

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not—
These three bloomed in a garden spot,
And once, all merry with song and play,
A little one heard three voices say:
"Shine or shadow, summer or spring—
O thou child with the tangled hair,
And laughing eyes—we three shall bring
Each an offering, passing fair."
The little one did not understand,
But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.
Buttercup gambolled all day long,
Sharing the little one's mirth and song;
Then, stealing along on misty gleams,
Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams,
Playing and dreaming—that was all,
Till once the eeper would not awake;
Kissing the little face under the pall,
We thought of the world's third flower
spoke,
And we found, belated in a hallowed spot,
The solace and peace of forget-me-not.
Buttercup sharth the joy of day,
Glinting with gold the hours of play;
Bringeth the poppy sweet repose,
When the hands would f and the eyes would
close,
And after it all—the play and the sleep
Of a little life—what cometh then?
To the hearts that ache and the eyes that
weep,
A new flower bringeth Go's peace again,
Each one serves its tender lot—
Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not,
—[Eugene Field, in Chicago News-Record.]

PROF. MORGAN'S ROMANCE.

BY KATE LER.

Professor Morgan was an antiquarian and archaeologist. He loved things that were old and things that had been long dead, and passed all his days among bones and stones and ponderous books. Nothing fresh and living played any part in his life, and he persistently withdrew himself from intercourse with his fellows. His prematurely bald head, his large bumpy forehead and the studious stoop of his shoulders made him appear much older than he really was, and superficial observers imagined him to be as hard and as incapable of emotion as one of his own fossils. It was a rare thing for any one to get a look from the gray eyes half hidden under the prominent brows. To those who by chance did obtain a full, direct glance at them, and who had the wit to read their aright, they were a revelation of the man. They were eyes that spoke, and the intensity of expression concentrated in them gave the lie to his otherwise emotionless aspect. The Professor was, in fact, no fossil. His heart could beat warm and quick, and a romance lay hidden under his outer husk of hardness and reserve.

Ten years ago, Hugh Morgan, solitary, unknown, embittered in spirit and broken of heart, had come from abroad and taken up his residence in a lonely house fronting the sea on the outskirts of a Welsh seacoast village. It seemed an abode as congenial as possibly could be found. The neighborhood for many miles round abounded in antiquarian remains, and the house itself looked out on the Atlantic for three centuries or more. An isolated house and an isolated life. A house with a story to tell, could it but speak, a human life with a hidden untold past. Those were the parallels Hugh Morgan drew between himself and his chosen home, feeling a dreary sort of kinship with it, and half imagining sometimes that it possessed a human soul, a soul that was as sad in its loneliness as he in his. Here year after year he lived in solitude, devoted apparently to science alone, the man to all outward appearances merged in the antiquarian. His tall figure, surmounted by a broad-brimmed hat drawn low over his capacious brow, became well known to all the inhabitants of the village and the neighborhood around. Now and then it would be missed for six months or more at a time, when "The Professor," as he came to be called long before the title was his in reality, had found occasion to return abroad for scientific purposes. But, as a rule, it was to be met with every day, with a pace thoughtfully beside the wide sea, or passing rapidly across the green waste behind the straggling village, on the way to the mountains beyond.

The years went by. Professor Morgan became a shining light in the world of archaeological science; but each year as it passed seemed to bind him down more and more irrevocably to solitude of heart. The abounding of all companionship, which at first had been but the instinct of a wounded and sensitive spirit, became at length a fixed habit, which he was too shy and reserved to break through. Each year increased the stoop of the Professor's shoulders, the baldness of his head, and the terrific development of his forehead. Each year the sad, shy eyes grew sadder and slier and were more and more rarely lifted to meet the undiscerning, unperceptive eyes of others. Little did anyone divine what bitter hours of heart loneliness the misanthropic, unsocial Professor passed in the grim, museum-like study of his lonely house, or what painful thoughts, quite unconnected with burrows and cromlechs and Druid circles, were his daily companions.

One August day the Professor made a journey miles away among the mountains for the purpose of taking observations of a famous cromlech. He had been for two years at work upon a history of cromlechs, and was at this time gathering material for a chapter on the differences between British cromlechs and those of the nations of Germanic descent. The journey took him all the morning, and when he came within sight of the village on his return the afternoon sun was blazing at its hottest. About a mile and a half from the village the road passed through a rough field, in the midst of which, on a slight elevation, stood the ruins of an ancient British house.

To any but an antiquary the house had the appearance of being nothing more than a shapeless heap of stones. The Professor had a theory of his own concerning its origin and history; and intended one day writing a magazine article about it by way of recreation for

his laborious and exhaustive work on the cromlechs.

As he drew near the ruin to-day he saw coming toward it, from the direction of the village, in the hot glare of the sun, two tiny figures in black dresses and white sun bonnets. Between them they bore a hamper, from which a yellow cat raised its head and gazed around with inquiring eyes. The little faces beneath the sun bonnets were crimson with heat and haste, and as soon as they reached the foot of the mound on which the ruin stood, the two little travelers put down their burden, and sank beside it, panting with fatigue.

The Professor's interest was transferred from the ruin to the charming picture made by the children and their cat. It was long since he had rested his eyes upon objects so young and fresh, and full of life. His fancy was pleasantly struck with the picture of young life to which it formed a background. His heart stirred, and he stepped nearer to the children, who had been so absorbed in the labor of getting along with their burden that they had not perceived the Professor. Now, as they heard his approaching footsteps, they raised blue, startled eyes toward him, and threw protecting arms across their hamper. The Professor felt irresistibly drawn toward them, and, contrary to his usual custom, spoke.

"I won't hurt your cat," he said. His voice was gentle, and so were his gray eyes, which were not too shy to meet the innocent blue ones. His broad-brimmed hat was like their father's, the stoop of his shoulders reminded them of their father, too, and his manner invited confidence, so the children accepted his friendly overture and took him at his word.

"Come and look!" cried the younger of the two. She jumped to her feet, and, tripping up to the Professor, took his hand.

At the contact of the little soft confiding fingers a thrill shot through the Professor. He looked down at the child, and catching the sweet look of the innocent round face, it was most strangely borne in upon him that that sweetness of expression, that heavenly blue of the eyes, and that soft blueness of the brown hair on the fair forehead were not unfamiliar. As the child's hand drew him along he held it with a gentle pressure, and a musing expression crept into his sad eyes.

The elder child lifted the yellow cat from the hamper.

"There!" she said, "those are Amber's dear little kittens. We brought them here to save their lives because Gwenie said they would all have to be drowned!"

The Professor bent his back and peered into the hamper, where a family of blind, groping, three-days-old kittens lay. The Professor did not find them so charming or so interesting as the children. He looked from the kittens to the child hugging the yellow cat, her blue eyes sparkling under her sun bonnet. Who could those blue-eyed children be? Why should he fancy that they bore a resemblance to a blue-eyed girl whose life had been closely entwined with his own in the hidden past? The Professor put out his disengaged hand, keeping gentle hold of the clinging child with the other, and absently stroked Amber's yellow head. Amber purred approval, and the children's hearts were completely won. They invited the Professor to sit down on the grass with them, and, inwardly amazed and amused at his own unusual proceedings, the Professor did so. The children babbled about their kittens, and he, listening with a rather abstracted smile, turned his eyes ever from one child to the other.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked, abruptly, after a while. The question was addressed to the younger child, who still kept his hand and was leaning confidently against his arm, looking up with curiosity at the bumps on his broad forehead. She was wondering if they had been caused by a tumble down the stairs.

"My name is Phyllis," she said, in answer to his question.

The Professor started as if an electric shock had passed through him, and his face turned suddenly red. From Phyllis's face his eyes traveled to her black crape trimmed dress.

"Why do you wear this?" he asked, touching it very softly.

"Because mother has gone away from us," said the child, her lips quivering a little. "She has gone to Heaven, and we shall not see her again until we go there too."

The Professor said no more. He sat silent, looking out with dim eyes across the sunny land. He did not see the fields stretching hot and parched down to the village; he did not see the grand mountains fading away right and left of him into mist. He saw neither the calm sea shimmering out there beyond the village, nor the exquisite sky of turquoise blue smiling like embodied joy above it. He saw a girl named Phyllis, whom in the past he had loved with the intensity of a reserved and yet passionate nature. She had seemed to return his love, and to understand him as few understood the sensitive, reticent student. Assured of her love, convinced by many a token that he was the elect out of many suitors, he had left her one year to join an expedition party in Palestine.

Thither, after a few months' absence, he was followed by news which turned him outwardly to stone and made his inner life an agony of bitterness and grief. The news was conveyed in a cutting from the London Times, sent to him anonymously. It contained the announcement of Phyllis Wynne's marriage with a Colonel Llewellyn, who had at one time appeared to be a favored rival of her love, but who had long since ceased to press his suit. A letter in Phyllis's handwriting followed the announcement, but Hugh Morgan tore it to atoms, unread. A second and a third letter shared the same fate. Then the letters ceased. Hugh Morgan remained abroad for a year or two, and on his return buried himself in the obscure corner of Wales in which he had now lived for ten years.

The unmistakable likeness in the faces of these two children, and the fact of one of them bearing the name of the Professor, these were without doubt Phyllis's children. And Phyllis was dead! It was a strange chance that had brought him and Phyllis's children together—strange and sad that from the lips of

Phyllis's child he should hear of Phyllis's death.

So out there in the August sunshine, at the foot of the old ruin, the Professor read, as he thought, the last page of the romance of his life. But he was mistaken. There was yet another page to be turned.

Unnoticed by the dreaming Professor or by the children, who, seeing their companion's abstraction, had quietly busied themselves plucking the yellow poppies which grew among the grass, there had come along the road from the village a lady in a black dress. She was close upon them before the children perceived her. With outstretched arms she met her, and bending down kissed the little uplifted faces with great tenderness.

"My little Kitty and Phyllie!" she cried, "how you have frightened us! Why did you leave Gwenie? Why did you come all this distance alone?"

The Professor, hearing the voice rose suddenly to his feet. How strangely he was haunted by that! Surely that was the voice of Phyllis Wynne! And yet Phyllis was dead! His wondering, startled eyes devoured the face of the newcomer, and he held his breath. He saw a woman past her first youth, a woman with blue, sweet eyes, and with brown hair touched too early with gray. In spite of the difference the years had made, the place of the peachbliss of old, and the smoothness of the hair which once had curled so softly about the brow, Hugh Morgan could not but recognize her. This was certainly Phyllis. And yet the children said she was dead!

"Phyllis!" he cried aloud, unable to contain himself, and his voice broke as he spoke the name which had not passed his lips for more than ten years.

At the sound of that name, spoken by that voice, the lady started as the Professor had started when the child Phyllis had pronounced it, and a crimson tide of color rushed over her delicate face. She loosened the clinging arms of the children, and taking a step toward the Professor, stood with strained eyes staring at him.

"Hugh!" she cried.

Bluntly and confusedly he stammered; "But the child said you were dead!"

"The immobility of his face was all broken up with the strength of the conflicting emotions that possessed him, his gray eyes glowed under the prominent brows and his strong hands trembled. Phyllis was scarcely less moved herself, but, woman like, seeing his excessive and almost overmastering agitation, she came to the rescue by controlling herself into calmness of voice and manner.

"The children's mother is dead," she said, gently.

"They are not your children?" said the Professor, passing a hand over his brow, as if to sweep away the mist of bewilderment that obscured his understanding.

"They are my brother's children," said Phyllis Wynne. "He has just been appointed minister at a Presbyterian Church at C—." She named a large town some miles distant. "I have taken care of the children since their mother died a few months ago, and we have come here for a holiday."

"And you—you are widowed, then?" blundered on the Professor.

Phyllis Wynne looked at him strangely.

"I have never been married," she said, simply, and the crimson color again dyed her delicate face.

The Professor stared at her a moment in horrified amazement, scarcely able to seize the import of her words. Then he broke out in a passionate way, his voice loud and stern:

"Then what fend sent me that false notice of your marriage—your marriage with Colonel Llewellyn?"

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" cried Phyllis Wynne, swiftly, her voice sharp with pain. Through her quick woman's mind there had flashed the explanation of all that had been so incomprehensible, the realization of all that Hugh, as well as she herself had suffered, and with it a contrasting vision of what might have been.

"Oh, Hugh! what an awful mistake! My cousin of the same name, Phyllis Wynne, married Colonel Llewellyn."

"My God!" cried the Professor, "what a fool I was! What a fool!"

A dead silence fell between them. No detailed explanation was necessary just then. Each understood that either through the mistake of some officious meddling, or through the deliberate villainy of some rival of Hugh Morgan's, they had been kept apart through the best years of life, each embittered by the thought of the other's faithlessness. They stood side by side, looking gravely at the gleaming sea. Their hearts were beating with the same momentous thought, but neither yet dared to give expression to it. The children, gathering their yellow poppies and twining them about their hamper, looked up curiously now and again at their aunt and their new friend, and wondered why their faces were so serious and yet so excited, and why, after talking so seriously, they had now fallen into complete silence.

The silence could not long be maintained unbroken. It grew too pregnant with strong, struggling emotion. The Professor suddenly turned to the woman by his side.

"Have we met again too late, Phyllis?" he cried. "Is it too late?"

As the question passed his lips his face grew very white, and his gray eyes filled with an intense and painful eagerness. Phyllis kept him in no suspense. Her answer came at once, in a broken cry of love.

"Oh, Hugh! it is not too late—it could never have been too late!" And, her blue eyes shining through tears, she stretched out her hands to him.

The wonderful children, pausing in their work, saw their Aunt Phyllis gathered to their new friend's heart. She was held there closely, while soft whispered words passed from lip to lip, and a radiance of unspeakable happiness dawned over both faces. The years of sundering and separation seemed compensated for in that one moment of exquisite and perfect joy.

The stones of the old ruin blazing in the August sunshine gazed at the Professor in amazed reproach. But he paid no heed. The archaeologist was lost in the lover. —[Strand Magazine.]

Ipine clubs for ascending the peaks of the Himalayas are to be formed in India.

MADE BRAVE BY TORTURE.

A Band of Indians who Followed Their Leader to Death.

"When I was a boy about ten or twelve years of age," said an old Indian named Se-chi-tee, "there lived a band of Indians known as 'Staitans, or Flatans.' That was about 1804. These Staitans, it appeared from his story, only numbered about one hundred braves, but they were the most ferocious of all the American Indians. They were Indian outlaws composed of Cheyennes and Sioux. They were the best-mounted horsemen of the plains. They were the best riders. They moved with the big herds of buffalo. They never surrendered. They faced every foe and conquered or died. Their squaws rode in the ranks at their side and spared no one. They had no flag of truce, and neither gave nor asked quarter.

The secret of the wonderful valor and endurance of this band of flying horsemen was in the terrific tortures which they inflicted on each other. They were the originators in early times of the 'Hook-a-yum,' or torture dance, in the midst of which a warrior was hanged to a beam by the pectoral muscles of the breast, under which a stone knife had been passed, leaving a bleeding slit, through which a rope of horse-hair was drawn and fastened to the wooden toggles that suspended him high in the air.

The custom spread and was practiced by the Sioux, Gros Ventres, Nez Percés, Mandans, Cheyennes and other Indians of the plains and surrounding country. This band of braves, in the early part of this century, was exterminated near Lodge Pole Creek, on the North Platte River, probably by the Sioux. They had their initiators in the 'Band of Canoes,' one of the three bands of the South Assiniboine. Many years ago this fierce band, while out hunting the buffalo, got caught and bewildered with the helpless brutes themselves in the snows of the prairies, and sought the shelter of the woods by Lake Mandan. Soon they were surrounded by the Mandans and Gros Ventres.

"Seeing escape was impossible and slaughter inevitable, their war chief, Tall Bull, cried out to his warriors: 'Follow me!' They followed where he led in single file. Before them opened an arctic through the ice, where a whirling eddy circled in the swift current of the water of the lake. With a proud, defiant stride Tall Bull stepped up to the icy door, and disappeared at a single plunge. One by one the plumed warriors passed from view at each successive plunge, until at last they had all sunk out of sight below the smooth, icy surface of the haunted Lake of Mandan.

"There," said Se-chi-tee, "in that act you have the secret of the 'hook-a-yum.' To fall in it is to be counted as a woman. Torture is what builds the high cheek bones." —[Boston Herald.]

Comical Ostrich Chicks.

Ostrich chicks are comical little fellows with downy heads and necks and stripped bodies. The feathers are allowed to grow without being disturbed until maturity. The moulting time is in the fall, when all the best feathers would be dropped were they not previously plucked. This is not a very easy task in the case of such a powerful and pug-nacious bird. One method is by driving the victims, one at a time, into a plucking box that restrains them from violent resistance. Another way is for an attendant to grasp the bird's head and forcibly draw it to the ground, in which position it cannot see to strike while being robbed of its plumage. The wing and tail feathers alone are plucked. Each bird yields from one to two pounds, worth from \$50 to \$200, according to quality. They are sorted at the farm and then sent to the manufacturer, who dresses them for the market. About one-fourth of the annual harvest finds sale in California, and the rest are disposed of in New York. The natural are colors of the feathers of the male ostrich are pure black and spotted white; while those of the female are drab and white. The pure white is most highly prized. The very finest are reared in California at ten dollars a plum. The more common kinds shade down as low as one dollar each. Boas are also made of the black, white, and gray mixed, and sold at from \$25 to \$75 each. There is also a market for the eggs, which bring about two dollars apiece as curiosities. —[Scientific American.]

Slowest Railroad in the World.

"The slowest railroad in the world is the Arizona and New Mexico," said E. C. Tuttle to a St. Louis reporter. "From Benson to Nogales is eighty-eight miles, and when I went over the road the schedule time was eight hours. The fare was \$8.50, or ten cents a mile. "The road was known as the 'Burro road,' and Bill Nye must have had it in mind when he described a railroad whose trains wore the cowcatchers behind, to prevent the cows from invading the coaches and eating the passengers. "The Arizona and New Mexico could easily make better time, as the rolling stock is good and the roadbed not so very bad, but it don't have to, and a railroad seldom does anything except under compulsion. "The Mexican division, extending from Nogales to Guaymas, makes a trifle better time, but it never overtakes a streak of lightning. At least I have never heard of it doing so."

An Accurate Restoration.

Strassburg Cathedral is being restored. Happily the venerable structure is in good hands, for the royal commission superintending the operations will not allow any modern architect's freaks, but insists on the original work being copied in its minutest details. For example, even the grotesque figures of animals ornamenting the facade are being reproduced from old pictures and casts. —[New York Press.]

The sachet method of perfuming clothing and personal belongings seems a favorite one.

A Race that is Always Drunk.

"Did you know that there is an entire race of people who are never sober?" asked Capt. William P. Gaines. "Well, it's a fact. There is in the world to-day an entire race of people who regard sobriety as a calamity and drunkenness as the acme of bliss. These people are called the Ainu, and inhabit the northern islands of Japan. They are the aborigines of Japan, but were crowded northward by the present inhabitants until they have reached the 'jumping off place,' much as our Indians have been driven into the setting sun by the aggressive white man. And they are jumping off, too, at an alarming rate. They must have numbered several millions at one time, but now cannot count twenty thousand.

"They are a small, hairy, half-civilized people, of a low order of intelligence, and the filthiest on the face of the earth. The Japs believe that cleanliness is cousin-german to godliness, and are always paddling in the water, but the Ainu never bathe. At bear feasts and funerals they make a pretense of washing hands and face, but not a drop of water touches their bodies except by accident. They have a drink called sake. It is enough to cure an American of dipsomania, but it will make one drunk, and is swallowed by the Ainu in enormous quantities. Men, women and children appear to be always drunk. I paid them several visits while coasting in the eastern sea, and I never saw a member of the race who could be accused of being even reasonably sober." —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The Vicious Rivers of China.

The St. Petersburg Gazette, referring to the latest inundation of the Yellow river in northern China, which will again bring a population of more than a million upon the point of starvation, points out that these frequent or periodical calamities are the work of man rather than of nature. Many centuries ago the Chinese interfered so much with the stream as to compel it to change its course and dig a new bed for itself. But this bed the current has never grown truly accustomed to. It will deposit its enormous quantities of sediment carried down from the mountains in the most unsuitable localities, forming shallows and barriers which, when an unusually large mass of water rolls down, will overflow and break through its dikes and inundate the fertile grounds along the river bed. So it has been for centuries past, and the living generations are experiencing again and again that the sins of the fathers are being visited with most terrible cruelty upon remote descendants. It is doubtful whether the river could be turned back into its old bed, lying dry at present. But if it could, the old bed has been changed so much in the course of centuries that even there, in its old, natural, and wonted haunts, the current of the river might not become tranquil, but be forced to produce periodical inundations as it does in its present course.

Insurance of Vehicle Owners.

"There is one phase of accident insurance which is not generally known," remarked a man in one of the clubs, "and yet I believe that it is widely patronized and a source of considerable revenue to companies that write it. It is the insurance of the owners of vehicles against liability which they or their employees may incur by killing or injuring persons while driving, and for a small annual fee, which varies with the class of driving he does or is done for him, a man can be prepared to meet any claims incurred through accidents of the nature mentioned. I, for instance, have four vehicles, two of which I drive myself and two of which my coachman drives, and I have four horses in my stable. I pay \$10 a year and the insurance company will contest or adjust, and if necessary settle, all claims against me or my coachman up to a total of \$10,000 which may arise during the year. I presume for other than gentleman's pleasure or household vehicles the fees would be somewhat higher; in fact, I know that a medical friend of mine who has a great deal of fast driving to do about the city in visiting his patients is charged more than I am, but just how much more I cannot say." —[Philadelphia Record.]

No Gun Needed.

"I was out after partridge near Alpena," said a local sportsman, "and was coming home, along towards evening, with the gentleman who was entertaining me. We were sitting in the front seat talking as we left the fields behind us, and the hired man sat on the back seat with a gun and dog. Suddenly I saw a partridge get up out of a field and describe a peculiar circle in the air. Then he headed for the road, and at this juncture a hawk dove in sight in hot pursuit. The partridge settled rapidly and when it struck the road it dodged in some brush and the hawk went on. We stopped and I seized a gun and started in the direction of the bird. The dog came to a point and stood motionless. I went closer, but the bird would not move, and finally I told the man to go into the brush and chase it out, assuring him that I would not hit him. He went in, and after searching around, reached into a pocket just ahead of the dog's nose and there he found the bird. The poor creature was nearly frightened to death, and my friend took it home." —[Detroit Free Press.]

Life in Burmah.

When a Burman has earned a little money he immediately proceeds to spend it all, for the Burmese have no ambition to be rich and never hoard. Consequently there are no large land-owners, and there being no aristocracy the people are as near being on an equality as possible. Poor people are quite as rare as rich people, and the only beggars to be met with are the lepers, who sit on the steps of the pagodas. Should a Burman find himself in possession of a large sum of money, he builds a pagoda, and possibly a zayat or resthouse. If any money still remains he gives a theatrical performance. —[Fortnightly Review.]

NOVEL TRAVELING OUTFIT.

A Cripple Driving Across the Continent with a Goat Team.

The Butte correspondent of the Anaconda Standard gives the following interesting account of a novel traveling outfit now going through Montana: "Vivian Edwards, a cripple from Hastings, Neb., is making one of the most remarkable trips across the country that was ever undertaken. His long journey started at Hastings just 130 days ago, and during that time he has traveled 1,654 miles. He is a cripple, having lost the use of his legs, and travels in a miniature buggy drawn by a four-in-hand of milk-white Rocky Mountain goats, and carries a complete camping outfit with him. The entire outfit weighs 556 pounds, which the goats pull with ease, and have made thirty-two miles in one day, although the usual day's journey averages from twelve to sixteen miles, which distance the goats accomplish with ease. Some portions of his trip have been arduous in the extreme. Between Ham's Fork and Montpelier, in Wyoming, he took the wrong road and was lost in the desert, and for three days suffered intensely for want of water, as all the water himself and animals had was what was contained in a beer bottle. Another time in Southern Utah he was compelled to fight three bears, who were determined to dine off his four-in-hand, but after a hard fight, during which he killed two of the bears, he was enabled to pursue his way.

"Edwards is an intelligent fellow and a pleasant talker and takes a cheerful view of life, although almost helpless. He is accompanied by his wife and two little girls, one 4 and the other 7 years of age. His wife, who is a graduate of medicine, takes copious notes of their trip, which will be utilized in writing a book descriptive of the sights seen during their remarkable journey across the continent, their objective point being San Francisco. Edwards states upon his arrival here to-morrow he will pay a visit of respect to Sheriff Lloyd, and will drive his team up the Court House steps into the Sheriff's office. Edwards, who is a very clever violinist, will probably give a concert before leaving the city on his long trip, which is surely a plucky undertaking for one so helpless."

Chinese Surgery.

Like most things in China, the practice of surgery differs considerably from that in vogue in less enlightened Western countries. Bone-setting in the Celestial Empire is a complicated affair, and doubtless more efficacious than European methods. In setting a fractured limb the surgeon does not attempt to bring the bones together, but merely wraps the limb in red clay, inserting some strips of bamboo into the clay. These strips are swathed in bandages, and in the outer bandage the head of a live chicken is placed. Here comes in the superior science of the Celestial. After the bandage has been secured the fowl is beheaded and its blood is allowed to penetrate the fracture, for it nourishes the fractured limb and is "heap good medicine."

Remarkable Coincidences.

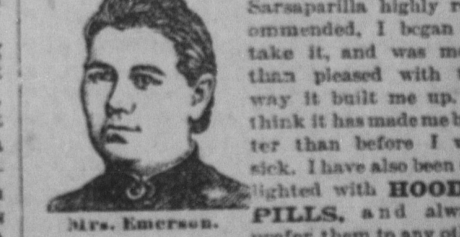
Residents of Elm Grove, W. Va., had a census taken last year and gave out as the actual results these figures: Males over 21 years of age, 148; males under 21 years, 148; females over 16 years, 148; females under 16 years, 148.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1 bottles.

After the Grip

"I was very weak and run down and did not gain strength, like so many after that prostrating disease. Seeing Hood's Sarsaparilla highly recommended, I began to take it, and was more than pleased with the way it built me up. I think it has made me better than before I was sick. I have also been delighted with HOOD'S PILLS, and always prefer them to any other kind now. They do not grip or weaken. I am glad to recommend two such fine preparations."



Mrs. Emerson.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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"August Flower"

I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Ziville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardin, Mason Co., Ky.