

WIT OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Visitor—Well, my little man, do you like going to school? Little Man (aged 6)—Yes, but I don't like staying there.

Little Bessie—I wonder where Adam got the names for all the animals? Little Elmer—Why, from the dictionary, of course.

Grocer—Well, little girl, what can I do for you? Elsie (aged 4)—Please, sir, my mamma wants a can of condensed milk.

Tommy—I had to be put to bed after our Christmas dinner. Johnnie—Huh! That ain't nothing. I had to have three doctors after ours.

Teacher—Now, children, Harry has spelled the word "fur" correctly. Who can give the definition? Bobby—Fur means an awful long distance to go.

Johnnie—Willie Neighbors hasn't been to school for two whole days. Mother—Is he sick? Johnnie—It's worse than that. His mamma cut his hair.

Little Margie (looking at her brother's geography)—Mamma, is the map of every country in this book? Mamma—Yes, dear. Little Margie—Well, where's the map of heaven?

Small Harry sat up in bed and began to cry as if his heart would break. "Why, dear, what's the matter?" asked his mother. "I d-dreamt I had a bag of c-candy an' woked up fore I c-could eat it," sobbed the little fellow.

"Aunt Mary," said 5-year-old Flossie. "I wish you would promise me something." "Well, what is it, dear?" asked her aunt. "Promise me," continued the little miss, "that when I grow up you will lend me one of your long dresses until I can have mine let down."

RECLAIMING BAD LAND.

Story of What Irrigation Has Done in the Desert.

Five years ago there was not a home in the Imperial Valley of the Colorado desert. There was not even an Indian hogan (earth hut) to shelter the engineers who surveyed the first canals from the Colorado river across the desert. The parched earth was as bare of vegetation as a skating rink, and it seemed even less promising than Death Valley, for it lacks the mineral wealth of that region, the ground being a sedimentary deposit from the Colorado river.

To-day a hundred thousand acres are under actual cultivation on the California side of the desert, and ten thousand on the Mexican side. Towns have risen almost in a night; the principal are Imperial, Holtville, Brawley, Cal-exico, Mexicali, Heber and Silsbee, ranging from 600 to 1,800 population. There are 15,000 people and eleven school districts in the valley. The report from these school districts for June, 1905, show 701 children, against 370 one year ago. The population of the valley is greater than the school census would indicate, because so many men have gone there to start farms, leaving their families at home until they are prepared to receive them. Imperial, the largest town, has a \$5,000 school house and a brick church, which also cost \$5,000. The men who work out in the open all day say they do not mind the heat; there are no instances of sunstroke in this dry air. The country is filled with young college men. The moral tone of the valley is illustrated by the vote against intoxicants, which was carried out at two different elections. A telephone system has been extended throughout the whole irrigated area. The towns possess neat brick and stone business blocks, concrete sidewalks and graded streets. Shade trees are being grown, and 15 months' old poplars are from fifteen to eighteen feet in height and afford substantial shade.

Dog and Snake Fight.

Two Ballarat sportsmen while on a shooting excursion to Lal Lal encountered a large snake that was attacked by a dog that accompanied them.

The reptile wound itself around the dog, and an exciting fight ensued, during which the animal bit off the tail of the serpent.

The sportsman, anxious to save the dog, decided to shoot the reptile if an opportunity presented itself. This occurred when it thrust out its head over the hind quarters of the setter.

The shot, however, instead of hitting the snake, entered the body of the dog, the death of which was instantaneous. The snake was then dispatched.—British Australasian.

Habit.

Boss—See here, every time you see a 6 you call it a 2. What's the matter with you—nearsighted?

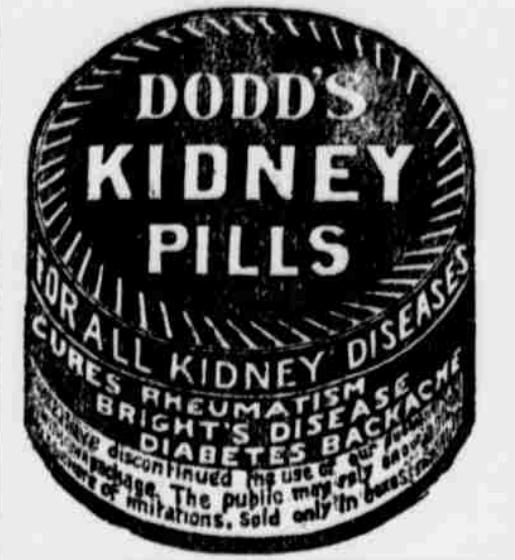
Stenographer—No, sir; it's a matter of habit. I used to clerk in a ladies shoe store.—Cleveland Leader.

Prof. Alexieff Torigony, one time of the University of Moscow, and who was imprisoned in 1891 for alleged complicity in the assassination, of Alexander II, will shortly come to America from Japan to become a United States citizen.

That grand old bird the stork, has been unusually generous to Mrs. Charles Joy, of Canton, Ill. She has fifteen children, and yet the stork has visited her home only seven times. On each of six visits there were twins, and on the other occasion there were triplets. The overjoyed father purchases nursing bottles by the dozen.

The first English Bible was printed in 1535.

An excellent aperient for children is ginger bread made from oatmeal instead of flour.



Rats will be driven way by a guinea pig.

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Thomas A. Edison came over to New York from his quiet New Jersey home to see some machinery in which he was interested. As soon as possible he hurried back again. "I want to get back to the quietude of my own workshop," he remarked on leaving. "I can't stand New York. You are too glaring and noisy over here, one of the chief reasons being that you are using so many of my contrivances."

"In Sweden a plumber is called a vattenledingsentreprenor." "He is eh? I'll bet he charges for the time while he is being called it, too."

In the family of Mr. and Mrs. Euclid N. Cobb, of Monmouth, Ill., are six girls and four boys. All of them, parents and children, can make butter, and have been brought up to the dairy business. Even the school-going children are expert workers in the dairy.

A scientist asserts that if the earth were birdless man could not inhabit it for longer than nine years. All the sprays and poisons in the world would not keep down the insects, which would eat up everything. This fable teaches much regarding women's hats.

Food hastily eaten causes indigestion and a red nose.

Apples are claimed to be a good brain food.

DECAYED STARCH.

A Food Problem.

An Asheville man tells how right food did that which medicines had failed to accomplish:

"For more than 15 years," he says, "I was afflicted with stomach trouble and intestinal indigestion, gas forming in stomach and bowels and giving me great distress. These conditions were undoubtedly due to the starchy food I ate, white bread, potatoes, etc., and didn't digest. I grew worse with time, till 2 years ago. I had an attack which the doctor diagnosed as appendicitis. When the surgeon operated on me, however, it was found that my trouble was ulcer of the pancreas, instead of appendicitis."

"Since that time I have had several such attacks, suffering death, almost. The last attack was about 3 months ago, and I endured untold agonies."

"The doctor then said that I would have to eat less starchy stuff, so I began the use of Grape-Nuts food, for I knew it to be pre-digested, and have continued same with most gratifying results. It has built me up wonderfully. I gained 10 pounds in the first 8 weeks that I used Grape-Nuts, my general health is better than ever before, my brain is clearer and my nerves stronger."

"For breakfast and dinner, each, I take 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts with cream, a small slice of dry toast, an egg soft boiled and a cup of Postum; and I make the evening meal on Grape-Nuts and cream alone—this gives me a good night's rest and I am well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



MISS GRANT'S EASTER EVE.

MISS SARAH GRANT stood at the window of her little dining room looking out at the tiny yard that separated her cottage from the street. It was the last day of March, but the air was full of the magnetic influence of spring. The grass was freshening while in the bed of brown earth at the right of the walk hardy daffodils, jonquils and one adventurous hyacinth nodded to the passers-by.

Miss Grant sighed a little impatiently as she turned from the window. Her neatly spread tea table stood waiting. There were a solitary cup, saucer and plate, each of rare old china. The silver was massive, of the fashion of a half century ago. There were slices of snowy home-made bread, all cut of exactly the same thickness, a pot of golden butter, a chicken salad, milk, a glass of amber jelly, and sugared doughnuts. It looked tempting. But the cloud did not lift from Miss Grant's face as she brought the steaming teapot from the kitchen and seated herself for her evening meal. She bowed in silence for a moment. Then, adjusting her napkin carefully over her neat black cashmere, she said to herself:

"And to-morrow's April Fool's day, too! As if there wasn't enough to bother without that! For the fact of its being Sunday won't make any difference with those unruly boys. Well, if they attempt to play any tricks upon me they'll suffer, that's all."

Had the most daring urchin in Glenville beheld the scowl upon Miss Sarah's face he would have hesitated long before attempting to "fool" her. She creamed her tea and slowly buttered a slice of bread.

"I haven't the heart to eat," she exclaimed a moment later. "To think that a Grant should have his home sold on a mortgage. I'm glad our father didn't live to know it."

Miss Sarah had devoted the earlier part of the afternoon to making calls. It was at Mrs. Atherton's that some one had spoken of John Grant, Miss Sarah's only brother. There was an awkward pause, then dear old Grandma Atherton said, gently:

"Sarah, you will pardon your mother's friend if she tells you something. John's home is to be sold on the mortgage in three weeks. Did you know it?"

"No," was Miss Grant's uncompromising reply.

"It is too bad," grandma went on, after a moment. "He mortgaged it to get money to take his wife to New York for medical aid. It did her no good, poor thing. Well, times are hard and a man with an invalid wife and six small children finds it almost impossible to live on a clerk's salary."

There was no softening of Miss Sarah's face. After a few minutes she stiffly bowed herself out. Grandma Atherton watched her pass down the street, a troubled expression on the usually placid old face.

"I'm so sorry," she said, shaking her silvered head. "Sarah could so well afford to help John. She has been growing richer all these years while he has been growing poorer."

This was the subject Miss Sarah was revolving in her mind as she sat at the tea table. It was twenty years since the death of her parents. The family wealth had been equally divided between John and herself. Her share, invested in her present home and judicious loans, had doubled. John had gone into business, lost heavily through a dishonest partner, signed a note with a supposed friend, and paid it, then been glad to accept a situation as clerk. Five years ago he had asked his sister to advance money on his pretty home. Sarah had refused curtly and scolded him for incurring needless expense.

"It may do no good," he admitted, "but I cannot let Amy suffer as she does without one more effort for her relief."

"I don't believe there is much the matter with Amy," the sister declared. Somehow the pink and white prettiness of Amy Grant had always exasperated Miss Sarah. "If she'd exert herself more and—"

But John rose hastily. "We will not discuss that. It is time I was at the store," and he walked proudly away.

Years had widened the breach. Mrs. Grant was still an invalid. The six children were all overflowing with spirits,

rosy-cheeked and happy. Sadie, the oldest, at fifteen played at being housekeeper and nurse. The house was always bright and clean, but it was too noisy and disorderly to suit fastidious Miss Sarah. Sadie, too, was another grievance. She was a dimpled-faced girl with her father's clear gray eyes and proud poise of the head.

"A regular Grant," Miss Sarah said to herself. "I'd take her and do well by her. But I won't soon forget Madam Amy's almost indignation at my proposal. 'Give away one of my children? O, I couldn't think of such a thing,' she said. Then there is her ridiculous name. She was christened Sarah Catherine, but it's too plain and old-fashioned, so she's Sadie now."

The shadow of the evening had gathered while Miss Grant sat over her untasted supper. She pushed her plate away and was about to rise when a gentle rap sounded on the door. Without waiting to light a lamp she opened the door, and peered out in the fast falling darkness. No one was there. Her foot struck against something lying on the doorsill. It was a long, narrow package, apparently a box. A great wave of anger rolled over the spinster's heart.

"How dare those boys try fool tricks

ive pranks of the boys had blotted out her memory of Christ's proven immortality. She came back to the present with a start. There lay the bundle.

"Why don't I open it?" she queried. "Of course, it's all nonsense. As likely as not another bit at my being an old maid."

Upon removing the paper she found a pasteboard box. Taking off the cover she held her breath in astonishment. There, on a bed of softest roses, lay great clusters of Easter lilies. The woman felt her anger slipping from her, and an unexplainable hush seemed to settle down upon her. Reverently lifting the card tied to the lilies, she read: "In loving remembrance of the joyful morrow." Joyful? Ah, not to her. And why not? Could there be any reason save that she had shut out of her life the influence of the risen Savior? What if she had been lonely and misunderstood? Had she always been just to others? And had not He, the divine One, been misunderstood? Her tears were dripping on the waxen petals of the flowers? Burying her face in their cool depths, a fervent prayer rose from her heart.

The next morning was bright and sunny. The little church was gay with flowers, and to Miss Sarah the very air seem-

EASTER SHOPPING.



"I think that's fine. I'll show Maria whether men have good taste in these matters."—Chicago Tribune.

on me!" she muttered. "If I had 'em here I'd teach 'em a lesson, right quick," and with one sturdy kick she sent the obnoxious box half way to the street.

"O, Miss Sarah!" cried out a child's piping voice. "What air you doing that to your Easter present for?"

"What are you doing here, Maggie Smith?" Miss Grant demanded, sharply. "Are you concerned in this disgraceful affair? Come here this minute and tell me all about it."

Frightened by the sternness of the voice, Maggie came whimpering and trembling.

"I jest don't know nothin'," she declared. "I was comin' down the street with this 'ere loaf of bread ma sent me after when I seed Miss Effie Dean come up your walk. She laid down that bundle, knocked on the door and skipped. Hope to die, Miss Sarah, that's everything I know."

Miss Grant was puzzled. She vainly tried, in the dim light, to scan Maggie's face.

"Bring me that package," she said, sternly.

Maggie obeyed.

"Now go straight home. If I find you have deceived me in any way I shall see that you are severely punished."

Trembling with fear, Maggie started. Upon reaching the street, she broke into a run. As for Miss Sarah, she carried the mysterious package into the dining-room, lighted a lamp, pulled down the window shades, locked the door and sat down to think. Effie Dean—the sweet, refined daughter of Miss Sarah's pastor! Would she insult the old woman to whom she had always been so kind? Surely not. What had Maggie meant about Easter? A moment's thought—yes, the morrow was Easter as well as All Fools' day. She felt a twinge of conscience as she remembered that her anger against the prospect-

ed alive with loving memories of the first Easter morning. "O day of joy and gladness!" sang the choir, and the heart of the spinster repeated the words over and over. At the close of the service she hastened to her brother's pew.

"How is your mamma, dear?" she asked Sadie in so sympathetic a tone that the girl's eyes opened wide. "What a little woman you are, Sadie, to keep the children so quiet through church. Here's a note for your father. You can tell him I will come over and talk to him after dinner. I'll bring your mamma some of my quince jelly. Poor thing, I wish she could get out these nice days."

John Grant was discouraged and disheartened, yet for his wife's sake he had tried to be cheerful that Easter morning. When Sadie laid the little note in his hand he opened it and read, while happy tears coursed down his cheeks:

"Dear Brother: I will let you have the money to pay that mortgage. You and yours may pay the interest in love. Can you forget the past and take anew to your heart the sister who has just learned to follow the risen Lord? Lovingly yours, Sarah Grant."



Master Chick—Now it can rain if it likes. I shan't mind.

Ambiguous. The Bishop—Did you think my Easter sermon too long? The Old Friend (smilingly)—Not for you, bishop.