#### A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Lay him away. It matters not where: Dig a hole in the ground And deposit him there; Twill be useless to raise A shaft o'er his head, For heaven's aware

Of the fact that he's dead!

Lowly his lot. And humble his sphere, The world-the big, busy world knew not That he ever was sent to minister here; He gathered no millions, he built up no

trusts-Cornered no markets, robbed no one of brend;

crusts-But heaven's aware of the fact that he's dead!

Did he worship in church In the orthodox way? Did the rafters ring when It was his turn to pray? Alas, I know not-But let it be said That heaven's aware Of the fact that he's dead!

The orphan he fanned Through feverish days May live or may not

To cherish his praise; The sick that he nourished when stricken himself.

The starving that, when he was hungry he fed. May pray for him now, or may not, as

they list-But heaven's aware of the fact that he's dead!

Lay him away. It matters not where: Dig a hole in the earth And deposit him there: When the last trumpet sounds He will hear, he will hear As well as the man O'er whose head people rear The highest of columns-Aye, put him to bed! If there is a God He will not forget That this lowly man lived-and is dead

#### ON THE CARDS.



-Cleveland Leader.

A N you tell forleaning her elbows on the table and shuffling the cards. "S o m e people's. Shall I try your R mother's?" Her mother was dozing in the armchair by the fire.

"Oh, don't be

tilly! Mum's fortune is told." "Poor mamma!"

"Well, you know what I mean-all that's worth telling. She refused the fair man and married the dark one; wasn't very rich and wasn't very poor -quite poor enough!" She shrugged her shoulders and made a dainty grimace-alas! unnamable. "Had two tiresome boys and one very nice girl-voila moi!"

"Who was an incorrigible little flirt and tease," I suggested bitterly.

"Fortunes don't go into such details about secondary persons, even if they happened to be true, which they aren't."

"Oh, yes, they do." "Since you know so much about it you can tell mine." She scattered the cards toward me with a crash. "It's all right, mum; I'm only throwing the cards at Cousin Harry." Her mother

gave a sleepy smile, and returned to her slumbers. "You mustn't blame me if the cards are unfavorable."

"I shall know you've made it up if they are." "I wouldn't dream of jesting upon

such a subject," I assured her. "Fortune-telling follows certain essential principles, which are immutable and-"

"Should be practiced, not preached. Go on." "To start with, then, you are the

Queen of Hearts." "Why?"

"Because the Queen of Hearts represents feminine beauty and charm."

"Oh!" she leaned back and laughed. "If you are only going to flatter me I won't listen." "I merely state a fact. You are the

Queen of Hearts." "No. I'm not. I'm spades or clubs, be-

cause I'm dark."

"Excuse me, it is not a matter merely of complexion, but of general appearance. Spades represent plain people, diamonds passable people, and hearts very nice-looking people. Therefore you are the Queen of Hearts."

"Lots of people wouldn't consider me good-looking at all." Her tone invited contradiction.

"Very likely not." She flashed an indignant glance at me. "But the fortuneteller is the sole judge on these occa-

"I'm glad the fortune-teller is so appreciative. Of course, I know you're only pretending." She looked at me for denial, but I busied myself with the cards. "Go on!" she cried.

"First, I shuffle the cards-so. Then I cut them-so. Now I place my hard on them-so. You place your hand on top of mine." She did. "Now I place my other hand on top of yours-so-and you put your other hand on top of mine."

"I never heard of this before," said she, doubtfully. Neither did I, but it had occurred to me as an improvement. "Now you must sit quite still and si-

lent for a full minute." "I know I shall laugh."

"Then the fortune will be spoiled." "I don't believe it's necessary." "Yes, it is-to place the teller and the

'tellee en rapport." "But we aren't, you know. We always quarrel-at least, you do." "Couldn't we be, just for a minute,

Milly?" I didn't mean to speak serious

ly, but I did.

She nedded gravely, and I sat looking at and watching the pink color steal over her pretty face. I think it must have been two minutes that we sat like that, during which I forgave her all her little wickedness.

"There!" said I, reluctantly. "Now for the fortune. Cut the cards, Milly. The fortune must be your own mak-

"You have made me feel quite serious," said she with a nervous little

"It is going to be a serious fortune." meant it to be.

"Then-then won't you cut, too, Harry? To represent other people? I don't His raiment was ragged, he lived upon like all the responsibility. Please!" So I cut, too. It didn't matter, you see, because I looked at the cards before I put them down in the shape of an opened fan round the Queen of Hearts. Of course, I don't know anything about fortune-telling, really.

> "The disposition of the cards," I said gravely, "indicates many possibilities of happiness and good fortune, if you take your opportunities; but much is left to your own decision."

"What a nuisance! Don't they say how I shall decide?" I shook my head. "The hearts near the queen show that you are and will be much liked and admired."

"I believe you're making it up." "The three kings next to her indicate three admirers—perhaps lovers."

"Whoever can they be?" "The King of Clubs, with the other clubs close by, I take to be a soldiergood-looking, dashing, and, from the diamonds in the same line, not badly off. The hearts at the end of the line denote that you have given him some

encouragement." "I'm sure I haven't," said she, with some warmth. Of course, she knew I meant Capt. Richards. "The cards are

"Perhaps they mean that you will do so," I suggested, inquiringly; but she twisted up her handkerchief and made

"The King of Diamonds, with spades following, means an elderly suitor who has prospered in trade. He is shown by the diamonds, ending with the knave, to have made a fortune and retired, handing over the business to his son." I meant old Parsley.

"I call it very unkind of you, Harry." Her lip dropped a little, and I hastened

to apologize. "It isn't my doing. It's the cards." "Well, you know it isn't true. It's only"-she looked over her shoulder to see that her mother was still asleep-"mamma's silliness. Why, he's as old as dad; and I wouldn't. You know I

"The cards leave it to you, Milly." "Don't you believe me?" She looked

wouldn't."

"Of course-if you say so." I patted her hand, which was lying on the table, but she drew it sharply away and rubbed the touch off with her handker-

"Well? The King of Hearts? What does that mean?"

I considered a moment. "The King of Hearts," I pronounced slowly, "means a handsome young fellow who paid you a great deal of attention when you were staying with the Queen of Clubs, a dark relative-probably your aunt."

"I won't listen to another word!" she cried, indignantly. "It's a nasty, horrid fortune, and quite untrue. There!"

"Very well." I made as if I would sweep the cards together.

"Don't be disagreeable." She looked at me reproachfully, with one of her kaleidoscopic changes. "I want to hear it-my proper fortune-not nonsense."

"Well, isn't this true?" "No. it isn't."

"Didn't he pay you a lot of attention?"

"Young Jephson?"

"Yes." He was the rival I really feared." "Nothing special."

"So many pay you attention that you think nothing of it." "You silly fellow!" said she, scornfully. "Why, he's almost engaged to

cousin Annie." I felt as though a weight was taken off me. "Why," I said, "how stupid of me!

She must be the dark lady, I suppose. I ought to have connected him with her instead of with you."

"I don't believe you understand the fortune business a bit." "It's very difficult," I apologized. "But you see the cards are all right,

when you read them properly." "What else do they say?" "The next point is money. The seven

of diamonds, next to the knave of clubs-probably your uncle-indicates a legacy; and--' "No, no!" she interrupted. "I don't

want to know about money." "Well, the duration of life is shown

"That doesn't matter," said she

quickly, shrugging her shoulders. "Then I hardly know what else there is to tell." I looked at her doubtfully. There was one thing only that I wanted to tell her. "What do you want to know, Milly?"

She put her elbow on the table and rested her head on her hand. Then she laughed uneasily, and I held my breath for a moment.

"Isn't there-I mean did you finish with-the-the-admirers, as you call

them?" "There is another." I told her. "but he is hardly worth mentioning."

"Why not? Because he doesn't care for-dosen't admire, or whatever you call it-much?"

"Oh, no! But he's poor, you see. Being only the King of Spades, he has to work for a living, so he admires at a distance. There are two cards between him and her, you see."

"But," said she very gently, "they are hearts." "Yes," said I, "they are hearts; being who goes into a business enterprise two, they show that he is distantly re-

asked at length. "The card next to her is the two; but that by him is the ten, which means great affection." "What does the rest of the line mean?"

"They indicate that he is very fond of ;

her, but leave it doubtful if she is more

than slightly attracted to him." I look-

ed appealingly to her, but her eyes

"How do you make that out?" she

were cast down.

"The nine of spades, on the other hand of the king, shows that he has a great deal more work to do before he can be in a position to ask the knave of hearts-her father-for her hand. Meanwhile the eight of spades and the ace of clubs show that he must toil at some risk in a land across the sea." She clasped her hands suddenly and looked up.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "Yes," I said quietly and sadly.

"Where?" Her dainty mouth was "The cards do not say. But it is the Cape, I believe, where a relative has

offered him a good berth." We looked at the cards in dismal signal lence for a while. Then she smiled at

me ever so brightly. "There is the ace of hearts at the end of the line, Henry," she whispered.

"What does that mean?" I took the hand near me gently in mine. "I think, Milly," I said earnestly, "it must be my heart because it is over by you. Will you have it, dear?" She looked down for a moment, then pushed it gently toward me. "I think," she said, "it must be my heart-which is going over the sea with you."-Black and White.

## PUZZLED THE SAVANTS.

Wise Men of Washington Were Filled

with Alarm. In one of the many glass cases in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is a stuffed owl. This particular owl is the one, in the words of the late President Hayes, "that jarred the Washington monument," and therein lies the

During centennial year Congress resolved to provide the necessary funds for the completion of the monument, which up to that time had been worked at only while the several smaller appropriations lasted. It was discovered. however, that the original foundation was likely to be incapable of sustaining the enormous weight of marble necessary for carrying the shaft 550 feet above terra firma. A new foundation was therefore needed, and architects thought a solid concrete bed 100 feet square and nearly 14 feet in thickness would accomplish the strengthening

During the operation of replacing the old foundation it was considered expedient to provide means for noting carefully the slightest vibration of the walls lest the monument might be in danger of collapsing. Accordingly a heavy weight was suspended by a stout thread from the apex to a pan of thick syrup located on the base, so that no chance draught of air would be likely to sway the weight. An ingenious contrivance was so attached to the weight that the slightest vibration of the shaft would be faithfully recorded, and its insecurity would at once be an established fact.

One morning a few months after these careful precautions had been taken there was a great commotion among the workmen. A complete record of numerous perturbations and tremblings had ben written on the index, showing conclusively that the mammoth obelisk had jarred, swayed and settled during the night. Scientific heads were dubiously shaken.

After much persuasion one of the men finally consented to go to the top and examine into the cause. The astonishing report into the midst of the anxious throng below that an owl in seeking shelter in the lofty tower had somewhat managed to catch its wings in the thread and was still hanging there, suspended to the interior of the monument, and innumerable flappings and struggles of his owlship had all been recorded by the index as testimony against the stability of plumblaid marble blocks and solid concrete.

Peculiar Custom in Norway.

Some friends who have just returned from a tour in out-of-the-way parts of Norway tell me of a capital hotel system in vogue there which might be adopted with advantage in some parts of Scotland and Ireland. In every village where no hotel exists some one of the more prominent inhabitants is subsidized by the Norwegian Government, and in return is bound to provide accommodation for not less than four travelers; he may take in more if he chooses, but four is the minimum. My friends made frequent use of these subsidized hostelries and are enthusiastic concerning the excellence of the accommodation and food supplied. I did not gather whether the tariff was regulated by Government, but I presume it is; anyway, the charges are absordly moderate. Norway owes much of her prosperity to tourists, and she certainly treats them well.-London Sketch.

## Blind Girl Gardener.

L blind girl owning a few acres of land in Oak Hill, Texas, is said to be making a living by the sale of vegetables. She has cleared about \$200 each season in this way, besides improving her land. She does most all of her own work, and her highly developed senses of hearing and of touch seem to make up for her want of sight.

An Old Man's Work. George Du Maurier was nearly 60 when he wrote "Peter Ibbetson:" he was quite 60 when he wrote "Trilby;" and 63 when he wrote "The Martian."

It is always safe to distrust the man "more to please his wife than for anylated." We are second cousins really. thing else."

# CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household -Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Do-Thank-You. "Oh my!" said rollicking Flossy, "I do like parties so! I'll say 'Thank you' a thousand times If mamma will let us go."

'I think," said thoughtful Milly. As she hushed the baby to rest, That, though mamma likes say-thank

She likes do-thank-you best."

So she wiped the cups and platters

And put them neatly away;

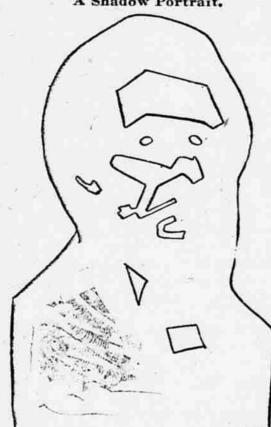
And made the room all tidy, Before she went out to play. And the face of the tired mother

Lit up with a pleased smile, As she stitched on the little garment, Humming soft to herself the while.

And Flossy, watching, decided, As she set to work with a will, 'Say-thank-you is a very good thing, ·But do-thank-you is better still." Orange Judd Farmer.

Five-Year-Old Jonah. Alfred Loftus, at Cold Springs, Ind. iged 5, has gone through an experience which he is not likely to repeat. Alfred's father had dressed a 500-pound porker and placed it on a large table in the woodshed to cool. Little Alfred was missed by his mother, who sought everywhere for him. She finally heard screams from the woodshed and found the little toddler inside the hog's carcass. He explained that he was playing Jonah, and had crawled inside the hog, lapped the sides over, and it was so warm and nice he went to sleep. When he awoke the porker had become cold and stiff, and little Alfred was held a prisoner until released by his mamma, who had to pry the sides never play Jonah again.

A Shadow Portrait.



With a sharp penknife cut along all of the lines shown in this picture. Then hold it up between a bright light and some dark wall or paper. The light shining through the holes will throw the shadow of a great American. Who

The Lady and Her Cats.

Kindness to dumb animals, like other amiable traits, may be carried to excess. A striking instance is furnished by Count D'Aumale in an amusing account of a visit he once made to the widow of Helvetius, a noted philanthropist and litterateur of the last century. Madame Helvetius, who was a woman of intellectual ability, was noted for kindness and eccentricity. D'Aumale requested an introduction to her, and was taken to call upon her by

a friend. As the visitors entered the spacious drawing room it was nearly dark, and the footman who ushered them in could scarcely find his way. Madame Helvetius emerged from the shadows in a moment, and as the servant lighted the apartment D'Aumale was astonished to see a number of very handsome Angora cats, completely enveloped in magnificent robes of fur-trimmed silk! The footman assigned the guests to seats. and they were about to sit down when Madame's querulous voice interrupted

"What!" she cried, to the embarrassed servant, "do you not see that Ninette and her kittens are occupying those chairs?"

With a low, deprecatory bow the lackey pointed to the sofa.

rest comfortably except upon that The guests paused in some confusion and were stepping back, when a loud "mew" from behind warned them that they were again on dangerous ground. "In heaven's name!" exclaimed the

be crippled if you do not step carewere led into another apartment, followed in solemn procession by twenty Angoras, which trailed their silk gowns along with the gravity and dignity of judges, while the guests had great difficulty in restraining their

mirth. Madame Helvetius did not seem to and never will see. appreciate the absurdity of the situation, or appear to object to the mewing and purring that made a perfect chorus

drawing room, nor was the uproar

quieted until they were fed. Before the guests were served each cat had leaped up into a custioned chair, where she disposed of her portion of the viands in unrebuked greed, filling the air with the mingled sound of munching of bones, quarrelsome cries and loud "mews."

While this singular scene was being enacted the hostess made herself agreeable, chatting with her visitors on various interesting topics, but D'Aumale and his friend were so absorbed by the curious spectacle that her efforts were almost unnoticed. When the guests departed they indulged freely in the merriment that their remarkable visit had aroused, and to the end of his days Count D'Aumale was fond of describing this manifestation of a clever woman's foolish eccentricity.

Out of the Mouths of Babes. "Mamma," said little 4-year-old Edith the other day when her baby brother had a crying spell, "why don't 'ou dive zat kid some of my smoothin' sirrup?"

"Now, Johnnie," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me what the prodigal son's father did when he returned?" "He jumped on his neck and kissed him," replied Johnnie.

A bright little miss accompanied her mother to the matinee and was very much interested in the trilling of a young lady vocalist. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "doesn't she gargle botiful?"

"I wonder why grandma threw an old slipper after aunt Clara when she went on her wedding trip," said little Tommie. "Oh, I know," replied his little 5-year-old sister; "it means grandma ain't goin' to spank her any more."

"Why, Willie," exclaimed the mother of a bright little fellow of 4 years; "aren't you ashamed to go about with such a dirty face?" "No, I ain't," replied the precocious youngster; "does 'ou fink I'se doin' to part my hair in ze middle an' be one of zem dudeses?"

"Mamma," said little Freddie, the other afternoon, "may I have some peaches and cream?" "No, dear, they of the hog apart. Alfred says he will are not good for you," replied his mamma. "Then may I have a little piece of mince pie?" he asked. "No," Freddie," was the answer, "I'm afraid it will make von sick." Freddie was silent for a few minutes, and then exclaimed: "Say, mamma, do you think it would hurt me to have just one toothpick?"

## INTEGRITY NOT FOR SALE.

Ohio Farmer Played Euchre with the Lobbyist to Prove It.

A few years ago, when a United States Senatorial election was impending in Ohio, one of the leading candidates needed another vote to make his election sure, and his campaign manager, after canvassing the situation, began work upon a bucolic representative from one of the Western Reserve

The old man grew very indignant at the first hint of money in connection with his vote. He fumed a great deal. swore a little and very melodramatical ly asserted that "his manhood was not for sale at any price." Gradually the fact was impressed upon him that the one necessary vote could be secured in another quarter, and that his obstinacy would have no effect upon the Senatorial result anyway, while it

might materially affect his pocketbook. Thereupon the old fellow made an eloquent plea in his own behalf. He strongly asserted that he was an honest man, whose reputation was as dear to him as his life, and whose character always had been unspotted by contact

with the world. "You will readily understand, sir." he added, "that having so much at stake as I do it would be impossible for me to entertain for one moment any proposition you might make to try to influence my vote in this matter. My vote is not for sale, but I have no ill feeling toward you for what you have tried to do. And as proof of that fact I'll go right over to your room now and join you in a social game of euchre,

just between ourselves." "All right," assented the lobbyist. I'm pretty busy, but I guess I can find time enough for a single rubber with you. How about stakes?" "Twenty-five hundred a corner."

"No-two thousand." They played. The lobbyist lost. The man from the Western Reserve voted for the candidate who was elected Senator.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Consoling Thought.

Even the best of mirrors is a libelous affair. The reflection we see there does not accurately portray our likeness. The hair is wrong in tone, the eyes are not correct in color, and as for the com-"Stop!" cried the lady to her visit- plexion-well, if the looking-glasses ors. "Mignon has been ill; she cannot spoke the truth, the sale of various complexion washes would decrease to half, for any fair skin looks gray and pallid in the glass. You may be certain that however plain your face seems, it is by no means so plain as it appears in the telltale mirror. Second- five departments of Hampton Institute, ly, you cannot assume your natural ex- forty of them being Indians. The boys. distracted lady, "my poor Nanon will pression while peering in the lookingglass. The eye must be in a certain position before you can see at all, and Finally the astonished gentlemen the eye, so far as expression is concerned, governs the face. The consequence is that you can see only one of your expressions in the glass, and that expression is one of attentive examination. All the other expressions by which your friends know you, favorable or unfavorable, you have never seen

Golden Butter.

Conspicuous among the adornments around her. Her pets sat upon her of the bridal feast in Brittany is an train, climbed over her and took pos- artistic and elaborate butter structure When refreshments were served they beautiful bridal cake, and into this cat in Paris had been let loose in that | bearing coins of gold or silver.



Woman State Superintendent. Prof. Grace Espy Patton of Denver is one of the brightest women of that mecca of the modern woman-Colorado. Not only has she become widely known as the first woman to hold the high position of State superintendent of public instruction, but in recognition of her splendid services she has won a new honor of a national character.

Prof. Patton will go to Chattanooga,

Tenn., to attend the national convention

of the State superintendents of public



semblage she has been invited to be

presiding officer.

Prof. Patton, who is barely old enough to hold her present position. has gathered about her in Denver a clever coterie of feminine assistants. Out of the 59 counties in the State 27 have women superintendents of schools, and every school board has from one to two women members. In fact, the entire department is in the hands of the fair sex, to whom United States Commissioner Harris was able to say recently: "The Colorado schools are the model schools of the country."

What They Would Do. The Detroit Free Press perpetrates the following on the speech-making

"One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, 200 when he called around with the examining board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire. The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answer they should give when he arose to propound his accustomed in-

quiry. "When the board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, arose and said: 'You boys and girls have paid such nice attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech? Quick as thought a hundred voices piped in unison: 'Form a

line and march downstairs."

Pictures in Class-Rooms. An exchange says that in some parts of the United States, so general and profitable has become the use of pictures in class rooms in teaching history, geography and other studies, that a library system of distributing lantern slides has been devised. There are few schools unequipped with either a stereopticon or a heliostat, and illustrated lessons are given frequently by means of these. Boxes containing about fifty views each, illustrating lands and their customs, and events of moment, are placed in the superintendent's library. and treated as are books. They are taken out and returned by the principal under the same rules that govern the distribution of books.-Educational

Record. Something to Think About. Is there any real use in: Explaining a problem that the pupils have done correctly? Waiting for good order before beginning work? Is not disorder due to the fact that you are not keeping the pupils occupied? Repeating the answers given by pupils? Teaching an indolent pupil in class what he should have learned by study? Beginning formal lessons in a subject in which you have not previously aroused

Educational Intelligence. The expenses for Chicago University for the coming year will be \$729,000. Twenty negro students are working

an interest?

their way through the University of Miheigan. A department known as College of Commerce and Politics has been added

to Chicago University. A six weeks' summer normal will be run in connection with the State Nor-

mal College of Michigan. There are now 1,000 students in the outnumber the girls two to one.

Harvard University has over 3,000 registered students, showing a gain of 153 over last year. Over 2,000 are in the academical department, and 550 each in the law and medical schools. Gov. Mount of Indiana meets regu-

larly with the State Board of Education and takes part in the discussions. He is the first Governor that has ever met with the Board of Education except on special occasions. In Milwaukee the various Turner so-

cieties have guaranteed the salaries of special teachers in calisthenies for one year, and the grade teachers have been session of the best of everything. as fanciful and elegant as the most notified by the superintendent that next year they must pass an examination on clamored until it seemed as if every structure the guests stick split sticks this subject if they wish to retain their positions in the schools.