GRANVILLE'S THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL

BY HOPE DARING.

new doctor?" D Mrs. Smith dropped her mending tey, Ductor Lord?"

ister Estelle from her Honiton work.

'Yes," Mrs. Smith said. "Of course we are very sorry for Doctor Terryll-

Miss Lucy Kotchum's fair face flushed. but she bore the pause before the last words and the expectant looks remarkably well,

"I don't know 'bout that," and she drew through her fingers a tendril of the honeysuckle vine which clambered up the porch. "Doctor Terryll has had rs his own way long enough. I'm thin glad there's going to be a change.

A moment's pause followed. Evidently this was not what the Smiths had expect- Doctor Lord." ed Miss Lucy to say.

"Well, I must be going," and the plamp little spinster rose to her feet.

"Don't be in a hurry. Can't you stay to tea?" Thank you, Mrs. Smith, but I couldn't think of it. 1 just stopped to rest a bit

"Oh, yes, a couple of times. He looks her solitary tea.

as if he knew a lot, and I hope he'll soon you can do is to set it right." have a chance to prove it."

he will get on," and, before another word could be said, Miss Lucy was down the haste.

walk. "I never thought it of dear Miss Lucy," pretty Estelle cried, as soon as the caller was out of hearing. "It must be true that Doctor Terryll has stopped again."

scally eying a strand of pink silk. "Mamma, how many years has it been since Lucy?

Mrs. Smith thought a moment. "It's about fifteen years.'

Estelle threw aside her work. "He evening, and take her out riding and to allegiance to Doctor Lord. lectures. Then, without a word of warning, he stops off and don't go near her

for months." "I don't blame Miss Lucy for praising Doctor Lord." and Mande shook her golden head. "Mamma, what makes Doctor Terryll I am sorry." Terryll treat her so?"

He once told a friend it was doubt of is naturally undecided and dilatory. In himself; but in other things, although one of the best of mea, he lacks force of maracter.

berself. to help Doctor Lord and to spite David the noun. Terryfl. I wouldn't care so much 'bout Miss Lu is quitting this last time for I've got der used to it, but I encouraged him. of excitement. I'm ashamed of it, but I did want a chance to refuse him. When a man plays fast and loose with a woman for fifteen

POSE you knew Granville had a jasked, taking the plant from her hand. "That? Why, don't you know pus-

in her lip and fixed a sympathetic gaze upon Miss Lucy's face. Maude Smith looked up from the carnation she was A supercilious smile crossed his face. idering upon a lunch cloth, and her cimen of Portulaca oleracea. The vulgar sometimes call it pursiane, but-ha! ha! Pusley! What a name!"

Miss Lucy flushed. Even her determination to admire Doctor Lord could not stand that.

"I guess I know what I am talking about," she said severely. "I've known pusley ever since I knew anything."

"Indeed. Your knowledge is, of course, very recent then. Pusley! It's strange, Miss Smith, what instances of ignorance village life brings to one's notice. Estelle's eyes were blazing with an-

ger. "Let us take the flowers in the house, Miss Lucy. Good afternoon,

Thus summarily dismissed, all the doctor could do was to take himself off. Miss Lucy listened in silence to Estelle's fierce detunciations of Doctor

Lord's rudeness. "I guess I've made a mistake, my

dear." was all she would say. "Yes, I guess, Lucy Ketchum, you've

same afternoon, as she sat alone over her solitary tes. "Well, the only thing She sat thinking a long time. The tea

Why, Miss Lucy, you surprise me! in the clumsy little silver teapot grew Do you mean to say, if you were ill you would call Doctor Lord?" "Me? Oh, I'm never sick. But I hope up, and began gathering together her untouched. At last Miss Lucy started up, and began gathering together her past. lavender and white china with reckless

"Yes, I'll do it." she said aloud. "Pveproved the truth of the saying that there's no fool like an old one, and now I'll go ahead."

Granville was surprised, two days later, 'I don't blame her," Maude said, crit- to learn that Miss Lucy was preparing to visit a cousin in Vermont. This consin was unknown to Granville. Miss Doctor Terryll began to court Miss Lucy was usually the most confiding of mortals, but about this visit she maintained a dignified silence.

One thing, however, she did. On the afternoon before she was to start, she ought to be ashamed. For six months at attended a meeting of the Ladies' Ald a time, he will visit her every Sunday Society and there publicly renounced her

"I've been took in with him," she announced calmly, although her hands trembled so she was obliged to drop her work in her lap. "If I have influenced anybody to favor him instead of Doctor

Whether these words had anything to do with the appearance of Doctor Terhis ability to make a woman happy. He ryll at the depot the next morning, no one knew. He was there at all events. his profession, Doctor Terryll is sure of When the whistle of the coming train was heard, he held out his hand to Miss Lucy.

"Good-by, Miss Lucy. May you have Meantime Miss Lucy was plodding a pleasant time and come safely back to comeward, the August sun beating down -Granville."

That was all he said, but in his frank "There, I've started it," she said to eyes Miss Lucy read something else, erself. "How folks will talk! I don't something that fain would have substieyes Miss Lucy read something else, care. I'm going to do everything I can tuted a first person, singular pronoun for

Miss Lucy was gone six weeks. When she returned Granville was in a fever

Doctor Lord had found his popularity waning. His natural rudeness would oc years, she wants revenge or — " and in one or two instances, promptly re-Miss Lucy stopped abruptly, a dry sob

some reminiscences of her recent tras-

How Miss Lucy got upon her feet and made her way to the front of the platform, she could never have told. There she stood, a shrinking little figure clad in soft gray silk, with creamy lace at throat and wrists. A window behind her threw her face into strong relief and accentuated its paleness.

Her heart beat violently. She was unable to articulate a word. Just then her gaze chanced to rest upon the coarse. mocking face of Dr. Lord. Behind Lim sat Doctor Terryll. One glance into his sympathizing eyes, and Miss Lucy was herself.

"I spent several weeks in Lancaster Vermont," she began, speaking in a clear voice that could be heard all over the hall. "I went there with an object. I wished to learn something of the early life of a young man in whom I had become interested; and I had reason to think he had once lived there. After quite a spell, I found out i was right. He had had a good education, but had grown up an idle, good-for-nothing, spending a term in the house of correction for theft. After awhile, he left Laneaster because the officers were after him, went to Chicago, dropped the last part of his name, bought a diploma from a bogus medical college, and came to Granville ss Doctor Lorenzo Lord, a man of honor and a practicing physician. I call his conduct mean-as mean as pusley.

A moment's silence followed the cossa tion of her voice. Then cheers for Miss on my way home from the postoffice." "Yes, I guess, Lucy Ketchum, you've "Yes. By the way, have you seen our new physician, Doctor Lord?" "Yes, I guess, Lucy Ketchum, you've made a mistake," she said to herself that same afternoon, as she sat alone over trom the room. Miss Lucy explained that, seeing the words, Lancaster, mont, written in a book loaned to Estelle by the doctor, had recalled to her mind that she had a cousin living there. and also suggested to her a means where by she might learn something of his

The meeting soon broke up. As the crowd was leaving the hall, Mrs. Smith caught Doctor Terryll by the arm. "Oh, doctor, won't you see to Miss Lucy? I'm afraid she is going to faint. and I must t'end to the coffee. She's behind the flowers.'

He nodded. Advancing to Miss Lucy's ide, he took both her hands in his. "You brave little woman! How did

you find the courage for it?" "I did it for your sake, David."

A half hour later they entered the dining room. The huge browned turkeys were on the tables, and the air was laden with appetizing odors. Some one had just brought the news that Doctor Lord had left town on a western-bound train, The cheers which this news provoked had not died away when Doctor Terryli appeared in the doorway, Miss Lucy on his

"Friends, this is indeed Thanksgiving to me," he began, "Congratulate me, Miss Lucy has promised to marry me next week

And again Granville cheered .- The Housewife.

TO PURIFY WATER, FREEZE IT.

Ice Drives Impurities Out-Unfrozen Portion Retains Them.

That frozen water is pure water is in idea that has been handed down from generation to generation, and there is usually a good deal of fact in these old sayings, although we may wonder how the people of former times contrived to discover these things. Recent investigations prove the truth of this saying.

As water freezes so the impurities are eliminated, and if the ice be taken away before the whole body of water is frozen that ice is pure. If the whole

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTER-ESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day-Historical and News Notes.

One trouble with white lies is that hey require too much whitewashing.

It takes a woman's dearest friend to cell her things she doesn't want to benr.

Perhaps the reason that money makes the mare go is that it is so enerously supplied with wings.

About 22,000 Americans removed to anada last year, and they were not Il short in their accounts, either,

Bishop Hartzell says the South Afri-

ed that even before the Boer war. The average woman speaks her mind

-but she changes her mind so often that it keeps her tongue working overime.

The Emperor of Germany has begun o wear a monocle. He is probably ndeavoring to re-establish friendly relations with Joseph Chamberlain. words.

Sir Thomas Lipton might try a flying nachine instead of a yacht in the third up race. Each time before he was up n the air anyway and felt awkward.

Mrs. Burton Harrison advocates ore political discussion in the family ircle. What has Mrs. H. against the uman race and the holy institution f matrimony?

If Dr. Lorenz can convince the Amercan doctors that the knife should be more sparingly used his trip to the United States will have been worth many times the price.

Pension Commissioner Ware has pronoted a clerk for doing his work well and not asking for favors. It is to be soped that every employer in the land will take the Pension Commissioner's plan under advisement.

Sir Henry Irving has a new solution or the "deserted village" problem. He roposes to abolish "high kicking" in he theaters. So that is why we are becoming overcentralized. Down with high kicking and restore the equilibri-

Formerly the papers called the Presiient's wife the "first lady of the land." Now the vellow journals speak of the President's daughter as the "first maidon of the land," and the next thing the President's son knows he will be called the "first urchin of the land."

A writer in a current magazine disusses "Some Results of Electric Tracion," but fails to mention two very substantial results-an era of prosperty for the funeral directors and the acquirement of a substantial compeence by members of City Councils and State Legislatures.

and seeks to put it into practice. He wants the poor children in the public schools to be well dressed, but does not want their good, clean, warm clothes to serve as a badge of charity. He does not want the children whose clothes are given to them to feel themselves demeaned and despised among their schoolmates as paupers. So he proposes that the selectmen, on information from the teachers, shall quietly and unknown to the other pupils buy the required apparel at the lown's expense. This man is a bachelor. But

your mature eyes and ears. It is I'd give \$50 to be able to stop and give

esteem because of faults or failures of out her heart." its parents, but they do, every day, and "That reminds me." said a younger so-called charity helps to make them man who heard the gray carrier's do it more than all other elements com- story, "of a pretty baby on my route bined. The Winsted bachelor has ut- in a Louisiana city. She's a dainty

has blue-gray eyes like a wood violet

that look a fellow straight to the heart, A certain rather well-known actress Some little girls can do that after they is devoted to her first-born, a baby boy are older. This tot's mamma died six her laugh was real and genuine, not of make her baby heart understand."

A venerable man now prominent is Western railway circles, but in his

"I was only a boy," he said, "but I ist) to amuse and entertain her single wanted to see a little of the world auditor. How she woos him with her My father hadn't much money, nobody caresses and blandishments and kisses! had money, in fact, but he fitted me He is her sweetheart. She makes love up as well as he could, with a suit of to him as to no other. What husband his own making, for he managed te has not been almost jealous at the pick up a living, even in that frontier scene? And what a protea artist she village, as a tailor, and sent mu te is. She is coquette, comrade, hoyden + Springfield for a little visit. A hatter anything to please her lover. He is a in town made me a sort of plug hat king enthroned and she the player such as nobody of this generation ever watching his every mood, while her saw; and with all my beiongings, ex soul is on her knees to him. She will cept what I had on, in a little, hair is displayed. Her art becomes more "I made something of a sensation in subtle. She is more cautious with her my spike-tailed coat and high hat, but kisses. It is acting, toned down, but I was having a good time until a ca sest begin their series of resolutions acting, genuine, facile, superb. She lamity happened to me. There was a watches effects. She knows the way big political meeting of Whigs it with the baggage of the politicians and disappeared when they did. What be came of it I don't know. I never saw It again. "There I was, without a cent of mon the curtain goes down on the last act ey, away from home for the first time of her life, she woos her boy to heaven in my life, among strangers, and I was about as desolate a boy as you ever saw. When I discovered my loss * wandered about the streets, forlori and forsaken, till I was nearly tired to death, and then I sat down on a door sten and cried "Presently somebody tapped me or the shoulder. I looked up, and a pleas ant-faced stranger was standing before me.

MEN WHO DELIVER MAIL

Heart Tragedies that Line the Route of Letter Carriers.

"Tell you a story? Why, yes, I might cell a good many stories if that was in my line." The gray carrier blew a pearly wreath of smoke upward and flecked the dead ash from his cigar." says the Denver News. "Let me see. There's an old lady on my route down in Alabama who sits knitting the live long day by the front room window. Every morning and afternoon when I he has a right idea about children. His whistle at the door of her next door head is level and his heart is in the neighbor she lays down her knitting right place. Nowhere in the world is and peers with a tired, eager face out there such cruel subbery as among of that window until I go by. She's children. Many a little heart has been got a boy somewhere out West. He made to ache and a life warped by a doesn't write to her twice a year. Yet sneering remark of a school fellow. If twice each day the whole year through you are so toughened by the years that she sits there with that auxious look. you exhaot meliow up with memories waiting, waiting. I feel a of your own childhood, just observe twitch at my own heart every time I an mines are very rich. We suspect- and listen to some group of school boys pass by and see the look of expectancy and girls and see it and hear it with fade into disappointment. Sometimes

shameful, but it is so. No child should her five lines from that good-for-nothbe permitted to suffer loss of self- ing boy of hers for whom she's eating

tered a world of wisdom in a few tot about 4 or maybe 5 years old. She

of 5 months. She cannot bear to think months ago, and for a month afterof a moment's separation, so with the ward she used to come tripping down. advice of her physician, and under the the walk to meet me with a little white constant care of a trained nurse, her note in her hand, and looking me to the baby is touring the country with its mother. She was much interested to know what his babyship would think of the theater, and how he would be-have. So she had the nurse bring him dante missive from the wee tink hand. to matinee performance. She wasn't dainty missive from the wee pink hand. long in suspense. When the curtain I couldn't tell her how far away her went up on her comedietta, and the mamma was. One day she came withbaby heard her voice, he fairly jump d out a letter and there was pain in the out of the nurse's arms. It was a fa- great, sweet eyes. 'Mr. Postman, miliar sound, especially when he heard baby wants a letter from mamma,

her laugh, which she does a great deal Please, Mr. Postman, tell my mamma in the part she plays, and baby thought me wants some letters, too,' and, boys it was time for a romp. So he respond- every day for a week I had to pass ed vigorously, and began to crow and that baby with the pain in the gray. shout his delight in true baby fashion, blue eyes, and I wondered the angela The actress heard the baby crow, and did not find some way some how to

the stage variety, for she was playing to the baby. Pretty story, isn't it? But this one is not the only mother-actress FOUND A FRIEND WHEN IN NEED. ly and truly when the boy crows and smiles. Few mothers go on the stage,

but all of them act for the baby. And it is the prettlest, most graceful and true acting in the world. The mother youth a comparatively poor boy in a needs no training for her part and no little town in central Illinois in the prompting for her lines. She uses nat- thirties, told this story not long ago at urally every consummate art known to a social gathering; womankind (and what a repertoire it

A college professor, whose experi- never get too old to woo her boy. As covered trunk, I went to Springfield ince covers half a century, says that he grows in years her exceeding finesse. It was then a two days' journey

candy and modest, violet-trimmed hat the two doctors stood upon the steps.

Doctor Terryll was tall, spare nnd dark. A short, stubby beard covered the lower part of his face, concealing his fine mouth.

Lorenzo Lord was short and heavy, with a florid face, pale blue eyes, and an suburn mustache. He was fashionably attired, and seemed only too well satisfied with himself.

The contrast was decided. Miss Lucy winced a little. However, she summoned up her courage and extended her hand to Doctor Lord.

'Good morning, doctor. I hope you have decided to Stay with us."

"Ah, good morning. I think I shall. I have an impression that my presence is really needed here."

"Indeed it is," Miss Lucy said, uncon sciously encouraging Lord's impertinence in her eagerness to throw the gauntlet tor Terryll's face.

As the days went by, all Granville was surprised at Miss Lucy's marked prefer-ence for Doctor Lord. She sang his praises, she recommended his services to er friends, she invidiously compared his modern knowledge with Doctor Terryll's more antiquated modes of practice.

It was the hardest task the little spin ster had ever attempted. Not only did her conscience reproach her for her shab by treatment of David, but Doctor Lord was personally distasteful to her. Sh could not shut her eyes to his self-concelt and coarseness.

At first he had been inclined to make sport of Miss Lucy. He soon saw that was too strong an ally to be disposed of in that way. So he patronized her.

He was reticent about his past, successfully parrying all questions. Aside from the fact that he was a graduate of Chicago medical college, Granville knew nothing about him.

One thing was sure. Doctor Lord was on the flood tide of prosperity in Gran-ville. He was winning Doctor Terryll's ctice away from bin. The younger an's pretensions deceived many. Sodally he was received everywhere, as he wak careful to cover his real boorishness

rith a veneer of politeness. One warm September afternoon, he was passing Miss Lucy's little cottage. n he chanced to see the mistress of house and Estelle in the back yard. He joined them.

im Lucy was gathering flowers for Sotelle. She paused to greet the doctor, but his attention was all for her com-

low well kept your yard atways is, Lhey!" Estelle said, determined to her into the conversation.

ak you, my dear. It would d well if it wasn't for that awful Chere's a root of it now," and down and deftly pulled the white verbease

Her active campaign began Sunday had grown worse. Doctor Terryll was morning. As she approached the church, called. In three days the patient was neat and dainty in her sheer black or out on the street. out on the street. Doctor Lord determined on

move. If he could strengthen his social position, he might thereby win professional patronage. He had proposed and was successfully carrying forward the preparations for a grand Thanksgiving festival to be participated in by the whole village.

There was to be a public meeting with addresses and music. This was to be followed by a genuine Thanksgiving dinner served in olden style.

in his project the best people of the vil-The young man had real executive lage. ability, and planned the affair well.

Immediately after Miss Lucy's return she was called on by Maude Smith. The girl came to beg the loan of her friend's old silver, china and furniture for the festival.

Miss Lucy sat in silence a moment ofter the errand was made known.

"Yes," she said suddenly, "you can have anything you want, but on one condition

"What is that?"

"That I may make a little speech. Tell something 'bout my trip that will interest folks."

Maude was speechless. Such a request to come from Miss Lucy, always the most quiet and retiring of mortals! There was both surprise and amuse ment when Maude made known Miss Lucy's terms. Doctor Lord laughed scornfully, but said:

"Let the old woman talk, if she wants

Doctor Terryll was a member of the committee. He frowned upon Doctor Lord, then turned to Maude.

"Assure Miss Ketchum that we shall be honored by her consenting to address 118.

Busy days at Granville followed. Miss Lucy not only lent her most cherished possessions, but she also baked a dozen of the spicy, golden, pumpkin pies for which she was famous, each one set off by a crimped edge of pale brown pastry. Thanksgiving came, clear and cold. The xercises were to begin at eleven. When the hour arrived. Miss Lucy untied her huge white spron, carefully folded it,

gave a last look at the long tables bright with quaint old silver, china and flow-ers, and accompanied Mrs. Smith to the hall

Here the walls were covered with evergreens interspersed with sheaves of rinened grain. The speakers' stand d with flags and Miss Lucy's homedrape spun blue and white counterpanes. There was a table filled with blossoming chryanthemums and silver-leaved begonias. and in the shadow of this the trembling little woman took her place.

There was music, prayer, a brief ad dress by a judge and another by a minamong the mannes of pink, ister. Then the chairman announced: "Our esteemed townswoman, Miss and you sail it?" Dostor Lord Lucy Ketchum, will now favor us with

of the water freezes it follows as a matter of course that the impurities must be included, writes a reporter in the New York American. Thus in pools where the water begins to freeze from the top the impurities are thrown to the bottom, and the ice taken away from the upper part of the body of water is pure.

The water that still retains the impurities is the last to freeze. Some makers of artificial ice produce it from water that is not pure, and they make a hole through the outer crust before Doctor Lord was wise enough to calist the liquid is completely consolidated. so as to allow the muddy portion of the fluid to run out.

Of bacilli, it is calculated that 90 per cent are thrown out in freezing. while nine out of every remaining ten are killed by the process, and thus rendered innocuous. Most of the remaining 1 per cent will die in twenty-four hours unless the ice be melted.

The Alphabet of Success. Attend carefully to details Be prompt in all things, Consider well, then decide positively, Dare to do right, fear to do wrong. Endure trials patiently. Fight life's battle bravely. Go not into the society of the vicious. Hold integrity sacred. Injure not another's reputation. Join hands only with the virtuous. Keep your mind free from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration. Make few special acquaintances, Never try to appear what you are not Observe good manners. Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend. Respect the counsel of your parents, Sacrifice money rather than principle. Touch not, taste not, handle not, intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure for improvement, Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions, Extend to every one a kindly greeting. Yield not to discouragement. Zealously labor for the right, and suc cess is certain.

-Ladles' Home Journal.

Scarcity of Female Servanta.

The scarcity of English female servants in London has led to the importation of many foreigners of the opposite sex fully trained for bousework. This new field of inbor gives the young foreigners, especially the Germana, fresh chance of escaping proscription Foreigners fitted for all kinds of do stic service are supplanting the giris all over Loads

imong students there is "less shame and fear of being in debt" than formery. Members of entering classes had with the declaration of principle: An tunecessary debt is a form of personal lishonor.

So soon as your man of millions reires he begins to gather moss. It vorks into the crevices of his intellect preading them wider and letting in all orts of little vegetative ailments that row ranker and ranker with time, aking to themselves more and more of with an angel's smile. he substance of their host until after little he is ailments mostly. He has

othing to think about except his corns nd his lungs and his rheumatism, and he more you think of your works the sore they creak. Nothing is left then out something to do.

Only 56 out of 141 freshmen at the forthwestern University were able to iass an examination in spelling. They vere tested with ordinary words, not with difficult and perplexing ones; and he test was too much for most of hem. Probably similar examinations t almost any American university ould show substantially the same reults. Spelling is not an accomplishent in which college youth excel. or do the graduates of the common hools distinguish themselves in this seful but now somewhat superciliasly regarded branch. The letters of se average public school graduate or niversity graduate are likely to be arned to spell without rellance upon t. Spelling is nothing; method is ev--ything. Let us remember that when ve come across a fantastic or blunderug speller. The worse he spells, the tore superior is the method by which

to her boy's heart. It may be up a Springfield on the day I arrived there winding stair, but she knows the way, and my trunk somehow got mixed up Is she the stern matron betimes? It is only play. Is she coy and sad at her boy's disobedience? Sweet actress that she is, she knows the look that will break his heart in penitence. And when

To Provide Water for Crops.

The State of California is particular ly alive to the value latent in its running streams. This is largely due to the object lesson presented in the re-

markable increase in land values and productive capacity of sections where the water supply has been intelligent ly utilized. Several thousand dollard were raised by private subscription dof a thorough investigation of the supply to be obtained from certain watersheds in the State, and the subscribing organs izations made application to the hydrographic branch of the United States geological survey for careful measure ment of flow and other investigations relative to the existing conditions of forestry and topography upon three

As a result of these studies, conducted by J. B. Lippincott, hydrographer of the geological survey in California. If was found possible to obtain an annual output of nearly 650,000 acre-feet of water, or enough to cover annually an area of that extent to a depth of one foot, the estimate cost of installed capacity being about \$8 an acre-foot. The water would be obtained from storage reservoirs and from pumping plants to be operated electrically by power generated by the neighboring streams.

It is believed that the addition to the resources of the State of this amount of water for irrigation purposes, says the Washington Star, would be suffi clent to support an additional 100.000 people, and would add in farm value fully \$20,000,000 to the taxable prop erty of the State, irrespective of the increase in town and city property "liberty?" is equivalent to "At what which would of necessity follow e came to that pre-eminence as a

The Bible Issue.

bles ever issued in one year-viz. Son ToG- was sent out in 1901 by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

and of school visitors of Winsted, A man could quit smoking easy onn, has discovered this old truth enough if he could forget about trying

"'What's the matter, son?' he said "I told him my story.

'So the Whigs have robbed you have they?' he said, patting me on the head. 'Well, that's bad. But chee up, my boy! Things might be a good deal worse. What is your father name.?

"I told him.

"'I know him,' he said. 'I'll write to him.'

"He did, and this was the letter:

" Springfield, Ill., Aug. 7, 183-, Mr Blank: Dear Sir-I found your boy of the street here to-day, without an; clothing except what he was wearing Please send him some more. Youn truly, A. Lincoln."

"That was the end of my troubles and there is no recollection of my lin that I cherish with a deeper sense o gratitude than I do that one."-Youth's Companion.

When to Use "Shall" and "Will." "At what time shall you be at lib erty?" is the correct form when you "desire information, not consent or 1 promise," "At what time will you be at liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you willing to be at liberty? It implies that being at liberty is de peadent on the will of the person spok en to. "At what time shall you be a time are you going to be at liberty?"being at liberty is regarded as simply a matter of the future, not dependent on the will of anybody. "Will you?" expects the answer "I will;" it denote willingness, consent, or determination "Shall you?" expects the answer shall;" it denotes futurity and nothing more.-Ladier Home Journal.

unddler and twister of orthography. The greatest number of complete Bi-The sweetness of charity lies in its

Constanting of the second

typical watersheds.

rolific in bad spelling. Professor lark of the Northwestern University iys the trouble is with the so-called scientific" method of teaching spellig. The public schools turn out gradates who have learned with great ains how not to spell. The underaduates and graduates of the colges probably spell a little or conderably worse than the public school hildren. But the great thing is the ethod. Nothing can equal the pity hich the enthusiasts of the new methd bestow upon children who have

ecrecy. When the right hand gives

ithout the left knowing it the benefit

subles in value. A member of the