

BEYOND THE MIST.

Beyond the mist are sunlit leagues of sea,
And towering peaks by lingering sunshine
kissed.

CINDERELLA.

Whenever Effie thought of her lot,
which appeared at present to be to do
the housework for her step-mother and
her two step-sisters, her mind naturally
reverted to her favorite fairy tale, the one
she liked to read oftentimes in those child-

And then Effie would give the stout,
serviceable boots, which her step-mother
always bought a size too large for her, a
contentious look, which would have
withered their soles, had they been any-

Effie never said all this to any one but
herself, certainly not to her step-mother,
who, now that she was a widow once
more—for Effie's father had not lived
long after his second marriage—was
completely mistress of the house.

It was provoking, with nothing for
herself but her every day calicoes and
step-mamma's old brown silk, made short
and scanty, for Sunday's church going.

"In a few years the Goodwoods' party
will be over," said Effie; "and I want to
go so much. Oh, do let me!"

But though Mrs. Mervin did not cry
out frankly, as did the step-mother of
the fairy tale; "My dear, the King's son
will be there," she thought much the
same thing. She remembered Leslie
Goodwood—such a good match for any
one who was happy to catch him; and
she remembered also that Effie was much
prettier than her Melissa.

"Cinderella! Cinderella!" she cried
aloud. "If ever there was a Cinderella
on earth, it is I. I wish—"

"What do you wish, my dear?" said a
voice behind her; and Effie turned her
head toward the door with a little
scream, and there stood a tiny little old
lady, not exactly in a red cloak, but
certainly in a red shawl, which nearly
covered her.

"What is it you wish so much, Effie?"
asked the old woman.

"Oh, I was wishing I could go to the
Goodwoods' party," said Effie, bursting
into a little laugh. "Do come in, Mrs.
Percy. I really thought you were my
fairy god-mother at first. Did you come
down the chimney?"

"I think so myself," said Effie. "But
I hadn't any dress, and I never have any
money. Papa left me nothing, you
know."

"Your pa? Well, your poor pa is
dead," said Mrs. Percy. "But see here,
Effie, you shall go to the party if you
like."

"What are you talking about, child?"
cried the old lady. "But just wait a
moment. My niece is at our house with
her daughter, and she has a great trunk
full of the prettiest things. Do your hair,
and I'll bring you all you want to wear."

"I should like to go," said Effie.
dauntlessly.

Away she went, and Effie, trembling
at her own temerity, brushed her hair
into the loveliest curls ever seen, and in
the shortest possible space of time. Back
came Mrs. Percy with a pretty dress of
pale blue silk, white gloves and slippers,
and just the prettiest bunch of blush
roses.

"The slippers are a little too large,"
said Mrs. Percy, "but that can't be
helped. Now I've got my own little
pony carriage at the door, and I'll drive
you over. Wrap yourself up well, and
mind you are ready to come home at
twelve o'clock, for I shall be at the door.
Now kiss me."

"Who is that young lady who looks so
like Effie?" whispered Mrs. Mervin to
Amanda.

ella!" cried Effie. "I'm getting fright-
ened at myself."

And, to carry the story out, she was in
bed, with her calico dress hanging over a
chair back, and all the finery—odd slipper
and all—gone home with Mrs. Percy,
when her step-mother peeped into the
room on her way to bed.

"There was a girl just like you, Effie,
at Mrs. Goodwood's last night," said
Amanda.

"But handsomer and older," said Mrs.
Mervin.

"I hope it is. The young Prince,
when he found Cinderella's shoe, vowed
he would marry no one but its owner. I
have made the same vow. Will you help
me to keep it?"

It doesn't matter in the least what Effie
said. But afterward she always called
herself Cinderella in her own mind; so
that you understand, of course, that she
married Leslie, as Cinderella married the
young Prince, and was "happy ever after-
ward."—The Ledger.

A Central American Despot.
To the student of metaphysics the
character of Rufino Barrios, the despot
of Guatemala, must necessarily appear as
an enigma, from its many strange con-
traries and inexplicable moods.

He allowed no man or set of men to
stand in the way of his ambition, and
upon bare rumor often ordered a citizen
to be shot without a moment's warning
or shadow of trial. Not less than two
hundred citizens of Guatemala now lie
in death's embrace, by his order, who
never knew even the charges preferred
against them. At one time a rebellion
was brewing in one of the northern dis-
tricts, and, without knowing who were
the ringleaders, but to spread terror in
the department and quell the uprising,
eight men were selected, more or less at
random, and shot.

A Jerusalem Shoe Shop and Restaurant
In describing some of his experiences
in the Holy City in the New York World,
Frank Carpenter says: "I stopped one
afternoon before a shoe shop, and out of
curiosity, took its measurements. It was
a hole in the wall cut out with a base four
feet above the cobble-stone street. A
rude stone two feet high was the step by
which the shoemaker crawled into it,
and it was just three feet wide, five feet
high and eight feet deep. It was as dark
as a pocket and the shoemaker squatted
in the entrance with a board on his lap
and he filled it completely. He was
working at a pair of rough Bedouin shoes
and the owner of these squatted cross-
legged in his bare feet while the cobbler
waxed his thread and in pulling it was
careful to move his hands toward the
street and back into the shop. The place
was so small that he pulled his thread
in the ordinary way he would have barked
his elbows against the walls. There are
hundreds of such shops in Jerusalem, and
the average business place is more like a
bank vault than anything else. Next to
this shoe shop there was a Jerusalem
restaurant. It was an oval hole cut into
the hill twelve feet high, eight feet wide and
forty feet deep. At the front was the
cooking stove of Jerusalem, consisting of
a rude slab of lime-stone with holes bored
into the top as big around as a workman's
dinner bucket, and with other holes
piercing these from the sides. A few
inches from the top of each hole was a
rude iron grating and upon this the char-
coal was laid, and by the draught which
came in from below the cooking was
done. The slab was mounted on cord-
wood posts, and it had five fire-places.
At the back a rough table without a cloth
was set for the guests, and the only chairs
were little stools a foot high and about a
foot square, the seats of which were of
woven cords."

Michigan capitalists have invested fully
\$1,000,000 in Southern timber.

NOT ONE NATIONAL SONG.

A CHANCE FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

The United States the Only Country
With No Distinctive National Air
—The World's National Anthems.

According to Professor John P. Sousa,
the well known leader of the Marine
Band at Washington, the United States,
one of the greatest and most powerful
nations in the world, is the only one not
having a distinctive national air.

For more than a dozen years Professor
Sousa has been collecting national airs
and songs. Last May he was authorized
by the Navy Department to make a com-
pilation of these airs and the work is now
nearly completed. This is only the
fourth time any attempt has been made
to publish in book form the national airs
of the world. The last work published
was undertaken by a German house as a
private speculation, and included the
songs of fifty nations. Professor Sousa
already has 116 airs in type, and before
the work is completed he will have half
as many more.

It was while discussing national music
that Professor Sousa made the startling
statement that we have no national air.
"Of course," he said, "we have 'The Star
Spangled Banner,' 'My Country,' and a
few more of the same sort, generally
considered national airs," he was asked.

"People confound a national air with
a popular and patriotic one," replied
Professor Sousa. "In Europe they have
national airs because they have been
made so either by the Government or by
the people, and on all ceremonial occa-
sions they are played as a matter of
course. For example, England has 'God
Save the Queen.' France 'La Marseil-
laise,' and so on. Now, in England, at
an affair of state, whenever the Queen is
present the bands play 'God Save the
Queen,' and the bandmasters of the Life
Guards or the Goldstream Guards or
any other good band do not have to ask
what air they shall play. They know
only one tune is admissible. And when
an Englishman hears the air, no matter
where he is, off comes his hat and he re-
mains standing until the last note. Chil-
dren are taught it at school, and they
think it is as sacred as a hymn. But
with us, when the President takes part
in any ceremony, one band may play
'America' and the other 'The Star
Spangled Banner,' according to the taste
of the conductor."

"Then Congress by an act could
create a national air?"

"Well, hardly. Congress can do a
great many things but it cannot do that.
The national air of the people must come
from some great event in the life of the
Nation, perhaps some crisis. It must be
spontaneous; it must appeal to national
pride and the national sentiment, and
then, when it does that, the country
takes it up and clings to it as jealously
as it does to its other traditions. Take
it as an illustration 'Rule Britannia,'
which, while not the national air of Eng-
land, is its first cousin. There is a calm
assurance about the words which are
pleasing to the average Englishman.
When Napoleon was assembling his big
fleet at Boulogne to invade England we
are told that the people went about sing-
ing 'Rule Britannia,' and I verily believe
they thought that was answer enough to
the threats of a French invasion."

"Wasn't the Civil War a great enough
crisis to inspire the best efforts of mus-
icians?"

"Undoubtedly, but you must remember
the people were divided, and the work
of a Northern composer would not have
been acceptable to the people of the
South. If, however, the country had
risen against a foreign foe any song com-
posed at that time would have fired the
national heart, and if of the right kind
would have been accepted by the people.
It is true we went through a crisis in the
early days of the Republic, but I guess
in those days our ancestors were too
busy fighting to pay much attention to
music. 'Hail Columbia' belongs to the
last century, but it was composed by a
German, the leader of the John Street
Theatre, in New York, in compliment to
General Washington, and for many years
it was known as 'The President's March.'
We ought not to adopt as our national
air the work of a foreigner. The words
of the 'Star Spangled Banner' are Amer-
ican, but the music is English."

"In your investigations what have
struck you as the peculiarities of national
anthems?"

"Perhaps the most striking thing is
that the national airs of the great coun-
tries are short, while those of the little
countries are very long. For instance,
'God Save the Queen' is 14 bars; the
Russian national is 16 bars, and 'Hail
Columbia,' the foremost among the Amer-
ican national airs has 28 bars. On the
other hand, Siam's national air has 76
bars, that of Uruguay, 70; Chili's 46, and
so on. The national air of China is so
long that when the people want to hear
it they have to take half a day off to
listen to its ancient strains. Another
thing I have learned, is that with hardly
an exception the national airs of all the
savagely or semi-civilized nations are writ-
ten in the major key."

within an octave. But the 'Star Spangled
Banner' is composed of thirteen notes,
and for that reason it is very difficult for
untrained voices to sing it with the
proper effect. Judging from the expe-
rience of foreign nations, when our
national anthem is written it will have to
be within an octave and to have a swing
and dash about it which will commend it
to even the most unmusical persons."

"Talking about the peculiarities of
national airs," continued the professor,
"one cannot fail to notice how the same
air is the common property of half a
dozen nations. For instance, 'God Save
the Queen' is the national air, with
different words of course, of England,
Prussia, Bavaria, Norway, Saxony,
Switzerland, Wurtemberg and Sweden.
The national air of Mexico bears a strik-
ing resemblance to our old song: 'Oh,
Susannah,' 'My Maryland' is a German
air written in 1819, and known as 'Tan-
nenbaum,' the fir tree. 'We Won't Go
Home Till Morning,' is an old French
song and was sung in the streets of Paris
more than a hundred years ago, but not
with the words we all know. You will
find that the claims of authorship to a
great many of the national and patriotic
airs are very conflicting, and probably
one-third of the airs in my collection
cannot have the name of the composer
attached, as there is so much doubt as to
whom the honor should be given."

Character is true wealth.
The enemy of man is man.
Forbearance is attended with profit.
The fairest flowers fade the soonest.
Knowledge leaves no room for chances.
Pride is never so offensive as when in chains.

A discontented man is like a snake who
would swallow an elephant.
The finest feeling velvety paws of the
kitten often cover the sharpest claws.
If men will have no care for the future,
they will soon have sorrow for the past.
While silent consider your own faults,
and while speaking spare those of others.
Hear both sides, and all will be clear;
hear but one, and you will still be in the
dark.

It is often more difficult to obliterate
traces of spilled ink than drops of spilled
blood.
The house wherein learning abounds
will rise; that in which pleasure prevails
will fall.
Those who are honest and earnest in
their honesty have no need to proclaim
the fact.

It may be well to test the condition of
a cat's claws before stroking its fur the
wrong way.
The man who steals to give his family
bread may be honest at heart; but he who
steals to give his family 'style on the
avenue' is a criminal as well as weak.

Fashion prevents a great many men
from making fools of themselves in the
matter of dress, a thing they would be
sure to do if left to choose their own
raiment.

The ambitious subjects of King Kala-
kaua of Hawaii attempted to overthrow
the Government the other day. They
attacked the royal palace with a crowd
of valiant ragamuffins at their heels and
made a dangerous demonstration with a
brass cannon or two. But the martial
King, who had been "taking in the
town" with some boon companions, and
who, therefore, had escaped being cooped
up in the palace, rallied the Honolulu
militia and prepared to do or die. The
rebels were soon driven to cover in a
bungalow, where they waited for rein-
forcements. The civil war in Hawaii
was at a standstill. Both parties rested
on their arms.

At this crisis some follower of the
King suggested dynamite. It was a
happy thought. Dynamite was procured
and put in bottles along with a great deal
of ominous scrap iron. The next ques-
tion was: How should the dynamite be
brought in contact with the rebels? The
distance was too great for an ordinary
man to hurl the bottles and no one could
suggest any other way to explode their
contents in the proper place.

Then his Majesty Kalakaua spoke.
"Bring," he said, "the pitcher of the
Honolulu Baseball Club."
The pitcher was brought. He had
learned his art from Captain Anson's
men, when those Chicagoans sailed
around the world last year. He hastened
to put a few bottles of dynamite
where they would do the rebels the
most harm. Many were killed and
wounded by the explosions. The rest
surrendered.

This is the first armed rebellion ever
put down by a baseball player. We live
in a frivolous age. Even war has its
humorous side—in Honolulu.—Chicago
News.

Chief Natches and the Sign Language.
Although there are seventy-three dif-
ferent languages and about 800 dialects
spoken by the American Indians, the
sign language is equally understood by all
the tribes. Chief Natches of the Piute
tribe is an adept in the "sign language."
In Washington city, some years ago, he
held a consultation by signs with the best
experts, in which he gave an account of
the troubles existing at that time with
some bands of renegade Indians up near
the Oregon line, describing a trip he
made to the camp of the hostiles. Natches
enjoys the almost solitary honor of hav-
ing had his talk published in the Govern-
ment reports on these matters, with a full
explanation of every sign he used in con-
veying the intelligence sought from him.
He was highly spoken of by the Govern-
ment experts for his great knowledge of
and readiness in the Indian sign lan-
guage.—Virginia (Nec.) Enterprise.

How the Koreans Mourn.

The Koreans go into very extensive
mourning for their friends. They hide
their faces from the public gaze and dress
in sackcloth. Their mourning costume
is not at all picturesque, but it is curious.
The hat, stiff with starch, is of coarse
hemp cloth and resembles somewhat an
inverted bowl or old-fashioned soup
tureen. Under the hat is worn a head
band and a cap. The hat, the cap and
the head band are worn together the day
of the death, at the funeral and at the
expiration of the first and second years
of mourning. At other times during the
mourning period the head band alone is
worn. The mourning robe is made of a
coarse hemp cloth similar to that of which
the hat and screen are made, but with ex-
tremely large meshes. The back is a
wide straight piece, two gores extend
from the armpits down and the front is a
straight piece and a gore. It has a roll-
ing collar three feet long and sleeves
eighteen inches wide, cut square. The
robes are of a yellowish-brown and
white in color, and at the bottom they
measure nine and one-half feet in circum-
ference. Over this is worn a robe of
finer quality and slashed up at the sides.
The sleeves are wider also. After the
death of a father a girdle of hemp rope is
worn. If it is a mother that is dead a
hemp cloth sash is worn. A variety of
hats are worn for mourning. A screen
hemp cloth is always held in front of the
face by a mourner. It is considered a
great offense to look into the face of a
mourner. Before missionaries were per-
mitted in Korea they used to steal into
the country by disguising themselves as
mourners.—Washington Star.

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fers exceptional opportunities for an inspec-
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centers of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyom-
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sold at half rates, or one fare for the round
trip. Excursions leave Chicago, August 6th
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WILSON, General Passenger Agent Chicago &
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Immense steel boats are being built to ply in
the lakes. Three under construction in one
yard at Bay View, Wis., will cost \$1,000,000.

A Family Gathering.
Have you a father? Have you a mother?
Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother
who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the
Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for
the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and
all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why?
When a sample bottle is gladly given to you
free by any druggist and the large size costs
only 50c. and \$1.

Is the New York Central Railroad Company
there are 10,000 stockholders.

"Mamma's Gettin' Better."
There is gladness in the household;
The shadow fades away
That darkened all the sunshine
Of many a summer day.
"O, mamma's getting better,"
The happy children cry,
And the light of hope shines bright again
In the loving husband's eye.

In thousands of homes women are "sick
unto death" with the terrible disease so com-
mon to their sex, and it would seem as if all
the happiness had gone out of life and the
household in consequence. For when the wife
and mother suffers all the family suffers with
her. This ought not to be, and it need not be,
for a never-failing remedy for woman's ail-
ments is at hand. Many a home has been
made happy because the shadow of disease
has been banished from it by the potent power
of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the un-
failing remedy for all weaknesses and diseases
peculiar to women.

\$500 Reward offered for an incurable case of
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edy. 50 cts. by druggists.

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of the earth at 1,415,350,000.

When Dobbins's Electric Soap was first made
in 1864 it cost 20 cents a bar. It is presently the
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cost half. Buy it of your grocer and preserve
your clothes. It has no smell, but it will get it.

There are 1400 barons in Germany.
There is a tide in the affairs of men which
if taken at the flood leads on to fortune. If
your affairs are at a low ebb now, don't fail to
write to R. F. Johnson & Co., 1039 Main St.,
Richmond, Va., who have plans that will en-
able you to make money rapidly.

The most prominent physicians in the city
smoke and recommend "Tanisil's Punch."
If afflicted with sore eyes see Dr. Isaac Thomp-
son's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

Why Don't
You take Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have impure
blood, have lost your appetite, have that tired
feeling or are troubled by sick headache, dyspep-
sia or biliousness. It has accomplished wonders
for thousands of afflicted people, and, if given a
fair trial, is reasonably certain to do you good.
"I have been troubled a great deal with head-
ache, had no appetite, no strength, and felt as
mean as anyone could, and be about my work.
Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have had
the headache, my feet has pained, and seemed to
do no good, and I have felt myself growing
stronger every day." M. A. GREENMAN, 19 Grand
Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only
by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

ELY'S CREAM BALM
GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE FOR
COLD IN HEAD
CURES
CATARRH.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
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Holland Medical and Cancer Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.,
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reliable work on this
of this disease.
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Don't Mind It.
Don't try your temper loss control;
Laugh, laugh, and do not cry,
When beauty with her parasol,
Has jabbed you in the eye.
—Detroit Courier.