WHAT THE TRADE MARK MEANS TO THE BUYER.

Few people realize the importance of the words "Trade Mark" stamped on the goods they buy. If they did it would save them many a dollar spent for worthless goods and put a lot of unscrupulous manufacturers out of business.

When a manufacturer adopts a trade mark he assumes the entire responsibility for the merit of his product. He takes his business reputation in his hands—out in the limelight—"on the square" with the buyer of his goods, with the dealer, and with himself.

The other manufacturer—the one who holds out "inducements," offering to brand all goods purchased with each local dealer's brand—sidesteps responsibility, and when these inferior goods "come back" it is the local dealer that must pay the penalty.

A good example of the kind of protection afforded the public by a trade mark is that offered in connection with National Lead Company's advertising of pure White Lead as the best paint material.

That the Dutch Boy Painter trade mark is an absolute guaranty of purity in White Lead is proved to the most skeptical by the offer National Lead Company make to send free to any address a blow-pipe and instructions how to test the white lead for themselves. The testing outfit is being sent out from the New York office of the company, Woodbridge Building.

AN IDEAL BUNGALOW.

Tiny House on Beach Built by Two Girls and a Man.

One doesn't have to have many hundred dollars to have a summer home in these days of sublimated shanties, hardwood-floored tents and nutshell bungalows, says the New York Globe. At many seashore places within fifty miles of Manhattan delightsome little boxes of houses have been gayly plumped down upon hillocks and hummocks overlooking the sea and there in a few feet of space a couple, a family or a party of bachelor girls or bachelor men get up their chafing dish and brass candlesticks, make up couch beds, swing hammocks and joyously live the simple life that doesn't mean in their case either the life shorn of vivid pleasures or material comforts.

At least in one spot on the Jersey coast one can lease for the summer season a bit of beach for one's bungalow, paying $5 for the privilege. The bungalow may be as luxurious or as simple as one's taste and purse dictate. As a rule they are mere shells and shelters from rain and sun. The motto of the true bungaloafer is, "Outdoors was made to live in," and it doesn't matter in the least to him if he sleeps and eats out of doors every fine day and night from May until November. The bungalow in such cases is a mere sop to the prejudices of the folk who consider that all respectable folk need a roof over their heads occasionally.

One wee cot whose dull red sloping roof and green shingled walls make a gay spot on the white beach was built by a young architect and his two sturdy young sisters. The whole house was ready to live in in two weeks from foundation posts to painted shingles and the cost was less than $300, including a fine broad chimney of red brick and a floor of fine narrow boards. The piazza posts are of logs with the bark still on, and the entire front of the little house can be opened so as to make an outdoor room. This little house has a large living room and a small kitchen. Couches in the living room serve as beds by night. Chests of drawers the exact height of the book shelves, a settee which turns into a table at a touch, wicker chairs and bright rugs make the living room comfortable and home-like without crowding it. The little kitchen with its white paint, blue and white oilcloth and blue dishes and window box of red geraniums is an ideal laboratory for the amateur cook.

Noah's Excuse.

Capt. Pritchard, of the record-breaking Mauritania, told a group of Americans on a recent voyage that a sailor's life was a hard one.

"It is not so hard as it used to be before the coming of steam," he said, "but it is still fearfully hard, for all that. In fact, I never heard of but one man who had a decent excuse for going to sea."

"And who was he, captain?" said a Chicagoan.

"Noah," the captain answered. "For if the old fellow had remained on shore he would have been drowned."

Explained.

"They don't care for expense here," said the regular summer boarder at the summer resort hotel. "When you call for lemonade they give you a stalk or two of macaroni with it instead of a straw."

"I was just wondering," observed the new boarder, after a pause, "why this baked macaroni tastes so strongly of lemon juice."—Chicago Tribune.

REMAINS THE SAME.

Well Brewed Postum Always Palatable.

The flavor of Postum, when boiled according to directions, is always the same—mild, distinctive, and palatable. It contains no harmful substance like caffeine, the drug in coffee, and hence may be used with benefit at all times.

"Believing that coffee was the cause of my torpid liver, sick headache and misery in many ways," writes an Ind. lady, "I quit and bought a package of Postum about a year ago.

"My husband and I have been so well pleased that we have continued to drink Postum ever since. We like the taste of Postum better than coffee, as it has always the same pleasant flavor, while coffee changes its taste with about every new combination or blend.

"Since using Postum I have had no more attacks of gall colic, the heaviness has left my chest, and the old, common, every-day headache is a thing unknown." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human int-

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXI.

Though Walter was in a room on the second floor, the distance to the ground was not so great but that he could easily hang from the window sill and jump without injury. Before following him in his flight, we will pause to inquire how the robber, unexpectedly taken captive, fared.

Nothing could have surprised Jack more than this sudden turning of the tables. But a minute since Walter was completely in his power. Now, through the boy's coolness and nerve, his thievish intentions were baffled, and he was placed in the humiliating position of a prisoner in his own house.

"Open the door, or I'll murder you!" he roared, kicking it violently.

There was no reply, for Walter was already half way out of the window, and did not think it best to answer. Walter had proceeded half a mile when he stopped to rest. Two or three times he had tripped over projecting roots which the darkness prevented his seeing in time to avoid.

"I'll rest a few minutes, and then push on," he thought.

It was late, but the excitement of his position prevented him from feeling sleepy. He wished to get out of the woods into some road or open field, where he would be in less danger of encountering Jack, and where perhaps he might find assistance against him.

He was leaning against an immense tree, one of the largest and oldest in the forest. Walter began to examine it. He discovered, by feeling, that it was hollow inside. He ascertained that the interior was eaten out by gradual decay, making a large hollow space inside.

"I shouldn't wonder if I could get in," he said to himself.

He made the attempt, and found that he was correct in his supposition. He could easily stand erect inside.

"That is curious," thought Walter. "The tree must be very old."

He emerged from the trunk, and once more threw himself down beside it. Five minutes later and his attention was drawn by a sound of approaching footsteps. Jack had tripped over a root, and was picking himself up in no very good humor. The enemy, it appeared, was close upon him.

Walter started to his feet in dismay. His first thought was immediate flight, but if he were heard by Jack, the latter would no doubt be able to run him down.

"What shall I do?" thought Walter, in alarm.

Quickly the hollow trunk occurred to him. With as little delay as possible he concealed himself in the interior. He was just in time, for Jack was by this time only a few rods distant. Walter counted upon his passing on; but on reaching the old tree Jack paused, and said aloud, "Where can the young rascal be? I wonder if I have passed him? I'll rest here five minutes. He may straggle along."

With these words he sank upon the ground, in the very same place where Walter had been reclining two minutes before. He was so near that our hero could have put out his hand and touched him.

It was certainly a very uncomfortable situation for Walter. He hardly dared to breathe or to stir lest his enemy should hear him.

"He's led me a pretty tramp," muttered Jack, "but I'm bound to get hold of him to-night. If I do, I'll half kill him."

"Then I hope you won't get hold of him," Walter ejaculated, inwardly.

He began to wish he had run on instead of seeking this concealment. In the first case, the darkness of the night would have favored him, and even if Jack had heard him it was by no means certain that he would have caught him. Now an unlucky movement or a cough would betray his hiding place, and there would be no chance of escape. He began to feel his constrained position irksome, but did not dare to see relief by change of posture.

"I wish he'd go," thought our hero.

But Jack was in no hurry. He appeared to wish to waylay Walter, and was constantly listening to catch the sound of his approach. At length Walter was relieved to hear him say, "Well, I shan't catch him by stopping here, that's sure."

Then he started, and Walter, listening intently, heard the sound of his receding steps. When sufficient time had elapsed, he ventured out from his concealment, and stopped to consider the situation.

What should he do? It was hardly prudent to go on, for it would only bring him nearer the enemy. If he ventured back, he would be farther away from the edge of the woods, and might encounter Meg, who might also be in pursuit. He did not feel in danger of capture from this quarter, but the woman might find means of communicating with her husband. On the whole, it seemed safest, for the present, at least, to stick to the friendly tree which had proved so good a protector. He stood beside it, watching carefully, intending, whenever peril threatened, to take instant refuge inside. This was not particularly satisfactory, but he hoped Jack would soon tire of the pursuit, and retrace his steps toward the cabin. If he should do that, he would then be safe in continuing his flight.

Jack pushed on, believing that our hero was in advance. It had been a fatiguing day, and this made his present midnight tramp more disagreeable. His hopes of overtaking Walter became fainter and fainter, and nature began to assert her rights. A drowsiness which he found it hard to combat assailed him, and he knew he must yield to it for a time at least.

"I wish I was at home, and in bed," he muttered. "I'll lie down and take a short nap, and then start again."

He threw himself on the ground, and in five minutes his senses were locked in a deep slumber, which, instead of a short nap, continued for several hours.

While he is sleeping we will go back to Walter. He, too, was sleepy, and would gladly have lain down and slept if he had dared. But he felt the peril of his position too sensibly to give way to his feelings. He watched vigilantly for an hour, but nothing could be seen of Jack. That hour seemed to him to creep with snail-like pace.

"I can't stand this watching till morning," he said to himself. "I will find some out-of-the-way place, and try to sleep a little."

Searching about he found such a place as he desired. He lay down, and was soon fast asleep. So pursuer and pursued had yielded to the spell of the same enchantress, and half a mile distant from each other were enjoying welcome repose.

Some hours passed away. The sun rose, and its rays lighted up the dim recesses of the forest. When Walter opened his eyes he could not at first remember where he was. He lifted his head from his carpetbag, which he had used as a pillow, and looked around him in surprise; but recollection quickly came to his aid.

"I must have been sleeping several hours," he said to himself, "for it is now morning. I wonder if the man who was after me has gone home?"

He decided that this was probable, and resolved to make an attempt to reach the edge of the forest. He wanted to get into the region of civilization again, if for no other reason, because he felt hungry and was likely to remain so as long as he continued in the forest. He now felt fresh and strong, and prepared to start on his journey. But he had scarcely taken a dozen steps when a female figure stepped out from a covert, and he found himself face to face with Meg.

Not knowing but that her husband might be close behind, he started back in alarm and hesitation. She observed this, and said, "You needn't be afraid, boy. I don't want to harm you."

"Is your husband with you?" asked Walter, on his guard.

"No, he isn't. He started out after you before midnight, and hasn't been back since. That made me uneasy, and I came out to look for him."

"I have seen him," said Walter.

"Where and when?" asked the woman, eagerly.

It was strange that such a coarse brute should have inspired any woman with love, but Meg did certainly love her husband, in spite of his frequent bad treatment.

"Did he see you?"

"No, I was hidden."

"How long did he stay?"

"Only a few minutes, to get rested, I suppose. Then he went on."

"In what direction?"

"That way."

"I'm glad he did not harm you. He was so angry when he started that I was afraid of what would happen if he met you. You must keep out of his way."

"That is what I mean to do if I can," said Walter. "Can you tell me the shortest way out of the woods?"

"Go in that direction," said the woman, pointing, "and half a mile will bring you out."

"It is rather hard to follow a straight path in the woods. If you will act as my guide, I will give you a dollar."

"If my husband should find out that I helped you to escape, he would be very angry."

"Why need he know? You needn't tell him you met me."

The woman hesitated. Finally love of money prevailed.

"I'll do it," she said, abruptly. "Follow me."

She took the lead, and Walter followed closely in her steps. Remembering the night before, he was not wholly assured of her good faith, and resolved to keep his eyes open, and make his escape instantly if he should see any signs of treachery. Possibly Meg might intend to lead him into a trap, and deliver him up to her husband. He was naturally trustful, but his adventures in the cabin taught him a lesson of distrust.

CHAPTER XXII.

Walter followed Meg through the woods. He felt sure that he would not have far to go to reach the open fields. He had been delayed heretofore, not by the distance, but by not knowing in what direction to go.

Few words were spoken between him and Meg. Remembering what had happened at the cabin, and that even now he was fleeing from her husband, he did not feel inclined to be sociable, and her thoughts were divided between the money she was to be paid as the price for her services, and her husband, for whose prolonged absence she could not account.

After walking for fifteen minutes, they came to the edge of the forest. Skirting it was a meadow, wet in parts, for the surface was low.

"Where is the road?"

"You'll have to cross this meadow, and you'll come on it. It isn't mor'n quarter of a mile. You'll find your way well enough without me."

Walter felt relieved at the prospect of a speedy return to the region of civilization. It seemed to him as if he had passed the previous night for away in some wild frontier cabin, instead of in the center of a populous and thriving neighborhood, within a few miles of several flourishing villages. He drew out a dollar bill and offered it to Meg.

"This is the money I agreed to pay you," he said. "Thank you, besides."

"I hear my husband's steps," she said, hurriedly. "Fly or it will be the worse for you."

"Think you for the caution," said Walter, rousing to the necessity for immediate action.

"Don't stop to thank me, Go!" she said, stamping her foot impatiently.

He obeyed at once, and started on a run across the meadow. A minute later, Jack came in sight.

"Why, Meg, are you here?" he said, in surprise. "Have you seen the boy?"

He did not wait for an answer, for, looking across the meadow, he saw the flying figure of our hero.

"There he is, now," he exclaimed, in a tone of fierce satisfaction.

"Let him go, Jack," pleaded Meg, who, in spite of herself, felt a sympathy for the boy who, like herself, had been unfortunate.

He threw off the hand which she had placed upon his arm, and dashed off in pursuit of Walter.

Walter had the start, and had already succeeded in placing two hundred yards between himself and his pursuer. But Jack was strong and athletic, and could run faster than a boy of fifteen, and the distance between the two constantly diminished. Walter looked back over his shoulder, as he ran, and, brave as he was, there came a sickening sensation of fear as he met the fierce, triumphant glance of his enemy.

"Stop!" called out Jack, hoarsely.

Walter did not answer, neither did he obey. Only a few rods in advance was a deep ditch, at least twelve feet wide, over which a single plank was thrown as a bridge for foot passengers. Walter sped like a deer forward and over the bridge, when, stooping down, he hastily pulled it over after him, thus cutting off his enemy's advance.

"Put back that plank," roared Jack.

"I would rather not," said Walter.

"You'll be sorry for it, then," said Jack, fiercely.

He had walked back about fifty feet, and then faced round. His intention was clear enough. He meant to jump over the ditch. Our hero took the plank and put it over his shoulder, moving with it farther down the edge. An idea had occurred to him, which had not yet suggested itself to Jack, or the latter might have been less confident of success.

Jack stood still for a moment, and then, gathering up his strength, dashed forward. Arrived at the brink, he made a spring, but the soft bank yielded him no support. He fell short of the opposite bank by at least two feet, and, to his anger and disgust, landed in the water and slime at the bottom of the ditch. He scrambled out, landing at last, but with the loss of one boot, which had been drawn off by the clinging mud in which it had become firmly planted. Still he was on the same side with Walter, and the latter was now in his power. This was what he thought; but an instant later he saw his mistake. Walter had stretched the plank over the ditch a few rods further up, and was passing over it in safety.

(To be continued.)

SIOUX WOMEN.

Among the Sioux it was no disgrace to the chief's daughter to work with her hands. Indeed, says Charles A. Eastman in "Old Indian Days," their standard of worth was the willingness to work, but not for the sake of accumulation, only in order to give.

Generosity is a trait that is highly developed in the Sioux woman. She makes many moccasins and other articles of clothing for her male relatives, or for any who are not well provided. She loves to see her brother the best dressed among the young men, and the moccasins, especially of a young brave, are the pride of his womankind.

Her own moccasins are plain, her leggings close-fitting and not as high as her brother's. She parts her smooth, jet black hair in the middle and plaits it in two braids. Her ornaments, sparingly worn, are beads, elks' teeth, and a touch of red paint. No feathers are worn by the woman, unless in a sacred dance.

She is supposed to be always occupied with some feminine pursuit or engaged in some social affair, which is also strictly feminine as a rule. Even her language is peculiar to her sex, some words being used by women only, and others have a feminine termination.

There is an etiquette of sitting and standing, which is strictly observed. The woman must never raise her knees or cross her feet when seated. She seats herself on the ground sidewise, with both feet under her.

Nearly all her games are different from those of the men. She has a sport of wand-throwing which develops fine muscles of the shoulders and back. The wands are about eight feet long, and taper gradually from an inch and a half to half an inch in diameter. Some of them are artistically made, with heads of bone or horn, and it is remarkable to what a distance they may be made to slide over the ground.

In the feminine game of ball, which is something like "shinny," the ball is driven with curved sticks between two goals. It is played with from two to three hundred on a side, and a game between two bands or villages is a picturesque event.

Why He Kicked.

"Some people are chronic kickers," growled the hotel clerk, "and it's no use trying to satisfy them."

"What's the trouble now?" queried the reporter.

"You saw that solemn looking chap making a get-away as you came in?" rejoined the man behind the ten-carat sparkler. "Well, he registered about half an hour ago and was shown to his room. Now what do you suppose happened?"

"I pass," said the pencil pusher.

"A few minutes later," continued the key juggler, "he rushed back to the office, mad as a March hare, and jumped all over me, figuratively speaking. It seems that he had come here for the purpose of doing the suicide act by turning on the gas and I assigned him to a room lighted by electricity."

Part of the Treatment.

"So you believe in charging heavy fees?"

"Yes," answered the physician, "but only for the patient's own good. If you can make him feel that he has an investment with you he is more likely to follow instructions carefully in order to get his money's worth."—Washington Star.

Family Repartee.

"If you could only make money like your father," sighed the disappointed wife, "things would be all right."

"And if you could only cook half as well as your mother did things wouldn't be so bad, either," replied the husband, who was by no means altogether pleased.—Detroit Free Press.

His Steady Job.

Rigley—You don't believe in a college education then?

Jigley—No; it unfits a man for everything except to sit around croaking about how much more intelligently he could enjoy wealth than the average man does.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Useless Sacrifice.

Edyth—It's too bad that Clara was in love with Jack when he proposed to me. I feel sorry for the poor girl.

Mayme—Why, she is in love with Tom. She never cared for Jack.

Edyth—Oh, dear! I never would have accepted him had I known that.

In a Quandary.

Brother—Yes, I like Jack well enough, but how did you ever happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are?

Sister—I had to choose between a little man with a big salary and a big man with a little salary.

Questions.

"Can you tell a dog that's mad?"

"Tell it what?"

"THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE."

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone;
Is the central point from which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city
Drives in exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations.
—Longfellow.

In the Pew by the Door

"I've only a minute to stay," Mrs. Morris announced, settling herself in a comfortable chair in the farmhouse kitchen. "I stpped for your mail, but they said it was too late."

Mrs. Headley nodded toward a letter beside her. She never talked much when Mrs. Morris dropped in. She never needed to.

"About David?" questioned her guest.

"From David," was the answer.

"Well," responded Mrs. Morris, "Dr. Wilson was sayin' last night that it seems just wonderful, his bein' called to that big church. I hear he went there to preach for 'em when their minister was goin' to leave, an' some of the big bugs made up their minds they'd have him and nobody else. Lands! When I think of the way you took that helpless little baby an' brought him up, an' you a widow an' no kin at all, an' how you've sold 'most half of this little farm to educate him! My! I hope you'll get a little gratitude for it, an' some reward!"

"David is my reward," quietly answered her hostess.

"Oh, yes, of course." Then after a pause, "I suppose the salary's awful big."

"It seems so to me," was the reply.

"Well," with a little look of disappointment, "I must get along. I suppose you'll go up with Dr. Wilson to hear him preach his first sermon as pastor?"

Then the old face opposite flushed a little.

"Oh, no! It's so far and there will be so many people there, I suppose; oh, no, I couldn't go."

Mrs. Morris considered a moment. "Well, I don't know, I should think you'd want to see how he looks among

"IT WILL GIVE US GREAT PLEASURE," THE OTHER RESPONDED.

all the high flyers. Of course, it costs a lot to go so far and (with a quick glance at the little figure before her) you mightn't feel real easy among 'em. Well, good-by. Anyway, 'tain't as if he was your own."

Then she was gone, and the sensitive soul was left with the sting, and the wound, and the pain.

He wasn't her own! He wasn't her own! Oh, the sharp, keen pain it brought her. She "mightn't feel easy among 'em." She knew that, but why did well-meaning Mrs. Morris say it? She did not belong to the great world out there—David did! She, if she went to be present at that wonderful service, would hardly know how to act, unless—and she almost held her breath—unless she might slip in a rear seat where no one would notice her at all.

She picked up David's letter again; she had read every word of it four times that day. It said: "You must come. Dr. Wilson will take care of you in the train, and then I will take care of you!" Much more there was in the long letter. "It doesn't sound as if he"—and the thought sprang out at last—"feels ashamed of the country mother. David would do his duty, anyway, and maybe I want too much." The tears rained over her face, but presently she lifted her head and asked herself what they had been for. Hadn't David always loved her? Hadn't he always been kind and good and attentive to her?

But down in her heart she knew that only David himself in some way could remove that haunting fear. "He's no call to be so very grateful," she said in loving excuse. "I'm a selfish, exacting old woman, that's what I am, shedding tears when I'd much better be thanking the Lord that my boy's called to preach!" So she rose above the worry, stilled the voice in her heart that whispered, "He isn't your own, he isn't like you," wrapped about her the mantle of unselfishness that she had always worn, and wrote David that she guessed she'd better not come.

But because of the great love in her heart, and because Dr. Wilson insisted, it came about that the mistress of the little farmhouse took the long journey, and found herself one of many who were entering a church that seemed to her stately and beautiful beyond the telling.

"You must just let me slip in by the door," she whispered tremulously to the reverend gentleman beside her; and knowing how very tired she was, and seeing the frightened look on the gentle old face, he answered soothingly, "Just as you say—just as you say."

He seated her carefully "back by the door," and then went to join the ministers already seated on the platform.

The tired little woman in the back of the church sat trembling with nervous excitement and fatigue. At first only a dreamy, dazed feeling possessed her. Then she was conscious that the great church was filled with people, people who seemed to belong to another world than her own.

"That's Mr. Ferris," she heard someone say in a low tone behind her, as a tall, distinguished-looking man passed the pew where she sat. "He's one of the most prominent men in the church and worth millions!"

Wonderful music was flooding the building, such music as she had dreamed she might hear in heaven. Then with timid, eager glance she was searching the palmdecked platform for "her boy." Her eyes were dim, but she found him. He was grasping Dr. Wilson's outstretched hand and speaking softly to him. In that moment how her heart swelled with thanksgiving and cried out to God in praise.

How big—how distinguished—how handsome—how, oh, how good to look at he was even among all those splendid men up there! Then that little tormenting spirit that had no right in the farmhouse or in the city church whispered, "But he isn't yours, he isn't your own, these are his people, you are not like them—why did you come?"

Then as the tired head bowed to hide the great tears that shut out the face on the platform, David Holland's eyes, directed by Dr. Wilson, found her. Just a low-spoken sentence to one of his brethren on the platform, a quick, courteous reply, and he quietly stepped down, walked around by a side aisle, across the back of the church, and then paused beside the pew "back by the door."

Those sitting very near saw a hand rest on the shoulder of the little woman, who looked up startled as his voice said softly, "Mother!" Like a flash the heartache and the fear left her. The music trembled, and then burst forth in joyous might and power, and like one in a happy dream she was moving up the aisle leaning a little heavily upon the arm of her stalwart "boy."

Very near the platform he paused; a man rose quickly, stepped out into the aisle and motioned to a seat beside him. "Have you room for my mother, Mr. Ferris?" the young minister asked very softly, very distinctly. "It will give us great pleasure," the other responded quickly. Then she sat down and David was back in his place.

But oh, the Heaven-sent bliss of it all! She never knew that hundreds of eyes had filled with tears as they saw the minister they had chosen, leading so tenderly the white-haired old lady to "her place" among them. She did not know that the grave, dignified men on the platform looked on with a new feeling of love for, and pride in, their brilliant young brother. She did not know that, as he walked up that broad aisle, there was in David Holland's heart a strong desire to cry out to all these, "his people"—"Look at her—look at her—at the bravest, purest, most unselfish soul that ever lived look at her and be like her!"

She only knew as she sat there, her sweet old face aglow wth a wonderful light, that she was happy, happy, happy!

A divine melody sang itself in her heart. The great congregation rose to its feet. They sang the joy song, too—"Joy to the world, the Lord is come." Oh, yes, that was the word. Joy—joy! "He wasn't ashamed of me. He's mine, my own. 'Have you room for my mother?' " That was what he had said—for "my mother!" Down in the depths of her heart, she knew he was glad to call her that.—Epworth Herald.

His View of It.

A little boy had been sent to the dairy to get some eggs, and on his way back he dropped the basket containing them.

"How many did you break?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I didn't break any," he said, "but the shells came off some of them."

The Fireside Diplomat.

"I don't want to be nagging at you," Mrs. Marryat began, "but it's the little things that bother me most—"

"Ah!" interrupted her husband, sweetly. "I suppose you're going to tell me you haven't a decent pair of shoes."—Philadelphia Press.

HOME HOLDS THE FARM BOY.

At Least It Will Be So When This Man's Plan Is Put Into Practice.

"The time is coming when the farmer's boy will step at home in preference to going to the city," said D. R. Williams of Canby, Minn., at the Riggs House. "For many years the trend of agricultural youth has been from the farm to the city, so that the percentage of persons engaged in farming has decreased enormously, but the tide is turning the other way, and there appears to be a decided tendency toward the farm.

"Men of wealth are buying farms, not as a speculation, but to live on, and I venture to say that if statistics were compiled at this time, they would show a greater number of persons on the farm than at the time of the last census, when it was smaller than at any time since this government was organized.

"Teaching farmers' boys to be first-class farmers is a new thing, but it is working well in Canby. This is the first community, I believe, where it has been tried, and from the success with which the effort has met, I expect to see a general adoption in farming sections. Not long ago we engaged a new superintendent, who came from the University of Minnesota.

"He found that few of the boys who attended high school had any thought of remaining on the farm. He induced the trustees to buy a ten-acre farm, and started to do systematic farming, showing the young men how to run farms in the modern way and make money out of them. His idea was that this was better than manual training of the ordinary sort, and the boys have taken hold with a will, so that many who wanted to try city life are content to stay at home."—Washington Post.

Legal Information

Thomas A. Edison, the noted inventor, is, in Edison v. Edison Polyform Manufacturing Company, 67 Atlantic Reporter, 392, granted an injunction by the New Jersey Court of Chancery to prevent the unauthorized use of his name by another as a part of its corporate title, or, in connection with its business or advertisements, his picture and his pretended certificate indorsing a remedy which such other is engaged in manufacturing, compounded according to a formula devised by Mr. Edison, though he is not a business competitor.

The United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois in Holmes v. Dowie, 148 Federal Reporter, 634, passes on the question of leadership of the organization founded by Dowie by saying that, as a general rule, the court will recognize the action of a religious society in this respect, but inasmuch as the organization has no regulation providing how a leader shall be selected, it seems fair that the majority rule shall prevail. An election was therefore ordered, at which all male and female members of the organization over twenty-one years of age were granted the right to vote.

A law requiring dispensers of drugs in cities or towns having more than five hundred inhabitants to be registered pharamacists, but only requiring such dispensers to be assistant pharmacists in towns having less than five hundred inhabitants, is by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin held to be valid, in State v. Evans, 10 Northwestern Reporter, 241. In upholding the validity of the classification the court cited as examples of such classification the laws requiring a certain age to vote, difference in police protection and protection against fire, impure water, and regulations concerning the construction of sewers.

The New York County Court, in construing a lease in the case of In re Schoelkopf, 105 New York Supplement, 477, was required to define what is a first-class theater. The lease provided that the premises should be used for a theater of the first class for the production of plays of the highest order. The court says: "From the evidence admitted in the case, it appears that there are certain classes of theaters and theatrical attractions, and that plays are divided into high (the first) class, popular price (or second class), melodramas, vaudeville, and burlesque." In view of this, the court holds that a first-class theater is not maintained by the production of theatricals of the last class above mentioned, though such attractions be of the first class of their kind.

The Self-Reliant Girl.

The chief end of the doctors is to teach people to keep well with the minimum of doctoring. The chief end of authority is to qualify people for self-government. The chief end of parents and schools is to train children in wisdom and knowledge, that they may be able to take care of themselves. That has long been understood in its relation to boys. The idea of education for boys is to train them up through obedience to liberty. We want to make them free, and wise enough to thrive on freedom. As fast as they can bear it we put upon them increased responsibility for their own conduct, and their own use of time and of money. What we want of them finally is not merely to respond with docility to the care that is taken for them, but gradually to become qualified to take care of somebody else. And steadily and rapidly our civilization has been coming to have a like attitude toward girls. They are not boys in skirts, but very different creatures; their needs are different, their ideal work in life is different, the processes of education which seem most profitable for them are different; but in them, too, we grow more and more solicitous to develop the capacity to take care of themselves and eventually of others; to develop, indeed, all possible capacities that are not incompatible with one another, and with the highest and best and most important destiny that life holds for girls.—Success Magazine.

There is nothing improbable to a jealous woman.