ly on the chances of being the happy

"Topsy," he said feebly, and then

Topsy's chin puckered dolefully,

"It ain't hot-she ain't alone-'nd

Burnham laid a stern hand over

"Now, Topsy, hush! We'll go to

Topsy hesitated, blinking back the

"She won't go," she objected. "Her

you go to the park just the same if

assurance left him, and he pushed

to have her come to see the polar

Aunt Dale says it's such a nice, sun-

It was only Topsy who was struck

niece," explained Aunt Dale with dig-

suddenly, as she sat down wearily on

with discouraged interest. Her ac-

cusing eyes caught the laughter in

lieve you care for a single thing, only

Burnham shouldered her peremp-

riage. "You have come a long way,

was very hot and the bear was dead.

Not Wholly Frank.

"Can you sincerely say that you

"Well," answered Mr. Bliggins, "I

tened to my daughter's commencement

tertained as if I were at a baseball

He Knew the Man.

me to fail?" pleaded the prisoner.

the judge.

"What will my wife do if you send

"I think she'll do better," returned

Have you been suggested for Vice-

cage with its dripping ice blacks.

Burnham thought regretfully of a spectator of a tragedy, trotted in certain dusky corner under a Persian silence by her escort. Suddenly Burncanopy where there were many pil- ham halted. lows and much lemonade, and, incidentally, a girl's face, cool and sweet | paused in embarrassment. above the fan she held. Yesterday -too near. And to-day it was so tug. hopelessly remote.

He acknowledged to himself the it seems too bad to leave Aunt Dale shameful motive of his pilgrimage. alone if she-if her head aches so." He had come-he had seen the house which had been open to him yesterday and her bright eyes grew pathetically to-day closed to him forever. And the dim. face in the dusky corner-suppose she were looking at him now from behind we've come eight blocks-'nd I-I the heavy curtains. The wonderful want to see the polar bear." eyes, hiding their merciless laughter under their drooping lashes! Burn- the cavernously open mouth. nam lifted his gloomy young face haughtily and looked severely at the see the polar bear, but here's an empty house across the way.

But he did not pass on. Instead, after Aunt Dale." he stopped with a whistle of surprise as what he might have taken for a tears for which she found she had no broken parcel of laundry on the stone use. steps resolved itself into a little lady with penwiper skirts and exceedingly nose and eyes are just as red! And long black legs, who shot up from she thinks it's hot, and she says she her coil and shook a mop of moist just hates polar bears. But we'll and disheveled hair away from a have the ride, won't we? And will tear disfigured face.

"Why, Topsy!" exclaimed Burn- she won't?" ham amazedly. It was impossible to "Yes," said Burnham, smilingly; go on and leave Topsy crying on the "just the same." hot steps. He dropped on one knee But when the carriage stopped in beside her and tilted up the little face. front of the gray stone steps all his "Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"Well"-the tears came flooding Topsy out imploringly. back into the blue eyes-"Aunt Dale "I won't go in, Topsy," he said wouldn't take me to the park, and I tremulously. "You tell her we wanted to see the new polar bear, thought perhaps she might be sor-They say he just sits round on ice all ry-no, good Lord, don't say that! the time—and then they're scared Oh, see here; just—just say we'd like he'll die."

Topsy's curls whipped into Burn- bear!" ham's eyes smartly as she buried her Then he shrank back into the caragitated countenance in his freshly riage, crimsonly conscious that the starched bosom and wailed.

"Oh, hush, Topsy, dear! Do, for heights in the shade of Topsy's verheaven's sake hush!" Burnham anda; that Topsy herself was very him in, or-Topsy's aunt, who mor keen. wouldn't look at him.

and we'll go to see the polar bear!" her nose. And mamma says I'm a

Topsy's piercing shout of rapture perfect spectacle, and I've got to get was more dangerous than her weep- a clean dress and my face washed, ing, and Burnham hurried her off so you're to come in and wait. Aunt down the street, comforting himself Dale says you know the coolest corwith the reflection that all children ner, and mamma can't come down were more or less salamanders, and cause it's too hot to dress. Mamma that they would take the first carriage wants us to wait till to-morrow, but they found stirring.

"Don't you think Aunt Dale's hor- shiny day, and she does want to see rid?" demanded Topsy, revengefully, the polar bear!" as she clasped Burnham's hand So eager was Aunt Dale that when moistly and affectionately, and trot- her neice, although she chose the

ted beside him in soiled contentment, short and speedy route of the banis-"Oh, I don't know," he answered ter, came riotously into the parlor. hesitatingly. "It's a pretty strong she found her repentant relative in word-but I guess it's satisfactory," the shaded corner before her. he added ungallantly.

"Did she promise to take you to the by the great tragedy of the empty

"Well, no-o," said Topsy, honestly. "Chloroformed him two hours ago," "Not exactly. But I thought she explained the keeper crudely. "Lord, would, and when I went to her to- but it's a hot day!" He looked curiday-and it's such a nice, sunshing ously at the perspiring bear-hunters. day" (as if the previous twenty-eight "They ain't been much of anybody gloom) "she-she told me to go away vouchsafed, with an undercurrent of and not bother her. And-and next reproof in his tones. time I asked her to come she shook | "We only came to bring my little

"Don't cry now, young 'un," Burn- nity. ham implored. "I didn't cry when she "You didn't," interpolated Topsy

eyes from the depths of a limp sun- "You wouldn't come at all till we the deepest and noblest of its teachers; bonnet. "When did she ever shake went all the way back for you, and of a life so simple, so blameless, so you?" she asked, whisperingly, sur- then you said you wanted to see the nobly poised between vision and task veying her stalwart friend with awe. bear. And now he's dead, and you that to recall it is to catch a glimpse

clear child eyes had seen the pain afterthought, examining her skirts the Outlook. under the smile.

"Yes, I'm afraid it did." Topsy slipped her other hand into Eurnham's and she began to weep.

Burnham's, hopping along beside him | "You don't care, either-I don't be like a comforting little bird. "I'm awful sorry," she said, ear- that Aunt Dale's sorry."

nestly; and then, after a pause: "Was Aunt Dale crying yesterday when she torily and bore her away to the carwas mean to you?"

"No," said Burnham, grimly; "she Topsy," he told her seriously, "and it wasn't. I think she laughed."

"That's funny. To-day she was But at the end of the journey was crying. She said it was so hot it contentment."-New York News. made her head ache. But I think she was just crying because there was so much naughty in her. I do sometimes-and they lick me," said Topsy, never descended to hypocrisy?" asked evidently pondering on the injustice the man of severe standards. of things.

Burnham's clasp tightened on the must confess that I once sat and lislittle fingers. "Was she crying much?" he asked, essay and pretended to be as much en-

carclessly. "You bet she was. Mamma's green game."-Washington Star. pillow was all wet. And the picture she was looking at was all over

speckles." "What-what picture was it, Topsv?" Burnham saw the long, de-

seried street in a blur of yellow. "I dunno," answered Topsy, carelessly. "He was horrid ugly, like a President? DANGEROUS SHOWER BATH.

Volume of Water Almost Drowned au Adventurous Youth.

A story is told in the World's Work of a youth who, partly from ignorance, partly from a spirit of foolhardy adventure, put his life in jeopardy. He and his companion were spending a vacation in the Yosemite Valley, and 7 T was unquestionably a hot day. poodle, with a big Y on the front had been fishing for mountain trout on the Illilouette.

"To-morrow," he said, "I shall take a shower bath under the 1,700-foot

Apple Ice Cream.

Success in ice cream depends consid

erably on the method of freezing. Do

not use too much salt or the ice cream

will be hard, but coarse in texture

cracked ice or a gallon freezer. Pack

cracked ice in layers with salt, pack-

ing it in firmly but making it moist

with cold water. Ice cream should re-

main packed for at least two hours

after it is frozen. It is better if

packed for four or even six hours af-

Keep it well covered with cracked ice

under thick layers of newspaper so

somewhat like cocoanut. Make a

custard of a cup of granulated sugar,

boils, then add the cream and take

off the stove and let it cool. Just be-

fore putting the cream in the freezer

add a cup of tart grated apple and

freeze the cream immediately. The

grated apple should not be allowed to

stand in the custard, but the cream

should be frozen at once. Only a fine-

ly flavored, tart apple should be used

Damson Pickle.

Secure the fruit with stalks on, and

not over ripe. To every quart allow

six ounces of lump sugar and one pint

of white wine vinegar. Prick each

damson in several places with a darn-

ing needle. Boil the sugar and the

vinegar together, and pour it boiling

ing a quarter of an ounce of cloves

and a quarter of an ounce of cinna-

mon or mace; then pour it over the

damsons as before. The third day sim-

mer all very gently, being careful not

to break the fruit. Store in jars, and

when cold cover with a bladder. This

pickle will keep for several years, and

is most excellent with either hot or

Champlain Potatoes.

one teaspoonful of flour in a saucepan,

and add cold boiled potatoes in some-

what thick slices. Mix well with a

cupful of stock gravy or milk, and

season with salt and pepper. Stew all

together for a few minutes, then re-

move from the fire and add the yolk

of one egg beaten with one teaspoon-

ful of lemon juice and a little cold

water. Stir for a few minutes, pour

in a hot dish, and serve with chopped

parsley. This way of cooking pota-

Cherry Meringue.

Make a rich pie crust, a third of an

inch thick, and bake a light brown.

Have your cherries stoned, and sweet-

ened liberally and stewed in their own

juice until quite thick. Pour into the

pastry, and have ready the whites of

three eggs beaten as stiff as possible

with three tablespoonfuls of powdered

sugar. Spread this smoothly over the

cherries and let the pie bake again

until it is a light brown. Serve cold.

Strawberry Pudding.

One quart of sifted flour, two scam

tablespoonfuls of butter or butter and

good sweet lard, half a teaspoonful of

salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking pow-

der, mix well, then add enough milk

or water to form a soft dough. Roll

out thin and spread with berries; roll

it up and tie in a cloth. Place in a

Gingerbread Cakes.

Mix thoroughly together half t

pound of flour and four ounces of

butter, then add four ounces of

brown sugar, one egg. a teaspoonful

of ground ginger and two tablespoon-

fuls of molasses. Stir all together

again, and drop tablespoonfuls of the

batter on the baking-tin, and bake till

Various Uses for Ammonia.

A little ammonia in tepid water will

bing with a cloth wet in ammonia and

If the color has been taken out of

silks by fruit stains, ammonia will

To brighten carpets wipe them with

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammo-

A few drops in a cupful of warm

water, applied carefully, will remove

When acid of any kind gets on cloth-

ing, spirits of ammonia will kill it.

Apply chloroform to restore the color.

Keep nickel, silver ornaments and

mounts bright by rubbing with woolen

cloth saturated in spirits of ammonia.

Grease spots may be taken out with

weak ammonia in water; lay soft

white paper over and iron with a hot

Ammonia applied two or three times

on a fresh cold-sore will kill it. It

will drive it away if used when the

spots from paintings and chromos.

nia added to pail of water will clean

warm water in which has been poured

cooked thoroughly.

soften and cleanse the skin.

relieve a severe headache.

usually restore the color.

a few drops of ammonia.

windows better than soap.

steamer and steam until well done.

toes is called Maitre d' Hotel.

Cook one tablespoonful of butter and

for this purpose.

cold meat.

"You are a fool!" said his compan-

"Not at all," came the reply. "The river is very low. What there is of it and icy in consistency. Three pints of turns to spray in the first hundred salt is enough for a large pailful of feet; it will simply come down like rain. Why, you'd go under the Bridal Veil yourself! Only that's prosaic. This is something big. Come on."

"Not I." But I was there to see. The water, as he had said, came down, a consid-"Yes? Well, why don't you say it?" erable part of it, in rain and spray that | ter it has once been thoroughly frozen. the face had been so temptingly near Topsy gave his hand a suggestive | flew out on the wind incredible distances. But to crawl down, dressed in "It's-it's so beastly hot, dear, and a bathing suit, closer to the main that the air cannot reach it while it is stream that falls to the pool and upon resting. A grated apple is a palatable the rocks, with a murderous swish in addition to a plain cream, flavoring it the air and a roar in the ears like a railway train, was daring to foolhardiness. At any moment a veering wind the yolks of four eggs and two cups might swing the whole mass upon the of milk. Stir the milk over the fire tall, slim figure backing tentatively on until it is very hot, but not until it all fours down the jagged talus slope, his eye-glasses glinting cheerfully. A steady breeze kept the fall swung out a little the other way, and the spray burgeoned out far up the other slope. carriage-see? And we'll drive back The roar was deafening.

All at once the wind shifted. The water swung back, and in a flash the human figure was blotted out in a deluge that turned me sick. For a second, that seemed an hour, it played on the spot fiendishly, it seemed to me, standing horrified there, and then slowly it swept away.

And then there was a movement, a painful, crawling movement down there on the slope, and I scrambled down the slippery rocks to help a blinking, creeping, much-surprised youth, over the fruit. Next day drain the bleeding from a hundred cuts, up to syrup from the fruit, boil again, addwhere his clothes lay. He was still too dazed to speak. When his breath returned and his extra glasses were perched again on his nose, he said: "The oceans fell upon me. Come

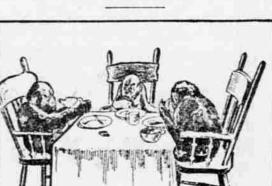
back to New England."

EMERSON'S TRUE PLACE.

"Shares with Hawthorne and Poe Primacy of American Letters." Emerson shares with Hawthorne and Poe the primacy of American letters. thermometer stood at unknown Whitman must be counted with them as an original force in poetry. His imlooked anxiously toward the house, dirty and he very wilted, and that the agination had more volume and flow; whence at any moment Topsy's howls driver had stared at him as he issued he had command, at his best, of a tellof newly stirred injury might fetch his invitation. Never mind, if only ing freshness and effectiveness of Topsy's mamma, who would invite Dale was sorry, and her sense of hu- phrase; but in power of organization, in discernment of spiritual qualities, Topsy flashed out of the house jubi- he falls far below the Concord poet. "See here! Stop crying! Listen! lantly. "She's coming!" she shouted For it is as a poet that Emerson must Is that your sunbonnet on the walk? vociferously. "She'll be ready in just be reckoned with; the limitations of Well"-desperately-"put it on quick, a minute-she's putting powder on his prose, the lack of order in his thought, and of thorough and large structure in his style, are due to the poet's method in dealing with his subjects. He has enriched our literature with a few poems of such directness of vision, such captivating simplicity of imagery, such ultimate felicity of phrase, that they will lay hold of the imagination of remote generations, He was not great in volume of emotion, in tidal force and sweep of imagination, in that fullness of life which comes to the poet whose genius is charged with elemental power as was Dante's and Shakspeare's. He did not look at Christianity with the fresh and original insight which he brought to other subjects. He saw the disorder of society, but he did not seem to realize the tremendous significance of sin as moral evil. And although he said striking and profound things about Christ, he failed to take the measure of the divinest personalty in historydays of August had passed in Arctic in here to-day, 'ceptin' kids," he a failure due in part to the force of the religious reaction in which he lived, and in part to his fundamental

view of life. In spite of these limitations, he remains in many respects the finest product of the old race in the new world: the loftiest interpreter of its Topsy stared at him with very round a block of ice outside the cage door. fundamental idea and mission; one of "Yesterday," said Burnham, gloom- don't care a bit-and oh, dear me, it's of the spiritual order of life, and to so hot and I'm so tired-and this ice | believe in the dreams of the pure and "Did it make you feel bad?" The is just water, 'added Topsy as an the great.-Hamilton Wright Mabie in

MONKEYS WHO DINE AT A TABLE.



The New York zoological garden in Bronx park boasts three very intelligent monkeys-Dohong, Pretty Peggy and Polly-who were caught by the camera while enjoying a meal al fresco. Their table manners may not be of the best in the world, but they have learned to use a fork and to drink out of cups and mugs without disgracing themselves or their tutors, Curator Ditmars and Simias Keeper Miles. The trio dine in public only twice a week, on Saturdays and Sundays, and on those days are watched by admiring hundreds.

The efficacy of the club has never been fairly estimated.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

The topic had been carefully explained, and as an aid to understanding the teacher had given each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," said she, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy

fishing? He must sit and wait and wait. He must be patient." Having treated the subject very fully, she began with the simplest,

most practical question: "And now, can any little boy tell me what we most need when we go fish-

The answer was shouted with one voice: "Balt!"

Not Much to See.



Maybelle-Did you notice Clara's new bathing suit at the beach this morning? Sallye-You forget, dear, that I am

near-sighted. None Loose Like It.

Mrs. O'Hagan-Come, Terence, trut' an' honor now, have ye ever seen another like my baby?

Uncle Terence (grumpy)—Sure, Mary Ann, an' I can't remimber, not having been to a musee-um or a side show this twinty years.

Considerate Little Son. Stern Parent-Your mother tells me you have been naughty again, and therefore I shall be obliged to punish

Troublesome Son-Wh-why can't ma punish me herself, pa? I don't s-see w-why you should have to d-do all the odd jobs.

Just Lovely. Mrs. Crawford-She married a car-

Mrs. Crabshaw-Isn't that just love ly! Now she can have shelves put up whenever she wishes, without having to ask the landlord over and over again.-Puck.

Why They Don't Speak. Mrs. Cutting Hintz-Mr. Takem Wright, the photographer, said my baby was the prettiest baby he'd ever

Mrs. Caller Down-That's strange. He said the same thing about mine. Mrs. Cutting Hintz-Well, I guess he saw your baby before he saw mine. -Detroit Free Press.

The Rush to the Country.



Farmer-Well, what's the matter

Agriculturist from the City-It's like Spirits of ammonia inhaled will often his: The cow refuses to sit on the Doorplates should be cleaned by rub-

Used To Trouble. "What makes you think you are qualified to become a football referee? Are you brave? Have you ever put down a riot?

"No; but I have acted as judge at a it's a poor place to make money." baby show."

An Acquired Habit. Mrs. Gramercy-Do you think it was an intentional slight on the part of Mrs. Newrich?

Mrs. Park-Why, no, my dear. She hasn't been a lady long enough to know how to be rude.-Puck.

Losing Interest. Mrs. Oldwed-And does your husband love you as much now as he did when you were first married?

Mrs. Newed (a bride of six months) -I don't know. I haven't asked him for three days. Comparing Notes.

"So Mr. Simlax told you his heart was broken when you refused him?" said Maud.

Yes." answered Mamie. The impudence of him to offer me it? maged goods the next day!"-

a hi gton Star.

summoned in haste by Mrs. Johnston, who had been taken suddenly ill. He went, in some wonder, because she was not of his parish, and was known to be devoted to her own minister, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins. While he was waiting in the parlor,

Too Precious.

bit among his annals. One day he was

A village clergyman has this choice

before seeing the sick woman, he beguiled the time by talking with her daughter. "I am very much pleased to know

your mother thought of me in her illness," he said. "Is Mr. Hopkins The lady looked unfeignedly shock-

"No," she said. "Oh, no! But we're afraid it's something contagious, and we didn't like to run any risks."-Housewife.

One Woman's Thrift.

A traveler has a story of a canny old dame whom he met in one of his motor tours. He had the bad luck to run over one of her chickens. It was not greatly hurt, but he stopped and offered the woman a trifle in compensation.

"Yes, sir," she said, "when I wants pullet killed I allus puts un out in the road. Ten to one but it's runned over, and then I gets the payment and my pullet, too.

A Color Scheme.

"Phoebe, see how the color has run in this waist. It's simply ruined!" "'Deed, missy, I has de wust luck; color seems to run in our fambly."-

Now They Don't Speak. Ethel-Yes, I won Charley at euchre party.

Ernie-Indeed! I heard you were awarded the booby prize.-Chicage

Its Advantage. "I should think golf would be rather violent exercise for your grandfather." "I suppose it would if he didn't have

so much time to rest while the ball is being found." Shoe on the Other Foot. Osmond-Well, you've never seen ma run after people who have money.

Desmond-No; but I've seen people run after you because you didn't have Unprofitable Questionings.

Husband--A penny for your thoughts, Flora. Wife-I was thinking of a fifteen dollar hat.



Little Bobby-Say, pop! Father-Well, what is it now?

Little Bobby-If a Chinaman speak broken English would a white man speak broken China- (Exit Bobby to bed.)

Advantage of Riches. Physician-The truth can no long.

be hidden, madam. I am obliged to tell you that your little son is-erweak minded; that is-well, it must be said-he is an idiot. Mrs. Highup-How fortunate it is

that we are rich. No one will ever no tice it.-New York Weekly.

Couldn't Scare Him. "Colonel," said the fair hostess to the hero of many battles, "are you fond of classical music?" "Madam," replied the gallant colonel

"I'm not afraid of it." Inquisitive.

Bertie-Papa, a little stream is a streamlet, isn't it? Papa-Yes, Bertie. Bertie-Well, papa, is a-

Papa-Oh, go away, Bertle. I wan a little quiet. Bertie-Well, why didn't you say you wanted a quietlet?

Her Pet Name. "Darling," he said, after the pro

posal, "Hildegarde is such a long and formal name. Is there no pet name by which I---" "Oh, yes," she interrupted, "the girls

at school always call me 'Pickles.' "-Philadelphia Press.

Misdirected Effort. "Chicago is all right in most re spects," said the retired burglar, "but

"Why, I thought it was the best ever," rejoined the pickpocket.

"Well, it ain't," replied the r. b. "Why, only last week a friend of min was pinched for making a few nick

Up Against It. Brokeleigh-Miss Gotrox, I indulge the hope that I may yet win your love Miss Gotrox-Then the rumor is

Brokeleigh-What rumor? Miss Gotrox-The one pertaining to

your penchant for overindulgence. As Explained. Bess-I wasn't aware that Mise Shopley had such a loud voice until 1

encountered her in a downtown store this morning. Nell-How did you happen to notice

Bess-She was asking for a pair pol No. 2 shoes.

cold-sore is first felt.