"Why, yes," he said, drearily, feeling as if he had lost his individuality. "Yes, I'm afraid I'm too early."

"I'll tell Harris to have something cooked at once," she said. "You must be famished after your journey. They seldom prepare anything but an egg or two for me."

"Pray, don't trouble," he said, trying to hide his disappointment. "I'm not hungry."

Silence fell upon them for a moment, but she cloaked her embarrassment, as before, with a rush of empty words. He could not tell whether or not she felt any real emotion, but it was wholly evident she wished to display none. She asked the usual questions about his voyage, spoke of the defects of the local train service, keeping him rigidly in the conventional rut.

She had a great deal to say to him about a local bazaar in aid of some deserving mission, and he could not tell whether any of the old love lay hidden beneath this flood of foolish words. It was at least certain that she meant to avoid a scene, and he could not battle against her volubility.

He found himself lying in wait for some indications of her bright humor or of the breadth of mind that he had so confidently looked for. And, at last, she did say something which might have amused him from a girl of twenty. He responded to the poor little jest with a ghastly grin and a sinking heart.

The butler announced breakfast; Mansfield followed her to the breakfast room. He would not admit to himself that he was disillusioned.

"Coralie," he whispered, fervently, as he walked after her through the long, slippery hall. She did not hear him, because she was talking fast over her shoulder. Even the beloved name now seemed cheap, tawdry, theatrical.

Mansfield seated himself at the table—their places had been laid many feet apart—and tried manfully to eat the food prepared for him. She, sitting at the head of the table, behind a barricade of jugs and plated ware, talked on incessantly. It required some effort on his part to follow what she said.

The human interest was wholly lacking until, at the close of the meal, she blundered upon something which gave him the clew to his disillusionment.

"Mrs. Huntley?" he said, "I seem to remember that name. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Oh, no," she answered plaintively; "a mere acquaintance. I don't get on with women, as you may remember."

"I remember," he said; "but I supposed you would outgrow that little prejudice."

"Women are so jealous and spiteful to their own sex," she replied, with an air of profundity.

He remembered that she had expressed the same generality in the very same words at the age of twenty. It dawned upon him that Coralie's mind had aged as little as her body.

"You have not changed at all," he said, wistfully, as he looked at the foolish, girlish face above the barricade of jugs.

"I'm so glad you think so!" she said, and a slight blush confirmed her pleasure. "But perhaps you only say it as a compliment, Herbert?" she added, softly.

"No," said Mansfield; "it is the literal truth."

Half an hour later he caught a train to Southampton. Coralie never fully understood why he returned to South America.—London Sketch.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Dr. Thos. Dunn has introduced the open-air treatment for pneumonia, at the Fordham Hospital, in New York City. The patients are kept in tents, with the air sometimes down almost to freezing, and cures have been accomplished in a much higher percentage of cases than under the orthodox protective treatment.

Professor Emil von Behring, the discoverer of the diphtheria serum, in an address at Berlin recently, said that he was making marked progress with his tuberculosis serum. He treats cows when very young with an antitoxin he calls tuberculase; this, he says, immunizes the cows to tuberculosis, and so acts upon their milk that children drinking it are in turn rendered immune.

East of the Missouri River in South Dakota more than 1000 artesian wells now exist, drawing their water from the supply carried by the underlying sandstone formation, and supposed to come from the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains. These wells, used mainly for irrigation purposes, are from 500 to 1000 feet deep, and the pressure of water in the eastern part of the State is sufficient to give a surface flow, except on the highest lands.

It happens that shade trees are known in different parts of the country often by very different and in many cases wrong names. The forestry bureau at Washington is now ready to aid cities and towns to identify their trees without charge, on receipt of proper specimens of the foliage, etc. It is recommended that town officials see that unfamiliar trees are properly labeled, so that the people may learn to recognize them.

The French chemist, Moissan, reports that in the electric furnace gold boils freely at a temperature of 2400 degrees Centigrade. In two or three minutes from 100 to 150 grams of gold pass into the state of vapor. In condensing upon a cold body, this golden vapor forms filiform masses and cubic crystals. At its temperature of ebullition gold dissolves a little carbon, which, at the moment of resolidification, is deposited in the form of graphite.

Tunnels call for more tunnels and canals for more canals, the common object being to facilitate traffic around the world. A singular result of the promise to dig the Panama Canal is directly connected with the recent completion of the Simplon Tunnel through the Alps. This is the revival of a project in France to tap the northern end of the Simplon Tunnel by means of a chain of three tunnels through the Jura Mountains, having an aggregate length of about twenty miles.

Man vs. Beef.

The lunch counter man walked in airily, took his usual place, and gave his customary order. "Fine day, gentlemen," he said gaily. "I've got a poser for you to-day. See who'll guess first. Why is a man like beef?"

"Always wanted," panted the waiter, slapping down the portion before him.

"And wanted worst when it can't be had at all," added a young man who had several maiden aunts, and whose recollections of the strike menu were vivid.

"Generally tough," growled a man with his elbows in the air as he struggled valiantly with a refractory stew.

"Often gets too much done," ventured the dude, hunting in all his pockets for a coin to match his check.

"Variable in price," offered the politician.

"Greatly improved by a good roast," laughed a stout farmer who was rapidly disposing of a huge red slice.

"Very ingenious, gentlemen, all of your answers, but not quite right. My answer is a good one—roast, steak, or man—is very rare."—Miss M. C. Kittredge, in Lippincott's.

The Stupid Boy.

Never set a boy for stupid because he does not make a figure at school. Many of the most celebrated men have been set down by some conventional pedagogue as donkeys. One of the greatest astronomers of the age was restored to his father by the village schoolmaster with these encouraging words: "There's no use paying good money for his education. All he wants to do is to lie on his back on the grass and stare at the sky. I'm afraid his mind is wrong." Scientific men have often been flogged for falling into brown studies over their books, and many an artist of the future has come to present grief for painting the pictures of his geography. Your genius, unless musical, seldom proves himself one in his childhood, and your smug and self-sufficient piece of precocity, who takes all the medals and is the show scholar of the school, often ends by showing no talent for anything beyond a yardstick. Sir Walter Scott was called stupid as a child, and it was not even considered to his credit that he was fond of "sic trash" as ballads.

Scuttled by Muskrats.

The steamer Swan sank at her pier here as a result of a leak caused by muskrats. The rodents gnawed a hole through the hull near the water line, and the boat settled until she rested on the bottom.

The craft was successfully raised with the assistance of a tug, whose pumps were employed. The muskrats that caused the trouble were killed.—Portland Oregonian.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

FLORAL NOTES.

Plant a few flowers that your neighbor doesn't, and then each can enjoy the other's garden.

By sowing flower seeds in boxes in the house now it is possible to have fine blooming plants early in May.

You can have carnations in July by buying your plants in two-inch pots and setting them out in the spring.

Was your lawn all that you desired last year? If not, sow some reliable grass seed this year and have a pretty one.

For covering trellises, piazzas, fences and trailing over rockwork, etc., the climbing nasturtiums have a place that is distinctly their own.

OLD TIME ETIQUETTE.

An old manual of etiquette shows that the people of bygone days were not so different from those of the present, for the treatise thinks it necessary to state that one should never ask a friend where she bought her gown and the uttermost farthing of its cost. To this rule, however, an astonishing exception is made. One might ask these things, it seems, if one really wanted to get a gown exactly like the one in question and were therefore asking sincerely for information. Evidently in these days, when sisters thought it smart to dress exactly alike, it was considered a compliment to copy a friend's gown. Another interesting statement of this precious manual is that no lady looks worse than when "gnawing a bone."

KEEP HIM IN LOVE WITH YOU.

Woman affects to believe there is some great mystery about keeping a man in love with her. In reality, it is simplicity itself.

A woman has only to go on as she began.

Every woman knows how she attracted her husband. To continue to win she has only to make the same play over and over again.

If she caught her husband by being a gifted listener, let her lend him her ears more willingly after marriage than before it. No man ever wearied of the society of a woman who hung with bated breath on his utterances and who never failed to laugh at his jokes.

If she attracted her husband by her similarity of taste, let her eat her caviare to the end of the meal without making faces.

If she charmed him by her amiability, let her hold her tongue and refrain from recriminations, no matter what the provocation. If she lured him into matrimony by flattery, let her keep the incense burner ever at work, and the perfume of her praise ever in his nostrils.

Thus shall she outwit other women and outcharm other charmers, and keep her own, for when all is said, the mere fact of a woman being a man's wife gives her the inside track in the race.—Dorothy Dix, in the Indianapolis News.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

The woman's club for a long time past has been a settled institution and the jests which used to be made about such places fifteen or twenty years ago seem almost antediluvian when recalled. Now that the Bishop of London has made a speech in their favor at a luncheon given to him by one of the newest and most popular of the women's clubs, we may take them as a settled part of the constitution.

Nor could it very well be otherwise; so many London women are engaged in the same work as men, in medicine, art, literature and business, that they require much the same kind of conveniences that men do. If they had no clubs they would be obliged to take their food and spend much of their time in restaurants and other places of a similar nature.

During the years in which they have been in existence these clubs have vastly improved. Now there is little to distinguish them from similar resorts of men. They have their public and private rooms, reading and even smoking rooms. Their cookery is at least adequate, and a male visitor feels just as much at home within their walls as he would do in his own club. Ingram is quite right to recognize facts as they are, and to acknowledge that the woman's club has an important part to play in the social life of the present.—Country Life.

REAL AMERICAN WOMAN.

She lives in the small town of the Middle West. Strange to say, the highest praise that I ever heard bestowed on Bird Centre came from a foreigner, a celebrated German architect, who had designed a soldiers' monument for one of our Western capitals, and expressed our patriotic ideals for us in public works in several cities. "When I first went to your country," he said, "I visited only the cities, and there I looked in vain for anything peculiarly American, distinctly democratic, in your social life. I saw only a new version of London, Paris or Berlin, a raw reproduction of the social order of the old world. But when I became acquainted with some of your little towns there I found a phrase of life quite unlike anything we know of in Europe, quite superior to any social organism we have yet developed. There your people seem to believe that men are created free and equal. The same privileges and opportunities were enjoyed by all. Men of all occupations and professions met on the same social footing. I have seen one of your Senators walking along the street in friendly conversation with the man who made his clothes (the architect had no nose for political mice). I have been entertained by ladies who did their own work without suggesting the blue stocking or the new woman. These communities were often centres of culture and education; each shared his best with his fellows; and all seemed united in the bond of mutual improvement.

"An Englishman once gave me his opinion that town life was the most satisfactory mode of living in America. 'There is too much hurry and worry in your cities,' he said, 'too much hard work and too great isolation on your farms. Only the very rich among you can really enjoy either city life or country life. For the man of moderate means the small town offers the greatest advantages.' A distinguished French woman who had been the guest of one of the professors of an Illinois college, wrote in her published expression of America: 'I found a real Utopia, a woman's paradise, a place where living was simple and natural, where no artificial barriers had been erected, where housekeeping was reduced to its simplest terms. My hostess and her three daughters did most of the work of the house; the one who served us gracefully at the table played the piano with more than an amateur's skill; another chatted fluently to me in French while she made my bed; all three were students at the university from which their father and mother had graduated in the same class.'"—Public Opinion.

WOMEN'S SENSES LESS ACUTE.

The man, when his tooth was pulled, yelled hoarsely. The next patient, a woman, bore the pain of three extractions with silent fortitude.

"Yes," said the dentist, "women endure the pangs of tooth pulling better than men, but they deserve no praise on this account. They feel the pain less. Experiments have frequently been made to test the acuteness of the masculine and feminine senses. The last experiments were made in this city, and they were interesting and conclusive.

"First, taste was tried. The male subjects could detect in water the presence of the sixtieth part of a grain of gall. The women couldn't distinguish the gall in a smaller quantity than the twentieth of a grain. The men's taste was three times keener than the women's.

"Next, smell. The men smelt the presence of the hundredth part of a grain of prussic acid. The women were unconscious of the acid till a quantity five times greater was set before them. In smell the men were five times the women's superiors.

"Men heard a watch ticking at a distance of ten yards; women could only hear it at a distance of two yards. The males again, you see, were five times the better. It was the same thing with sight and with touch. The men saw five times better. The felt five times more keenly and delicately.

"These experiments explain in a way the apparent anomaly of woman's wondrous fortitude to pain. Woman's senses being less acute, she is less affected by pain than man."—New York Press.

THE NEWEST FASHIONS

Soft silks in pale colors are being made into charming gowns.

When the skirt is a shepherd's check the jacket will sometimes be of broadcloth.

Mousseline de soie and tulle chiffon in shaded effects with flower borders are lovely.

Sometimes the skirt material and the jacket material are entirely different in texture and color.

Empire evening gowns in crepe de chine and chiffon are about the prettiest things seen for some time.

There are plenty of princess skirts to be worn over thin blouses. For the street stylish little jackets are added.

The colors of the new silks and other gown materials are delightful. The coral shades, for example, are exquisite.

Many of the models are delightfully simple. The skirts are wide and full, and in a number of cases are trimmed only with tucks.

One skirt model in mauve with an almost invisible stripe of white was pleated over the hips, the pleats stitched flat for five or six inches below the waist.

A style of waist is being made very attractive at one of the small exclusive shops in New York. These waists are called jumpers by their designer, and are distinguished by having no opening except at the top. The fulness of three or four pleats on the shoulders explains the mode of getting into the waist. These pleats button and unbutton, and when open turn the waist into a kind of bag.

A Word to Young Men.

So live that your afterself—the man you ought to be—may in his time be possible and actual. Far away in the twenties, the thirties of the twentieth century, he is awaiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself. What will you leave for him? Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation, a mind trained to think and act, a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, boy of the twentieth century, let him come as a man among men in his time, or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experiences, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own, or will you fling his hope away, decreeing, wantonlike, that the man you might have been shall never be? — David Starr-Jordan.

Opportunity in Every Life.

No restlessness or discontent can change your lot. Others may have other circumstances surrounding them but here are yours. You had better make up your mind to accept what you cannot alter. You can live a beautiful life in the midst of your present circumstances.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

In the Cathedral of Kazan the name of the Almighty blazes in diamonds from a cloud of beaten gold, under which are solid silver doors, twenty feet high.

Half-Hour with the Children

WHY?

Why, muvver, why?
Did God pin the stars up so tight in the sky?
Why did the cow jump right over the moon?
An' why did the dish run away with the spoon?
'Cause didn't he like it to see the cow fly?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why?
Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try?
An' why can't they swim just like fishes an' fings?
An' why does the live little birdies have wings?
An' live little boys have to wait till they die?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why?
Was all of vose blackbirds all baked in a pie?
Why couldn't we have one if I should say, "Please?"
An' why does it worry when little boys tease?
An' why can't fings never be now—but bime-by?
Why, muvver, why?

Why, muvver, why?
Does little boys' froats always ache when they cry?
An' why does it stop when they're cuddled up close?
An' what does the sand man do days, do you spose?
An' why do you fink he'll soon be comin' by?
—Ethel M. Kelley, in Century.

HE DID WHAT HE COULD.

It was a bitter morning in the depth of an intensely severe winter, and some hundreds of poor children were gathered outside a very large hall, waiting expectantly for the moment when the opened door would admit them to the usual Sunday free breakfast. Sleet was falling, an icy wind blew from the north and the poor little waifs shivered as they waited.

One tiny little girl, with face and arms pinched with cold as well as hunger, stood moving her bare feet about in the vain endeavor to instill some warmth into them. With grace surely equal to that of Raleigh spreading his cloak before Elizabeth, a ragged urchin near, pulled off his tattered cap, and laying it down, bade the girl stand in it that her feet might at least be protected from the icy stones.—Belfast Witness.

By-and-by, along through the woods came a small brown bear walking; and seeing the door open, he walked on and came into the house.

"ROVER'S DOG."

Rover is a red setter, and he usually lies on the front porch. He does not like other dogs, and if they stop at the gate or poke their noses through the fence Rover runs down and barks fiercely at them.

One day Philip was looking out of the window, and he saw a very small black dog crawl under the gate. Rover was on the porch, and lifted his head, but did not even growl as the little dog trotted up the path. The little dog went directly past Rover, and came up to the window where Philip stood, and put his little paws against the glass and whined.

"O mamma," called Philip, "come and see this little black dog!"

Mamma came and looked out. "We must send it right away," she said, and shooed the little dog off the porch and out of the yard. Rover did not growl. He looked quite indifferent and as if it was no concern of his.

When Philip went into the back yard to play that afternoon he found the little black dog was there, and sharing Rover's dinner. Rover did not seem to take any notice of the strange little dog. Philip drove the little dog out of the back yard, and Rover went back to the front porch.

When papa came home at night the little black dog was sitting beside Rover. Papa drove him away, but he would not go farther than the gate.

The next morning he was back again and shared Rover's breakfast, and when Rover went to the porch for his morning nap, the little black dog stationed himself at the gate, looking very smart and alert. He barked at every dog which ventured near, and barked at peddlers, looking over his shoulder at Rover now and then, as if to say, "See what a help I am, doing all your barking for you!" and Rover "whoofed" approvingly and took his ease while the new friend whisked busily about full of importance, and so after a few days the family decided that the little black dog had come to stay, and mamma named him "Blackie." He followed Rover everywhere, and papa said that he believed Rover had decided to keep the dog himself, as an assistant, and after that the little fellow was known by the whole family as "Rover's dog."—Alice Turner Curtis, in the Youth's Companion.

A MORNING CALL.

When the Revolutionary War was over, and there was no more fighting to do, my grandfather's great-great-grandfather came up into the State of Maine, among the forests of tall pine, to make a home. Maine was all woods then—no roads at all; only a blazed trail through the forest.

When greatest grandma wanted to go to the nearest neighbors, she had to ride horseback along this blazed "trail," this hacked line of trees.

Afterwards a road was made, and then greatest grandma rode in a cart drawn by two oxen. These oxen came in a sailing vessel from Massachusetts, and when they were being landed, one of the oxen was so frightened that he jumped overboard and swam down the river some distance before they got him ashore. The wheels of the ox-cart were just great, round, solid pieces sawed off a big log, and they jolted dreadfully over the rocks and stumps in the new road.

You can see how wild the State of Maine was in those early days.

Well, one morning, greatest grandpa got up early and went out to his work, leaving the door open. Greatest grandma and her little boy were still asleep in the bed.

The house was made of logs, with a bark roof, and was only one story high; it had two rooms, and one of these was the bedroom where greatest grandma and her little boy were sleeping.

By-and-by, he wandered into the bedroom, and after looking about curiously, he came up to the bed and put his two broad fore paws right on the front edge, and gazed at greatest grandma and her little boy. He was a young bear, and quite thin and hollow from his winter's sleep in a hollow tree. He stood and looked at the two in the bed several minutes in a very inquisitive manner.

By this time greatest grandma and her little boy were broad awake, you may believe, but they didn't dare to move or to make a sound. Greatest grandma saw the bear's inquisitive face and his sharp teeth and bright eyes through her closed lashes, but she didn't stir.

The bear stared a moment or two longer at the pair lying there in bed; then he took his paws down, walked out of the house, and disappeared among the trees, and greatest grandma and her little boy never saw him again.

You need not not be alarmed. That bear was dead long ago. His "morning call" was made generations ago, before any of the little children of today were born—more than a hundred years ago. All the bears of that day have been dead for more than a century.

Greatest grandma's little boy used to like to hear her talk about this one. And he always used to say, after greatest grandma had described his sharp teeth and his keen eyes, "But he was a good bear, wasn't he, not to touch us?"—Alice M. Farrington, in Little Folks.

RAGGLES.

Raggles 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 to shift for himself.

He was a sorry looking little fellow as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, 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 in, 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; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles 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 prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that 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, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came Raggles 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, writes J. E. Stevens, in the Presbyterian Banner.

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

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the school house, which was 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 a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, 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 Raggles 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 shaggy neck and told him to be sure to 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 to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy 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.

One Way Round.

An old man who sells produce in the towns near Lowell, Mass., has his share of the best kind of wit—the unexpected. Not long ago, according to a writer in the Lowell Citizen, he delivered a pair of dressed chickens to one of his customers. She was in the kitchen when he brought them in, and, woman-like, shivered a little when she saw the headless fowls.

"I should think you'd simply hate to cut off the heads of those innocent chickens!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"I do," replied the old man, "and so I never do it. I manage to get round it."

"How?" the housewife demanded, with eager interest. "The heads of these chickens are gone."

"Oh, yes," said the old man, cheerfully. "I chopped the chickens off."

Degraded Animal Performers.

Performing lions and tigers ought to be abolished. Performing seals do not matter; they do not injure any ideal, they merely surprise and delight. But the lions and the tigers—the king of beasts and the terrible ravener of the forest—these we are accustomed to think of with respect and awe, and it is wrong and atheistical to make them jump through hoops and ride on a seesaw.—London Sphere.