

A SECRET.

Shall I be like grandmamma when I am old? Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet—No feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold With a little white edging upon it?

A BIT OF SEVRES.

A Foolish Fancy That Brought About a Wedding.

Miss Van Tooker sat in the parlor. It was a cosy room, suggestive both of comfort and elegance; but Van Tooker mere, recalling its former glories and keenly conscious of each worn thread in the carpet, the frayed satin in the furniture covering and darts in the lace curtains, shook her head and sighed plaintively.

Speculation, a panic and grief from the consequent failure had carried away Van Tooker's peace. His thoughtfulness left them the old home and a slight income upon which his widow and her daughters, Elinor and Content, contrived to live presentably, no one knew how.

That is, no one except Elinor, for Elinor had the Van Tooker nose and had inherited along with it those qualities which not only command success but deserve it. No one but Elinor knew how the shabby old gowns were rejuvenated, the hats made good as new and the cast-off finery of her mother and aunts transformed into bewitching party gowns.

Ordinarily when given to meditation Miss Van Tooker sat in the library. For it was aristocratic even in its decline, and together with her Van Tooker nose Miss Elinor had inherited aristocratic tastes. Her great-grandfather—a Copley—hung on the wall; the old books were handsomely bound; and, thank Heaven, the floor was of polished wood and could never show such unmistakable signs of shabbiness as the erstwhile beautiful carpets were doing. Then Miss Van Tooker was intellectual, and meditation in the library was therefore more appropriate.

When she sat there Saturday night summing up her week's occupations the account ran something like this: Monday night, acting Lady Teazle before the Comedy club, acting it well, too, and thereby consuming the immense amount of nervous energy required to act Sheridan; Tuesday afternoon leading a conversation on socialism at the Once-a-Week club; Wednesday, giving a little talk before the missionary society on practical ways of raising a fund; between times reading up for her paper for the Every Friday club. Added to this were the various social functions in which she had taken part; the teas at which she had "poured"; the receptions at which she had helped to receive; the German she had led and the calls she had managed to pay and receive between times. It was a long list, but it was Saturday and she had Sunday to rest in when the memory of the week's occupations made her weary. This was Monday, however. She had been dusting, for their one maid was busy in the laundry, and moreover Elinor did not dare trust her among the bric-a-brac.

That bric-a-brac! This was the reason she sat down, duster in hand, to meditate.

Van Tooker mere had adorned her parlor, as was the fashion at the time of its adorning, with stately bronzes, Bohemian glass and alabaster, and had filled her china closet with the wares of Worcester, Dresden and Sevres. Therefore when Elinor covered a tiny table with a linen cloth whose original design was lost in the embroidery and drawn work with which it was ornamented, set it in the corner between the window and the grate and placed thereon six of her Sevres cups and saucers, Mrs. Van Tooker was properly incensed. Her indignation increased when she discovered Content balancing a bread plate of rare design upon a wire easel to ornament the mantel, stripped of her bronzes. The eagerness, too, bore traces of the dining room robbery. Only the fact that indignation as well as sorrow rendered Van Tooker mere speechless saved the girls from a severe reprimand.

"My dears, I have always found our china closet sufficiently roomy," she said with dignity when she again recovered voice.

"But, mamma, everybody else has tea-cups and things in their parlors now, ready to pour tea and chocolate, you know."

"When do you expect to pour tea and chocolate, Elinor?"

"Mamma, dear, you know it is a shame to have this beautiful china hidden away, and nobody ever sees our dining-room."

"What will you do when we have company?"

"Mamma, darling, you are too ridiculous. You know very well we are perfectly safe on that score, and we might as well have one room look pretty."

Mamma was silent if not convinced, but Harold Phelps remained an agnostic. Not that he had any idea that the splendor of the parlor decorations resulted from the plundering of the china closet. The purchase of the "stuff," as he called it, was but another bit of girlish extravagance.

"I thought better of you, Elinor," he said, viewing the table with evident disgust. "Nobody knows what I have suffered in other people's parlors littered with dining-room trash. Positively, when I see one of those everlasting little tables with its four or six or twelve cups I am tempted to become profane or to stealthily tip it over. I know I shall do so some time. What will people drag into their parlors next? I had hoped one spot might remain unprofaned by the rage for china."

Elinor's scarlet lip curled, but she kept silence. Had she spoken she would have been rude, something unpardonable in a Van Tooker. Harold Phelps had laughed at her Theosophical society, he had doubted the infallibility of Ibsen, he had publicly declared that he didn't care, and worst of all, he had intimated that if Mamma Van Tooker's French had not been that of Stratford atte Bowe she would have hustled out of the house unceremoniously certain volumes which littered the library table. Still, Elinor credited all this to the fact that young men do not like intellectual young women, and that he thus covered his humiliation at having fallen in love with her. But to doubt her cherished china was an unpardonable offense.

Phelps. I am not responsible for that. "We can take our dinner for lunch and go without that meal if you don't think they will prolong their visit."

"She is going on to New York this afternoon, so she can't. Come on down, Content, and do act hospitable. Don't worry mamma, we'll attend to it all."

In the hall Content turned on her sister, impressively: "Now, Elinor Van Tooker, you've got to use your brains to get those dishes out of the parlor. We will have to make up for lack of eatables some way, and the bread plate and fruit dishes we can't possibly do without."

"What will mamma say?"

"Never mind mamma. You just manage to get those people out of the parlor and keep them until I come in and ask Harold when Julia is going. Then you will know that everything is all right."

The Van Tooker nose was all that saved Elinor on this occasion. After Content's effusive greeting she called Harold and Bessie to the library to show the latter some etchings that had been sent her, and then led the way to the music room to get Bessie's approval of some casts Content had recently mounted. Her sister did not follow and to Elinor's acute ear the click of china was painfully audible.

Content fully earned her right to the Van Tooker name by the luncheon. The darts on the state tablecloth were covered with scattered blossoms and leaves gleaned from their few house plants; the beautiful china set off the table; and if the menu was not elaborate, people need not expect much for luncheon, especially on Monday and among women whose appetites are naturally delicate from lack of exercise. The few dishes were carefully prepared, Christine as a waiter was perfection, and Mamma Tooker's table talk had always been a matter of pride with the family, so all was going merry as a marriage bell when Bessie's eyes fell upon the empty bread plate which Christine had set before her.

"What a beautiful plate!" she exclaimed. "Do look at this, Harold. Isn't the decoration unique? Mamma has often told me, Mrs. Van Tooker, of your exquisite china. Where have I seen a plate like this before?"

Content, not heeding the silence which fell upon the company, "Not long ago, surely; the design seems familiar. Wouldn't you like to know, Mrs. Van Tooker, who has its mate?" It must have been in somebody's parlor; that's just like some people, you know. They're so afraid people won't know they have anything if it isn't kept on exhibition. There was a family just next door to us in California—parvenues, of course—who decorated to death in the china line; parlors, library and all filled with beautiful dishes. We were madly envious until one day, don't you know, somebody dined there and told somebody else so we all heard it, that they ate off the coarsest kind of dishes every day and had to carry the pretty ones out of the parlor to eat on when they had company!"

The expression of Mrs. Van Tooker's face was edifying. Elinor did not try to smile, but Content's hysterical giggle helped out Bessie's hearty laugh. Neither did Harold Phelps smile when his eyes met Elinor's as they rose from the table. On the contrary, his face expressed a resolution not unlike that which Content's had worn earlier in the day, as he spoke:

"Content, I shall never rest satisfied until you prove to Miss Ware that I was correct about that air from 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' over which we were disputing when we first came out to lunch. You have the score; take her to the music room and convince her. Mrs. Van Tooker is going to let me smoke a cigarette out here before I follow you."

Quick to catch the meaning, Content lovingly encircled Bessie's waist with her arm and drew her into the music room. As soon as they disappeared she carefully brushed the crumbs from the offending plate, and before Elinor and her mother could remonstrate carried it to its former place on the parlor mantel. Christine took her cue and quickly emptied the remaining dishes, which were as rapidly transferred to their places.

As they set the last dish in order and stood before the fire, Content's soft air floating out to them from the music room, the Van Tooker countenance was so thoroughly softened and penitent that Harold ventured to return to an old subject.

"The house is already furnished," he said, "and I have decided to yield to you. You shall have all the china you want in the parlor."

"I think I have lost my taste for china," she replied, "and I too will make a concession. I believe you are right about some things, Harold dear, but we must ask for mamma's bread plate for a souvenir."—Kate Field's Washington.

A Legend of the Pansy. A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color, and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being step-children of the wife. The plain petals are the step-children, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stems and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath-tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the step-mother.—Household Magazine.

"Elizabeth Ware, I wrote you a letter last night addressed to Riverside, Cal., and now you walk into our parlor as calmly as though you had announced your arrival weeks ago."

"I came hurriedly. We are on our way to New York to meet Harry. Isn't it too lovely? I've volumes to tell you and I know I'll never get through in three hours. Mamma was driving out this way, and I begged her to drop me here for lunch and meet me downtown later on."

Another ring at the bell. The long suffering Christine again discarded her apron, rolled down her sleeves and this time ushered in Harold Phelps.

"Miss Ware, to speak poetically, I've been following a tress of your yellow hair all morning. Irwin Brown told me you were in town, but I doubt whether instinct would have led me here when I missed you at the hotel if I hadn't caught a glimpse of your hair in a carriage coming this way. I thought I couldn't be mistaken, so here I am in pursuit of information."

"Harold, I find you are as cruel as ever; at your old tricks of raising my hopes only to let them fall again. First, you have been in pursuit of me; I'm immensely flattered. Next, it's only for what I know; I'm of secondary importance."

"First, always, because without you I could not obtain my information, and if Julia did not learn the name of that perfectly delightful boarding place with those 'elegant people' you described in your last letter before she starts out west to-morrow she would never forgive me. Besides, I assure you, I really wanted to see for myself the wonderful effect upon you of our Italy."

"Then you must stay for lunch; can't he, Nell? There isn't time to see Julia, and it will take going to tell it. Nobody understands going west until she has tried it, so I shall begin at the very first. When she goes to buy her ticket—"

Elinor arose with an assumed calm which would have been awful had her guests understood it.

"Certainly, I shall be delighted to have you stay, Mr. Phelps. I must tell Content that you are here, Bessie. Go on with your instructions to Mr. Phelps; I will return in a moment."

"Elinor Van Tooker," moaned Content, "what in the world do you mean? Company to lunch, Christine washing, and nothing to eat! You have lost your senses."

"Use yours thee, Content. She invited herself and of course I am very glad to see her, but Bessie has always had everything and can't understand. And that dreadful girl invited Harold

Phelps. I am not responsible for that. "We can take our dinner for lunch and go without that meal if you don't think they will prolong their visit."

"She is going on to New York this afternoon, so she can't. Come on down, Content, and do act hospitable. Don't worry mamma, we'll attend to it all."

In the hall Content turned on her sister, impressively: "Now, Elinor Van Tooker, you've got to use your brains to get those dishes out of the parlor. We will have to make up for lack of eatables some way, and the bread plate and fruit dishes we can't possibly do without."

"What will mamma say?"

"Never mind mamma. You just manage to get those people out of the parlor and keep them until I come in and ask Harold when Julia is going. Then you will know that everything is all right."

The Van Tooker nose was all that saved Elinor on this occasion. After Content's effusive greeting she called Harold and Bessie to the library to show the latter some etchings that had been sent her, and then led the way to the music room to get Bessie's approval of some casts Content had recently mounted. Her sister did not follow and to Elinor's acute ear the click of china was painfully audible.

Content fully earned her right to the Van Tooker name by the luncheon. The darts on the state tablecloth were covered with scattered blossoms and leaves gleaned from their few house plants; the beautiful china set off the table; and if the menu was not elaborate, people need not expect much for luncheon, especially on Monday and among women whose appetites are naturally delicate from lack of exercise. The few dishes were carefully prepared, Christine as a waiter was perfection, and Mamma Tooker's table talk had always been a matter of pride with the family, so all was going merry as a marriage bell when Bessie's eyes fell upon the empty bread plate which Christine had set before her.

"What a beautiful plate!" she exclaimed. "Do look at this, Harold. Isn't the decoration unique? Mamma has often told me, Mrs. Van Tooker, of your exquisite china. Where have I seen a plate like this before?"

Content, not heeding the silence which fell upon the company, "Not long ago, surely; the design seems familiar. Wouldn't you like to know, Mrs. Van Tooker, who has its mate?" It must have been in somebody's parlor; that's just like some people, you know. They're so afraid people won't know they have anything if it isn't kept on exhibition. There was a family just next door to us in California—parvenues, of course—who decorated to death in the china line; parlors, library and all filled with beautiful dishes. We were madly envious until one day, don't you know, somebody dined there and told somebody else so we all heard it, that they ate off the coarsest kind of dishes every day and had to carry the pretty ones out of the parlor to eat on when they had company!"

The expression of Mrs. Van Tooker's face was edifying. Elinor did not try to smile, but Content's hysterical giggle helped out Bessie's hearty laugh. Neither did Harold Phelps smile when his eyes met Elinor's as they rose from the table. On the contrary, his face expressed a resolution not unlike that which Content's had worn earlier in the day, as he spoke:

"Content, I shall never rest satisfied until you prove to Miss Ware that I was correct about that air from 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' over which we were disputing when we first came out to lunch. You have the score; take her to the music room and convince her. Mrs. Van Tooker is going to let me smoke a cigarette out here before I follow you."

Quick to catch the meaning, Content lovingly encircled Bessie's waist with her arm and drew her into the music room. As soon as they disappeared she carefully brushed the crumbs from the offending plate, and before Elinor and her mother could remonstrate carried it to its former place on the parlor mantel. Christine took her cue and quickly emptied the remaining dishes, which were as rapidly transferred to their places.

As they set the last dish in order and stood before the fire, Content's soft air floating out to them from the music room, the Van Tooker countenance was so thoroughly softened and penitent that Harold ventured to return to an old subject.

"The house is already furnished," he said, "and I have decided to yield to you. You shall have all the china you want in the parlor."

"I think I have lost my taste for china," she replied, "and I too will make a concession. I believe you are right about some things, Harold dear, but we must ask for mamma's bread plate for a souvenir."—Kate Field's Washington.

A Legend of the Pansy. A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color, and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being step-children of the wife. The plain petals are the step-children, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stems and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bath-tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the step-mother.—Household Magazine.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The very latest literary novelty in France is a story written by collaboration, and printed in two kinds of type so that the reader may see at a glance which author he is perusing.

—Mr. Kipling is beginning to take a deep interest in dairying, a Vermont correspondent says. Every morning he milks—but that's an odder story, as Rudyard himself would remark.

—The prime minister of Victoria, Sir James Patterson, who has just been recognized in the queen's list of birthday honors, is one of the most prominent of the statesmen in Australia. He has been in Victoria ever since he was attracted there by the gold fever fifty years ago.

—Levi P. Morton wears four wigs a month, graded so that each one is a shade longer than the other. It is said that only a recommendation from an acquaintance to the effect that he should get his hair cut always touches a soft and receptive spot in the ex-vice-presidential heart.

—Baron de Hirsch finds little excitement in racing. He never bets, the entire management of his horses is left to Lord Marcus Beresford, and every penny won is distributed among the London charities. The prince of Wales' horses are trained in the same stable as those of Baron de Hirsch.

—Prof. Morris, at the head of the chemical department of Cornell university, commenced work as a fireman on the New York Central railroad. He was advanced to be engineer, and then made up his mind to get an education, which he finally accomplished and graduated with honor at Union college.

—Mr. Albert B. Wenzell, the popular illustrator, was born in 1894 at Detroit, Mich. He himself says that his parents were "wealthy, but respectable." His art education was had in Munich and Paris. He now resides, with his wife and children, at Flushing, Long Island. Mr. Wenzell's woman-type is almost as well known as is Mr. Du Maurier's.

—A bust of Rev. Francis Henry Cary has just been placed in the library of the British museum, where Mr. Cary was keeper of printed books from 1826 to 1838. He is best known as the translator of Dante and the intimate friend of Charles Lamb, who addressed some of his best letters to him, and dined with him at Montague house for many years.

—Countess de Gasparin, who died recently at Rivage near Geneva, was the author of the notable book, "The Near and the Heavenly Horizon." The English translation has now passed through its thirty-third thousand. It is the most readable and inspiring of all the books on the subject. The countess was eighty-one at the time of her death.

—Zangwill, author of "The King of Schnozers," and other recent successes, strikingly resembles the late Lord Bessie in appearance. He is tall and thin, with a Napoleonic nose and large, expressive, brown eyes. A very hard worker, he rarely accepts any of the invitations which are showered on him. On his infrequent appearances in society, however, he is lionized by both sexes; and each mail brings him dozens of letters from the fair sex, from all parts of the world, confiding their intense admiration, even love, for him.

—Sawyer—"How do you suppose Know-all amuses himself at his store since he gave up advertising?" Seemey—"I give it up. How?" Sawyer—"By picking the flies from the fly paper and using the paper over again."—South Boston News.

—Rev. B. Fay Mills is expected to supply the pulpit of the Fourth Presbyterian church of Albany for a year to come. It is understood that he does not abandon his work as an evangelist by entering upon this more permanent service for a season.

—Bibbs (meditatively)—"I suppose if they should happen some of these days to elect a genuine farmer to the presidency that—" Bobbs—"That what?" Bibbs—"That the ship of state would then be steered by the tiller of the soil."—Buffalo Courier.

—Lover, singing (?)—"Come where my love lies dream-ing," etc. O'F Man—"If you're addressing my darter Hannah you'll find her dreamin' down to the dance with Si Perkins. Come round 'bout half-past one. She and Si orter git back by that time."—Judge.

—Repertoire—"How's business?" asked the fresh humorist, as he lay on the marble slab in the Turkish bath. "Business is Russian," said the solemn-faced attendant, as he turned on the steam, and in a moment the hollow laugh of the jester was lost in the fog.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—A New Litany.—From tailors' bills, doctors' pills, sudden chills and other ills—deliver us. From want of gold, wires that scold, maidens old and by sharper "sild"—deliver us. From seedy coats, protested notes, sinking boats and illegal votes—deliver us. From modest girls, with waving curls and teeth of pearls—wall, never mind.—N. Y. World.

—Shortly After the Interview. "We have met the enemy," said the Non-Licking his chops, "and he is in our midst."—Chicago Tribune.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SUGAR-PLUM TOWN.

Oh, Sugar-Plum town is a wonderful place! Or Tuffy its roads are made; And every pavement on every street Is with caramels neatly laid.

You enter the town by Cream-Soda lake. On a bridge made of Chocolate-Block. And the Maple-Cream street, from the bridge, leads you straight To the Palace on Peppermint Rock.

'Tis a beautiful place, with Marsh-Mallow walls. And columns of Lemon and Rose, And a garden of Crystallized Cherries and Pears. Where a Fountain of Lemonade flows.

There's a Chocolate Guard with a Liquorice Stick. But the poor little fellow can't fight. There's a Pink Sugar Kitten that can't even scratch. And a Doggle that really can't bite.

But a Toll-Keeper stands at the bridge, and he says: "You will please hand me over my due Before you can enter; then you may commence At the bridge and just eat your way through."

SAVED BY HIS DOG.

True Story of a Little Boy and His Noble Canine Friend.

A great many years ago, on a large sailing ship, going from England to China, there was a little boy five years old. He was with his parents and they had a large dog named Bobby. This child and Bobby had grown up together, and although it was a very long journey for a dog, they were all so fond of him that they could not leave him at home in England. Bobby had the range of the ship, and he and the child used to play together on the deck and have great fun with the sailors.

Everything went on well until they came near the Cape of Good Hope. Then one day about sunset the wind rose and the ship began to roll violently from side to side. The little boy and Bobby were on deck as usual. Suddenly the ship gave a tremendous lurch and the child fell overboard. Bobby was not far behind; he went over the side like a shot, after his play-fellow.

One of the sailors gave the alarm and in a minute the crew was in a state of wild excitement. The sailors got down a boat as quickly as they could, but it was now quite dark and neither dog nor child could be seen. They heard a faint splashing, however, and pulled toward the sound, and there was Bobby with the child in his mouth. They were both nearly dead when they were dragged into the boat, and faithful Bobby sank down into the bottom of it quite out of breath. The men rowed back to the ship and the child was given to his mother, who took him down into her cabin. Bobby went too. He would not stir from his side, but licked the boy's little cold hands and ficked till warmth came back to them. Then, when the boy had fallen asleep Bobby lay down and slept too.

You may be sure that Bobby was the hero of the ship after this. Every one petted and made much of him, but it did not hinder them from playing a very cruel and thoughtless trick, and one which was very nearly the death of the poor animal. When the ship reached the cape the child and his parents went ashore in a boat, and Bobby was held back on the ship to see what he would do. The poor dog was nearly frantic. He struggled and fought, but they would not let him go until a small flag was held up as a signal. Then they loosed him, and Bobby dashed over the side and swam as fast as he could after the boat. He had got about half the distance, when they heard him give a loud, shrill howl of distress. They saw a flash of white in the water. A shark was following the dog, and there seemed no hope of saving him from the shark's cruel teeth.

The child screamed: "Oh, save poor Bobby! Save dear Bobby!" His father had a gun with him and the boat waited till the shark came in range. Then he fired and killed it and Bobby was saved. They dragged the dog into the boat. He was nearly lifeless with fright and hard swimming, and the sailors on board the ship and the men in the boat shouted, and every one cheered Bobby.—Atlanta Constitution.

There Was One Step More. The story is told of Gen. Steadman that during the thickest of the fight at Chickamauga he rushed up to a retreating brigade and shouted: "Face about, boys! We must hold this point."

"Dat, general," objected an officer, "we have done everything that man can do."

"What! Everything?" cried the general. "You haven't died yet!"

Early and Late. Go to bed early—wake up with joy. Go to bed late—cross girl or boy. Give a hand early—ready for play. Go to bed late—moping all day. Go to bed early—no pains or ills. Go to bed late—doctors and pills. —W. S. Reed, in St. Nicholas.

Shortly After the Interview. "We have met the enemy," said the Non-Licking his chops, "and he is in our midst."—Chicago Tribune.

IN CASE OF DROWNING.

Rules Which If Carefully Followed May Often Save a Life.

Every boy—and every grown person for that matter—ought to know how to restore a half drowned companion to consciousness and life. Boys go in swimming in groups usually, and if one goes beyond his depth or becomes exhausted it is an easy matter for another boy to effect his rescue. When he has got the apparently lifeless body



THE FIRST MOTION.

to the water's edge, however, death has more than once followed because nobody knew the right thing to do and no doctor was within quick reach. Here are a few simple rules of the New York Times that any boy or girl of twelve or fourteen can understand and which should be carefully read over and learned. It may mean a life some day, boys—yours or another's.

Drowning, you know, is suffocation; the lungs fill with water and there is no room for air. So the first thing is to turn the body on its face, and then by rolling it back and forth over anything which will lift the chest off the ground, spill out as much water from the mouth and nose as possible. A barrel is a good thing, but a barrel is not on every shore, and another boy's back held in the leap-frog position will do.

Then put the finger down the throat and try to get out more water. If the unconscious boy still shows no sign of breathing, artificial respiration or imitation breathing should be begun. This is a very simple thing to do when you have once learned how.

Put the boy on his back with a couple of jackets made into a roll and put under him to raise his chest up, with head hanging over as in the picture. Then kneeling at the head, bring the boy's elbows almost together just below the chest. Press firmly and count two, then spread out the arms to form a circle, bringing them together again over his head and count two more. Back again to the chest, pressing firmly, and counting two each time, keeping hold of the boy's arms all of the time just below the wrist.

Keep this up constantly till the boy begins to gasp. One boy can relieve another, as the motion is tiresome, but be careful the next boy begins just where the other left off, so as not to interfere with the movements. Don't be discouraged if no signs of life appear after long working. Hours of artificial breathing have sometimes been passed before the natural breathing returned.

Of course, this knowledge will only be needed in cases where the doctor or other person skillful in reviving the



THE SECOND MOTION.

drowned is not at hand, but every boy should practice the movement till he is confident, and then, if called upon in an emergency, if he will be cool and keep his wits about him, he may have that highest of all privileges—the saving of human life.

THE CHAMELEON SPIDER.

Strange Insect Discovered in Africa by an American Traveler.

T. M. Grimshaw, a gentleman of Raleigh, S. C., who has traveled extensively, has a hobby for collecting strange insects and bugs. "Of the whole assortment," says Mr. Grimshaw, "I think the Chameleon Spider which I got last summer on the coast of Africa is the most valuable. The capture of this insect was highly interesting to me. One afternoon while tramping along a dusty road I noticed in the bushes which grew along the side what appeared to be a singular-looking white flower with a blue center. Stopping to examine it, I discovered to my astonishment that it was not a flower at all, but a spider's web, and that the supposed light blue heart of the flower was the spider itself, lying in wait for its prey. The mottled brown legs of the spider were extended in such a way as to resemble the divisions between the petals of a flower. The web itself, very delicately woven into a rosette pattern, was white, and the threads that suspended it from the bushes were so fine as to be almost invisible. The whole thing had the appearance of being suspended in the air upon a stem concealed beneath. Upon knocking the spider from his perch into the white gauze net which I carried, my surprise was greatly increased upon seeing my captive instantly turn in colors from blue to white. I shook the net, and again the spider changed color, this time its body becoming a dull greenish brown. As often as I would shake the net, just so often would the spider change its color, and I kept it up until it had assumed about every hue of the rainbow.

Cat Pulls Its Aching Tooth.

A correspondent of a Scottish country weekly tells a story of a cat which somehow had the toothache, turned surgeon and extracted the offending grinder. The cat was one day observed to be conducting itself like a creature demented, jumping in the air, rolling about and rushing in and out of the house. Next he took to "clawing" his jaws, and lastly brought out a tooth, which was found to be so far decayed as to be quite hollow.

Charlie's Way Out of It.

Charlie was afraid to be out in the night, even with his parents. Once when they were all going out he said: "Mamma, please put a veil over my face to keep the dark out."—N. Y. Advertiser.