

The Punctuation Marks.

Small marks from school are, important, all agree, to the brim with mystery, little marks from school. A bottle, Fowler's Wild Strawberry, your grip, tee of safety, check the face, of cases. 'S Extract of Wild Strawberry, safety lies in every bottle you buy.

my trouble about the horse, the sheep, and the lamb; but I have a number of them in my book, and so could use a number of verses. I have just found a good one for this splendid-looking horse who is rearing and prancing. And Bess watched him as he wrote, in a clear, round hand, "He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength, (Job 39:21). Upon the opposite page, under a gaudy picture of a peacock with outspread tail, was written, "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? (Job 39: 13). 'You'd be surprised, Bess,' said Gladys, 'to find how many verses you can find about things you wouldn't think were in the Bible. In one of the other books I put a picture of a little baby sitting on a basin, and seeming to be a little cherub coming out of the clouds, but it was an advertisement for a certain soap, and the clouds were lather, and this is the verse I found for it; 'But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap.' 'I think this is just splendid!' said Bess. 'Can I help any?' She was given one of the unfinished books and a Bible, and the hours flew by only too quickly. Mrs. Merrill's entrance, carrying a plate of rosy apples in one hand, and leading little Paul by the other, put an end to their work. They gathered around her as she seated herself before the fire, and between bites answered her questions. 'I want each one of you to give me the name or names of some personage mentioned in the Bible beginning with the letter A,' she said. 'Abel,' 'Aaron,' 'Abraham,' 'Adam,' and others were called out. When no more could be thought of, they were passed on to B. Little Paul waited silently and eagerly until P was reached, and then shouted: 'Paul Philip Merrill!' The tea-bell stopped them before they reached the end of the alphabet, but Mrs. Merrill said they would finish next time, and then go back and tell all they knew about the different ones mentioned. Declining a warm invitation to stay to tea, Bess departed, declaring she never would say again that rainy Sundays were horrid, and that she also knew what she was going to do on the very next rainy Saturday.—S. S. Times.

Well, Tony,' said Mr. Harcourt, 'you look a bit warm and tired, my boy.' The minister always spoke kindly to him, but that day his voice sounded unusually gentle. So Tony ventured timidly: 'Oh, I don't mind that, sir. But do—do you think that kind of work counts, too, for life preservers?' Now, the minister had little boys of his own. He drew the lad toward him, and said: 'I'm very sure it counts, Tony. Very sure indeed, and surely you can do your work through love of Him. There is no service that looks poor or mean in His dear eyes. And while you are there alone, in the dark organ loft, you can have as beautiful and acceptable a service as we who are in the church below.' Perhaps no one but Mr. Harcourt knew, the next week, of the new member. But that was only because they could not see him. But he was there, nevertheless, at his post, no longer a languid little boy, mechanically doing a duty, but, instead, performing a love service to lighten his whole work. And though his young voice could not be heard below, as he joined in some of the sweet old hymns, it sang as bravely as any. And the prayers meant just as much for Tony as for the most devout worshiper in that big church. And whether it was that the minister spoke somewhat louder that day, in order that a certain pair of ears might surely hear, or whether the ears themselves were sharpened by desire, Tony did not stop to think; but he heard the sermon, and it seemed as though it were meant for him alone. And no one took more pleasure from his church-going ever afterward than the boy who worshipped alone in the darkened organ loft.—Selected.

I don't understand interior decorating. And it all ends in placing the name of the candidate on our waiting list as an ordinary salesman, if he is thought to be worth employing at all. They all know something about everything, but nly once in many cases do I find a man who knows 'everything about one thing.' There is no department of human activity in business or the professions where failure is not due to the lack of thoroughness.—Saturday Evening Post.

What a Beaver Did.

Mr. A. D. Bartlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver. A large willow-tree in the gardens had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's inclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do. The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb, commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his progress was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall. Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch. About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper. The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it, and was seen swimming about the pool until about half past five. Then he returned to his work. In ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground. Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his house.

A Dog that Carried Mail.

'I lost a faithful friend and helper a few days ago,' said a New Orleans letter-carrier. 'He was a yellow dog, and I must confess his appearance was not exactly prepossessing. We met in the way of business. His owner was what letter-carriers call a "throw-out." In other words, he lived two extra long squares from his nearest neighbor; and to deliver the mail he received almost every day involved a four-square walk for each batch. Soon after I took the route, the yellow dog got to know my whistle and would come rushing to the corner to get the mail. 'He kept that up steadily, rain and shine, for over a year, and never missed a trip. What's more, he showed a pride and interest in the task that was really half-human. Sometimes, for instance, he would be a little late, and find me on the way to the house when he got out of the yard. Then it was comical to see him come tearing up the street. On such occasions he would always insist on going back to the corner, which was the only place he recognized officially for the delivery of mail matter. If I had nothing for him, he showed his dejection and disappointment as plainly as a man. "When his owner met me the other day and told me he was dead, I couldn't say a word to save my life. I turned around and walked off; and, before I knew it, I was blubbering like a fool."—Times-Democrat.

serve peaches. They should be peeled before eating. Peas and apples may be served in the same way. Cherries are palatable raw, but without doubt they are more digestible when cooked. Peaches are more attractive when served in their own skins. Serve just at the right temperature, not warm but still not overchilled. This makes all fruits sour. Grapes are daintier served in a flat, open basket, decorated with their own foliage. Watermelons and cantaloupes are always best served simply chilled—not cold enough to be unpalatable and tasteless, but with no tinge of warmth.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

"DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS."

A small pimple on your face may seem of little consequence, but it shows your blood is impure, and impure blood is what causes most of the diseases from which people suffer. Better heed the warning given by the pimple and purify your blood at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine cures all diseases due to bad blood, including scrofula and salt rheum.

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Helping.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it. 'It's too heavy for me,' said Jimmy. 'Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins,' said Nelly. 'I won't carry it!' said the little cousin, with a pout. Mother looked from her open window and saw the trouble. 'One day, I saw the picture of three little birds,' she said. 'They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?' 'We don't know,' said the twins. 'They all took hold of it together,' said mother, 'and then they could fly with it.' The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it very easy to carry. 'The way to do all the hard things in this world,' said mother, 'is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help.'—Exchange.

'Bobs' and the Little Girl.

Lord Roberts is the greatest British soldier to day. Long before he took command in South Africa he had won the Victoria Cross and many other honors for personal bravery in action. But, not only for his bravery and wise strategy is he called 'the idol of the British army,' but many stories of him prove again that 'the bravest are the tenderest.' A London correspondent at the front tells this incident of the surrender of Johannesburg: 'A march-past, subsequent to the march through the town, closed the ceremony. Lord Roberts' headquarters were at a small inn in an orange grove. There was a characteristic scene there at the close of his victorious day. One of the staff officers approached in order to discuss a matter of importance, and found the Field Marshal with the innkeeper's little daughter on his knee trying to teach her to write. When the officer interrupted, Lord Roberts looked up with a smile and said, 'Don't come now. Can't you see I am busy?'

Too often our world marches forward to the sound of sad notes and requiems. Happy are they whose sweet and gentle speech fills the common life with sweetness and light as did the ancient ministers of joy and music. For their wholesome tongues are indeed trees of life, and their words like apples of gold in pictures of silver.—Rev. N. D. Hillis.

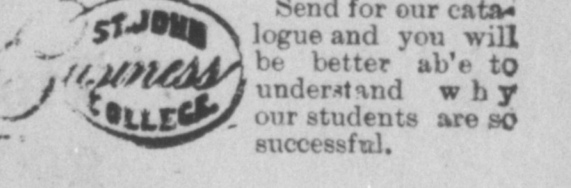
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