

GRANDMA

When grandma puts her glasses on And looks at me—just so— If I had done a naughty thing She's sure, somehow, to know. How is it she can always tell So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one, 'Tis written in your eye!" And if I look the other way, And turn and seem to try To hunt for something on the floor, She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on And look in grandma's eyes, Do you suppose that I should be So very, very wise? Now, what if I should find it true That grandma had been naughty, too?

But ah! what am I thinking of? To dream that grandma could Be anything in all her life! 'Tis sweet and kind and good! I'd better try myself to be So good that when she looks at me With eyes so loving all the day, I'll never want to turn away.

MOLLIE'S DOUBLE.

If a man ever loved a woman—faithfully and with all his heart—I loved Molly Toppington just as truly. It had only been a matter of a couple of months since she had promised with the sweetest and most becoming of blushes to be mine for good and all, and I was the happiest beggar on earth until one day I received orders from the head of the firm with which I was connected to go to New York and attend to some business there which would keep me away from Boston for three weeks. Three long, miserable weeks without Molly. The thought was unendurable, but it had to be endured, nevertheless. For although I was getting along very well in my chosen profession, that of architecture, my fortunes were largely dependent upon the well-known firm which employed me, and naturally I was compelled to do their bidding. So I broke the news as gently as possible to Molly, comforting her as best I could with the assurance that three weeks were not so long after all, and that some day there would be no separation at all for us. Dear little girl, she was almost heart-broken, but she had a brave spirit, and she smiled at me so lovingly and sweetly through the tears which glistened in her dark eyes that I felt almost



SO I PULLED MYSELF TOGETHER WITH A JERK.

tempted to throw my position over and stay by her. However, I concluded that such a course would be extremely foolish, if not a together unfair to Molly, whose future was concerned as well as my own, and accordingly I summoned up all my courage for our parting. "Mollie, sweetest," I said, "I wish so very much we could go together—but we can't—can we?"

"No, Dick, but you will write to me, won't you—every day?" "Yes, darling—twice a day." "Good-by, sweetheart."

"Good-by, Dick, dear." And so we parted. And her image haunted me all through my journey and seemed to speak to me all the next day, although I was busy every minute of it with plans and estimates and calculations. When the day's work was over it was worse than ever, and I started to walk down Broadway, the bluest, loneliest and most pitiable object on earth, when by one of those strange dispensations of Providence I ran plump into Harvey Gaskell, my old chum at Harvard.

"Well," he cried, "of all the long-faced, God-forsaken-looking individuals you are the worst. Have you lost your last friend, or what other catastrophe has overtaken you?"

I felt somewhat ashamed of the cause of my down-heartedness being discovered. So I looked up with a forced smile and tried to answer him lightly. I remembered suddenly that I had neglected to write to Harvey to tell him of my engagement, and he probably knew nothing of it. I would wait, therefore, until a more suitable occasion to announce it to him, as I felt sure he would rally me on my remorseful state.

"I'm all right," I answered. "Can't a man pull a long face for his own amusement without his friends' making remarks?"

"You can't pull any more to-night, anyway," said Harvey. "I'm going to take you home with me, and you shall meet the jolliest little girl in New York. You will like her, I am sure. She is just your sort."

I looked at Harvey suspiciously and questioningly. I knew he had no sisters and lived alone with his widowed mother.

"Oh, no," he laughed in answer to my look. "You're wrong there. Not this time, old chap. She is just a little cousin we have only just discovered, and she is very fond of her. That is all. She hasn't been affected yet, and I guess she won't be."

"How could I do? I didn't care a bit to meet the 'jolliest little girl in New York.' There was only one 'jol-

liest little girl' for me, and she was in Boston. But if I refused Harvey would be offended, and when he found out that I was engaged he would think me a love-sick chump. Besides, what was the harm? I myself, poor, selfish creature, would be only too glad to have me pass my evening in pleasant company. I could not have her, and there was no use making myself more miserable than I need be. So I determined to go home with Harvey. I wanted to have a long talk with him over college days, and as for the 'jolliest little girl in New York' why—she could take care of herself.

After a brief talk we arrived at Harvey's home, a cozy little house in East Fifteenth street, and I waited in the drawing-room while Harvey went in search of his mother. She came in almost immediately, a handsome, white-haired woman, whom I remembered very well from college days. I used to be quite a favorite of her's, and she welcomed me very warmly.

"Yes, Mollie is home," she said in answer to a question of Harvey's. "She will be down presently."

Mollie! I started at the name, but recovered myself immediately. It was no such a very uncommon name, but it was a little singular that Harvey's cousin should be a Mollie, too. We chatted together all three of us for a few minutes, and then there was a rustle of skirts in the hall and Harvey's little cousin stood in the doorway.

For a moment I thought my brain had been suddenly affected. Harvey arose from his chair, but I kept my seat and clutched my hands in the effort to regain my senses. Standing there in Harvey Gaskell's drawing-room door—the 'jolliest little girl in New York'—was Mollie, my Mollie Toppington—or else my eyes deceived me. It takes a long time to tell it, but a hundred thoughts passed through my mind in the instant she was standing there. Then the truth or what seemed to be the truth, flashed across me—that it was simply a wonderful resemblance intensified by my love for Mollie, and that the wish was father of the thought. So I pulled myself together with a jerk and managed to exchange the usual commonplace of an introduction. But I could not take my eyes off her for an instant, and I finally detected Harvey looking at me in a most amused manner.

It has often occurred to me as strange that among so many billion people there should not be some who are more alike as to features and form. It would seem to be the merest chance that nature does not create more duplicates than she does, for after all we must all have the same features, the indispensable nose, eyes, mouth, and so on, and the mere fact of one nose being Roman or retrouse and a pair of eyes being blue or brown and a mouth being large, small, ugly or pretty—these things are mere accidents, and I have often wondered that people should differ as much as they do. I was not prepared, however, to find an example of my theory in the person of a duplicate to Mollie Toppington, for surely she and this other Mollie, who was introduced to me as Miss Forsythe, were duplicates.

I could scarcely eat a mouthful of dinner for watching her across the table. She had Mollie's brown hair precisely, and it was done up just as Mollie does hers, even down to the little escaping ringlet that fell over her tiny ears. Her eyes were dark and had the same soulful expression as Mollie's—and her mouth had that same indescribable droop and fullness to it which made me want to kiss it, until I suddenly remembered that she was not Mollie—my Mollie.

When she spoke, too, her voice was Mollie's voice. She seemed to have the same tastes and opinions—the same little mannerisms. Her dress, a simple thing of some light blue material, was precisely like a gown I had seen Mollie wear half a dozen times. It was terribly bewildering. I did not know what to make of it all, and I answered when spoken to quite at random. I detected Harvey and his mother glancing at each other in an amused way. They must have thought me terribly and suddenly smitten with Mollie Forsythe. Once or twice I was tempted to explain



I MADE LOVE FAST AND FURIOUS.

my state of mind and ask them for a solution of the mystery, but I refrained from doing so because I thought it would sound foolish. Probably the resemblance would not be nearly so wonderful to anyone other than myself.

After dinner we went into the drawing-room, and Miss Forsythe went to the piano to play. Even here the wonders were not to cease. As soon as she touched the keys I thought how much her touch resembled Mollie's—Mollie Toppington, and when she began the first few bars of a serenade, a dreamy thing that was Mollie's favorite, I gave the whole mystery up as a bad job, and then and there a very strange thing happened. I blushed to relate it, even now, but I went over to the piano to turn her music for, and in the intoxication of her presence I forgot the very existence of Mollie Toppington, of Bos-

ton, while I made love fast and furious to Mollie Forsythe, of New York.

She seemed a little surprised first when I spoke to her in tones of undoubted admiration, throwing all the meaning I could into my commonplace. But on the whole she took it very well, and in the brief time during which she was playing over a lot of tender melodies and I was whispering sweet nothings into her ear, we became to all intents and purposes lovers. And it was not until, with a start, I remembered that it must be growing late and took my leave—not until I had emerged into the street—that I thought of Mollie Toppington, of Boston, and of what a miserable creature I had been to her. The very thought of my conduct filled me with the deepest shame, and I actually blushed at my own duplicity. How could I ever look Mollie—my Mollie—in the face again? For now I had left Mollie Forsythe I knew that I only loved Mollie Toppington, and I longed to see her and speak to her as only a true lover may. What a piti-



I TURNED AND FLED.

ble specimen of a true lover I was! My brain reeled with perplexity. Yet surely the situation had extenuating circumstances. Although for a time I had completely forgotten Mollie Toppington and made love to Mollie Forsythe, I should never have given her a second thought had she not so wonderfully resembled my Mollie. In fact, to all intents and purposes, she was my Mollie. I honestly do not believe I could have told them apart. I do not expect people to believe this statement, but it is true nevertheless. I could only partly justify my conduct by assuring myself that I had been under the delusion that it was really Mollie Toppington, but I felt in my heart of hearts that such an explanation would hardly be satisfactory to Mollie herself—and, besides, there was Mollie Forsythe to be considered. I have always hated male flirts—even when they were free and had the right to indulge—and it would have been putting it very mildly to have called my conversation with Mollie Forsythe a flirtation. I thought of everything, even suicide—for I felt that I had proven myself unworthy of Mollie Toppington, but I didn't do anything quite so rash.

Instead I determined to forget Mollie Forsythe and that evening at the Gaskells as completely as if it had never been, and by rigorous self-denial and self-sacrifice for her sake to atone to Mollie for the deviation from faithfulness to her, of which I hoped she would never know. Comforted somewhat by these high resolves, I sought my hotel and was soon lost in dreams of Mollie Toppington, of Boston—the only Mollie I ever really loved.

I wrote to Mollie the first thing the next morning as cheerful a letter as I could under the circumstances, for I knew the dear girl missed me terribly, and I would have given a good deal to a sight of her. Then I started out to attend to my business. When evening came I was bluer and lonelier than ever. Oh, for five minutes talk with my Mollie! Was ever a lover so unhappily placed? I walked aimlessly up Fifth avenue, hoping to find some diversion in watching the throng of people, the fashionable hurrying home to dinner and the working people returning from their day of labor. Suddenly my heart gave a great thump and I rushed forward to meet my Mollie—then I remembered that it was not my Mollie, but Mollie Forsythe, of New York. She seemed very glad to see me, though, and in an instant the same shameful thing had happened again—I had forgotten Mollie Toppington, of Boston, in the presence of Mollie Forsythe. Oh, the pity of it!

In a few short minutes I had spoken words which I would have given half of my life to recall. As we walked slowly toward the Gaskells I told Mollie Forsythe that I loved her—that it was a case of love at first sight, and that I could not live without her—that she must promise to be mine some day; to try to learn to care for me then if she could not now. When a fellow makes love for the second time he learns how to go about it, and I don't think I said a word to Mollie Forsythe that did not carry weight. But never one word did I say of Mollie Toppington, of Boston. We parted at the Gaskells' door, or rather just within it. For Mollie Forsythe had promised, and I had gathered her into my arms and pressed a kiss upon her warm, red lips.

That night I went to Boston by the late train, meaning to see Mollie Toppington, confess my duplicity and release her. I meant to do the same with Mollie Forsythe, for I felt I was unworthy of either of them. But the nearer I got to Boston the stronger my love for Mollie Toppington became, and the more indistinct the memory of Mollie Forsythe. I saw Mollie Toppington the next morning, and the dear girl was so glad to see me that I completely forgot Miss Forsythe. I determined to write her a letter explaining the strange case, ask her forgiveness—and never see her again.

But my business in New York had to be completed, and I thought after all it would be better and manlier to see

Mollie Forsythe and ask her forgiveness in person. So I said good-by again to my Mollie and went back to New York.

To make a long story short, when I saw Mollie Forsythe I reverted to my unfaithfulness once more, and so I was for nearly a year. I was compelled to be in New York about half my time on business, and when I was there I loved Mollie Forsythe. When I was in Boston I loved Mollie Toppington. Was ever a man so situated? Was there ever such a case of "how happy could I be with either?" I was perfectly happy with either Mollie; when away from them I was consumed with remorse. Neither knew nor dreamed of the existence of the other, and the strain of keeping this knowledge from them, together with the consciousness of my own guilt, was killing me by inches. I grew pale and thin. Couldn't eat or sleep. It was dreadful.

To cap the climax, Mollie Forsythe, of New York, announced to me one day that she was going to Boston to visit her aunt who lived there. Of course I could not raise any objection. Instead I had to appear delighted. This, I thought, would bring forth the inevitable climax to the past ten months of deception and intrigue. The time had come, I thought, to get myself out of the way, and once more my mind reverted to suicide. But suicide is cowardly, and as I had sinned, so must I face the consequences, I thought, and I determined to see the affair out.

It was several days after the arrival of Mollie Forsythe in Boston. I had managed to see her and Mollie Toppington both often enough to avoid suspicion on the part of either of them so far, but I did not know how long I could manage it. Mollie Forsythe and I were taking a walk and had wandered out into Cambridge. Suddenly I felt as if every drop of blood had left my body. My knees smote and I almost fainted. There straight ahead of us and coming toward us rapidly with her light graceful step was Mollie Toppington. There was no turning back, no escape from any quarter. The crisis had arrived.

I looked at Mollie Forsythe. She was smiling a happy, conscious smile. Suddenly she caught sight of Mollie Toppington and her face became astudy. Mollie Toppington was so engrossed with Mollie Forsythe's resemblance to herself that she did not even recognize me at first. Nearer and nearer the two women approached each other while I—I looked on with about the same degree of morbid interest which a helpless traveler might feel in viewing a quarrel of two wild beasts for the privilege of eating him. My strength had failed me and I stood rooted to the ground.

The two Mollies came nearer to each other. In another moment they would meet. A curious smile came over both their faces. The seconds seemed years to me. Suddenly my transient strength came back. I did not think. There was no time to think. But, acting on the prompting of instinct, I turned and fled—actually ran as hard as my legs would carry me.

The next five years of my life I spent in Japan.

The Church of the Nativity.

We return in time to see the procession of bishops, priests, and people that is forming in the square in front of the church. Each is dressed in his most gorgeous robes. Turkish soldiers line both sides of the street to keep the way open for the procession to pass. The Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem has just arrived. The procession of priests, carrying banners and immense candles, meets him, then turns, and all go into the Latin chapel through the main entrance. Following, we are surprised to find the main entrance so small. It can admit but one at a time, and that one must stoop to enter. From the masonry it can be seen that the entrance was once much larger. The reason for the change was that the Mohammedans at one time did all in their power to injure and annoy the Christians, and even used to ride on horseback into the very church. The door, therefore, was made small to protect the church from this sacrilege.

Once inside, we see we are in a very ancient structure. Part of the masonry dates from the time of Constantine, who built a magnificent basilica on this site, about the year 330 of our era. All we can see of the oldest work, however, probably dates from not later than Justinian's time, about 550 A. D. In any case, the church is a venerable building, and it has witnessed some stirring scenes. In it Baldwin the Crusader was crowned, king of Jerusalem. It has been repaired a number of times; and once, when it needed a new roof, King Edward IV. of England gave the lead to make one. This was about the year 1482. The lead roof did good service for about two hundred years, and might have lasted much longer had not the Mohammedans melted it up to make bullets. However, another roof was soon provided.

Inside, the building consists of a nave and double aisles. The aisles are separated by two rows of columns made of red limestone. These columns have plain bases, and are surmounted by Corinthian capitals. They are nine feet high, and at the top of each a cross is engraved. The church is now owned by the Latin, Greek and Armenian Christians.—St. Nicholas.

Too Inquisitive.

The young woman with the auburn hair who had come after the marriage license looked at the probate clerk in indignant surprise.

"Want to know my age?" she sarcastically repeated. "My age? Why, say, young feller, you must think you're a Li Heng Changarang, don't you?"

It requires more sense to remain silent than to talk.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

How One Incurable Schoolboy Was Conquered—Deafness Is Frequent Among School Children—Sentiment Against Corporal Punishment.

The "Worst Boy." I have known a boy who was called "the worst boy" in a school-room of fifty boys. The teacher was called "the best teacher in town." She was 40 years old and he was 13. Her manner was haughty, so was his. She would have her own way if a will had to be broken to pieces; so would he. When he was only 3 years old he committed a digression for which his mother asked him to say he was sorry. "But I am not sorry," he said. "Then I will whip you till you are sorry," she exclaimed, and forthwith proceeded to apply the rattan to the boy.

Howls and yells followed, the mother resting once in a while to ask: "Will you say you are sorry?" "You can beat me because you are the biggest, but I'll never be sorry," he answered. She went on whipping. Resting again, she demanded: "Will you say you are sorry?" "You can kill me, but I'll never say I'm sorry," he exclaimed, with fury flashing eye and trembling body. That mother put by the rattan. She was defeated, and ever after he controlled her. She was not wise enough to turn that strong will in another direction instead of opposing it. His teacher was not wise enough to turn his will in the right direction either. Such scenes occurred in the school-room between the two! Disgraceful, heartrending. At last he was expelled from school. His father went to the school committee to intercede for the boy. On the board was a lady. She was touched by the father's appeal, and she influenced the rest of the committee to allow him to return to school.

She sat in an ante-room and watched the teacher and the boy that day without the boy knowing he was watched. She saw the boy "get through his 'rithmetic study' long before the rest. Then she saw him "hitch" in his chair. "Stay in at recess for restlessness," observed Miss Strong, the teacher. The lady of the school committee saw the boy take up a book and read. His mouth twitched, his features were convulsed with nervous spasms. "Stay in after school to-night for making faces," commanded Miss Strong, the teacher.

Then the lady of the school committee walked into the school-room and asked the boy to go into the next room with a sealed note to the teacher. The note read: "Set this boy a hard example in arithmetic and tell him to come back and do it. A. E., of the school committee."

No one was more surprised than Miss Strong when the school board promoted "her worst boy" into a room two grades above her own the next week. There he did admirably, and now he is one of the brightest business men of Boston.

Nervous children need long recesses, varied exercises, a bright, cheerful teacher who has not too much of the Napoleon about her and one who is willing to live and let live if you only give her a chance.—The School Journal.

Deafness Among School Children.

The fact that myopia is frequent among school children is well known. It is not so well known that impaired hearing is also frequently met with. The children thus affected are often accused of being lazy and inattentive, when in reality their ears are at fault. Helot shows that these cases are quite common, are easily recognized, are generally curable, and when cured a large number of children are transformed, so to speak, both from a physical and a moral standpoint. According to Weil, of Stuttgart, the proportion of school children with impaired hearing is 35 per cent; according to Moore, of Bordeaux, 17 per cent. Helot agrees with Gete and other aurists, that the proportion is always 25 per cent., or one-fourth. All the children in a class should be carefully examined and these semi-deaf pupils will always be found among the "poor scholars." The cause of infirmity is to be sought for—nasopharyngeal catarrh following measles, scarlatina whooping cough, adenoid vegetations, hypertrophied tonsils, etc.—and normal conditions are to be restored by appropriate treatment.—Popular Science News.

Need of a National University.

It is not the needs of the District of Columbia which are to be met by a University of the United States. The local needs are well supplied already. It is the need of the nation. And not of the nation alone, but of the world. A great university in America would be a school for the study of civic freedom. A great university at the capital of the republic would attract the free-minded of all the earth. It would draw men of all lands to the study of democracy. It would tend to make the workings of democracy worthy of respectfully study. The New World has its lessons as well as the Old; and its material for teaching these lessons should be made equally adequate. Mold and ruin are not necessary to a university; nor are traditions and precedents essential to its effectiveness. The greatest of Europe's universities is one of her very youngest. Much of the greatness of the University of Berlin is due to her escape from the dead hands of the past. It is in this release that the great promise of the American university lies.—President Jordan, in the Forum.

Professional Students in College.

A pamphlet on professional education in the United States, just issued by the bureau of education, gives some interesting statistics. The number of

medical students is more than twice as great as either law or theology—medical, 22,887; law, 8,950; theology, 8,050. There are 1,413 women studying medicine and 65 studying law. Within the past five years the number of dental students has increased from 1,195 to 5,347, while the number of law students is nearly doubled. Dr. Miller, who compiled the report, says the probable reason for this is that when young men begin professional study they are not satisfied with the old-fashioned, desultory instruction of a private office, but seek a school, where instruction is given systematically and they receive fresh inspiration by mingling with others engaged in the same pursuit.

Busy Work in Number.

How many pupils in the school room? If there were ten more how many would there be? If there were eight fewer?

How many panes of glass in one window? How many in all the windows? Write the name of the month. How many days in the month? How many days in the last month? How many in next month?

How many hours in a day? In two days? Draw five lines across the slate, and draw five more lines across them. How many blocks on your slate?

How many children in the row you sit in? How many feet have you all? How many fingers? How many noses? There are seven bones in each of your fingers, and two in your thumb. How many bones have you in one hand? In both hands?

Draw a clock on your slates. How many numbers on its face? In how many ways can you write the numbers? Make the hands say 4 o'clock. Make them say noon. Midnight. Six o'clock.

How many meals do you eat in one day? How many in three? How many in a week?

How many Sundays in this month? How many days not coming on Sundays? How many school days?

How old are you? How old will you be in 1898? In 1907? How many eggs in a dozen? In three dozen? What is the difference between two dozen and a half dozen?

Some Useful Exercises.

Write the words of your last reading lesson in columns, making four columns. Arrange the words of your last reading lesson alphabetically; that is, copy first those words which begin with a, then with b, and so on. Arrange the words of your last reading lesson in columns, placing in the first column words of one syllable, in the second words of two syllables, and so on. Arrange the words of your last reading lesson in columns, placing in the first words of two letters, and in the second words of three letters, and so on. Copy from your reading lesson all the name words. Write on your slate the number of lines in your reading lesson. Write on your slate the number of periods in your reading lesson; the number of commas; of question marks; of semicolons; of hyphens; of apostrophes.

Corporal Punishment.

The sentiment against corporal punishment is now so prevalent and so strong that no teacher should permit himself to use the prerogatives with which he is invested even by a very cautious school system, except in extremely aggravated cases. There are doubtless instances of notorious incorrigibility in which a teacher would be wholly justified in severely punishing the offenders, yet even in such cases there are generally other means at the disposal of the teacher, by which he may avoid accidental injury or unintended severity. If it is true that corporal punishment may sometimes be justified, it is equally true that it may at all times be avoided.—Kansas City Journal.

Lighting of Schools.

Kentucky is the only State which regulates at all by legislation the lighting of school buildings and which guards against overcrowding by specifying that the seats shall fit the children. Brooklyn is the only city in the United States where the school board has rules that the pupils' seats shall not face the light.

City Superintendents.

In the number of city superintendents of public instruction New York State leads with 88; Pennsylvania has 82 and Ohio, 69; Massachusetts comes next with 54; Illinois has 48; Michigan, 38; Indiana, 37; Wisconsin, 35; New Jersey, 30; Missouri, 29; Connecticut and Iowa, 23; Texas, 22; and other States have less than 20.

A Good Law.

To guard against frequent changes of school books without good reason an Ohio law provides that books after being adopted cannot be changed for five years without the consent of three-fourths of all the members of the school board, given by formal action at a regular meeting.

Peculiar Features of Mexico.

From the top of the cathedral spire in Mexico you can see the entire city, and the most striking feature of the view is the absence of chimneys. There is not a chimney in all Mexico, not a gate, nor a stove, nor a furnace. All the cooking is done with charcoal in Dutch ovens, and while the gas is sometimes offensive one soon becomes used to it.

The most skillful of all pianists was I. List. When learning his profession he was accustomed to practice scales and exercises for ten hours a day. It is said that he practiced this in private for ten years.

Vaccination, as a preventive of small-pox, is said to have been practiced in China 1800 B. C. It was introduced into England by Lady Wortley Montague in 1721.