

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

How They Saw the President—Bess and Jennie Have an Exciting Experience That Ends All Pappy's Poppies. What Stamps a Gentleman?

Something Each Day

Something each day—a smile, To be sure, needs to give, A little bit of love, Make about the days we live, The world has many hearts, That we can love and cheer, And a smile for every day, Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—a word, We cannot know its power, It grows in fruitfulness, As grows the gentle flower, What comfort it may bring, Where all is dark and drear, For a kind word every day, Makes pleasant all the year.

Something each day—a thought, Unselfish, good, and true, That aids another's need, While we our way pursue, That leads to lighter hearts, That leads to pathways clear, For a helpful thought each day, Makes happy all the year.

Something each day—a deed, Of kindness and of good, To link in closer band, All human brotherhood, Oh, thus the heavenly will, We all may do while here, For a good deed every day, Makes blessed all the year.

How They Saw the President.

"The President to Arrive This Afternoon." So in bold type the Public Ledger announced to Bess that February morning as she caught a passing glimpse of it on her way through the library. She hesitated only long enough to read: "The Presidential Train to Arrive at 3 P. M.," and then hurried on to the station, where she and Jennie met and took the train to the city, where they were attending a select school.

The topic of conversation six miles long—from Sharon Hill to Philadelphia—was all about the president, who was to address the university students in the Academy of Music that night.

"O Jennie," said Bess, "we will be at the Broad Street Station when his train arrives. School is over at half past two, and his train is not due until three o'clock, and our train does not leave until three-seventeen."

At recess, at luncheon, and at times during study periods all that day there was one absorbing thought—the president. But at last the tedious lessons were finished and school was over for the day. In a whirl of excitement and expectancy two little girls hurried with all possible speed to the station. There they found every place crowded by cheering, yelling students and the public in general. The sidewalks, streets, and the station itself, were thronged with people eager to see the president. It was with great difficulty that the police managed to open an avenue through the mass of humanity for the travelling public to reach the trains ready for departure.

Bess and Jennie, with the aid of a policeman, managed to push their way into the station and secure a position that gave them a view of the exit from the trains. Here they stood, each with one eye on the arriving trains and the other on the clock. And as every passing minute brought the time for the departure of their train nearer, and still the presidential train was not in sight, they became fearful lest they might, after all, fail to see him.

In consequence of the crowded condition of the station, and the great difficulty for women and children to reach the trains, a rumor was started that several of the way trains to nearby points would not leave until after the arrival of the presidential party, which was not expected until quarter past three. This order, or rumor, included the seventeen-minute-past-three train to Sharon Hill.

It was now thirteen minutes past three, and hardly had Bess and Jennie smiled and joyously expressed their approval for such arrangements, that seemed specially favorable to them, when they heard above the din of the waiting crowd: "Sharon Hill way train, gate number three. All aboard!" and looking up they saw the hands of the clock pointing to quarter past three.

"O Bess, only two minutes, and such a crowd to get through!" "O Jennie! We will miss the president!" almost sobbed Bess in her disappointment.

But already they were pushing through the throng, Bess leading and Jennie closely following in her wake. All of a sudden they pushed through the crowd, and before them opened a wide avenue lined on either side by policemen and leading directly to the gates. Down this rushed Bess, followed by Jennie. One policeman reached for them as they passed, but they escaped.

On they went toward their train, where they could see the conductor, with watch in hand, ready to give the signal for departure. This still further hurried their movements and at their utmost speed they were rushing toward the goal, when they plunged unceremoniously into two gentlemen walking arm in arm.

"I beg your pardon!" escaped the well-nigh breathless pair, and as they heard, "It is certainly granted," they looked up, and behold! It was the president who had spoken, and by his side was the provost of the university.

They dared not stop for a second look, but rushed on, while the crowd sent up a deafening shout of welcome. "O Jennie! to think that she spoke to us, and excused us so kindly!" said Bess, as they seated themselves just as the train began to move.

Should they live to be as old as their grandmothers, they will never

lose of telling how they saw the president—Frank E. Green, in Youth's Companion.

Pappy's Poppies

You see Pappy liked red. That's why she wore red dresses and big red hats and I loved a whole big paper of red poppies—100 in her little garden beside the fence!

And every night Pappy watered the garden and pulled out the tiny weeds, each and every one of them, and waited and waited and longed for her poppy plants to grow! But never a one could she find, although she hunted and hunted.

"I don't believe those poppies will ever come up, ever!" sighed little 4-year-old Patty, sorrowfully. "An' it's 'cause the seeds were so little! They were all tiny wee baby seeds, 'most too little to grow!"

"Humph!" said Brother Ned. "It's 'cause you planted them away dowf deep!"

"Yes," declared Sister Sue, "an' it's 'cause you watered them so much you drowned them!"

But what do you guess Uncle John said? And he owns two large green-houses and ever so many great gardens, and so he ought to know, my dear.

"Patty," he said, very solemnly, "it's 'cause you pulled them up! You pulled up every weed and you pulled up every sprouted poppy seed!"

"Ha! ha!" shouted Brother Ned.

"He! he!" laughed Sue.

"O-oh!" said Patty, in surprise. And then she ran away to buy some more seeds, only this time they were nasturtiums. "For they'll be big enough to see them," she said.—Margaret Dane.

What Stamps a Gentleman.

"In all questions of manners a young man should always remember that while politeness is a good trait to acquire, courage is infinitely better," writes Edward Bok on "What Makes a Gentleman" in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "Politeness is manners, but courtesy is heart. Mingling in good society can give us the veneer which the world calls a polish of manners, and true politeness is not to be made little of or scoffed at. Politeness is a fine art, but is an art pure and simple, even at its best. Infinitely better is the cultivation of that courtesy of refinement which enters into the feelings of others and holds them sacred. What we want our young men to have is courtesy of manner not regulated by social code or professional censor. It is as much the current coin of good society as it ever was. More than any other element or grace in our lives, it is instantly felt and recognized, and has an unerring influence. It calls for respect as nothing else does. Courtesy of manner and courtesy of speech are the gifts a young man should cultivate."

A Little Mathematician.

"Eight long furlongs I've gone today!" With evident pride said Ethel May.

"Three hundred and twenty rods, you know, is what I've been,"—'twas Brother Joe.

"One thousand seven hundred and sixty—true! So many yards I've walked," said Prue.

"Five thousand two hundred and eighty feet I've gone," said Ben, "and it can't be beat!"

"Pooh!" laughed Ted, with a knowing smile.

"You've only gone, each one, a —!" A. F. C.

Gold and Crimson Trout.

"There are trout in Whitney creek, a tributary of Kern river, in Kansas," said a veteran New York angler, "the like of which don't exist in any other water on the face of the globe. These trout have their abode in the upper waters of the creek, and it is not invaded by any other breeds of trout that swarm in the waters below, simply because they cannot get at it. About six miles from the head of Whitney creek there is a waterfall 150 feet high. The rock down the face of which the water tumbles is solid and smooth from base to summit. There are no protruding ledges nor any hollows by means of which the other trout, with leap after leap from ledge to ledge and hollow to hollow, could scale this precipice, as they do at thousands of high waterfalls elsewhere. Consequently the trout about the falls have never been disturbed by interlopers of a different variety, and they live by themselves in the pure, cold water, a most splendid family of fresh water fish.

"These trout are literally bepanoled with burnished gold and dashed with spots of the brightest crimson. The first time I ever saw one of these trout I actually thought it had been decorated with flakes of gold by its possessor and that its red spots had been heightened in color with the brush. But this is their natural ornamentation, and when they are taken from the water and the sunlight strikes them they glitter and sparkle like a harlequin. They are called the golden trout. Their habits are the same as those of the ordinary brook trout, with all its gamy qualities. Their flesh has the same flavor. Their splendid beauty is what places them at the head of this great piscatorial family, famous for its beauty. How this rare variety of trout came to be alone in those upper waters of Whitney creek is one of nature's mysteries."

And They Shoot to Kill.

So accurate is the range finder used on American ships that in a recent test with two shots the projectiles fell within thirty yards of each other at a distance of twelve miles. Both would have hit the hull of a ship farther than the unaided eye could reach.

FARM MISCELLANY.

Applesauce Manure.

To The Farmers Review.—In a recent number you quote from an article by Prof. Massey, in which he tries to prove that manure should be put every year if not on the surface of the land (the only proof he gives is that in one case a subsoil (straw?) was spread to a depth of three or four feet on the natural soil. This made soil then had a heavy coating of manure applied and left on top, and roses and other things in this soil grew and bloomed with unusual luxuriance. Now it seems that Prof. Massey had nothing to compare his results with. Being a good experimenter, he should have had one patch of that soil without manure and another in which the manure was dug well and deeply into the soil. Here in central Mississippi the soil on our hill lands, is comparatively thin, and unless well cared for is soon exhausted.

When exhausted it is often neglected and allowed to gully, and the clay from these gullies is spread out on the lower level land in many places. Here on my own farm I have at least three well marked cases. In two of the cases the gullies occupy something near one-fourth of an acre each, and reach an extreme depth of about 6 feet, and the clay is spread over an area of something like an acre, in the other case the gully occupies an area of about one-half acre, has an extreme depth of about 10 feet, and the clay is spread over about 2 1/2 or 3 acres. These patches of made land, from hillsides where only very poor crops can at present be grown, comprise decidedly the most productive land I have. While the hillsides will not make, on an average, 10 bushels of corn to the acre, this clay, taken from them and spread out, will easily make 50 with an ordinary good season. All the crops I have seen grown on such land are more productive there than on any other kind of land we have. This is so decidedly true that I am thinking seriously of compelling my hill land to wash and spread the clay over the bottoms and other level places. The question, however, is not one of the fertility of clay, but of the treatment of manure when applied to the soil. Shall we leave it on top or plow it under? The recommendation of the best authorities is to put into the soil and not on top. On top it acts primarily as a mulch, and, of course, would often be valuable for that alone. It acts as a manure only when the soluble part is carried down to the roots by rains.

If one is to judge by the color of the flood water that runs off from a field where the manure has been left on top a great deal is lost by leaching. If one is to judge by smell, a large part of the nitrogen, which is the most valuable constituent of manure, and is also the part most likely to be needed by the soil, is being constantly evaporated from manure that is spread on top of the ground. If manure is plenty and the soil needs a mulch more than it does manure, it will be all right to leave it on top. But most of us are sadly in need of manure as manure, and can get our mulch cheaper by good cultivation.

G. W. M'CLUER.

Galloway Robes.

A recent publication, issued by the Galloway breeders, says: The hides of the Galloway, when taken at the right time in the fall, and properly tanned, make excellent robes, quite equal to the buffalo robes of the old days. This is becoming an important trade and a profitable one. Accustomed as the Galloway has been for generations to an outdoor life in a humid climate, he has now an excellent coat of warm fur with a long wavy outside covering, and a short thick mossy hair below, making a beautiful robe. For the north and northwest of our continent, where winter furs are so much needed, the Galloway offers an excellent winter covering. They make good, serviceable coats and jackets, worn by both men and women—fur capes, robes for the cutter, and rugs for the dwelling. Seldom a pure black, they are often a warm rich dark brown or a brown black—or vary in shade between the two. For this purpose brindled ones would be valuable, though now rather uncommon. The writer lately saw a fine brindled robe sold in Quebec for eighty dollars. The brown stripes across it were as clear as those of a tiger skin. At one time brindled animals were quite common, but since the fashion has set in for black, other colors have become rare. Other colors may be just as pure as the prevailing black. The Galloway black is not a pure black. The calves when first dropped are usually a dark mahogany brown. The undercoat of fine hair often keeps this tinge which is clearly seen when the coat is being shed. A very deep black is more frequently found among half-breeds. The rich brown tinge is a good sign of purity of blood. Many families have more or less white on the udder, and a few white patches on the underline as well. Others have a few white hairs scattered through the hide, often not noticed, but the trait may run in a family for generations. Belted cows are still more with, but are not now as common as they were in the early years of this century. Then there were whole herds of this belted race, which had a good reputation as milkers. One herd had marks—white face and white stripes on the back like Hereford colors. Dun or light drabs are still met with, and reds are not unknown, but these are becoming more and more rare. Off color is no proof of want of purity of blood.



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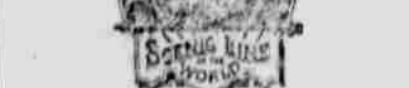
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