

### BIRDS OF PARADISE.

The birds of paradise  
In white and silver go,  
And when they shed the white feather  
There falleth down the snow.

The birds of paradise  
Wear wings of living green,  
And when they drop the wing feather  
The days of spring begin.

The birds of paradise  
With rosy plumes are shod,  
And when floats down the rose feather  
The roses are abroad.

The birds of paradise  
Their crests are gold and light,  
And when falls down the gold feather,  
Lo, autumn burning bright!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Mary's Mission.

By W. J. HENDERSON.

The professor dropped the letter which he had just read for the sixth time. He rose with nervous energy and went to the window.

He gazed into the street and saw children, children, children—everywhere children—laughing, running, skipping and generally disporting themselves with the amiable idiocy of youth.

"What on earth shall I do with it?" muttered the professor, drumming on the window with his eyes. "What put it into my sister's head that I would be the best person in the world to take care of her child? Why didn't her husband outlive her? Why did she die? The whole thing has been simply a plan to break up my—hem! I don't mean that! I suppose poor Jane would have lived if she could."

"But what am I to do with a 3 year old child in my bachelor quarters? I don't know, I'm sure. If Mottsboro were a big city perhaps it wouldn't be so bad. But in a miserable little village like this, where everyone's business is known to everyone else, I shall be driven mad, I know I shall."

As he stood gazing out of the window across the green stretch of level green lawn and over the snowy pickets of the well kept fence he became aware of a face at the window of the next house.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed the professor, half aloud, "what will she think? I never spoke to her but once, and that was at Mrs. Barbery's lawn party, where I was introduced to her. Then she said it was a pretty sight, and I answered 'Yes, it looks like rain.'"

"I couldn't help it. She was so beautiful, and I was so—so—so modest—or—bashful—or idiotic—or something."

It is quite true. Ever since Prof. Arthur Brewster, instructor in mathematics and astronomy at the Mottsboro high academy, had been presented to Miss Mabel Riker he had never dared to speak to her again.

She had passed him on the street often and had always greeted him with a pleasant smile and a bow, but he never dared to do more than lift his hat awkwardly and hasten on.

He would have given a month's salary to find courage to say something, and a year's for the audacity to join her in her walk. But he realized that courage was not a purchasable commodity.

She saw him at the window and smiled, whereupon he retired into the room with great cretivity. Her smile always frightened him. It always made him feel as if his heart had jumped out of place.

He had nearly recovered from his alarm when the aged woman who acted as housekeeper, cook and general servant in his small cottage knocked at the door and on entering said:

"There's a man here wid a child," she said. "Oh, Lord, it's come," said the professor, the perspiration starting out on his brow.

He went down into the sitting room and there he found the express messenger. The professor did not dare to take his eyes off the man lest they should fall on the queer bundled up object on the sofa.

"Professor," said the messenger, "here's the kid, safe and sound. Brought'er all the way myself. She's a jim dandy, she is. Her trunk is in the wagon. Wot'll I do with it?"

"Bring it in and put it in the small room upstairs."

While the man was out of the room the professor walked to the empty fireplace and stood gazing into it, painfully aware that his every movement was solemnly observed by two coal black eyes.

He could not have told how he knew they were black, but he was morally certain of it.

The man returned with the trunk and deposited it in the small room beside a brand new iron bedstead.

"That's all O. K., professor," said the man, pocketing certain bills. "I hope you'll like the kid, for she's a jim dandy."

A strange intonation in the man's voice caused the professor to tremble. There was a dismal silence for several minutes and then a high pitched treble voice said:

"Is you my Uncle Art'ur?"

The professor started, turned and found the eyes looking up at him. There was no mistake; they were as black as a crow's wing. So was the hair that hung in tangles around the olive brow.

The lips were red enough and the teeth white enough, but those eyes were dreadful.

"I am your uncle, Mary," he said, feebly.

"Mamma said you'd be dood to me. Mamma's dead."

There was a queer monotonous pathos in the speech. The professor felt a new emotion. He did not know what it was, but it made him bend down and lay his hand gently on the child's head as he said:

"I'll be good to you, Mary."

"Den take off my fings."

This was more than the professor had bargained for, so he called the old woman. But the child refused to be touched by her.

"Do 'way," she said, with a most malignant expression; "do 'way. Wants Uncle Art'ur to be dood to me. Don't want ole womans. I scratch ole womans."

The professor was fain to make an attempt to take off the "fings." He struggled bravely and got the point of a pin in his finger, which drew from him a rude exclamation.

"Pin 'tick?" gravely inquired Mary.

"It did," as gravely answered the professor.

"Well, you mus'n say so naughty words," continued Mary, "or you can't go to heaven. My mamma's dere. I wish I was."

And then the little black head fell forward and a tear or two fell.

Prof. Arthur Brewster looked uncomfortably at the old woman for a moment. Then he motioned for her to go.

She obeyed, but when she peeped through the keyhole a moment later she saw the professor tenderly take the gypsy looking mite in his arms and hold it close to his breast, where the tears ceased to flow and the unnatural gravity resumed its sway.

At supper the child asked for all sorts of things that the professor supposed were poisonous to children and all of which he promised to have in the house the next day, provided Mary would not carry out her one dread threat and cry.

But finally bedtime came and then Mary flatly refused to allow the old woman to undress her.

The professor perspired, but he managed to get the little garments off and to find in the poorly stocked trunk a night dress.

Robbed in the long white gown Mary looked more than ever like a little gypsy, but when, without a word of warning, she dropped on her knees before him and murmured in her broken language a little prayer, he thought that she might not be so painful a burden after all.

But the end was not yet. When he had retired some hours later to his own bed and was endeavoring to compose himself to sleep he became aware of the little figure standing beside his pillow.

"Why, Mary," he said, "whatever do you want now?"

"I lonely," she said. "Wants to sleep wiv you."

"Oh, no," he said, rather shortly, in his surprise, "that's quite out of the question."

He turned his back on her, hoping she would return to her room.

But a moment later he heard a meek little sob, and turning again found that she had fully carried out her supreme threat and was crying.

He tried to be angry, but something tugged at his heartstrings and he reached out his arms and took her to his bosom, where she purred a moment like a kitten and dropped to sleep with the peace of a perfect trust on her queer little face.

child came trotting in at meal time with some new story of Mabel's goodness.

"Yes, Mary," he said, emphatically one day, "she's the best girl in the world."

The Mary treasured that astounding declaration and in the afternoon remarked to Mabel:

"You'se dood to me; you'se best girl in de world."

"Oh, Mary!" said Mabel; "that's too much; you mustn't say that."

"Will say dat. You'se best girl in de world; Uncle Art'ur says you is."

"Oh-oh-oh!" said Mabel in a low tone, her eyes softening and her face coloring.

When little Mary returned to her uncle she was bursting with eagerness to repeat Mabel's reply. Suddenly, while the old woman was pouring out some milk, the child exclaimed:

"Uncle Art'ur, you'se handsome!"

"Saints alive!" cried the woman, spilling the milk.

"Why—why—Mary!" ejaculated the professor.

"You is Mabel says you is."

The professor said not a word, but he ate heartily and after supper smoked his pipe with uncommon zest.

When Mary went to visit Mabel the next day she carried with her a very pretty box of bon-bons for that young woman and when she returned she bore some choice berries plucked in Mrs. Riker's garden by Mabel's own fingers.

The last detail caused the professor to refrain from eating the berries. He put them away in a secret place, where they were subsequently found, a lot of hard, black pellets.

How long this communication of spirits might have gone on it is impossible to say, but it was interrupted in a way which brought grave anxiety to the professor's heart.

One evening Mary was much paler than usual and she complained of pain in her head.

"You've been playing too hard," said the professor, with his newly acquired air of paternal wisdom.

So he sent her to bed early—his own bed, in which she had finally consented to sleep.

But in the silence of the night she came to his side, crying and complaining of the pain. He found her in a feverish state.

The professor was a man of decision in most things. He promptly dressed himself, aroused the old woman, bade her sit by the child and went for the doctor. That dignified person on arriving looked wise and said:

"I am afraid she is in for the measles—or the scarlet fever—or else a bilious fever. It is really impossible to tell at this stage."

He gave explicit directions as to treatment and promised to call again in the forenoon. When he did so he shook his head and said:

"Professor, this child needs a woman's care."

"I—suppose you are right. But what shall I do? She will not allow my cook to come near her."

"Get a professional nurse."

"There are only two in town—and they are both young—and—well, you know—I—I live here alone."

"Well, sir, you must manage it somehow."

The doctor went away, leaving the professor much disturbed. A few minutes later the old woman informed him that Miss Riker was at the kitchen door inquiring about Mary. The professor felt that he ought to answer such an inquiry in person.

"I am much troubled," he said, "for the doctor thinks Mary ought to have a woman's care and she will not tolerate the cook."

"Yes, so the cook told me," answered Mabel. After a minute's hesitation she added: "I think Mary would let me take care of her."

"I am sure she would," declared the professor, warmly. "That is, of course, if—if it were—possible."

"I think it might be done," said Mabel, softly.

"Do you? How?"

"Let her come to our house."

"But would your mother be willing?"

"Oh, yes; she suggested it. She's very fond of Mary."

"Ah, yes; it is extremely good of you—and your mother. I'll speak to the doctor about it."

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed Mabel.

"How good—I mean—you—well—please let me know what the doctor says."

And she departed in some haste and in evident confusion.

As for the professor he would have worshipped her more than ever had the doctor come again and consented to the removal. Indeed, he urged that the child be taken to the Riker house at once, for he himself was at a loss to cope with the disease without a woman's help.

So Mary was very carefully wrapped in blankets and Uncle Arthur carried her to the little bed which had been prepared for her.

"I don't—I don't know how to express my gratitude to you, Miss Riker," he said, with feeling. "The child has become very dear to me."

"Don't speak of gratitude, professor," said Mabel, frankly, extending her hand; "I love Mary."

The professor took the proffered hand and they stood gazing silently at one another till Mabel seemed suddenly to recover consciousness, drew her hand away and went about her duties as nurse with bright eyes.

At night little Mary became delirious. Sometimes she called for Mabel and sometimes for Uncle Art'ur.

She told Mabel over and over again that she was the best girl in the world, because Uncle Art'ur said she was; and she told the professor that

he was handsome, because Mabel had so decided.

And there was much confusion in two anxious minds.

In the course of time, however, the disease passed its climax and youthful nature triumphed. The burning waves of fever broke and rolled backward, leaving the pale face paler than ever, with its startling contrast of black, shining eyes and tangled raven hair.

After a time little Mary was a convalescent. Then the professor, bending gently over her, said:

"To-morrow my dear little girl shall go home again."

"An'te Mabel, too," she said.

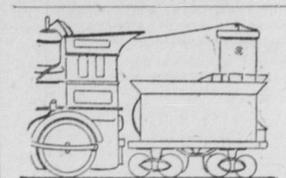
"Ha—well—Mabel will come to see you."

"Won't do 'less Mabel does, too."

### DISCOURAGING TRAIN ROBBERS.

#### A Louisiana Convict Invents a Bullet-Proof Tender Turret.

Frank Ryan, a convict in the Louisiana State prison at Baton Rouge, has patented an invention for the prevention of train robbers, which, he says, is bound to revolutionize the express business. He points to the fact that in the years of 1891 and 1892 there were twenty-two trains robbed on the different roads throughout the United States, and that in nineteen of these the robbers boarded the engines and



A ROBBER-PROOF LOCOMOTIVE.

compelled the engineer and fireman to go with them to the express car. He adds: "It has always been conceded that anything to prevent these robberies would come from the brain of a convict."

The "Messenger Revolving Picket" is the name of this convict's patent, and it is an ingenious system to protect the engineers and firemen. It consists of a bullet-proof house on the back of the tender, in which an armed guard takes his place when the train pulls out from the depot. This house is made either of boiler plate or steel, and it does not exceed 500 pounds in weight. It can be detached from the tender at any time.

The little house is about four feet in height, so as to allow a man to sit down in a comfortable position and yet not so high as to strike bridges or the tops of tunnels. In the front there is a door that is fastened on the inside with a bolt after the guard enters. There are portholes in the door and sides, which the guard can open at will, thus giving him a good view of the engine and of the country at large.

The picket house revolves like the turret of a man-of-war, and under each corner there is a roller. To fasten the picket house on the tender there is a socket and four rings, and on the inside there are four chains with snaphooks which catch in the rings. The whole is held in place by a pivot in the center.

When the train is made up the express guard mounts the engine, examines the picket house and places his rifles, revolvers, etc., inside. When the train pulls out he enters and fastens the door and sitting down, lights a cigar and begins to keep his eye out for train robbers.

When the train nears a water tank or station he covers the engine, and it would take a man with more than ordinary nerve to attempt to board a engine with a rifle barrel or a shot gun looking him in the face. In the event of the train being cut in two the engineer could tell in a moment by the jumping of the reverse lever and by the motion. The guard could hand to the engineer and fireman each a rifle, and by backing up to the detached portion of the express train they could protect the express train.

Convict Ryan says of his patent: "I claim for my invention that it affords complete protection for the engineer and fireman, with no danger to the guard unless it be that the engine is thrown from the track. With a determined man on the inside of the picket, it would be an utter impossibility for an armed body of men to stop, dynamite and rob the express car."

Photographing on Textiles.

As a substitute for printing or the use of engraved rollers for producing figures or patterns on cloth, photography is coming into use, and promises much more satisfactory and artistic results than any process hitherto employed. The fabric is immersed in a vat of boiling liquid containing prussic acid and salt, after which it is treated to a bath of one-fourth per cent. of nitrate of soda made strong with sulphuric or hydrochloric acid. It is then thoroughly washed, and while still damp is exposed under negatives containing the desired designs. Half a minute's exposure to the clear, bright sunshine, or in cloudy weather, a longer exposure under the arc-light gives the pattern. There is then a process of development and fixing that brings out tints and tones that are unapproachable by any other method. A wide range of shades and colors is possible by this means. Red is produced by an alkaline solution of naphthol; yellow by an alkaline solution of phenol; browns of various shades by naphthol-sulphonic acid; and orange by resorcin. When one considers the resources of the photographer and the expulsive half-tones that are the charm of fine work, the application of this art to cloth printing is suggestive of gratifying results.

Sympathy.

Scene—in front of Mrs. R.'s house. Mrs. R. (paying the cabman)—You look all right to-day.

Cabman—Ah, mum! my looks don't pity me. I suffer from a tarpaulin liver.

Mrs. R. (correcting)—A torpedo liver, you mean. (Cabman accepts the correction and an extra shilling.)—Punch.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### Put It Out.

What a little spark can do is illustrated by the burning down of Chicago, and the modern apparatus for putting out great fires. The spark too enters the human family with devastating effects; hence we hear of so many deaths by accidents with fire among careless cooks and children. This is another field of operation—but a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil is the apparatus to put the fire out of the system. Used according to direction it will soothe, heal, cure and leave no ugly scar behind. The healing process gives new surface and kindly does its work.

Jonathan Almonor, the famous linguist, could converse in twenty-seven different languages.

### Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Sober's was said to remember the faces and names of all who attended his discourses.

### \$100 Reward. \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of test cases. Address: F. J. CROWLEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

If we taxed wisdom and let each one see himself what a big revenue the State would have.

Health is Economy.

A well man can do as much work as two men who are "under the weather," and do it better. A box of Hipans Tablets in the office will save clerk-hire.

There are five States of the German Empire each smaller than Rhode Island.

Pico's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. P. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

When shed first met their appearance in California they were worth \$1.25 per pound.

### SIX WEEKS IN THE WATER.

A Hospital Patient's Prolonged Bath and the Success Which Attended It.

George Hennessy, who had been immersed in water for six weeks, was taken out Tuesday evening, says the St. Louis Republic. He declared that he felt like a fish that had just been landed and said he was much more comfortable under water than he was out of it. He is a patient at the city hospital and was suffering from a particularly virulent abscess which had formed on his back. When he was taken to the hospital it became necessary to wash the abscess so often that Dr. Marks decided that the best way to treat him was to put him in a bathtub and have a stream of water flow over the sore all the time. At first Hennessy wanted to get out of the tub, but in a few days he became as comfortable as could be expected and did not object. A large portion of his body was under water nearly all the time, and the afflicted part has been constantly under water for six weeks. The temperature of the water was regulated so that it was the same heat as that of his blood, and at last Hennessy actually enjoyed his experience. Last night he said that he could not go to sleep without hearing the rippling of water as usual. Dr. Heine Marks says the experiment has been an eminently successful one, for the man has almost recovered and is able to walk about. When he was taken to the hospital he could hardly stand. Dr. Marks at that time asked him if he was accustomed to bathing regularly, and Hennessy truthfully replied that he was not.

"I think I'll give you a bath," said Dr. Marks, and he gave him one which lasted six weeks.

The object in keeping Hennessy in the water all the time was to have the sore kept clean all of the time and to keep down the fever, which destroyed the tissues. The case is a novel one and will doubtless inaugurate a new method of treating abscesses, although the French surgeons at the Bicetre have adopted a cure somewhat similar to this one.

"It feels queer to have the water flowing over you all of the time," said Hennessy last evening. "Some of the time I imagined I was drowning, and sometimes I thought I was a diver. I got so used to hearing the rippling of water, though, that I cannot go to sleep without hearing it now. There is no music so sweet as the constant sound of falling water. I have heard it so long that it has become just as indispensable to me as a bed when I wanted to go to sleep. I wanted to stay there longer, but Dr. Marks told me that if I did stay but Dr. Marks told me that if I did stay I would have to be put in a glass case, so I thought I would not object to coming out."

Bismarck and the Number Three.

Prince Bismarck has a curious superstition in connection with the number three, and apparently not without reason. He has served three German Emperors; he has fought in three wars; he has signed three treaties of peace; he arranged the meeting of the three Emperors and established the triple alliance.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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