"Spring Unlocks The Flowers

To Paint the Laughing Soil."

And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Nature—the destroyer of disease germs. *It never disappoints.*

Poor Blood—"The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well." SUSIE E. BROWN, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Dyspepsia, etc.—"A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured." N. B. SEELEY, 1874 W. 14th Av., Denver, Col.

Rheumatism—"My husband was obliged to give up work on account of rheumatism. No remedy helped until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cured him. It cured my daughter of catarrh. I give it to the children with good results." MRS. J. S. MCMATH, Stamford, Ct.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
C. H. KEITZ, 1411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken. Weaken. or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... **CURE CONSTIPATION.** ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 312

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE** Tobacco Habit.

CATARRH Imported Schnaeburger Snuff, Europe's Reliable Cure. Send 15 cents for large box. R. OBERTEICHER, 511 E. 87th St., N.Y.

B A G 12

Large Private Library.

The largest private library in the United States is said to belong to Col. Reuben T. Durrett of Louisville, Ky., which contains over 50,000 volumes, collected during sixty years. Books on the history of the West predominate, and among them Col. Roosevelt worked while preparing his "Winning of the West."

Tobacco Raising.

Prior to 1859 Virginia was the greatest tobacco-producing state of America, the annual yield being 122,000,000 pounds. The present yield of Virginia is approximately 50,000,000 pounds per annum. Since the civil war Kentucky has taken first place in tobacco, yielding annually 225,000,000 pounds.

Relative Size of Armies.

In Germany there is one soldier for every seventeen civilians; in France the proportion is one to 15; in Russia one to 17; in Great Britain one to 72; in the United States, one to 445.

There is No Telling.

Be sure not to let rheumatism stay in the system longer than you can get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil to cure it. There is no telling what part it may strike or how much misery it may give.

Parito, believed to be the last Yaqui Indian in California, is dead. He was 103 years old.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

On rainy days Governor Roosevelt still dons the old sombrero which he wore at Santiago and San Juan.

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

Senator Turner, of Washington, was one of the famous "Grant 306" in the national convention of 1880.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

It is understood that Senator Depew has planned an elaborate social campaign for next winter in Washington.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Mme. Lilli Lehman, the operatic singer, is an active worker in the crusade against vivisection.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

SMITHS IN THE HOUSE.

They Are Men Noted for Their Ability and Affability.

There are four Smiths in this house; there will be five Smiths in the next. Four of them will be republicans, and three of them will come from the state of Michigan, says the Washington Post. In fact, Michigan is the state that furnishes this new statesman of the Smith family. The only democratic Smith is Mr. David Highbaugh Smith of Hodgensville, Larue county, Kentucky, a little man of nervous manner, who is one of the ablest members of the Kentucky delegation in the house, although, as he is now serving his first term, he has not come very prominently to the front. It was in this Mr. Smith's district, not far from Hodgensville, that Abraham Lincoln was born, which makes it pertinent to remark that Representative-Elect Henry C. Smith of Adrian, in the Second Michigan district, has an Abraham Lincoln habit, much noted by his prospective constituents, of illustrating his arguments with a pat story. He is said to be nimble-witted and tells his stories, which are sometimes original, in excellent form. This Michigan Smith is about 40 years old, the son of a farmer, and was born within six miles of the city where he now resides. He paid his own way through college, studied law and has built up a practice and won a reputation as the leading attorney of that part of Michigan. He succeeds that intrepid old warrior, Gen. George Spalding. During the campaign Mr. Smith clambered into the Pingree band wagon and is an ardent supporter of Michigan's emphatic chief executive. Representative S. W. Smith of the Sixth Michigan district, who is the smallest man in stature in the house, but like Mr. Smith of Adrian a very brilliant lawyer, was re-elected. Representative William Alden Smith, a man with a Daniel Webster pose, who is a member of the house committee on foreign affairs, and who had a battle with Spanish soldiers in Cuba last spring, frightening away a great number of them with his silk umbrella, has likewise been re-elected, as has Mr. George W. Smith of Murphysboro, Ill., representing the Twenty-Second district. It is due to all of the Smiths now members of the national house to mention that every one of them is personally a very companionable gentleman, each popular to a degree or less degree in political and other circles.

A man named Kohn, who is said to have been 112 years old, has just died at Vienna.

MANY a dutiful daughter pays in pain for her mother's ignorance or perhaps neglect.

The mother suffered and she thinks her daughter must suffer also. This is true only to a limited extent. No excessive pain is healthy. Every mother should inform herself for her own sake and especially for the sake of her daughter. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice about all matters concerning the ills of the feminine organs.

INDULGENT MOTHERS

Many a young girl's beauty is wasted by unnecessary pain at time of menstruation, and many indulgent mothers with mistaken kindness permit their daughters to grow careless about physical health.

MISS CARRIE M. LAMB, Big Beaver, Mich., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—A year ago I suffered from profuse and irregular menstruation and leucorrhœa. My appetite was variable, stomach sour and bowels were not regular, and was subject to pains like colic during menstruation. I wrote you and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of Sanative Wash. You can't imagine my relief. My courses are natural and general health improved."

MRS. NANNIE ADKINS, La Due, Mo., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to tell you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done my daughter. She suffered untold agony at time of menstruation before taking your medicine; but the Compound has relieved the pain, given her a better color, and she feels stronger, and has improved every way. I am very grateful to you for the benefit she has received. It is a great medicine for young girls."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Bundles of Life"—Inspiration Drawn From a Homely Phrase—Life, Spiritual and Physical, is Divinely Protected—Bundles Which Are Blessings.

TEXT: "The soul of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God."—I Samuel xxv., 29.

Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic plea for the rescue of her inebriate husband, who died within ten days, addresses David, the warrior, in the words of the text. She suggests that his life, physically and intellectually and spiritually, is a valuable package or bundle, divinely bound up and to be divinely protected.

The phrase "bundle of life" I heard many times in my father's family prayers. Family prayers you know, have frequent repetitions, because day by day they acknowledge about the same blessings and deplore about the same frailties and sympathize with about the same misfortunes, and I do not know why those who lead at household devotions should seek variety of composition. That familiar prayer becomes the household liturgy. I would not give one of my old father's prayers for fifty elocutionary supplications. Again and again, in the morning and evening prayer, I heard the request that we might all be bound up in the bundle of life, but I did not know until a few days ago that the phrase was a Bible phrase.

During the last spell of cold weather there were bundles that attracted the attention and the plaudits of the high heavens, bundles of clothing on the way from comfortable homes to the door of the mission room, and Christ stood in the snowbanks and said as the bundles passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Those bundles are multiplying. Blessings on those who pack them. Blessings on those who distribute them. Blessings on those who receive them.

With what beautiful aptitude did Abigail in my text speak of the bundle of life! Oh, what a precious bundle is life! Bundle of memories, bundle of hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of destinies! Once in a while a man writes his autobiography, and it is of thrilling interest. The story of his birthplace, the story of his struggles, the story of his sufferings, the story of his triumphs! But if the autobiography of the most eventful life were well written it would make many chapters of adventure, of tragedy, of comedy, and there would not be an uninteresting step from cradle to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boyhood memories, with all its injustices from playmates, with all its game with ball and bat and kite and sled. Manhood memories, with all your struggles in starting—obstacles, opposition, accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes. Memories of the first marriage you ever saw solemnized, of the first grave you ever saw opened, of the first mighty wrong you ever suffered, of the first victory you ever gained. Memory of the hour when you were affianced, memory of the first advent in your home, memory of roseate cheek faded and of blue eyes closed in the last sleep, memory of anthem and of dirge, memory of great pain and of slow convalescence, memory of times when all things were against you, memory of prosperities that came in like the full tide of the sea, memories of a lifetime. What a bundle!

Bundle of hopes and ambitions also is almost every man and woman, especially at the starting. What gains he will harvest, or what reputation he will achieve, or what bliss he will reach, or what love he will win. What makes college commencement day so entrancing to all of us as we see the students receive their diplomas and take up the garlands thrown to their feet? They will be Faradays in science; they will be Tennysons in poesy; they will be Willard Parkers in surgery; they will be Alexander Hamiltons in national finance; they will be Horace Greeleys in editorial chair; they will be Websters in the Senate. Or she will be a Mary Lyon in educational realms, or a Frances Willard on reformatory platform, or a Helen Gould in military hospitals. Or she will make home life radiant with helpfulness and self-sacrifice and magnificent womanhood. Oh, what a bundle of hopes and ambitions! It is a bundle of garlands and scepters from which I would not take one sprig of mignonette nor extinguish one spark of brilliance. They who start life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more coronets and hosannas.

Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future, to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abysm to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever, for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh worlds, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail of my text saw in David and which we ought to see in every human yet immortal being!

Know, also, that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has missed its way and disappeared because the address has dropped, and no one can find by examination for what city or town or neighborhood it was intended. All great carrying companies have so many misdirected packages that they appoint days of vendue to dispose of them. All intelligent people know the importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage master and expressman ought to know at the first glance to whom to take it.

The bundle of life that Abigail in my text speaks of is plainly addressed. By divine penmanship it is directed heavenward. However long may be the earthly distance it travels its destination is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile it goes away from that direction is by some human or infernal fraud practiced against it. There are those who put it on some other track, who misplace it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolic miscarriage. The value of that bundle is so well known all up and down the universe that there are 1,000,000 dishonest hands which are trying to detain or divert it or to forever stop its progress in the right direction. There are so many influences abroad to ruin your body, mind and soul that my wonder is not that so many are destroyed for this world and the next, but that there are not more who go down irremediably.

Every human being is assailed at the start. Within an hour of the time when this bundle of life is made up the assault begins. First of all there are the infantile disorders that threaten the body just launched upon earthly existence. Scarlet fevers and pneumonias and diphtherias and influenzas and the whole pack of epidemics surround the cradle and threaten its occupant; and infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes was not more imperiled by the monsters of the Nile than every cradle is imperiled by ailments all devouring. In after years there are foes within and foes without. Evil appetite joined by outside allurements. Temptations that have utterly destroyed more people than now inhabit the earth. Gambling saloons and rummeries and places where dissoluteness reigns supreme, enough in number to go round and round the earth. Discouragements, jealousies, revenges, malevolences, disappointments, swindles, arsons, conflagrations and cruelties, which make continued existence of the human race a wonderment. Was ever any valuable bundle ever so imperiled as this bundle of life? Oh, look at the address and get that bundle going in the right way! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength."

Know also that a bundle may have in it more than one invaluable. There may be in it a photograph of a loved one and a jewel for a carcanet. It may contain an embroidered robe and a Doré's illustrated Bible. A bundle may have two treasures. Abigail in my text recognized this when she said to David, "The soul of my lord is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." And Abigail was right. We may be bound up with a loving and sympathetic God. We may be as near to Him as ever were emerald and ruby united in one ring, as ever were two deeds in one package, as ever were two vases on the same shelf, as ever were two valuables in the same bundle. Together in time of sorrow. Together in time of joy. Together on earth. Together in heaven. Close companionship of God. Hear Him, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." And when those Bible authors compared God's friendship to the mountains for height and firmness they knew what they were writing about; for they well knew what mountains are. All those lands are mountainous. Mount Hermon, Mount Gilboa, Mount Gerizim, Mount Engedi, Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pisgah, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai, Mount Golgotha. Yes, we have the divine promise that all those mountains shall weigh their anchorage of rocks and move away from the earth before a loving and sympathetic God will move away from us if we love and trust Him. Oh, if we could realize that according to my text we may bound up with that God, how independent it would make us of things that now harass and annoy and discompose and torment us! Instead of a grasshopper being a burden, a world of care would be as light as a feather, and tombstones would be marble stairs to the King's palace, and all the giants of opposition we would smite down hip and thigh with great slaughter.

Know, also, that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter, some holiday presentation, something that will enrich and ornament our home, some testimony of admiration and affection! With what glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering and see the gift or purchase in all its beauty of color and proportion. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the "house of many mansions," amid saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure, it may bear inscription after inscription to tell through what ordeal it has passed, perhaps splashed of wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of the heavenly home circle.

In our anxiety at last to reach heaven we are apt to lose sight of the glee or welcome that awaits us if we get in at all. We all have friends up there. They will somehow hear that we are coming. Such close and swift and constant communication is there between those uplands and these lowlands that we will not surprise them by sudden arrival. If loved ones on earth expect our coming visit and are at the depot with carriage to meet us, surely we will be met at the shining gate by old friends now sainted and kindred now glorified. If there were no angel of God to meet us and show us the palaces and guide us to our everlasting residence, these kindred would show us the way and point out the splendors and guide us to our celestial home, bowered and fountained and arched and illumined by a sun that never sets. Will it not be glorious, the going in and the settling down after all the moving about and upsettings of earthly experience? We will soon know all our neighbors, kingly, queenly, prophetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic. The precious bundle of life opened amid palaces and grand marches and acclamations. They will all be so glad we have got safely through. They saw us down here in the struggle. They saw us when we lost our way. They knew when we got off the right course. None of the thirty-two ships that were overdue at New York harbor in the storm of week before last was greeted so heartily by friends on the dock or the steam tugs that went out to meet them at Sandy Hook as we will be greeted in the heavenly world if by the pardoning and protecting grace of God we come to celestial wharfage. We shall have to tell them of the many wrecks that we have passed on the way across wild seas and amid Caribbean cyclones. It will be like our arrival some years ago from New Zealand at Sydney, people surprised that we got in at all, because we were two days late, and some of the ships expected had gone to the bottom, and we had passed derelicts and abandoned crafts all up and down that awful channel—our arrival in heaven all the more rapturously welcomed because of the doubt as to whether we would ever get there at all.

Once there it will be found that the safety of that precious bundle of life was assured because it was bound up with the life of God in Jesus Christ. Heaven could not afford to have that bundle lost because it had been said in regard to its transportation and safe arrival, "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." The veracity of the heavens is involved in its arrival. If God should fail to keep His promise to just one ransomed soul, the pillars of Jehovah's throne would fall, and the foundations of the eternal city would crumble, and infinite poverties would dash down all the chalices, and close all the banqueting halls, and the river of life would change its course, sweeping everything with desolation, and frost would blast all the gardens, and immeasurable sickness slay the immortals, and the new Jerusalem become an abandoned city, with no chariot wheel on the streets and no worshippers in the temple—a dead Pompeii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum of the heavens. Lest any one should doubt, the God who cannot lie smites his omnipotent hand on the side of his throne and takes affidavit, declaring, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Oh, I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious. Bound up with God. Bound up with infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite joy. Bound up with infinite purity. Bound up with infinite might. That thought is more beautiful and glorious than was the heroic Abigail, who at the foot of the crags uttered, "Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appreciate the value of that bundle. See that it is bound up with nothing mean, but with the unsullied and the immaculate. Not with a pebble of the shifting beach, but with the kohinoor of the palace; not with some fading regalia of earthly pomp, but with the robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

A Boom at Pittsburg.

A wave of prosperity in Pittsburg started every mill, factory and workshop to its fullest capacity.

PORTO RICAN BURIALS.

POMPOUS INTERMENT FOR THE RICH—IGNOBLE END FOR POOR.

Fixed Rent Paid for Vaults—Failure on Cemetary Contracts Result in a Transfer of Bones to a Common Pit—Survival of Quaint Medieval Customs.

Among the quaint old customs of medieval times that hold the native Porto Ricans in stagnant channels the funeral ceremony and the aristocratic old Spanish cemetery present an interesting feature of the life of these people.

Upon the hill at the edge of the capital, just beyond Morro Castle, with its time-stained, picturesque old walls, within the shadow of its mighty parapet, lies the Catholic graveyard, with its even rows of marble slabs, its great Roman basilica for the noted dead, its chapel for prayers, and then the dumping ground for the clay bones of long forgotten souls that have lost their identity.

The funeral ceremony is certainly an elaborate affair in these Southern Catholic countries. Take, for example, the death of some Spanish general. The great black hearse moves slowly down the narrow streets, with two priests in full canonicals preceding it on foot, and then four altar-boys swinging the incense lamps. Behind the hearse, draped to the ground and drawn by two horses, come the long line of mourners, composed of the chief dignitaries of the town and the especial friends. These mourners are all men. No woman ever takes part in a funeral procession unless she happens to be the chief personage of the occasion.

On the other hand observe the funeral of a lowly pauper. No pompous procession marks the progress of the dead to the graveyard. The naked body, covered only with a white winding sheet, is laid without a coffin on a six-foot board and carried on the shoulders of four pall bearers, who constitute the only mourners and are almost invariably relatives of the dead. Slowly this sad spectacle of the poverty-stricken unfortunate passes up the hill to the cemetery, to be met with even a more unattractive burial.

The San Juan cemetery covers six acres of ground well filled up with slabs of white marble at irregular intervals. All along one side is a long narrow vault like a Roman basilica, where the coffins of the more prosperous and fortunate dead are placed in niches in the wall and sealed up. This is the most aristocratic mode of burial, and it costs the family of the bereaved a rental of 11 pesos per annum to reserve this place in the tomb.

If the annual rent is not paid the bones of the deceased are removed from the tomb and literally shoveled into a common dumping ground of skeletons. This dumping ground is inclosed by a circular brick wall twenty feet high, and open to the sky. Almost any day the top of this wall is lined with a group of soldiers dangling their legs inside the dumping ground and smoking and jesting with the most extraordinary indifference to the sublime rendezvous of the dead. Just beyond the low brick wall of the cemetery, shattered in spots with the force of well-directed American shells, lies the potter's field. This is only a narrow patch of ground fifteen feet wide and 200 feet long, which lies between the moldering walls of Morro Castle and the graveyard. A horrible plague-laden odor rises eternally from that narrow lane. To it the bodies of the very poor are consigned until the dried skeletons can be heaved into the big vat of skeletons outside.

This is the only burial ground in the San Juan district. Being a Catholic cemetery, no Protestant can be buried within its walls. And the lack of a Protestant burial ground has deprived several unfortunate Americans of a definitely marked resting place. No steps have yet been taken to lay out a Protestant burial ground. Such is an absolute necessity, for an American soldier does occasionally shuffle off this moral coil, in spite of the winter season and the suppression of the fever pestilence.

The Day of the Dead is celebrated with great ceremony in San Juan and is a holiday similar in purpose to Decoration Day in the States. All shops are closed and business is entirely suspended. On this day women visit the graveyard and decorate the graves with purple wreaths. No other flowers except those of a purple color are used, and beautiful large floral pieces of natural and artificial flowers are carried to the graves of relatives. Mourners are dressed on this occasion entirely in black, and the women wear heavy black veils. Both men and women walk to and from the cemetery. After prayers are said for the dead in the cemetery chapel the crowd saunters back to the town to sit down to a feast of bread and fruit and wine or cocoanut milk.

The poorer class of Porto Ricans are a mob of ignorant, bigoted and superstitious children. A horror of the graveyard after dark and a strong belief in ghosts and spirits is illustrated by a most unusual occurrence which came to pass recently in San Juan.

A group of young Porto Ricans were sitting one night in a big open cafe on the main plaza, sipping, as is the custom here, dainty cupfuls of chocolate or cocoa milk, when one of the number, boasting of his pride as a Porto Rican soldier and his ambition to bear American arms, defied the crowd to name anything that he would not confront. One of his companions suggested nailing an American flag on the graveyard gate, a daring exploit to which the young Porto Rican youth agreed.

Although he set out at 9 o'clock, at one hour after midnight he had not returned. Growing alarmed, his comrades went in search of him and found him lying in a swoon at the entrance of the cemetery. In his haste to nail up the flag quickly he had caught the loose sleeve of his coat under the nail, fastening himself there unwittingly, and after a few strokes of the hammer, finding himself held there by some force unknown to him, he lost consciousness immediately in the attack of fright which has seized him.—Lucie France Pierce, in the Chicago Herald.

BUFFALO BILL'S HUNTING.

His Remarkable Exploit With an Outfit That Excited Derision.

A lively little story of hunting is told by Buffalo Bill. A herd had been sighted from camp, and the famous ranger at once jumped on his horse in quest of fresh meat, of which he and his companions were in great need.

"While I was riding toward the buffaloes, I saw five horsemen from the fort, who were evidently going out for a chase. They proved to be newly arrived officers—a captain and his lieutenants. 'Hello, my friend,' sang out the captain, 'I see that you are after the same game that we are!' 'Yes, sir,' said I.

"They scanned my cheap outfit very closely, and, as my horse looked like a work horse, and had on only a blind bridle, they evidently considered me a green hand at hunting. 'Do you expect to catch these buffaloes on that Gothic steed?' laughed the captain. 'I hope so by pushing hard enough on the reins,' was my reply. 'You'll never catch them in the world, my fine fellow!' said he. 'It takes a fast horse to do that.' 'Does it?' asked I, as if I didn't know. 'Yes; but come along with us, for we are going to kill them more for pleasure than anything else. All we want are the tongues and a piece of tenderloin, and you may have all that is left.' 'I'm much obliged to you, captain,' said I, carelessly. 'I'll follow you.'

"There were 11 buffaloes in the herd, and they were not more than a mile ahead. I saw they were making toward the creek for water, and I started up that way to head them off, while the officers came up in the rear and gave chase. The animals came rushing past me, not 100 yards distant, with the officers 300 yards in the rear. I pulled the blind bridle off my horse, and he, a trained hunter, knew exactly what to do. He started at the top of his speed and brought me alongside the rear buffalo. I raised my gun, fired, and killed the animal at the first shot. My horse then carried me alongside the next one, and I dropped him at the next fire. Thus I killed the 11 buffaloes with 12 shots, and, as the last animal dropped, my horse stopped. Remember, I had been riding him without bridle, reins or saddle; but I jumped to the ground, knowing he would not leave me.

"The astonished officers were just riding up. 'Now, gentlemen,' said I, 'allow me to present you with all the tongues and tenderloins you want.' 'Well,' said the captain, 'I never saw the like before! Who under the sun are you, anyhow?' 'My name is Cody.' 'That horse of yours certainly has running points!' 'Yes, sir; you're right; he has not only the points, but he knows how to use them.' 'So I noticed.'"

A Musk Rat Preserve.

During the last year the members of the Cedar Point Club have taken steps to prevent the rapid extermination of musk rats in the marsh, and have adopted stringent measures to keep poachers from the preserves of the club. As a result the marsh about the club grounds has the appearance of a veritable musk rat city, so thick are the houses of the animal. The rats are more numerous than ever before, and by next year they will be so plentiful that hunting them can go on without fear of extermination.

For many years the dwellers along the bay shore have made it a business to systematically hunt "the rat" and kill them off in every possible manner, primarily for the skin, and secondarily because their flesh is one of the delicacies of the season. Owing to the fact that a number of people are being introduced to the rat as a delicate article of food, the demand at times exceeds the supply by several rats, and the hunters have resorted to every menas to secure them. This boded no good for the members of the tribe about the marsh, and led the Cedar Point Club to take steps against the miscellaneous hunting. The action of the club meets the hearty approval of all sportsmen, who know that a rat properly cooked and served is one of the finest dishes imaginable.—Toledo Blade.

Big System of Packets.

A big system of packet steamers is planned for the Mississippi river, which may bring back part of the importance, if not the picturesqueness, of the river in the times when Mark Twain found so much color in it. The plan is to run a line of passenger and freight steamboats daily from St. Paul to New Orleans, touching only at the most important points. At intermediate points tenders will meet the passing steamers. Depots will be built for the convenience of passengers. The passenger and freight boats will be distinct. They will be fast, with steel hulls, and will draw so little water that the runs can be made on strict schedule time in the lowest water. In the pilot system there is a wide variation from Mark Twain's system. Each pilot's daily duty will be a run of six hours long. Then he will land and wait at a depot for a returning boat. By this method each pilot will become acquainted with the part of the river which is in his jurisdiction and can better guard against shifting sand bars and other obstruction than if running the whole route.—Philadelphia Record.