A PRAYER FOR THE PEASANTS Lord God of Liberty, just and all-merciful; Father of Freedom and Author of Light! Guide with Thy wisdom a down-trodden people Lead them and guard them and lend them Thy might!

Long have they suffered and long have they striven, Vast are the odds that they stand against

Give them the strength of Thine arm, who are

driven Under the rod of oppression to bow!

Paint in the cold sky that roofs their low dwellings, Visions celestial of freedom and right.

Thus lead them on in their holy heart-swellings To blaze paths to Morning where all has been Night! Dull the deep sting of the despots' last striving,

Quench every pain in remembrance of Thee Speed them to victory, righteously driving Tyrants and Czar to Oblivion's sea! Soothe peasant hearts that sit lonely in sorrow,

Longing for loves that were lost to the cause. Cheer them with thoughts of a splendid to morrow-Freedom to speak and be, food and fair

Lord God of Liberty, just and all-merciful; Ruler of Rulers and Light of all Love! Bend to Thy poor, faithful children and

Courage, and pour them down strength from above!

-Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in the Philadelphia North

PEGGY'S COUNTER PLOT.

A note from Peggy arrested Lawrence on his doorsteps, as he was about starting down town. He took the little blue bit, in Peggy's writing and Peggy-sweet, from the postman, in a good deal of surprise and a little alarm. It was not Peggy's way to send notes. She dearly loved to telephone. Besides, he had seen her late last night—or was it early this morning?

"Dear Phil, come quick!" he read, and paled. But it was better farther on: "Oh, no; I don't mean I'm dead, you poor dear. But I've got to see you or I shall die. Come—mercy, not here! This is the last place! Come to Aunt Jolly's immediately on this receit—oh, Philly, I dont know but there ought to be a 'p' in there, and, oh, I don't care if there ought to be a bushel of 'p's'! All I care is for you to come-come. I've discovered a Plot. Yours,

"Peggy." He went at once to Aunt Jolly's. Aunt Jolly was created with a soul—she was no-where in sight or sound. It was only Peggy he found.

"Oh, but I'm relieved!" she sighed, after certain opening ceremonies; "I'm so glad you came at once—shall you always come at once, Philly, after -after --- " "Always," promptly.
"But you'll never—I didn't suppose

you'd ever be away from me," pouted Peggy adorably. Never!" he swore.

"Well, anyway, we needn't think of anything now but the Plot-Philly, Tess dress is perfectly awful to get into! bought fifteen yards of white satin ribbon Tess,

"Gracious!" he ejaculated feebly, "only fifteen!" He was in the dark-terribly in the dark. How was he to know the right thing to say? He wasn't to know: he had said the wrong thing.

'Philip Lawrence, do you mean to say you want our-er-your trunk done up in more than fifteen yards of white satin ribbon!" demanded Peggy witheringly. Then of course at sight of his dear blundering old face she relented. "There! you don't know what white satin ribbon is, poor dear; you're nothing but a plain man."

He could not deny it, but it didn't seem kind in Peggy to throw it up to him-at this late hour anyway. Of course she was an angel to be willing to marry a plain man, and all that—but things had gone so far now it didn't seem Peggy-like to men-'Men know so little!" sighed the little

bride elect. "Poor things! It's lucky they bave wi-er-I mean-"Wives' is all right, dear; you can't improve on that."

With such badinage they settled down gradually to business. Peggy explained about the Plot and her own especial, brilliant, to-be-praised little Counter Plot.

'It all comes of having two sisters and a brother and marrying a man with two brothers and a sister, "she sighed, by way of introduction; "you might know they'd get their wicked heads together and devise Plots with capital P's. And they have,— Philly, they're bent on making our lives miserable for us Thursday!" Thursday was to be their wedding-day.

He began to understand better. "They're dears, of course, the whole six of them. But they're bad; they haven't any consciences nor-nor-sympathies. I wouldn't trust them out of sight! Tess bought all that ribbon to loop our trunk all up in, Phil!" She said "our trunk" now without flinching, and he radiated pride from every line of his dear, homely

"They're going to festoon it and tie it in ridiculous great rows and let it fly in ridiculous streamers. Oh, never mind how I found out,—I tell you that's their plot! And they're going to festoon the handsomest hack at Schell's, too, and the whip and the driver and the horse! Your sister's in the formula of the precaution to procure earlier in the day. "Quick, man,—good! Thank you," and he was off to Peggy.

A little shabby thing in the seat across ulous streamers. Oh, never mind how I the driver and the horse! Your sister's in

it, too; she's bought white ribbon." 'I'll fix Nan!" he vowed sternly. But to his surprise, Peggy was laughing now.
She looked pleased! Women-oreatures—
little pink-and-white, adorable ones,—are
little pink-and-white, adorable ones,—are

which you buy rice by. The boys are going to see to that part,—we're to be deluged.—simply deluged."
"Ur r-r!" he growled for lack of suita-

ble-Peggy-suitable-words.

"Oh, but are we! Are we?" inscrutable Peggy cried, with dancing eyes. "You dear all alone on my wed --" old stupid, listen to this! Here's my Counter Plot: There's a nice shabby old trunk up attio,—oh, as shabby as anything! I thing." Peggy rope! And we're going to be married in

"The dev-the dickens we are!" plained to her. She's going to stay Wednesday night up home to help me dress.

And Wednesday night—when it's all Counter Plot had succeeded. The Wicked to be very popular made like that; we had one just like it at home, I they were safe! creepy-still and safe-she's going to change Plottersthe things from the nice new trunk to the the things from the nice new trunk to the nice shabby one! Don't you begin to see round the corner—quick. All six of 'em! ful clothes as soon as possible. Her mind

light, Philly? Oh, it's a lovely little Coun-

'Go ahead, -hurry up," he entreated. "Well, the nice new trunk is to be filled with old comforts and quilts and a pillow or two,—that's what those Wicked Plotters will tie up with their fifteen yards of white satin ribbon! You see, the trunk was to be all strapped and locked the night before to save confusion-Mother's set on that. So Aunt Jolly's coast is clear. And now Philly—are you listening with both ears, Philly? For here comes in your part—"

"I'm listening, -don't keep a fellow in suspense !" You are to see that Old Black Joe's dear shabby, shaky, old rattletrap of a hack is behind Mrs. Emslie's, next door,—behind, mind, at her back door,—at the right time, waiting for that old shabby trunk and us. And the right time, Philly,"— Peggy paused rhetorically for better dramatic effect,-"And the right time will be matic effect,—"And the right time will be twenty-five minutes before we meant to start, you know. We shall have to dress in a rush, that's all, and slip down the back stairs in our traveling things, while the Wicked Plotters are plotting down the front stairs, and the lovely, shiny carriage is on its way to the front door! It's all as plain as anything. There's a train twenty-five minutes ahead of our train that was to be. It isn't a Pullman train, but who cares! Let 'em load those old quilts and comforts on to the Pullman!" And quite out of breath, Peggy collapsed on Aunt Jolly's little baircloth sofa and indulged in a gleeful dive into the cushions. Philip Lawrence stood regarding her with undis guised admiration. Peggy a brilliant little plotter! He had never thought of Peggy in that line before. He drew a long breath. "Good for you!" he ejaculated, man-

"Oh, Philly,-oh, Philly, won't it be lovely to outwit' em!" came, muffled, from pillow depths. "Won't it be sweet! And to think somebody heard Tess say how they'd take the time while we were in our rooms getting into our traveling things to steal up to; the landing and tie up that trunk—the pillows and quilts and conforts! Ste-al up, just as soft and easy! Philly, save me, I'm strangling!"

Philip Lawrence did his part. Old Black Joe rattled subduedly up to Mrs. Emslie's back gate and waited patiently there. Already Aunt Jolly had done her part, and a shabby old trunk stood at the back stairs, waiting too.

In the flower-bedecked parlors, mean-while, waited a hushed little company in whispering awe. Into the sweetness of the flowers and the hush came Peggy, shy and downcast, and Philip Lawrence, to be made man and wife. A few earnest words, a bit of a prayer,-it did not take long. Then the stillness broke into low laughter and the buzz of many voices.

"Why did you let him kiss you?" breathed Philip in his little bride's ear. So soon he had grown masterful! "Philly! The minister always does!" preathed back the little bride.

"Oh-always? How many times have von heen mar-" "Sh! Be a good boy now for your life, Philly! They're coming up to congratu-

Half an hour later a beyy of six, equally divided into skirts and coats, floated to-gether in a remote corner of the great oom. They were all covertly excited.

"Isn't it time—Tess, isn't it time?"
"Can't we go now, Tess?" "Yes, yes, Tessie, they're out of the way for a good long time, -Peg's going away "Then come on-ready!" marshaled mysteriously. "Remember,-

out of the room casually, one at a time Everything depends." Upstairs, after the briefest possible change of toilet, two other conspirators slipped quietly away. Some one was taking an old trunk down the narrow back

stairs and they followed hurriedly. "Oh, Philly, doesn't it feel lovely and creepy! Don't you feel—hark! Oh Philly, some one's coming !"

"Pick up your skirts and we'll run for it, littly wife. Here goes !"

It might have been less exciting and thrilling if Old Black Joe's "rattletrap" had not broken down half way to the sta

tion. There are times when delays like that try the souls—the soul, for they were one now,-of even a radiant bridegroom and a dainty little bride. "Oh, why didn't I remember that it al ways breaks down !-why didn't you re-

member, Philly?" groaned Peggy, distraught. Philip's head was out of the window. A rueful voice filtered into the old carriage through the spaces around his broad shoul

ders,—the voice of Old Black Joe.
"Sho, sho! Who'd done thunk she'd a broke dere! Ain 'I done nail her up las' "Man alive, stop tinkering! Get us

there on two wheels if necessary, but for heaven's sake go ahead! There's only four minutes left." There was only one left when the old ruin staggered into the station and its occupants tumbled out on the platform.

Philip caught up the satchel and Peggy and ran for it. 'Get the trunk down,-I'll be back,' he called over his shoulder to the unruffled old darkey. And to his surprise-good for Old Black Joe !- there it was waiting to be checked, when he came dashing back. Old

Joe had outdone himself. The train was thrilling into readiness to start. The man of jingling checks stood

near by. "Clap a check on here !" puffed Philip, thrusting out his tickets which he had tak

the aisle from Peggy was on tenterhooks of auxiety, too. Suddenly she darted across the narrow space and thrust her head out

too much for a man's comprehension.

"Oh, you wait! You wait!" laughed Peggy, mysteriously. "I'm coming to that pretty soon! The rest of the Plot is—rice. Pounds of it—or quarts—I don't know which you buy rice by. The boys are

we're going to start-run, Jim !" Peggy was wriggling on her own tenterhooks. With a gasp of relief, she caught the dear, familiar coat lapels, laughing hysterically

"Oh, Philly, I was afraid I'd have to go 'Sh!' he cautioned softly. "You know you didn't want anybody to suspect any-

Peggy stiffened into exaggerated dignity.

"I'm thankful you're back, my dear," she said clearly. Then, in an undertone—

"'Mv dear' every time, mind! No-"The dev—the dickens we are!"

"Annt Jolly's on our side,—I've exained to her Selve such that the selve

Where is my handkerchief?-oh, give me was uneasy lest they should be badly press

yours, Philly, quick !" Six hurrying figures—equally divided, coats and skirts,—were panting round the station into view. Six of them, wildly agitated. At one of the windows of the moving coaches appeared two faces, calmly triamphant. A hig white handkerchief waved wickedly. "Phillie, this is magnificent!"

"Glory," triumphed Philly.

"We're ahead, -ahead, -ahead," murmured Peggy, with three separate, happy sighs. But she did not know the courage of the Wicked Plotters. She was to know. The shabby couple across the aisle came

in, after a while, for rather more than their share of notice. They were so very shabby -they looked so ridiculously happy in spite of their shabbiness.

"But of course they aren't happy really, murmured really happy Peggy, snuggling infinitesimally nearer to Philip. "How could they be—she, anyway, in that terrible little hat?" Peggy's hat was beautiful. 'Its out of reason. He's Jim, Philip,make you acquainted? What should you

suppose he was—a bricklayer?"
"No," happy Philip considered judiciously. "I should incline to say a carpeniously. "I should member." ter. He looks like a carpenter." do yo After a space: "Philly, do you suppose

she ever had any nice clothes? -and, that makes me think, I do hope Aunt Jolly didn't get mine mussed? My lovely things -if she did-"

"Whisper, dear, hadn't you better?" he cautioned gently.

"Mercy, yes! Do you suppose anybody heard?" breathed Peggy in alarm. "So far we've been such lovely married folks. Nobody dreams we're just married, Phil-

"Never!" he assured her, calmly mendacious. For he had encountered more than one pair of amused, kindly eyes. Who could help knowing Peggy, in her dainty blushes and toggery, was a bride!

"You'd as soon imagine—why, that Jim, over there, and his shabby wife were on their wedding trip!" laughed foolish little Peggy, snuggling a very little nearer still. you know, Philly, I was always certain I should carry it off like this when the time came."

"Peggy," suddenly, a quiver in his voice, "look out of the window, quick, or go on talking of the Jims—or I shall kiss you; as the teeth for fear of being attacked by I live. I shall! Then your little jig is up-

bear or a 'painter' and killed. There's lon't look at me like that!" heap more danger of getting killed on ac-They were very happy on their side of count of leaving your gun at home when the aisle, and the Jims were happy on you go down Market street. Some one

"How we keep stopping! I declare I'd but its dead sure that a bear or a mountain orgotten we weren't in a chair car, Philly, hadn't you? Think of going on our—you him to it. know—in a common car that stops at "I've hu every station! But its worth it-the fade- for big game in this country, and I've seen less glory of having outwitted those six a good many grizzlies, but I've never seen children!" And even as she said it the car one of them go after a man unless he was was stopping and the revenge of the Outwitted ones was already approaching.

A brakeman appeared in the car door

A brakeman appeared in the car door

wisted ones was already approaching.

A brakeman appeared in the car door ahead, on the heels of the incoming passengers. His arms were piled up high with splendid Bride roses conspicuously, generously site direction as fast as he can go. All you ously tied with white ribbon. His face can generally see of a mountain lion is a was grinning enjoyingly above the mass of tawney streak as he makes off at incredible flowers. Before he spoke Peggy understood; speed. If he has any intention of going she scented Tess and the other five had after you it must be his intention to go she scented Tess and the other five had ones in the awful thing that was descending upon her and Philly. This was their revenge-they had telegraphed it out ahead. The brakeman was speaking in his dreadful "carrying" voice. "Is there a newly married couple in this car?" he sang out stridently. "I was to give these roses

"Philly, look out of the window-don't you dare to look like a newly married couple!" agonized Peggy under her breath. "I'll never marry you again in this world if you do! Look as if you'd been married ten years-twenty-five-fifty-"; But they agonized in vain. For across the

aisle, Jim, red and radiant, was standing up and claiming the brakeman's lovely load! The little Jim beside him was standing, too-red and radiant, too.
"It's the boss done it, Mamie-I bet it was the boss!" Jim cried. "He's stoppin'

somewhere about here, but I never thought he'd up 'n do this!" 'Oh, no; I never either!" echoed the other Jim. "Oh, Jim, if 'twas him, don't you ever, ever strike again as long as you

live! Here, give 'em to me and set downeverybody's lookin.' But I don't carenot while I got these to bide in!" "Glory be!"—on the other side of the aisle—"They've saved us, Peggy. Go

ahead and breathe." But Peggy, because she was a woman the inconsistency of them all!—was inclining rapidly toward indignation.

"They're ours, Philly," she whispered. "Boss'! No 'boss' ever chose those! He'd have chose i chrysanthemums or-dahlias, or something. It was Tess ordered those by telegraph or telephone,—you needn't tell me! They belong to us."

Philip made as if to rise. "Shall I go across and demand them?" he asked, "Philip Lawrence, if you dare to!"

But it was irritating to sit there and smell the warm, sweet whiffs that came over-aisle to them. Peggy said it made her cross. She demanded a change of seat; but the Jims' unexpected departure at the next June 13, 1905, must take place in the Eaststation saved them that trouble. It was a distinct relief to see the Jims depart.

'Thank goodness !'' breathed Peggy. "Now, I'll be good again, you poor dear. But I simply couldn't be with that ridiculous little Jim devouring my lovely roses! 'Who'd have dreamed that they were new y married, Philly?"

She looks a sort of nice little thing commented Philip, kindly; "and she was so proud of the flowers, Peggy!"

Instantly mercurial Peggy veered about "I'm an old selfish!" she repented. "The idea of grudging the little creature the only beautiful thing she ever had-I know it's the only one, Philip! I feel it in my hones. She never had any nice clothes—any nice times till now-any roses in her life. Let her have my beautiful Brides—she's welcome, Philly,"

What Philip answered is not to be re-

peated. Only Peggy heard-Peggy smiled. At five they reached their journey's end. Not till then had it occurred to them that they might be ashamed of their shabby old trunk. It certainly occurred to them now, as they descended upon the platform of this gay summer place. It required real nerve for fastidious Philip Lawrence to own the poor old affair and direct that it should be sent to one of the great hotels.

"Oh," had groaned Peggy at sight of it "its worse than I thought—it's a fright, Philly! What made you'let them tie it Philly! up with a rope? I didn't know it looked as awful as that! Let's sit down on it, quick, and hide it!"

"It' done us a good turn, sweetheartwe mustn't go back on it now. It wasn't a bad trunk in its day, I'll say that for it. like it to be own sisters.'

schund Procession. Egbert-Because it takes him so long t pass a given point. - Yonkers Stateman.

execution.

Unknown Dangers.

Peril Lurks in Tinted Wall Papers and Dress "Unlock it quick, Philly," she demanded when they had finally reached their destination, "I want to shake the things

One of the most subtle methods of tak-"Doesn't need unlocking—good! That's why they roped her up. I call this a pretty fair kind of a trunk, Peggy. No stuck-upedness about it—all open and above board." ing human life, little known to the general public, is that recognized by the laws of Massachusetts in establishing a limit to the amount of arsenic that may be used in wall papers and fabrics. It has been found that these articles, as well as others such as playing cards and materials used in furnishing the home, are injurious in that they either set up a continual cumulative irritation by throwing off arsenical particles, as in dress goods, which poison is absorbed by the formation of volatile compounds that are breathed and which set up serious poisoning of the system; the neglect to remove the sources of infection eventually undermines the health and the subject succumbs.

He was unknotting the awful rope-he

"Oh!-Oh, Philly, look! Oh, look!"

shrieked Peggy, then fell into horrified

Then they both stood looking together,

beyond further speech. There were no

Conspicuous in the tray of the trunk lay,

folded neatly, a man's blue overalls, quite spruce and new. Beside them, in friendly

proximity, lay a folded print wrapper,

little Jim at last had beautiful clothes.

lifted and shook out the spruce new over-

alls. His face was grave up to his eyes but the gravity ended there.

"Come, dear," this wicked bridegroom said, "it's getting late. We must dress

Grizzly Bears and Panthers.

Afraid of Man, Says Wyoming Hunter, Dangerou

"In the moutains of Wyoming, where

have hunted for years, you can find most

any kind of savage animals that you can

get in America except alligators. Grizzlies,

black bears and mountain lions are con

monly killed there," says Hugh Sniverly

of Sheridan, Wyo., in the Louisville Herald.

"Some of the men that come out here to hunt think that if they stir 100 yards

away from camp they must be armed to

might shoot you on the street in a big city,

lion will never attack you unless you drive

"I've hunted through the best districts

for if you are standing to the east of him

If you ever get within reach of the grizzly's

carry him off to a secluded place.

No Sheriffs As Hangmen.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 24.—There will be

no more hangings by Sheriffs or in county prisons after June 13th next, if a bill

introduced in the House today by Mr.

Troxell, of Lycoming County, becomes a

law. The measure aims also to prevent

ern or Western Penitentiaries, the exact

time to be fixed by the warden of the in-

stitution. The week in which the hang-

ing is to occur must begin not less than

four weeks nor more than eight weeks af-

ter the sentence. No announcement of the

time is to be made. Within ten days after the Governor issues his warrant the pris-

oner must be removed to the penitentiary,

where he shall be kept in solitary confine-

The bill limits those entitled to witness

the execution to a Supreme or Superior

Court Judge, District Attorney and Sheriff

in the county in which the conviction was

two ministers or priests, if desired by the

The Sheriff, with the concurrence of the

county court or a Supreme Court Judge,

may impanel a jury to inquire into the prisoner's sanity, and if it be found that he

s not of sound mind the sheriff must sus-

Unless the body is claimed by relatives, it

shall be immediately buried in the prison

graveyard, with a sufficient quantity of

quicklime to consume the corpse.

No religious or other services shall be

held over the body, except within the walls

of the prison where the execution took

place, and then only in the presence of the

officers. The immediate family of the con-

The warden who violates this provision of

the act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

The county sending the condemned to the

prison shall pay \$25 to cover the cost of the

-Bacon-Why does he call his dach-

demned is to be admitted to the services.

pend the execution until the Governor acts.

had, a physician, twelve adult citizens,

condemned, and assistant wardens and deputy sheriffs, and excludes newspaper

ment until the day of execution.

publication of the details of hangings.

in a foot race."

"Mountain lions in the winter time will

he is sure to go due west.

Only When Attacked by Man.

was raising the lid.

words big enough.

for dinner !"

DATA ON ARSENIC POISONING. brave with ruffles. Peggy, in that first horrified glimpse, had caught sight of course lace edgings peeping from the neat piles; The experts of the Department of Agriculture "are fully convinced from data which has been published that volatile The mystery explained itself to them as they gazed. The Jims' trunk—they did not need to tell each other. They did not need to ask who had their trunk. The pound and to the actual dusting off of arsenic into the air of dwelling places, or The silence grew oppressive—grew un-bearable. Philip broke it resolutely. He to either of these causes."

The authors of the Government pam-

phlet, "Arsenic in Papers and Fabrics," are so thoroughly convinced by the data they have collected that arsenical poisoning from papers and fabrics is of common oc currence that they only quote a few dozen cases out of the many bundled that have come to their notice, devoting a large part which many people went. Everybody took of the space to the results of analysis of with him goats and a dog. These animals wall papers sold on the American market. were killed and offered to a god. After The analyses were carried out by H. J. that two young men were brought to the Warner, assistant chemist, Bureau of Chemistry, and the collaboration by J. K. Haywood, chief Insecticide and Agricultural Water Laboratory. The cases cited are astonishing. The patients, sometimes in-dividuals in a house, at other times whole skin of the animal be had brought. Then families, and occasionally inmates of whole institutions, develop organic disturbances. After being treated first for one thing and then another, without relief, and constantly growing worse, with symptoms aggravated, the trouble is finally located in the wall paper, or in the uniforms of the nurses, or in some similarly impossible held at this time of the year, and called it source of infection. The patient complains of pains in the eyes, nose and different parts of the body, restless nights and a feeling of lassitude and depression in the son? It is this: The Emperor Agustus, for day, with dyspepsia in one form or an-

PARIS GREEN ON THE WALL. The case is cited of a physician who had suffered for several years from occasional attacks of gastric and intestinal disturbances, attended with fever and inability to do either mental or physical work. Dura period of housecleaning the walls of his office, which were covered with a handsome green velvet paper, were swept down with a broom. The doctor, who was an observant individual, noticed a dark-green powder on the floor along the walls among the sweepings, which, upon analysis, was found to be almost pure paris green." A paper hanger was sent for to rearound the world and catch you in the rear, move the paper, and "after working a few hours he was seized with all the symptoms of acute arsenical poisoning and was obliged to desist. Another who took his place follow sleighs at a distance, wailing as to finish the job suffered the same way on the following day. It was discovered that at some former time the ceiling had been covered with paris green and subsequently

they go but there is nothing in that to inspire terror, for I don't think they have ever been known to close in on anybody, Their terror of human beings is the thing which makes them hard to shoot. The servant who attempted to wash In all the time that I have been in the this was confined to his bed for three days mountains I have never been attacked by a with cramps and acute intestinal trouble. wild animal that has been left strictly Finally the two members of the doctor's alone. But I've known men to be killed household, who had taken considerable even by deer when the brute was driven to interest in what was being done, were at-"Grizzlies are the best game in the world. When you once get their dander up they are savage fighters, and the hunbe has had none of his old trouble." ter's life is in danger every minute unless he is a good shot and has a steady nerve.

POISONED BY NURSES UNIFORMS. Another case occurred in a Massachupaw you are a dead one. These stories of setts infant asylum, where the wholesale arsenical poisoning of the children and men killing them with knives in hand-tohand fights are about as reasonable as it nurses was traced to some blue dresses would be to talk of stopping a locomotive by getting in the way of the train. If the big fellow gets a chance to deliver one blow cloth. The authorities had the dresses it is all over. There was a grizzly up our way that the cowboys called 'Big Ben,' thoroughly washed, thinking to thereby eliminate the poison, but upon their re killed about one hundred and fifty sumption by the nurses there was another steers before he was finally shot. He would break the steer's neck with one outbreak of alarming symtoms among the babies, so that the dresses had to be disblow, and then he would lift him up and carded; since then the trouble has entirely disappeared. zlies look awkward, but they are mighty light on their feet, and can beat any man

Ten years ago the use of arsenic in colored wall papers and house furnishings was very common. Some official tests in Massachusetts at that time showed that about one-third of the papers examined contained more or less of the poison, and the proportion of arsenical house furnishings, prints and ginghams was as great, or great er. Silks and woolens were comparatively free. As a result the Legislature of Massa chusetts passed a law limiting the amount of arsenic in papers and woven fabrics other than dress goods to 0.10 grain per square yaid, and the amount goods and articles of dress to 0.01 grain per square yard, or just one-tenth as much as is allowable in wall papers, owing to the liability of fabrics coming into intimate contact with the body.

Recently there has been a popular agitation in England in regard to arsenical beer, and the Department of Agriculture, recognizing the great importance of the question, has made a representative collection of goods purchasable in the open market in Washington, D. C. with the idea of warning the public of their danger. The Massachusetts law has been quite effective in raising the wall paper standard throughout the country.

Game of Noted Men. The hostess begins by saying: "I know

a celebrated poet, the first part of whose name is very black, and the last is an elevation.

The player, responding "Coleridge," in turn describes the name of some other noted person. For instance, "Shakespeare." saying: "I know a noted author and poet. the first part of whose name people do when cold, the last part is a weapon of warfare.' Only give the profession, nothing else. The following names readily lend themselves to this simple but instructive little

Words-worth. Shell-ey (Shell-lea). Church hill. Web-ster. Wal-pole. Washington. Long-fellow. Black stone Isaac Walton (Eye-sack-wall-ton).

--- "Your account has been standing long time, Mr. Dukey." 'Then give it a seat, my dear Shears."

"Very glad to, sir. Shall we make it a receipt?"—Tid-Bits.

BREAKING THE ICE.

We had some offish neighbors once that moved in down the road,

We reckoned they was 'bout the proudest folks we'd ever knowed.

An' when we passed 'em now an' then we held our heads up high To make dead sure they couldn't snub us if

they was to try. It really made me nervous, so I jes' braced up one day

An' thought I'd go ahead an' show my manners, anyway. On Sunday, 'stid o' turning round an' gazin' at

the view. I looked at them an says, "Hello!" An' they says, "Howdy-do!"

It wasn't the cold and formal greetin' that you've sometimes heard; They smiled and said it hearty, like they meant it, every word.

It's solemn to reflect on what we miss along life's way By not jes' bein' natural an' good-humored

day by day. There's lots o' folks who fling the simple joys of lite aside

Because they dread the shadow of their own unconscious pride,

And nine times out of ten you'll find the rule works right and true-Jes' tell the world "Hello!" and it'll answer

"Howdy-do !"

All About February. How it Gained its Name and How it Lost its Day.

The people who lived in Rome hundreds of years ago, used to have a festival, to altar. Their foreheads were touched with a bloody sword; then washed off with wool

dipped in milk.

The people then had a great feast. When those who took part in the festival ran about the city whipping everyone who came near.

Februatio was the name of this rude festival, and the whips were called Februa; so when the old Romans wanted a name for this month they thought of their festival

February.

This is the shortest month of the year. son? It is this: The Emperor Agustus, for whom the month of August was named, wanted his month to have as many days as any other month of the year. You know six other months have 31 days. So he just took a day from poor February, which already had one day less than any other

and added it to August. You know all the months are of the same length every year except February, which has 28 days every three years and 29 days in the fourth or leap year. You may not

all know the reason. When the Romans were making the months and years they found that a year had 365 days and nearly six hours in it. Now, every one of you knows that four sixes make 24; and that 24 hours make a whole day. So at the end of every four years there was a whole day to spare. What did they do with it? Just what you would have done, They gave it to February, the shortest month.

Mr. Groundhog.

Even the country folks have no idea of the groundhog's real name. They call him woodchuck. But in the world of science

he is known as "arctomys monax." What does he look like? Much like a rat. He is from 15 to 18 inches long. His color is grizzly gray and black above, and chestnut red below. His feet are dark and tacked with similar symptoms, and he him selfhad one of his old familiar attacks.

Since repapering, now six months ago, short neck and legs, and long whiskers. He is not very handsome, you see. But he is a brave fighter and can whip any dog

of his own size. Because the woodchuck has such a habit of burrowing in the ground and is such a big eater, he was given the name ground-hog. He digs deep holes in the fields on the sides of hills, or under the rocks in the woods; in a slanting direction at first, to keep out the water. His house under the ground has several rooms and more than one door for him to get in and out. He

spends the winter sleeping. The story goes that the ground hog has chosen Feb. 2nd as the day when he awakens from his long winter sleep. On this day he comes out of his hole, it is said, to take a peep at the weather. But if he finds the sun shiring, strange to say, he hurries right back into his nest for another six weeks' nap. The sight of his shadow cast by the sun, it is said, frightens the groundhog. So a clear, fine, sunshiny day on Feb. 2nd is thought to mean six more weeks of winter. A stormy, wet and cloudy day keeps the groundhog in. That means that winter will soon be gone.

Dangerous Mexican Plants.

Their Use, it is Said, will Make Men Insane. Marihuana is a weed used by the people of the lower class, and sometimes by the soldiers; but those who make larger use of it are prisoners sentenced to long terms. The use of the weed and its sale, especially in barracks and prisons is very severely punished, yet it has many adepts, and Indian women cultivate it because they sell

it at rather high prices. The dry leaves of the marihuana, alone or mixed with tobacco, make the smoker wilder than a wild beast. It is said immediately after the first three or four draughts of smoke the smokers begin to feel a slight headache; then they see everything moving and finally they lose all control of their mental faculties. Everything the smoker sees takes the shape of a monster, and men look like devils. They begin to fight, and, of course everything smashed is a monster 'killed." But there are imaginary beings whom the wild man cannot kill, and these inspire fear, until a man is panie stricken

Not long ago a man who had smoked a maribuana cigarette attacked and killed a policeman and badly wounded three others; six policemen were needed to disarm him and march him to the police station, where he had to be put into a straightjacket.

Such occurrences are frequent. There are other plants equally dangerous and among them is the "tolvache," a kind of loco weed. The seeds of this plant, boiled and drank as tea, will make a person insane. Among some classes of Mexico, it it is stated that Carlota, the empress of Mexico. lost her mind because she was given tolvacee in a refreshment.

--- Mrs. Greene-My husband's actions have made me a nervous wreck, but I don't see why Clara should be the same; she hasn't any men to worry her!

Miss Keene-That's just what's worrying