

THE NEW NEIGHBOR.

"I don't know what I'll do," declared Grandma Holman, quite discouraged, as she came into the house from the trimly kept garden. "The bugs are making terrible havoc with my plants. In a little while there won't be a single one left."

"A day or two I think we'll see a change," said Grandpa, laying aside his paper.

Grandma looked up inquiringly.

"Only this morning I saw a new family move in."

"A family! Where?" exclaimed Harold, eagerly, leaving his lunch of warm gingerbread half-eaten.

"In the garden," and grandpa smiled mysteriously.

"Ours?"

"Yes, they moved in at about half-past six. I was just getting back from taking the cows to pasture, and they went right by me without so much as 'By your leave.'"

"But where are they now?" and Harold ran to the door and looked out.

"There's not a sign of any one to be seen."

"Perhaps you haven't looked carefully enough. I'm very sure they're there."

"But they're not."

"Look under the rosebush," hinted grandpa, smiling.

"I hope they will stay all summer," said grandpa. "Such neighbors are worth having."

Harold came back disappointed. "There's nothing there, only two toads."

"Well, isn't that enough! I imagine they will give grandma all the help she'll need."

"You're making fun, grandpa," and Harold began to finish his lunch.

"No, he's not, dear," said grandma, soberly. "I've been wanting such a family to move in all summer. You see, toads are the best help one can have in a garden when bugs are troublesome, as they are in mine."

"They'll be very busy now, every day, catching them, and, as grandpa said, there won't be any bugs in the garden in a little while."

As soon as Harold had eaten his last crumb he hurried out to make the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Toad.

"And if you've never seen them help in a garden, find a family and watch them. 'Twill furnish you as much enjoyment as it did Harold.—Unidentified.



AN INEVITABLE CHOICE.

A delicious bit of sentiment, says an exchange, is presented in the following extract from a prize letter in *Collier's Weekly*, in which a daughter's love for chummy daddy is fearfully torn by the irresistible attraction of her lover:

"Daddy, daddy," she cries, "how am I going to write you this letter? I should feel ashamed of myself for not having the courage to go straight to you and tell you my secret, as a sensible young woman should. Instead I have run up to my room and locked myself in, to write you all my heart. When I have finished, I shall slip the letter under your bedroom door.

"Here it is: I love another man — another besides you, Daddy; and the conviction is nearly breaking my heart.

"The man I love—the other one, Daddy—is a good, brave, true, and — yes, even great; but my poor heart aches unutterably with the thought that, if I go to him, I must leave you—leave you, dearest, best, truest father a girl ever had.

"When I look back over the twenty-three years of my life—all motherless years—and recall how we—you and I, Daddy—have walked hand in hand, heart to heart, all the way, through sunshine and shadow, over smooth paths and rough, drawing ever closer to each other with the passing of years—when I think of all this, and then realize that I am actually asking you to let me leave you, actually deserting—oh, I could tear my heart out for its treachery, I could weep my eyes dry for very bitterness of soul! If—ah! I must ask it—if you can give me up to him, tell me so by putting a rose on my breakfast plate in the morning. Don't speak to me then, for my heart is too full. Just put the rose there. And then, after awhile, I will try to talk sensibly to you about it—about him.

"Good night, sweet Daddy. I hardly know what sort of state my heart is in. I only know that I love two men with all the very soul of me. That sounds dreadful, but the one of them is my idolized father, and the other—ah, put the rose there in the morning, Daddy.

"Your loving
"DAUGHTER."



THE ORIGIN OF "DUNCE."

The word "dunce" has an interesting history, as showing the power of ages to force a noble word from the eminence it once occupied to a complete reversal of its original meaning. In the Middle Ages there were certain theologians known as schoolmen, so called because they were educated in the cloisters or schools which Charlemagne and his immediate successors founded. As years passed, and the order of learning gradually changed and new ideas were adopted, the writings of these schoolmen lost much of their significance to the minds of the more progressive, and many broke away from the old teachings to adopt the new. There were many, however, who still clung to the writings of the schoolmen, and to one in particular, a certain Duns Scotus, who was the great teacher of the Franciscan order. As the natural difference between the old and the new learning arose there were bitter and contemptuous allusions made by those who abandoned the teachings of this man to those who were his firm adherents, and it was not an uncommon occurrence to hear one say in scornful intolerance, "Oh, he is a Dunsman," or, more briefly, "He is a Duns!" Thus the word, born in the high atmosphere of intellectual warfare, has fallen gradually into the thick fog of stupidity.



SCPTIC NEATLY CAUGHT.

A well known divine was once reading his Bible in a railway carriage when a fellow passenger of sceptical proclivities said: "It is time you ceased reading that book, which the scientific world has long since repudiated."

"It would be better for you, sir, if you knew more about this old book," replied the clergyman.

"Oh, I know all about that old book; I have studied it from one end to the other."

"Then you will please tell me," inquired the minister, "what you think of the Book of Jehoachim?"

"The Book of Jehoachim, sir, is the best book in your Bible," replied the sceptic; "but it is full of historical inaccuracies."

"There is no such book in the Bible," replied the clergyman.

The sceptic immediately subsided.

A FEW BIG WORDS.

Some etymologists, at their luncheon of sandwiches and sarsaparilla, were laughing over the question of long words. The first one said that the longest word in his experience was to be found in Eliot's Indian Bible. He pronounced the word, and it was as though he were delivering an oration in an unknown tongue. Then he wrote it down.

It was:

"Wuttepeessittukgussunoowehtunkquoh."

The man explained that the word means "the act of kneeling before the Lord in prayer."

The second etymologist, smiling, said: "There was a book printed in the seventeenth century that was full of long words. A scientific work it was, and its very title was unwieldy." He wrote the title as follows:

"Panzoologiccomineralogia."

The third etymologist then recalled that there was a 17th century tragedy of the name of "Chrononhotonthologos," the opening words of which were: "Chononhotonthologos, where left you Aideborontiphosphosnio?" — *Philadelphia Record.*



A Buffalo woman, while shopping the other day, thoughtlessly picked up an umbrella belonging to another woman and started to walk off with it. The owner stopped her, and the absent-minded woman, with many apologies, returned the umbrella.

The incident served to remind her that they needed some umbrellas in their own family, so she bought two for her daughters and one for herself.

Later in the day, when she was on her way home, armed with the three umbrellas, she happened to glance up, and saw, directly opposite her in the car, the very woman with whom she had had the unfortunate experience in the morning.

The second woman stared at the three umbrellas very hard for several minutes, and then, with a significant smile, she leaned forward and said in an icy tone, "I see you have had a successful morning."



THE MORTGAGE REMAINS.— A Chariton, Iowa, paper tells of a man who mortgaged his farm to buy his wife a pair of diamond earrings. The wife took in washing to pay the interest on the mortgage, but on the first job she lost one of the "sparks" in the suds, whereupon she tried to hang herself in the barn, but the rope broke, and she fell on a Jersey cow worth \$150, and broke its back. Her husband then undertook to shoot the cow to end its misery, but the gun burst and destroyed his eyes, and his wife ran away with a lightning-rod peddler. The mortgage is still on the farm.



The late Cornelius Vanderbilt is quoted as having said to a friend, just before he died: "I don't see what good it does me—all this money that you say is mine. I can't eat it; I can't spend it; in fact, I never saw it, and never had it in my hands for a moment. I dress no better than my private secretary, and cannot eat as much as my coachman. I live in a big servant's boarding-house, am bothered to death by beggars, have dyspepsia, and most of my money is in the hands of others, who use it mainly for their own benefit."

After Work or Exercise



Soothes tired muscles, removes soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength.

Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

The American Bible Society has issued in all 72,630,783 copies of the Holy Scriptures, in nearly 100 different languages. Last year the issues were 1,993,558. The entire Bible is now in print for the blind.

HER REASONS. — "Good morning, Janet. I am sorry to hear that you did not like my preaching on Sunday. What was the reason?"

"I had three very guid reasons, sir. Firstly, ye read ye're sermon; secondly, ye didna read it well, an', thirdly, it wasna worth readin' at a'."

A Magic Pill. — Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

Bishop Potter is amusing his friends with an account of a recent visit to a Sunday-school class presided over by a staid young clergyman. The bishop was asked to question the children on matters Biblical. As a starter, he said to a little girl, whose face beamed with intelligence, "Who were the foolish virgins, my dear?" Them as didn't get married!" was the prompt and emphatic answer.

Reasonable Treatment for

Eczema
Salt Rheum
Boils
Scrofula.

TAKE

WEAVER'S
SYRUP

which

By Purifying the Blood destroys the origin of these afflictions.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,
MONTREAL Proprietors, NEW YORK.