

gan hissing the sweetest of all names and his little feet began pattering through the hall and to the door when his little ears heard a father's footsteps upon the porch.

One by one the precious treasures are laid back in the box. The tissue paper that wraps them is dampened by tears that can not be held back, try though we may, and in a few moments we live again the long, long years that have hurried by into the past.

The taxgatherer levies no tribute upon the treasures in that little box. The science of mathematics is helpless to compute its value. More precious than rubies or gold—yea, much finer gold—are the contents of a thousand treasure boxes, jealously guarded by loving hearts in homes scattered throughout this broad land of ours.

Remember the first time you climbed a tree to peer into a turtle dove's nest? The mother dove fluttered down to the ground and acted like she was so helpless that it needed only a little effort to catch her, and you slid down the street to the detriment of clothes and bare legs to grab her. Funny, wasn't it, how she just managed to elude you until she led you over a devious course far away from her nest. And then with a saucy flirt of her tail and a note of derision she up and flew away and left you standing there feeling very foolish.

Curiously enough a pair of turtle doves built their nest in a tree in the back yard of the author's home, and the other day the Littlest Girl climbed up to peer into the nest. Mother dove nearly frightened the Littlest Girl into fits when she first fluttered down, but the Littlest Girl recovered, slid down the tree and tried to catch the poor, wounded mother dove and help dress its wounds. She chased the dove through the back yard, down the alley fence and into a big rosebush, and then the dove, with that same old saucy flirt of the tail, and the same old note of derision, up and flew away. The Littlest Girl hasn't done talking about the mother dove yet, and her active little brain is just beginning to grasp the fact that the bird was only deceiving her in order to protect that little nest.

Go on! What's all this hub-bub about 'nature fakirs?' Why, when you think of the cuteness of the turtle dove, the prairie chicken and scores of other birds that deceive intruders by their imitations of helplessness and their clever 'deceits' you are ready to believe almost any old story told about the inhabitants of the fields and woods.

BOSTON GREET'S KUROKI

Boston greeted Kuroki with cries of Beanzai!—Minneapolis Journal.

No Delay

In keeping social or business engagements caused by nervous or sick headache, or other pains or aches by those who have learned the merits of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They simply take a tablet when the symptoms appear and they are quickly dispelled. In fact

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will prevent, and also cure, all pains of every nature, and are absolutely harmless. The soothing influence upon the nerves and muscles quiet and refresh the irritated conditions. "Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills always cure my headache, and the beauty of it is, it costs such a trifle.—I am glad there is such a remedy for people who must work, sick or well. Headaches never prevent me from keeping my engagements."—MRS. G. N. GRIFFITH, Santa Ana, Cal. The first package will benefit, if not, the druggist will return your money. 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

TRIFLES AGENTS OF FATE

Often it is the little things which bring the great results where mystery is deepest. An "e" in a misspelled word brought home his crime to the forger Pigott. It was a couple of hairs of a squirrel which convicted a woman of murder in a case which had long puzzled the police. Literature has sometimes to depend upon as slender clues as this for establishing evidence not otherwise to be gained. When commentators on the works of Robert Louis Stevenson were busiest they came across a manuscript whose place of birth they could not determine. Was it written before he left home or after his arrival in Famra? There was a crushed fly upon one of the pages. They took this to Mr. Verrall, the entomologist, and he was able to decide. The fly was of a species peculiar in the Polynesian islands. Stevenson had written the notes in his island home.—Chicago Journal.

HOW THE VILLAGE PROGRESSED

"Well, well!" exclaimed the man who had wandered back to the village. "So the Eagle House is still the Eagle House? No change after twenty years."

"There hev been a few changes," asserted the oldest inhabitant with some acerbity. "Since you've been gone the hotel hez been respectively the Grand Union, the Grand Central, the Grand Junction, the Great Northern, the Great Southern, the Imperial, the Regal, the Empire, the Monarch, the Prince o' Wales, the Regent, an' a few other royalties which I disrecollect, the Mansion House six times an' the Eagle House seven, the latter happenin' to be its proud patronymic at present writin'. Plunkville, my travelled friend, hain't so all-fired behind the times ez you seem to imagine."—Washington Herald.

THE TOOTH OF TIME

There was nothing William Hobart enjoyed more than making what he called "appropriate quotations." The fact that he sometimes added to them the flavor of his own ignorance never troubled him at all.

One day, when calling on a neighbor, he was shown a much battered stone pestle which had been unearthed in the garden. The neighbor's son, who had small use or reverence for ancient articles, remarked facetiously that it looked as if a dozen dogs had chewed it.

"Boy," and William Hobart looked volumes of reproof at this graceless young person, "this is the work of no animals; these are the ravages of the tooth of time."—Youth's Companion.

WISE OLD NOAH

Noah was looking at his famous collection of living wild beasts.

"I could write a lot of stories about these animals," he said, "that would put the whole collection of nature fakirs on the ragged edge, but what would be the use? I'd get a call-down from the White House as sure as fate."

Sternly resisting the temptation to mix in, he ordered Ham to change the course of the vessel two points to starboard and went back to his cabin to take a nap.—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT TO DO WITH "MAD" DOGS

There are cases of hydrophobia. Experienced dog doctors can detect them. Their symptoms are well known. But they are not frequent, compared with the popular notion, and a great deal of needless suffering would be avoided if the idea could be inculcated that the danger from a case of hydrophobia is so rare as almost to be negligible and that the wise thing to do with a dog supposedly afflicted with the malady is

to shut him up for observation and care. There would be an end of uncertainty and the avoidance of great and needless misery.—Indianapolis News.

THE APT PUPIL

The philanthropic Fifth avenue lady was visiting a lower east-side Sunday school. To test the aptness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils she took the class in hand to question them.

"Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?"

Not one answered. "Think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?"

A grimy fist went up. "Well, what am I doing, little boy?"

"Buttin' in!"—Life.

THE NEW STYLE

In order that the young man may know what is coming to him when he asks a girl to marry him, we quote the following acceptance from a popular novel:

"She put her flower-like face to mine.

"My first thought of you and my last are the same, beloved," she answered, "and the thought is this—that you have a heart for whose belated waking queens might keep vigil."

Does a man, in addition to the contract to buy a woman's clothes and groceries for the rest of her life, have to stand for something like this?—Atchison Globe.

THEY DISAGREED

"These fellows were fighting," said the policeman.

"Your honor," began one of the prisoners, "I beg of you not to accept so crude a misconstruction of our acts. Doubtless you have heard of a 'gentleman's agreement?'"

"Certainly."

"Well, we had one, but it had progressed to the stage where it became a 'gentleman's disagreement.'"

Yet was the judge deaf to reason.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SOME CONSOLATION

Prices are on a higher level than they have been for seventeen years, according to the bureau of labor. We are glad to know they are on the level, even if it is higher.—Chicago Journal.

MEETING TROUBLE

More people would snap their fingers in the face of trouble if trouble didn't have such a sudden way of swooping down on us.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHO?

Who is it that, when things get quiet, When there is neither war nor riot And scandal dies out for a day, Stirs up the people in some way? The President.

Who dallies with majestic things? Who squelches haughty railroad kings?

Who sends his orders overseas And regulates our sewing bees? The President.

Who kindles the celestial fires? Who sorts the truthful from the liars?

Who sends the winds and brings the rain? Who makes the stork's first duty plain? The President.

Who keeps the world from going wrong? Who never lets us sit still for long By doubt assailed or wonder vexed While asking what he may do next? The President.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

SIGN OF CONVALESCENCE

The small boy had been very ill, but he was on the convalescent list, to the family's great joy, and this is how they knew. When the doctor came in the other morning the lad piped up: "Say, I want something to eat. I'm tired of taking nourishment."—Boston Herald.

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