

the insurance companies would refuse to pay the insurance in case of destruction by fire occasioned by the use of gasoline.

Picked Up

Brooklyn is the first city to have a woman as forewoman of a stable. The position was formerly occupied by her husband, who lost it, and is now a driver.

One of the latest innovations in modern conveniences is the Economical Shoe-Repairing Company. A trim-looking two-wheeled wagon, bearing this sign, calls for shoes that need repairing, and returns them at the specified time.

Dr. Knowlton, of Chicago, urges greater care in the running of elevators. The nervous shock that accompanies the running of elevators at rapid speed causes positive danger to people of weak heart-action, because of the sudden jar in stopping and starting.

The London "Spectator" tells of a little child who, on inhaling the perfume of some wild flower, exclaimed, "How passionately smellful it is!" The "Spectator" defends the use of the word "smellful" as being as legitimate as "painful," "hurtful," "helpful."

A German professor urges the encouragement of stamp-collecting among children. He says it develops the color sense and trains the powers of observation, because the eyes learn to detect resemblances and differences, and gives a familiarity with geographical names that stimulates an interest in geography.

The hiding of money in the house to keep it safely is a most foolish practice; to hide it and not let the members of the family most concerned know of the place of concealment is still more unwise. Recently a man hid \$12,000 in a chimney without telling his wife of the place of concealment. The wife lighted a fire on the hearth, and the money—paper—was destroyed. Only a short time ago the papers gave an account of the destruction of four hundred dollars hid in a stovepipe in the same way. The wife knew nothing of the place of concealment, and lighted a fire in the stove.

Laddie

By Mrs. George A. Paull

In Two Parts—II.

It was Jack's mother's fashion always to come in for a good-night talk, and all the things that were either perplexing or wrong in the day that had passed were all straightened out in this talk with mother. Jack was not a perfect boy by any means, and he was not the least bit of what boys call "goody-goody," but there was one grand thing about him that would keep him from ever going very far wrong. His mother was his best friend and his chosen confidante. He never kept anything from her, and he never minded telling her all about his very worst scrapes.

"Mother never scolds," Jack had once retorted triumphantly when a boy asked him if he was afraid to do something for fear his mother would scold if she found it out. And it was quite true, his mother never did scold. She was too wise a mother for that; and though she had a high standard for her boy, and wanted him to do right in everything, yet if she had to tell him that he was wrong, Jack always knew that she never loved him more than when he had done wrong, and the fact that she was grieved instead of angry made him very unhappy when he had to confess anything that he knew would bring a sorrowful look into her eyes.

"If she was the kind of mother that pitched into a fellow and gave him fits whenever he did anything, I wouldn't care whether I did things right or not; but I have such a kind of a partnership feeling with mother that it don't seem fair to disgrace the firm," he thought.

But to-night Jack did not want to change his mind about

Dan's deserts, and so, when his mother sat down by him, and put her hand on his head half hidden in the pillow, he only grunted, and gave an impatient toss.

There was silence for a moment, and then Jack broke out, impatiently:

"Go ahead, mother. I know what you're up to, but it isn't any use, I can tell you beforehand. Dan doesn't deserve to have me let up on him. You know he don't."

"I know it, dear," and mother's voice was very loving.

Jack lifted up his head like a turtle from the pillow, and tried to see his mother's face in the moonlight. That was the last thing he had expected to hear her say. He had supposed she would tell him that Dan did deserve to be forgiven.

"It is quite true that Dan did a mean, contemptible thing when he hurt poor little Laddie," she said, stroking the curly hair. "It isn't because he deserves it that I want you to feel differently towards him."

"Then why should I, if he doesn't deserve it?" demanded Jack, triumphantly.

"That is just the very reason," his mother answered. "Because he does not deserve it. You remember the last part of the Epistle you learned this evening: 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.'"

"He certainly is my enemy, there's no doubt about that," said Jack, giving the pillow a thump, wishing it was Dan's head that he had in such a convenient place for punching. "But, mamsie, dear, don't you see how perfectly impossible it is for me to feel decently towards him? I wouldn't care if he had hurt me. You know I don't keep up a grudge against a fellow that hurts me; but Laddie, poor little Laddie! why, I don't see how you could even expect me to be nice to a fellow who would hurt him! It was cruel and cowardly, you say yourself that it was, to stone a poor dog who had never done anything to him. Oh, I just won't have anything more to do with him after I settle with him for what he has done. I shall do that first."

"It will be hard, I know, dear, but my boy has done hard things before now because they were right."

"Now, mamsie, that isn't fair. You are just trying to coax me that way. I could do this if I wanted to, but I just don't want to, and that is all there is about it. I'll do anything else in the world to please you, but I can't do this."

"But it isn't to please me, Jack."

"I know."

Jack was quiet for a time, and then he flounced about vigorously on his pillows trying to make them more comfortable. Something was very uncomfortable, and fixing the pillows did not seem to improve matters.

"Dear," said his mother, tenderly, "I wish I could do it for you. You know I would if I could."

"I know you would. You are the best mother that ever lived," and Jack rolled his head over into her lap, and drew her hand down to his lips. No mother ever had a more devoted knight than was Jack. If he hadn't been such a splendid fellow in every way, one would have had to love him for that alone.

"I know it all, mamsie. I know I ought to forgive him, and now, when he's sick, I ought to go and see him, and be nice to him; but how can I?"

"You know where the strength will come from, Jack, and you can do it if you will. I think you might be a good deal of a help to Dan, dear, if you will. Since they have come here to live he has not made many friends, and the friends he has chosen are not the ones that will be of any help to him. If you will try to help him, and bring him here sometimes, and show him that a boy can have a good time and be good too, you might give him a helping hand that would pull him out of ever so many bad ways."

"Aren't you afraid he would pull me down?" asked Jack, mischievously.

He knew what his mother would say.

"I can trust my boy."

"The fellows don't like Dan because he's so disagreeable.

He's always doing mean things, and I don't see any use in trying to help such a disagreeable fellow, anyway."

"He hasn't any mother, Jack. That is his aunt who keeps house, and whom we have thought was his mother. I only heard that this afternoon. Now, dear, to-morrow I am going over to see him and take him some little things, but I will leave it to you to go first, if you would rather."

Jack groaned.

"I suppose if he hasn't got a mother, that accounts for it all," he answered presently. "I don't know what I wouldn't be if I hadn't you, mamsie darling. You go, and that will do him lots of good; but do let me off."

"Just as you like, Jack. Good-night, darling. You sleep over it, and we won't talk any more about it to-night."

Jack tossed restlessly about for some time, instead of falling to sleep at once, as he usually did after a day of study and play.

"What a mother I have got!" he said to himself, as he heard the ripple of music coming up from the parlor, and heard his mother's voice. "I ought to be a perfect angel with such a mother. I suppose a fellow like Dan isn't much to blame for being what he is, with no one to help him. That aunt of his looks as if she would turn vinegar sour if she looked at it, and I know she's a scold. I heard her giving Dan fits once when I went past."

Jack was not a saint, but he did try to do right, and, with the words of the verse he had learned that evening ringing in his ears, he could not cherish his anger.

By and by he slipped out of bed, and, kneeling down, prayed for help to do what he could not do in his own strength. Then he went over and looked down at the sleeping Laddie.

"You're a forgiving little fellow, Laddie," he said, softly. "I suppose if Dan wanted to make up to you, you would be friends right off with him."

The next morning his mother did not say anything to him about Dan. She knew that when her boy had made up his mind he would tell her of his own accord; and when, after breakfast, she saw him go to his book-shelves and take down some of his favorite books, she guessed what he meant to do with them.

"Mamsie," he said presently, in what he intended to be a very matter-of-fact voice, "I think I'll take some of these books over to Dan on my way to school. And did you say you had something for him?"

The look on his mother's face more than paid Jack for all that the struggle to do right had cost. He knew just how pleased she was that he had done right, and how her sympathies had been with him in the effort which had seemed hopelessly hard at first. What could not a boy do for a mother who loved him so dearly, and who knew just when to let a boy settle things by himself, and when to help him!

Ten minutes later, with his arms full of books, and a little basket of good things in his hand, Jack knocked at Dan's door.

Dan was lying on a bed near the window, and when he heard the door open in response to his "Come in," he turned his head to see who his visitor was.

When he saw Jack coming in, he pulled the bedclothes over his face, afraid that Jack had taken this time to avenge himself for the cruel treatment of Laddie.

He could hardly believe his ears when he heard Jack say, in a very friendly voice:

"Hello, Dan! How do you feel to-day? It's slow work staying in bed, isn't it? I've brought you over some of my books to read. Mother sent you something nice in her basket, too."

There was no mistaking the tone of cordial friendliness, and Dan's head came out from under the sheets in a rather shamefaced way. His eyes brightened at the sight of the books, and as Jack began to talk about them he forgot his shyness and awkwardness.

No allusion was made by either of the boys to Dan's treatment of Laddie, though both of them were thinking about it. It was not until Dan was nearly well that he could bring himself to speak of it, and Jack was too gen-

erous a boy to allude to it, when he was showing so many kindnesses to the boy who had been his enemy.

One day, as Jack was about to go, Dan blurted out, suddenly:

"I say, Jack, I'd a heap rather you'd have given me a thrashing than acted this way to me. It makes a fellow feel meaner than mud, for I never did anything but torment you while I was well. I'm awful sorry I broke your dog's leg, and I've been wanting to say so, only I couldn't, somehow. I know I ain't much account, Jack, but I'll be your friend through everything after this, and Laddie's too, and when I get well I'll make up to you for all this. Say, what made you act so, anyway?"

"Oh, I was having my revenge on you," Jack answered, with a twinkle in his eye, as he thought how different it was from the way in which he wanted to revenge himself.

"You were!" ejaculated Dan, in amazement. "How?"

Jack's face flushed, but he answered bravely, with a reverence in his tone that was very sweet to hear:

"If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. I was trying 'coals of fire,' you see, Dan."

"I wish I was like you," Dan said, after a little pause. "But, Jack, if you knew what a difference it makes having such a mother as yours! I'm only a bother to Aunt Hannah, for she don't like boys, and only has me because there's no one else to take care of me; but you don't know how lonesome it is, and mother died when I was a little shaver, and I can only just remember her."

There was a little choke in his voice, and warm-hearted Jack felt his eyes growing moist. Suppose he was in Dan's place, and that dear mother was gone? A warm friendliness sprang up in his heart for the motherless boy.

"Look here, old boy," he said, sitting down on the edge of the bed, and taking Dan's hand; "I'll go shares with you with my mother—and half of her is worth a whole of any other mother in the world. You just come over to our house whenever you like. Mother is always glad to have the fellows come, and she'll help you the way she does me. There never was any one like her for helping a fellow out of scrapes. We'll be chums, and you drop going with those other fellows, for they're always getting you into scrapes, and then shirking off and leaving you to take all the blame. Come on over to mother now, and I'll tell her I've shared with you."

"I've brought you a new boy, mamsie, dear," announced Jack as he came into the room with Dan, walking feebly, for he was still weak, while Laddie hobbled along after the boys, wagging his tail cheerfully, as if everything was just as it should be.

"Maybe you don't want another, especially when he ain't a very nice kind of a fellow," said Dan, but there was a wistful look in his eyes that went straight to the motherly heart that was large enough for all boys.

And so Dan turned over a new leaf, and, though he failed every now and then, as a boy will even when he is doing his best, yet, knowing that motherly sympathy and advice awaited him in all his troubles, he kept on trying, and proved himself to be a friend well worth having. There are some parts of a story that one knows without being told, and so there is no need for me to tell you that Jack was glad that he had tried the noblest form of revenge that one can show towards an enemy—heaping coals of fire upon his head.



Answers to Puzzles

(In Outlook for November 24.)

"A Multiple Definition." Answer: Slip.

"Transpositions." Answer: Grape, rape, reap, pear, pare, bare, hare, care, dare, rare, ware, fare, tare, stare, star, tar, rat, art.

"Verbal Ages." Answer: 1. Percentage. 2. Image. 3. Arrearage. 4. Courage. 5. Equipage. 6. Marriage. 7. Tonnage. 8. Steerage. 9. Pierage. 10. Savage. 11. Appendage. 12. Parentage. 13. Manage. 14. Adage. 15. Damage.

"Twelve Hidden Wild Flowers." Answer: 1. Meadow-sweet. 2. "Butter and Eggs." 3. Yarrow. 4. Arbutus. 5. Aster. 6. Rue. 7. Sorrel. 8. Anemone. 9. Orchis. 10. Vervain. 11. Gentian. 12. Mallow.

For the Little People

Their Sail

By K. A. Peters

Said Charlie to Sam on a bright summer day,
"Come, let us go sailing in Chesapeake Bay:
We'll fish and we'll sail, and a big storm will
come,
And rock the boat so that we'll hurry back
home."

Said Sam unto Charlie: "O yes! let's jump in.
I'm ready, right now, for the storm to begin."
And just as soon as these boys got afloat
A big storm arose and kept rocking the boat.

Said Charlie to Sam: "There hasn't been time
For even one fish to nibble my line.
Such a terrible storm I didn't expect;
If it keeps on like this, our boat will get
wrecked."

Said Sam unto Charlie: "This boat keeps on
rocking,
And soon will upset, the storm is so shocking.
We'll surely get *drowned*, and there'll be a
great fuss,
And we won't catch the fish, but the fish will
catch us."

Said Charlie to Sam: "It is really too bad,
But Biddy is coming, and looks very mad;
So I guess that we'd better get out of her way,
And finish our sailing on some other day."

And so Sam and Charlie both hastened in fear
To get out of the way before Biddy came near:
For when that big storm rocked their sailboat
so hard,
They were in Biddy's wash-tub out in the back
yard!

Poney and the Lion

By Adeline Knapp

Poney is a small beagle-hound, living on a
ranch in central California. She is a very
pretty creature, white and golden brown, with
long, silky ears, and soft, expressive eyes.
She weighs about fifteen pounds, and is one
of the gentlest little canine ladies you could
desire to see.

The beagle, although a small hound, and
exceedingly mild in its manners, is very cour-
ageous, and they are famous hunters. In the
San Joaquin Valley, where rabbits abound and
are a serious pest, these hounds are worth
their weight in gold to the farmer. They are
rare, however, and bring a good price. Poney,
and Naylor, her mate, keep the ranch on
which they live quite cleared of rabbits,
gophers, and ground-squirrels, and their pup-
pies are always sold, as soon as they are old
enough, to people living "in the San Joaquin."

On the same ranch with Poney and Naylor
live a number of other dogs, for the young
men are great hunters. There are three Irish
setters, a mastiff, a fox-terrier, and a big Llew-
ellyn setter. At the time I write of, Poney
had four particularly fine puppies, just old
enough to be weaned. They were soon to be
sent away, so at night Poney was separated
from them and locked up in the barn, that the
puppies might become quite independent of
her maternal care. It was a clear moonlight
night. The puppies were all asleep in front of
their little kennel; the Irish setters and the
mastiff were lying under the trees; Naylor
and the Llewellyn setter were off hunting,
when down the mountain, creeping softly,
looking for just such a nice supper as these
sleeping puppies would have made him, came
a puma, or California lion.

The puma was bigger than the biggest dog
on the place, and he must have been pretty
hungry or he would not have come so near the
house; for while a California lion will kill
cattle, or even horses, and the creatures have
been known to attack men, still they are very
wary, and do not often run into danger.

Well, this fellow came prowling down the
mountain, and presently espied the puppies.

All the dogs discovered him at about the
same time, and at once a terrible commotion

began. Mastiff, setters, and terrier ran howl-
ing to the house and hid, yelping, beneath it;
the puppies cowered back into the kennel,
crying pitifully, while the lion had evidently
made up his mind to have at least one of
them.

Shut up in the barn, Poney heard her babies
crying, and began to howl and cry in response.
Desperately she dug her way out from under
the barn wall, and, rushing up, hurled herself
upon the great, prowling invader. It was lit-
erally rushing into the lion's jaws, for she was
hardly more than a good mouthful for him.
He turned and made a savage attack upon
her, while the puppies rushed from the kennel
and sought shelter at the ranch-house.

Aroused by the commotion, the farmer
came running, barefooted and in his night-
clothes, to the scene of the struggle.

There was poor Poney, held fast in the lion's
jaws, while the creature was rapidly shaking
the life out of her.

Seizing the ax, the farmer rushed at the lion,
who, thinking discretion the better part of
valor, dropped the little hound and fled before
the man could aim a blow at him. Poor little
Poney was terribly bitten about the head and
breast, and one leg was broken, but, hurt and
wounded though she was, she would not be
satisfied until she had licked each one of her
puppies, and satisfied herself of their safety.
Her wounds were dressed, and, as dogs are
good patients so far as recovery from injuries
are concerned, she is now nearly well again,
although still lame; but she has not been shut
away from her puppies since that night, when
her mother-love made her dig her way out of
the barn and fly to do battle for them against
such awful odds.

Some Wonderful Eggs

The Washington "Post" tells us that Kel-
ler, the magician, went down to the beautiful
market at Washington. This market is one
of the sights of Washington, especially on
Saturday morning, when the flower market is
a dream of beauty and fragrance. All around
on the outside of the beautiful building colored
aunties sit selling eggs and herbs, and at this
time of the year holly and mistletoe. They
have bandannas on their heads and gay-col-
ored shawls about them, many of them smoke
pipes, and all of them are good-natured and
smiling. They come in from the suburbs of
Washington, sometimes walking, but more
times in rickety carts drawn by equally rick-
ety mules. They arrive early in the morning,
and sit placidly and contentedly beside their
little stalls in baskets or boxes, or on planks
raised on boxes, all day, or until they have sold
out their stock. Mr. Keller walked up to one
of these old black aunties, asking, "How much
are your eggs?" "Twenty-three cents, honey,"
she said, in her sweet Southern drawl. "I will
try half a dozen;" and the magician proceeded
to crack them, and, in addition to the natural
contents of the egg, a gold dollar came out of
the first shell; the second one was broken and
a five-dollar gold piece came out, and the third
one brought a ten-dollar gold piece. By this
time the old colored auntie was in a state of
wild excitement. She dropped her pipe and
spectacles and stood leaning over the basket
containing the eggs unsold, and held it tightly.
A bystander who knew Mr. Keller said, "Well,
auntie, how much will you take for the rest?"
"Deed, chile, dese aigs ahn't fuh sale." Doubt-
less she carried them home expecting to find
the same rich return that Mr. Keller had found,
but, alas! these eggs without Mr. Keller were
only ordinary eggs.

Good for the Organ-Grinder

All the little folks who read this page who
have brothers in college know that these big
brothers are very clever, that they know a great
deal. Sometimes the professors are almost
as clever, know almost as much. At an East-
ern college recently some students borrowed

a hand-organ from the owner and began play-
ing it under the window of one of the profes-
sors. He came out with his hat and passed
it around, urging the students to be generous.
When each student had contributed, the pro-
fessor gave all the money to the owner of the
organ and told him to leave the campus.
Which was the more clever, the students or
the professor?

Bulls Without Legs

When you hear the word "bull," you think
of a big brown or black animal, with horns,
and a switching tail, and fiery eyes, who roars,
and is altogether frightful—an animal to be
avoided. That is one kind of bull, but there
is another kind that makes us laugh, and that
is made of words. Recently a prize was
offered in England for the best bull of this
kind, and here are some that were sent in:

Extract from a speech made at a meeting to pro-
mote total abstinence: "The glorious work will
never be accomplished until the good ship 'Temper-
ance' shall sail from one end of the land to the other,
and, with a cry of 'Victory!' at each step she takes,
shall plant her banner in every city, town, and vil-
lage in the United Kingdom."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against land-
lords and capitalists, declared that "if these men
were landed on an uninhabited island they wouldn't
be there half an hour before they would have their
hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

Only a few weeks ago, a lecturer at a big meeting
gave utterance to the following: "All along the
untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden
footprints of an unseen Hand."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and
leaves the ashes in our hands!"

One of the regulations of the West Boston Bridge
Company reads:

"And the said proprietors shall meet annually on
the first Tuesday of June, provided the same does
not fall on a Sunday."

An orator at one of the University Unions bore off
the palm of merit when he declared that "the British
lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or
climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its
horns nor retire into its shell."

This last one you may not understand without
thinking it over, but it is very funny when
you do see its contradiction.

A certain politician, lately condemning the gov-
ernment for its recent policy concerning the income
tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting
the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until
they pump it dry."

This kind of bull is very amusing, and, as you
see, harmless; very different from the bulls
with horns and fiery eyes.

The Emperor and the Cobbler

St. Crispin, you know, is the patron saint
of the shoemakers. In Flanders and some
other European countries he has his day which
is kept as a festival. It is said that the Em-
peror Charles V. went into a cobbler's shop
on the evening of St. Crispin's Day, and found
the cobbler celebrating the day with his friends.
The Emperor, who was not recognized, told
his errand. He wanted his shoes mended.
The cobbler told him he would not do any
work, not even for the Emperor. "Do you
love him?" asked Charles. "I do," said the
cobbler, "but I would love him more if he
taxed us less." The Emperor sat down with
the cobbler and his friends and had a pleasant
evening. The next day the cobbler was sum-
moned to the palace, and in the Emperor saw
his visitor of the preceding day.

The Emperor asked him what he wanted
most. The cobbler asked for a night to de-
cide. The next day he told the Emperor that
he desired that the cobblers of Flanders should
have the right to bear for their coat of arms a
boot with a crown upon it. The request was
granted.

A Hint to Scholars

A dear little dunce of a girl, Ann Eliza,
Dreamed that she dined with the Common
Divisor.

They ate up the rule

She had studied at school,

And at once she began to grow rapidly wiser.

—*Youth's Companion.*