

THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN.

Vote by Japanese School Children—Washington and Lincoln Lead.

Dr. Yamakawa, formerly president of Tokio University, recently offered to present a picture of a famous man or woman to the Iriye primary school at Hilo and asked that a vote of the children should be taken to choose the subject of the portrait. The 343 boys and girls attending the school were consequently requested a day or two ago to write down the name of their favorite great man or woman. Washington and Lincoln came out at the head of the list with 69 and 53 votes, respectively, while Admiral Togo was a bad third with no more than 28. Fourth on the list was Niomiya Santoku, a famous philanthropist of olden days, who endeavored to construct a canal at Kio to at his own cost for the benefit of the people. The fifth was another American, Benjamin Franklin, with 21 votes, and after him came Kingunohi Masashige (Nanfo), Miss Florence Nightingale, Wagono Kiyomaro (a famous Japanese loyalist), 12; Marquis Oyama, 11; Nelson, 11; Toyotomi Hideyoshi, 7; Gen. Kodama, 7; Saigo Takamori, 7; Nakayama Toju, 6; Admiral Uruu, 6; Murasaki Shikibu, 5; Bismarck, 5; Sugawara Michizane, 4; Commander Hirose, 4; Napoleon, 4. A few votes each were cast for President Roosevelt, Nijima Jo, Galileo, Columbus, Socrates, Count Katsura, Premier Saloni, Marquis Yamagata, Gen. Nogri, Peter the Great and Admiral Makharoff.

DANCING DAYS NOT OVER.

Elderly Ladies Still Enjoy the Pleasures of the Waltz.

An early caller at a West Side flat was received by the small girl of the family. "Is your grandmother in?" asked the visitor. "No," said the child; "she has gone to dancing school." "To—what?" exclaimed the visitor. "Dancing school," repeated the girl. "Grandmother has been taking dancing lessons all season." "Merciful heavens!" gasped the visitor. Then, being a grandmother herself, of the old-fashioned type, she went away dumb with amazement. However, upon inquiry she learned that that particular grandmother was not exceptionally giddy. "Any number of elderly ladies are attending dancing school this season," said a teacher. "I have a large class of grandmothers. They do not confine themselves to simple dances, either, but take up all kinds of fancy, difficult steps. They do it to get limbered up and keep themselves young."—N. Y. Press.

How Swift Was Sold.

An amusing affair happened once between a coal dealer and a Mr. Swift of Boston. The latter was very anxious to see that the purchaser did not cheat him, so he—the purchaser—inspected the weighing of the coal himself and felt perfectly satisfied that he got his allowance, without any desire on the part of the coal dealer to share. However, while the coal was weighing, the driver of the team could not help laughing, aware at the time that the purchaser was particularly about the full weight of the coal. Mr. Swift, noticing the laughing driver, asked him what it was all about. So the driver told him. "Why," said he, "when your coal was weighed you were standing on the scales and weighed with it." "Is it possible? Why, I weigh nearly 200 pounds!" "Well, sir," said the driver, "you are sold." "Yes," was the reply, "and I have bought myself, too."

Puzzle for Post Office Clerks.

Cleverness is one of the attributes necessary for every man who is employed in the post office sorting mail, for he meets with all kinds of freaks in the shape of letters peculiarly addressed. Some jokers appear to think that all the postal clerk has to do is to solve puzzles. Recently at the Boston office a letter was received addressed "Wood, Mass.," with a line drawn under the "Wood" and over the "Mass." The letter went out the same day it was received and reached Mark Underwood, Andover, Mass., for whom it was intended, and the postal clerk who solved the riddle did not think he had done anything brilliant. It was all in his day's work.

Loot of Dinner Campaigns.

The Bohemienne was giving a dinner to a few friends. One by one they unfolded their large white serviettes and held them up to the light from the chandelier. "What prize did you draw?" the writer asked. "Mine is from Healy's." "Mine," said the artist, "is from the Cafe Boulevard." "And mine," the poet exclaimed grandiloquently, "is finest of all. It was swiped from the Waldorf." "How can I help it?" the Bohemienne asked, "if they will persist in carrying their names in letter of damask that won't come off?"—New York Press.

Hallucinations in the Sickroom.

Physician—The majority of my patients are victims of a peculiar hallucination. Druggist—Indeed! What is the nature thereof? Physician—They seem to think I haven't any earthly use for money.—Ethica, N. Y. Observer.

WORST CLIMATES ON EARTH.

Globe Trotter's Recollections of Three Unendurable Regions.

A harsh, raw wind was blowing. Now and then a flurry of icy rain fell. The streets were ankle deep in slush. "Speaking of rank climates," said the globe trotter as he laid on a fresh log. "I have experienced the three worst. Of these three unendurable climates I give the palm to the Straits of Magellan. There it rains on an average 350 days in the year. The wind blows a hurricane from January to December. The thermometer never rises much above the freezing point. A year round of raw, bitter days of rain and snow. "Next comes Sierra Leone, on the African west coast. That low-lying, marshy region has an average temperature of 81 degrees and the annual rainfall is 130 inches—enormous. There are, too, the smokes. These are mist-smelling like oyster mud, that rise continually from the marshes, giving marsh fever to nine out of ten of the white men that breathe them. A year round of hot and sticky days, with vile-smelling clouds of mist and whirling clouds of mosquitoes. "Last come the high table lands of central Asia, where the lack of moisture in the air makes the days Saharan and the nights arctic. Days like a red-hot furnace, nights like a January blizzard—before this range of temperature no human constitution can stand up."

AUTHOR WAS WAITING, TOO.

Heroine of His Novel Could Not Make Up Her Mind.

Henry M. Hyde relates that he gave half of the manuscript of his latest novel to a young woman typist to copy, telling her that the rest of the story would not be ready for several weeks, and that she would be notified when to call for it. Five days later she went to the office of Mr. Hyde and asked for the remainder of the manuscript. "You know I said it would not be ready for some weeks," the author answered. "I'll let you know when it is ready." The young woman came back within 48 hours. "I thought perhaps you might have got it done," she apologized. Mr. Hyde shook his head. "Well," she went on, "won't you please tell me which one of them she finally married. Then I won't bother you again." "I don't know yet, myself," was the answer. "She doesn't seem able to make up her mind. That's just what's causing the delay."

Wanted to Be Shown.

In the early 90's Uncle Moses Fowler of Lyme, Conn., was elected a member of the legislature in that state. At that time great effort was being made to defeat pool selling at the Charter Oak Park races, and no member of that legislature was more zealous to faithfully serve his constituents than "Uncle Mose." Having always lived in a farming community, his knowledge of gambling methods was very limited. In pursuit of information on pool selling he stopped one day in the Chaffee House at Middletown, and, accosting the proprietor, said: "Mr. Chaffee, I hear you have a pool table here in your hotel. Now, there is so much said up at Hartford about the evils of this pool business that I would like to see how the game is played."

Was of High Degree.

A little West Philadelphia girl a few weeks ago became the owner of a puppy and the sister of a new baby brother all in one day. The puppy was of valuable collie stock. A week or so after these important events she met the minister of her church and he asked her the baby's name. "He has not yet been named," was the child's answer. "How about your little doggie; has it been named?" was the next question. "Yes, sir; we call him Tip," replied the girl. "How is it the puppy has a name and the little boy has not?" asked the minister. "You know that Tip has a pedigree."

Uncommon Use.

A young couple moved into a new flat which had never been occupied. The young wife was prowling about with a pan full of hooks, big and little, inserting them in proper places for the hanging of clothes, etc. In one place the wood seemed too hard for the screw of the hook to enter, and she got a gimlet to make a little preliminary hole. The gimlet didn't work either, and she called to her husband: "Harry, I wish you'd see if you can make this gimlet go in." Harry came, looked and laughed. "Your difficulty speaks better for your morals than your mechanics, my dear," said he; "you're trying to bore a hole with the corkscrew."

Trials of the Missionary.

Dr. John Gibson Paton, the missionary, told in his autobiography how depressed he was when he first arrived in the New Hebrides in 1858. The natives were in their war paint and nakedness; a fight was going on, and five or six men had been killed. His native servant, who went out to procure water for tea, came back without it. The savages had cooked and eaten the dead bodies at the only available spring; had washed the blood into the water and had bathed in it. The missionary drank cocoanut water for a good while after that.

TEACHES DOGS A LESSON.

Animals on One Letter Carrier's Route Never Attack Him Twice.

"No one comes in contact with all sorts of dogs more than the letter carrier," said the man in gray as the interviewer judged along beside him. "Take it outside the business districts and every other family has a dog. Many of them I pay no attention to, but about one out of five aches to get his teeth into my legs at first sight. It is a part of my duty to teach such curs a lifelong lesson. "Do you kick them?" was asked. "That would be foolish. I carry here in my side pocket about a quarter of a pound of dry fine cut tobacco. You see it is almost as fine as snuff. The dog that means to bite you won't come charging down with a roar. He sneaks up behind and gives a jump in. I am ready for it. Without seeming to be watching, I know where he is, and at the right moment he gets the tobacco dust in his eyes. Then there is a circus. That dog goes through, such a performance as you never witnessed, and his owner, man or woman, indulges in all sorts of threats. I deliver the mail and say nothing and go on. The dog's eyes are sore for a fortnight, and if he afterward meets me on the street he will drop his tail and make a bolt for home. It's a lesson he never forgets, and I believe it increases his owner's respect for Uncle Sam's uniform."

ALL ARGUMENT AT AN END.

Youthful Logic That Completely Silenced Mother.

A small girl of ten was starting to consume a tower of graham crackers that she had ingeniously built at the table. Her parents remonstrated with her. The girl persisted and was finally sent to bed for disobedience. The next morning after her father had gone down to the office she turned to her mother with an expression of resignation and the words: "Well, how long is this going to last? I suppose I've got to stand it for the present, but just wait till I grow up and then I'm going to do exactly what I please." "But, Carol," argued her mother, a bit alarmed at the child's persistence, "I'm grown up and I don't always do what I want to." "Well," remarked Carol, with an air of conviction which contained a prophecy, "all I have to say is that you are very foolish." The argument was unanswerable and the mother lapsed into silence.

Headed That Way.

The late Hon. Amasa Norcross of Fitchburg, Mass., who ably represented his district for three successive terms in congress, told the following story with evident enjoyment: In the early days of his practice as a lawyer he was employed as attorney for a man who complained of a neighbor for trespassing upon his premises, who among other things said that when he went to talk with his neighbor about it that individual used very threatening and abusive language. In cross-examining the defendant upon the witness stand Mr. Norcross asked: "What did you say to my client when he came to see you about trespassing on his premises?" "I told him to go to the devil." "Well, did he go?" "I think he did, sir, for I noticed that he started off directly toward your office."

Hogs' Strange Behavior.

Hogs over near the good church of Providence are acting queerly here recently. One of my grave, dignified stewards was telling me about it the other day. "Brother W—," said he, "a strange thing is happening over in our community. 'What in the world is it?' said I. 'Well,' replied my steward, 'it's the hogs. They are acting as I never saw them before. They are actually rubbing their tails off.' "You don't tell me—rubbing their tails off?" Steward—"Yes, sir, it's a fact. It seems it is some sort of a disease that peculiarly affects that part of the hog's anatomy, and he goes to a pine tree and rubs until the tail is excommunicated. We have more bottal hogs in my section than you can shake a stick at."—Southern Christian Advocate.

Berlin Barred Scriptural Sign.

The Berlin police are extremely thorough in their methods, and Daniel Czilemec, who keeps a beer house opposite the Nazareth church there, has experienced this. In a moment of inspiration he christened his establishment "Daniel in the Lions' Den," and painted on the signboard over his door a picture of the great Hebrew sitting at ease among the lions. The police came along and told Daniel that his sign and picture were calculated to offend religious susceptibilities and ordered their removal. "Daniel in the" might remain, but "Lions' Den" and the picture had to go.

Held in Reserve.

Peppery Colonel (at the club card table)—Good heavens, sir! Haven't you got a black suit? Irresponsible sub—Yes, sir, but I'm saving it for your funeral!

The Ruling Passion.

Doctor (looking at clinical thermometer)—Hello! This won't do—hundred and three!

Golfing Patient—What's bogey?

When Wilbur Nesbit, author of "The Gentleman Ragman," was a boy he lived in a small town in Ohio, and he and his brother one summer concluded that they would establish themselves in business as paper-hangers. The lads were well liked and had plenty of work. One week they were given the contract to paper the ceiling of a store-room. The ceiling had never been given a "white coat" of plaster, but was smooth-coated with the brown mortar. The boys found that the paper would not adhere to the brown mortar because the sand in it pulled off and let the paper fall. The owner of the store-room had a hardware store a few doors down the street. Wilbur sauntered into the hardware store and bought ten boxes of black-headed tacks, then strolled back to the place where his brother was contemplating the bothersome ceiling. A consultation was held in undertones, the doors and windows on the street were soon obscured by shades, and the boys resumed work. That evening the paper was on the ceiling, and pretty paper it was, too. In the design were innumerable dark spots, forming the stamens of gorgeous flowers. When the hardware man paid the boys for the work he said: "But what the dickens did you do with all those tacks?" First stopping the money away in his pocket, Wilbur exclaimed: "Oh, we just tacked the paper on the ceiling with them!"—Library Gossip.

PAPER-HANGING WITH TACKS.

Pretty Hard to Stump the Right Kind of American Boy.

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RELIC OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

Remarkable Slab of Rock Found in New Mexican Canon.

It is a curious fact and one much commented upon by archeologists that the photographs so common in the cliff and cave dwelling regions of New Mexico are almost wholly absent from the ruins of the Mesa Verde, in southwestern Colorado. In one room of the cliff palace are found some straight line markings but there is nothing imitative of animals, birds or reptiles in this, the balcony or spruce tree house. Recently, however, there was found in the Montezuma valley, about a mile and three-quarters southeast of Cortez, on the slope of a bench which rises from the McClintock canon bottom, a slab of rock about six feet long by four and one-half feet high, on which there are deep carvings similar to the markings on the Puye and San Cristobal ruins of New Mexico. This detached slab was lying on an incline and had apparently split off from a larger rock some distance above it. There are no similar rocks near where this was found, but in one place about 200 yards away there are a few characters cut in a rock. It required four horses to remove this stone record from its abiding place to the yard in the rear of the Montezuma county courthouse, where it now reposes.

Teakettles That Sing.

The Japanese, who know so well how to add little unexpected attractions to everyday life, manufacture, in great variety of forms, iron teakettles which break into song when the water boils, says the Youths' Companion. The song may not be very perfect melody, but it perhaps as agreeable as the notes produced by some of the insects which the Japanese also treasure for their music. The harmonious sounds of the teakettles are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath thin sheets of iron fastened close together nearly at the bottom of the kettles. To produce the best effects some skill is required in regulating the fire. The character of the sounds varies with the form of the kettle. These singing kettles have been used for many centuries.

How Soldiers Reduce.

Soldiers have an easy way of keeping their figures supple and trim. The officer who finds his waist growing greater than his chest, thus destroying the symmetry of his uniform, eats for a little while nothing but lean meat, and drinks nothing but hot water. Thus he loses two pounds or so a day. He keeps this diet up till he has sufficiently diminished himself—a matter, as a rule, of but three or four days' abstinence—and then he returns to his usual food again. Many army officers of a corpulent inclination manage, by confining themselves to lean meat for three days in the month, to keep their figures perfect.

Unfortunate Pantomimist.

Many stories are told of misadventures in pantomimes, which, however amusing to the onlookers, are no laughing matter for the unfortunate actors. On one occasion Mr. Poluaki was taking the part of clown in a Liverpool theater. In jumping from the roof of a house the stage gave way and he fell a distance of 40 feet—luckily into a heap of sawdust. What hurt him more than the fall was the fact that, instead of receiving sympathy, he was actually fined for the damage done to the stage.

Too Late.

Mamma—That little Ivan sweats most dreadfully; I won't let you play with him any more. Little Basil—All right, mamma; he's taught me all he knows anyway. —Strana.

Thinking of a Noiseless Time.

Mother—Tommy, little boys should be seen and not heard when taking their soup. Tommy—How long will it be before I can take my soup like papa?

SHOWS ADVANCE OF JAPAN.

Crude Methods of Mining Discarded for Most Up-to-Date Ideas.

Near the center of the beautiful mountain island of Shikoku, and standing rather more than 3,000 feet above the waters of the inland sea of Japan, there is a peak of sulphide copper ore which has become a center of industry popularly known throughout the island empire as Sumitomo Bessl. Here, for centuries before the industrial development of the new world was begun by white men, the Japanese were mining in a crude way and carrying the ore on their backs in small wicker baskets (such as are still used for coaling ships at Nagasaki) down the 12 miles of arduous mountain paths to the smelters on the shore of the inland sea. Today the marvelous little workers are still at the pursuit of burrowing out the mountain, but a vast change has come over the methods of working, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine. Where in the ancient times only a paltry few hundred baskets of ore were each day borne over the difficult trails, an output of 9,000 tons daily now glides down a great cableway, and is carried from the foot of the slope by railroad to the sea. In short, there is established at Sumitomo Bessl a modern mining plant, modern in all essential details of engineering construction, and the wonder of the transformation is that it has been wrought without the direct assistance of a single foreign engineer.

HE WORKED HIS "SCIENCE."

New Method Employed by Satisfied and Comfortable Husband.

It is the wife who is the head of the house, and it was she who decided upon the flat—and repented immediately afterward. The building was a new one, scarcely finished, and after the parlor ceiling had fallen twice and the repair man had botched a dozen small jobs she decided to move again. In this she met the lively opposition of the family. They were all content with their rooms and the children begged for a delay. The husband took the matter with calmness and did not enter into the argument after expressing his entire contentment with the present conditions. The wife worried and went flat hunting, but at last she announced that she had come to the conclusion that they would remain. His coffee cup looked up placidly from the cupboard. "I knew that several weeks ago," he announced. "But I only decided this morning." He smiled pityingly. "Down at the church," he explained, "we have been giving you absent treatment for five weeks. After this you need not say that there is nothing in science."

Much Used Wedding Present.

A Providence girl, who has been married about six months, had wedding cards a short time ago from an old school friend who had given her a wedding present, which, of course, demanded one in return. Among her wedding presents the Providence girl had duplicates in the shape of two silver card trays, and in a spirit of economy she decided to give one of these to her friend. It was marked with her own initials, but it would be only a matter of a few minutes to have them removed and the proper monogram cut. She took it to the jeweler and explained what was to be done. He picked up the tray, looked at it closely, and smiled. "Madame," said he, "it will be impossible. I have already changed the initials on this same tray five times, and it has worn so thin that I cannot do it again without cutting through the bottom."

Had Good Eyesight.

A young man from the rural districts went to Boston, and while there visited the Harvard astronomical observatory and was allowed to look through a great telescope at the stars. "What is that star?" he inquired, pointing to a very bright one. "Oh, that's Aldebaran," replied the attendant. "Is it very far off?" asked the youth. "About 10,000,000 miles." "Then all I can say," said the visitor, "is that you must have wonderfully good eyes to make out that star's name, at that distance, even with that big telescope. It's really most marvelous."

The Sneerer and His Sneer.

The sneer is an arrested Nito. It is a mark of the savage. The man who sneers is that much less of a gentleman. The sneerer would bite if he was not afraid to do so. He is a coward. The sneerer is a savage whether he sneers in print or not. If he writes down his sneers he has not removed himself from the ranks of savagery. He yet remains one of the worst savages, however his English be polished and his style be sparkling. The sneer does turn into a bite when even the savage who indulges in it acquires courage. While he is a coward it remains an arrested bite.—Columbia Herald.

Our Needs for To-Day.

How significant, how exhilarating are these words! Not the life when we have passed the gate of pearl, but the life that is not, nor our life when we stand on the brow of the transfiguration mount, but the life at home, or in the daily walks and common places of existence. It is possible that there is a life to be lived in the common round and the daily task, so royal, so radiant, so blessed, that those who live it may be said to reign in life.—Rev. F. E. Meyer.

Assistance Desired.

"I suppose you sent your boy to college in the hope he would make his mark?" "Farty that," answered Farmer Coudossel. "An', besides, I thought it 'ud be a good idea to hire some professors to help me do the worrying about his future."

WHAT GOOD ROADS COST.

Yorkshire (England) Paid \$910,000 for Repairs Last Year.

Interesting facts as to the cost of main road maintenance in the county of Yorkshire, England, are sent by Consul Walter C. Hamm of Hull. The roads were well constructed originally and are well cared for now. It is a rare sight to see a rutty or muddy country road in the neighborhood. Most of all of them are macadamized, well drained and kept in good repair. As a consequence one horse can draw a load which would require two or three horses over the usual country road in America. There are about 1,100 miles of road in the county, and the cost of the roads has increased from \$734,000 in 1895 to \$910,000 in 1906, and the cost per mile from \$654 to \$832 in the same period. There is a constant tendency to increase in the cost of maintenance, but this increase is, in part, accounted for by the construction of foot-paths and the placing of granite "setts" to protect the roads from injury by trolley lines.

HAD LARGE JOB ON HAND.

Stork Almost Ready to Go Out of Business on One Job.

Entering his humble home, the man was vastly startled to meet the stork coming out, and when he observed that the fabled fowl was sweating at every pore, as being under great stress, a consternation seized him. For he was a poor man, who had already much ado to make both ends meet. Indeed, his hair rose on end and his voice all but stuck in his jaws. "What are you doing here?" he made shift to gasp by dint of great effort. "There's a pair of microbes in that pint of milk you bought last night, and I'm having to bring them 14,000,000,000 little ones every two hours," quoth the stork, not in the least of humor. "I declare I don't know what I should do if race suicide had not come in coincidentally with the germ theory." And he hurried on, muttering under his breath, leaving the man much relieved, albeit not a little astonished.

Unabashed Peterson.

Although blamed for epidemics and sundry other evils, milkmen sometimes have a redeeming sense of humor. At least a story told by Prof. John C. Scott of Northwestern university would indicate it. Professor Scott's milkman also furnishes his family with eggs. One morning this man, whom the professor in telling the story called Peterson, brought half a dozen eggs to the house. When Mrs. Scott had occasion to use them she broke one after another, but each proved to have outlived its usefulness. Mrs. Scott's just indignation arose until by the next morning it had reached a high pitch. Increased further by the fact that there were no eggs to prepare for her husband's breakfast, she was ready to give vent to her wrath when the offending milkman arrived. "Peterson," she said, transfixing him with a stern glare, "all of the eggs you brought yesterday were rotten." "Yes, ma'am," the philosophical Peterson replied, "but were they satisfactory in other respects?" The professor's wife fled.

Off Came the Hats.

It isn't hard to persuade women to remove their hats "in meetin'" when you know how to go about it, says the Kansas City Star. Harry K. Shields, the singer who assists Rev. R. H. Crossfield, the exhortist, in his revival meetings, knows how. This is the way he did it recently at the First Christian church, Eleventh and Locust streets. "We want a good song; service this afternoon," he said, "but before beginning I want to ask the women in the audience to join with me in a breathing exercise. You know to sing well you must breathe well. First I'll ask you to raise your hands to the back of your hat, and—remove one hat pin, then the second. Ah, I see you're taking them off. Now let's sing the first verse of No. —" And the women didn't mind it a bit.

Training Children.

When people learn the importance of properly training the children for whom they are responsible, there will be a new era on earth. The generation that devotes itself successfully to this task can afford to neglect most of the other problems that keep men too busy to know what their boys are doing, and when the children are trained, as they should be, most of the other things will not need to be done. It is also quite possible that the people who successfully sacrifice themselves for their children will not lose anything themselves.

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