And now from cherry boughs in flower The languid breeze arousing shakes With every honied breath a shower Of feather snow in drifting flakes; And apple trees in bloom like ricks of white, Are veiled with smoky, amethystine light.

Ah, little soul, on thy first Spring. Unclosing merry, puzzled eyes, Would that a father's thought could bring Prophetic counsel more than wise To guide thee as a father's love would yearn, Thou hast so much to suffer and to learn!

My precepts would be dull aud trite, Barren as last year's love to me Beneath the apple blossoms white; But in thy new horizon's vaster range Our hearts close knit shall feel no chilling

I cannot live thy life for thee.

change. -W. Larremore, in New England Monthly.

A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK.

While in command of a small scouting party in Arizonia I went into camp one bright day on the Rio Puerco, very near the New Mexican line. The tents had been pitched and the animals sent out to graze under a strong guard and I was walking before my tent, impatiently waiting a summons to dinner, which I knew by the strong odor wafted from an adjacent coffee pot would not be much longer delayed.

We were about ninety miles from the nearest fort and hundreds from any settlement. There was no ranches whatsoever in this part, only some cattle and sheep belonging to Mexicans, which were herded through the Territory. These were in charge of the Mexicans, who lived much the same kind of life as did their stock. Their blankets were their only house, and when night came on they would lie down wherever it might overtake them. For miles around the land was as level as the bed of a billiard table. Mountains were seen in the distance, which were inhabited by Indians. But my little command and a few rattlesnake and tarantulas were the only living things near.

"Dinner is ready, Lieutenant," was the welcome summons with which my cook greeted me, and I was soon doing justice to a field dinner of bean soup and " slapjacks."

I was in the midst of this savory repast when I noticed a stranger approaching me. He was a well-built, powerfullooking man, about forty years of ago; his face was intellectual and extremely handsome; he wore a full beard and moustache, both of which were iron-gray. He was coarsely clad, and carried no weapon. The latter circumstance was the most remarkable thing of all, for in those days in Arizona one scarcely moved without his arms.

Nearing me, he asked, in a pleasant, quiet manner, if I were the commanding

I replied that I was. "I came to see it you could lend me a pistol, or a carbine for a few days," he

"You don't mean to tell me that you are entirely without arms?" I said not unreasonably astonished. "Yes; I have nothing of the kind," he

answered. "I have been annoved for the past three months by those infernal California lions, and if I had a shooting iron I might kill some of them."

"Are you camping near here?" I asked.

"I live just round the bend of the river; will you walk down with me?" Greatly astonished, I asked if he lived there quite alone.

"Oh, no," he replied, "my wife and mother live with me.'

Little dreaming I was so near a residence, I accepted his invitation, and filling my pipe and leaving the Sergeant in charge of camp, I started forth with my new acquaintance. As we made the turn in the river I saw a large shelving rock rising from the level prairie. It was not more than 100 yards from the river's bank, and was really quite imposing in its dimensions. It struck me as so peculiar-so entirely out of place that I expressed my surprise to my companion.

"Yes," he answered. "I fancy it is a meteorite. I am under great obligation to it, whatever it is, and however it came here, for it has protected me for months. That rock is my house."

By this time we had reached the natural dwelling. At what might be termed its opening, the rock was ten feet or more from the ground, and it sheltered a space about twenty feet in breadth, gradually sloping backward and downward. As I stepped under the protecting roof I saw two women sitting at

My host presented me to his mother and wife respectively, and I saw at a glance that they were Mexicans; not of the class, however, known as greasers, but representatives of a much higher grade. Like most Mexicans, they were disinclined to converse in any language but their own, but wher they learned that my knowledge of their tongue was too slight to enable me to understand them they overcame their reluctance,

and we chatted quite pleasantly. I learned that they had been living there for three months. They came with the intention of farming, and later proposed erecting a suitable dwelling.

The Indians had not molested them, but they were worried by the lions, which came by twos and threes nightly to the opening of their habitation, and there howled till daylight, when they returned to the mountain.

They told me it was necessary for one of them to be up all night to keep the fire burning, which was their only protection from these monsters.

Consequently they had taken turns sitting up nights for the last three months, Having distened to a graphic descrip-tion of their far-from pleasant neighbors. I sold them frankly that if I had a pis- 000.

tol or carbine of my own I would willingly lend or give them one, but all the weapons in the command, even those on my person, belonged to the Government. and that the orders respecting them were so stringent that I was utterly unable to accommodate them.

"I had a pistol when I came here," said my host, "but I lost it crossing the river. Since then you are the first person that has been this way."

I felt really sorry for him, and also felt that they might think I had given a very flimsy reason for refusing the loan

That three human beings should be annoyed night after night by wild beasts, and a cempany of cavalry unable to give them protection seemed incredible, yet such was the case.

At length a happy thought struck me. "I tell you what I will do," I said. "I will send the company in charge of the Sergeant about five miles further down the river to encamp; then I will bring Curley with me, and we will stay here to-night with you. Curley is an old frontiersman, and is acting guide for me. He is a good shot, and will enjoy the

My proposal was joyfully accepted, and I returned to camp to give the necessary directions. About an hour later the company moved out and Curley and I were alone.

"What sort of an outfit is that down there?" said my companion, pointing to the stone mansion I had recently left.

"I cannot tell you," I answered. "The people say they are worried by the lions, and I have told them you and I will stay with them to-night and sample a few." "Some escaped jailbird, I suppose," said Curley. "The country's full of

"Yes," I answered, "the country is full of them, but I am sure this man is no criminal. His manner and his appearance, barring his clothes, are those of a gentleman, and his wife seems more than ordinarily refined."

"Well," said Curley, "if they will trot out the lions we don't care what

With that we started toward the rock. The California lion may have a legitimate name, but this is the only one I have ever heard applied to him. He belongs to the panther and wildcat families, being, I believe, a cross between the two.

They gave us coffee, bread and fried bacon for supper, and our host surprised and delighted us by producing from his trunk some cigars. Not a lamp nor a candle of any description did they have. When darkness came on they went to bed or on watch, as the case might be.

We told them all to retire whenever they felt disposed, and they wanted not a second bidding. We saw that our rifles were in good order and that our ammunition was handy; then we permitted the fire to die out.

Not long did we wait; we had not been on guard more than half an hour when Curley whispered to me. "Did" you see that thing sneaking up here?"

I had already seen it, but it was only a covote, so I said: "It is nothing but a coyote. We must not shoot; it will frighten the lions." "I believe you are right," said Curley.

"But how about this Senator that is approaching?" Sure enough, here came a large lion.

walking proudly along, scarcely thirty yards from us.

"Do not fire," said Curley. "Wait

until we get more of them.' A few minutes later four large lions were in our immediate front. The man had certainly told the truth thus far, whatever his intention as to farming might be.

"You take the one on the left and I'll take the one on the right," said Curiey. "Are you ready?"

"Ready," I replied. "Fire!"

The report of our rifles and the screams of the startled sleepers were almost stimultaneous; the three were sleeping soundly, and the shots naturally started them. I threw another cartridge into my rifle and fired at an escaping lion, but I doubt if I injured him. We rebuilt the fire and dragged two fine specimens of the brutes where its light would allow us to inspect them. I had shot one through the heart and Curly had sent a bullet through the brain of the other.

"I think we had better leave them outside," said Curley; "the others will scent the blood and come back."

Whether they scented the blood or not, I am not prepared to say, but back they certainly came. We waited until a good opportunity offered, and then, at a given signal, fired again; two more large ions fell, and Curley succeeded in loading and shooting one that was endeavor-ing to escape. This made five that we had killed, After watching another hour without any result, we made up the fire and slept until sunrise. The little family were overjoyed at beholding our night's work, and succeeded in convincing us of

their sincere gratitude. After breakfast Curley skinned the five animals and gallantly presented the pelts to the young wife. As we bade good-by to the rock family he said, "if you rub a little strychnine over these carcasses, and stake them at little distance from your ranch you will not be troubled much

longer by lions." Then, with a cordial farewell, we proceeded down the river to overtake the command. - Drake's Magazine.

His Work.

In a pretty church on the island of Anityum, in the New Hebrides, is a tablet erected by grateful natives to the memory of their missionary, Rev. John Geddie. On this tablet is written in their language the following:

When he landed in 1848
There were no Christians here,
and when he left
in 1872 There were no heathen.

............ -Missionary Link.

Teachers' salaties in the United States Teachers' selectes in the United States annually amount to more than \$60,000, cal matters, but I am strongly in favor of 5.800.000 a day.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

When He Loses Patience-A Cheerful Disposition - A Cold Blooded Threat, Etc., Etc.

'Tis not when the patient in bed is lying And tossing at night on a sleepless pillow, Or when for the light of the moon he's sigh-

While the sun's still far 'neath the foam tipped billow;
'Tis not when he's feeling his aches distress-

That the grip his cheerful patience masters,
But when he is up and cenvalescing
And tries to get rid of his porous plasters.

—New York Press.

A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.

"Can you bear sorrows with fortitude?"

"You bet I can-at least I can if they're other people's sorrows."

A COLD BLOODED THREAT. Dr. Sawbones (in a crowded room)-"I can't talk to you in this crowd, Jones I must take you apart for awhile."

Jones—"What, take me apart! Help! Murder!!"

TOO COMBATIVE.

Jawkins-"My health is very poor. Nothing seems to agree with me. Dawkins-"Well, what can you expect? You know you are so fond of an argument that you never agree with any-

WHAT HE MARRIED.

Blinkers-"Hello, Winkers, I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune.'

Winkers (sadly)-"N-o; I married a fortune with an independent woman."-Yankee Blade.

MENTAL GRAVITATION.

Enthusiastic Father-"Don't you think I ought to make a scientist of that boy of mine? I suppose you've noticed his way of going to the bottom of things? Teacher-"Yes, I've noticed it about his classes."-Life.

FAILURE TO SOME ONE. "Is marriage a failure?" asked the

"Yes, to Alice Ponsonby," answered the maid as she gazed down at the ring which Horace Fledgely had given her. -Jewelers' Circular.

THE WHIRLIGIS OF TIME.

"Time brings strange reversals. There's poor old Henpeck, for instance, who married his type-writer." "Well, where does the reversal come

"Why, it was he who used to dictate." - Life.

SOMETHING NEW IN CHILDREN'S SHOES. Customer-"Do you remember the pair of child's shoes I got here recently? I want to get another pair just like them.' Salesman (reflectively)—"Do you recall anything special about them, sir?" Customer-"Well, I should say I did. Why, they lasted a week !"-Puck.

'TWAS A DARK SECRET.

"What, my angel," exclaimed the young husband, bursting into the kitchen, 'doing the cooking yourself? What is

"Why, Edgar, how foolish of you! How in the world can you expect me to tell until I see what it turns out?"-Fliegende Blaetter.

SHE NEEDED THE WHERE WITHAL.

"This is about the worst dinner I ever sat down to," he said, as he surveyed trampled on my foot on Chestnut the table, "but I s'pose I ought to make street." certain allowances.'

"Yes, John," replied the wife, "if you would make certain allowances you would have no occasion to find fault the other-" with your food."-Chicago News.

A PRUDENT MAN.

Old Gentleman (to 'bus driver)-"My friend, what do you do with your wages every week-put part of it in the savings

Driver-"No, sir. After payin' the butcher an' grocer an' rent, I pack away what's left in barrels. I'm afraid of them savin's banks."- Yankee Blade.

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"There goes a man," said Jones to a friend the other day, pointing out some one whose head and shoulders only could be seen in the crowd, "there goes a man who mourns the time when he used to have corns."

"Indeed? How extraordinary!" "Yes. He's since lost both feet through an accident."-Judge.

AN APPROXIMATION.

Small Boy(holding up hand) -"What's B. C. hitched onter them dates in Greek history mean?"

Teacher (a trifle confused)-"Well-er -Sammie, you see them old Greeks were queer kind of creeters, so whin they didn't know a date fur sartin they put B. C .- 'bout correct'-arter the numbers."- Chicago News.

GREAT IN AN HUMBLE WAY. "My son," said the venerable man, as

he sent his boy forth to do battle with the world, "select your calling, stick to that one thing aloce, and you will

The boy selected the calling of village lawyer, stuck to it faithfully, and now he is known for miles around as the best checker player in Pike County .- Chicago

IN THE WAY.

Miss Kajones was doing her best to to entertain the two young men.
"By the way, Mr. Ferguson," she asked, "do you take any interest in

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. a third party movement," answered Mr. Ferguson, glaring at young Hankinson.

- Chicago Tribune.

THEIR NUMBER IS LEGION.

Miss Passee-"I hardly know how it is, but I must follow the fads. Now, every one is wearing birthday rings and-" Sillyboy-"And are you wearing them,

Miss Passee-"Yes, I have bought one for each year.' Sillyboy-"You could almost open a

jewelry store, couldn't you?"-Chicugo

HER PA AND HER LOVER.

Henry (as Ethel enters)-"Myidarling, it has been years, centuries, since I saw you last." Ethel's Papa (upstairs, calling to ser-

Mary-"Mr. Littleton." Ethel's Papa—"Good gracious? that's the sixth time he's been here this week." -Harvard Lampoon.

vant)-"Mary, whom did you let in just

HOW ONE LOVES SYMPATHY. Wife-"Did you change the dress

pattern and blow the man up for the mistake?" Husband-"I had it changed, but the clerk declared that he knew you were wrong.'

Wife-"Well, what did you do about Husband (grimly)-"I shook hands with him."- Cloak Review.

M. KES A DIFFERENCE.

Bjones-"What will you take for that horse of yours, Bjenkins." Bjenkius-"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars! Why, man, you told me last week that you were disgusted with him and would sell him for fifty dollars." "Yes, I know I did; I have found a

man now who wants him."-Somerville

Journal.

THE REJECTOR REJECTED.

" I understand that Miss Passee was quite a belle once." "Yes, indeed, with swarms of admirers.'

"Why did she never marry?" "Declined rapidly for several yearsthen heart failure set in."

"That was sad-but she seems to have reached a good age." "Ah-but her admirers had the heart failure." -- Life.

LESSON FROM THE HENNERY.

Mrs. Suburb-"My! Such a time as 1 have had to-day. Every now and then the hens would get into the garden, and the more I tried to drive them out the more they wouldn't go, but just squawked and cackled and fluttered and went hither and you in every imaginable direction but the right one. No matter which way you try to drive a hen, she's bound to go some other way."

Mr. Suburb (thoughtfally)-"I don't believe roosters would act like that."-New York Weekly.

HE SIMPLY WANTED TO KNOW.

A tall, broad-shouldered young man of Spring and High last night and said: "I believe you're the man that stepped on my foot awhile ago, over on Chest-

nut street. "Well, if I did I'm sorry for my awkwardness. "That isn't it. I want to know if

you're the man." "Well, suppose I am. If I apolo-"That isn't what I'm after. I want to know if you-are-the-man that

"Yes, I am!" said the little fellow, "and if you don't skip I'll make a pedestrian excursion from one end of you to

"Give us yer hand, stranger. No harm done. I was early taught to be methodical, and I just wanted to get the record straight and know who did it. What'll ye have?"-Columbus Post.

A NEW SCHEME FOR TRAMPS.

"Don't want no books, no soap, no pictures," said the hard-faced woman, to the strange young man at the front

"I am not an agent, madam," said the stranger. "My business is of an entirely different nature. Do you remember a weary, ragged and hungry tramp calling at your kitchen door about six weeks

She didn't remember.

"Let me refresh your memory. You were dressed in an old morning wrap, tied at the waist with a string, your front hair was in tins, and there was a dark smudge across your nose."

She tried to slam the door, but his foot happened to be in the way. "You had a rolling pin in one hand and a kettle of hot water in the other, with which you threatened to scald the

poor wayfarer." "Well, I didn't scald him, anyhow. You can't get any assault and battery against me." "Nothing of the sort was intended,

ma'am. I merely wished to let you know that I was that supposed tramp. The bundle I carried on that occasion contained a camera. Seef I have already been offered \$4 for the picture of you I obtained, but if you want it for \$3.50 it is yours.

He made the sale .- Indianapolis Jour-

A few years ago a gentleman bought 100 acres several miles below Macon, Ga., on the East Tennessee Road, for which he paid \$10 an acre. He improved the property at a cost of only \$7 an acre, and within four years from the date of the purchase cleared \$27,000 from the sales of fruit grown on this land.

The number of passengers carried by all the railroads in the world averages

WISE WORDS.

Motherhood is woman's throne. No woman is really beautiful until the

Most won en are ambitious; they want to be men.

Sweethearts and wives are entirely different women. Anger is like rain, it breaks itself upon

that on which it falls. A woman is seldom prosaic until she

is some man's mother-in-law. To keep your own secret is wisdom, to expect others to keep it is folly.

If only women fought battles there would be only wars of extermination. Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture, giving it strength and beauty. He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty

Some women are born fools; some achieve it and some have it thrust upon

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issues not in a resolution to do so no more. Families are a good deal like clocks-

too much regulation may easily make themgo wrong. There is a difference between happi-

ness and wisdom, that he that thinks himself the happiest man is really so, but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

It may be remarked for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow only in barren soil.

There are peculiar ways in men, which discover what they are through the most subtle feints and clever disguises. A block-head cannot come in, nor go away, nor sit, nor rise, nor stand, like a man of sense.

Know that flatterers are the worse kind of traitors; for they will strengthen the imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint all thy vices and follies as thou shall never, by thine will, discera good from evil, or vice from virtue.

Sailing in Boiling Water. It seems somewhat of an anomaly to

enumerate earthquakes among the perils of the sea, nevertheless, submarine earthquakes are quite often a source of considerable danger to navigators. Instances like the catastrophe in the Sunda Straits and the seas surrounding the Island of Java are not common, but in some parts of the ocean earthquakes and volcanic disturbances are of quite common occurrence, although not often the cause of disaster. The Atlantic, from St. Paul Rocks to the Windward Islands, and the waters around these islands, are especially subject to these disturbances. The Swedish bark Eleanora had an experience with an earthquake in that vicinity on a recent voyage. Captain Petersen says that one evening between 7 and 8 o'clock, while the ship was sailing along at a three-knot rate, with a light wind and a calm sea, a noise was heard on the port side like a heavy surf, and almost immediately the water began to boil and bubble like water in a huge kettle, breaking violently and reaching as high as the poop-deck. No distinct shock was felt, but the ship contined to tremble as long as the disturbance lasted. It continued for about an hour, and after the same interval the bubbling and foaming of the water began again. It was then dark, and the sound could be plainly heard, but it was not possible to observe whether the water was muddy. Next day the sea was calm and weather fine.

Last fall a number of violent shocks were reported from this region. One was felt at Barbados and in various places throughout the region between Demerara, on the mainland of South America and the island of Martinique. The American bark P. J. Carleton, Captain Crosbie, reported feeling a severe shock. The sea became like a boiling pot, greatly confused and tumbling about in a seething mass, and a grating sensation was experienced, as though the vessel were going over a reef. Other vessels reported similar experiences at about the same time. A particularly violent submarine volcanic disturbance would have such disastrous effects that no reports would ever reach any port from vessels unfortunate enough to be in the locality. And how far such disturbances may be responsible for the melancholy list of ships "missing" is matter for conjecture. - New York Recorder.

The Frontier Cavalryman. Our frontier cavalryman is the beau

ideal of an irregular. The irregular horseman of all ages was recruited from among roving, unintelligent classes, and had, except in his own peculiar province, as plentiful a lack of good as he had a superabundance of bad qualities. Our trooper is intelligent, and trained in the hardest of schools. Few civilians, who find it so easy to criticise the operations of the army in the West, would make much of a success in hunting a band of a few hundred Indians in a pathless wilderness or a waterless desert bigger than New York and New England combined. And yet, thus handicapped, what splen-did work our cavalry has done! While ne civil department of the Government has for years been busy sowing the seeds of strife and furnishing the red man arms of precision, the best of catridges and plenty of them, how ably our handful of bluecoats, under orders of another, have managed to quell the Indian upris-ings! A force of fifty thousand men constantly on foot would have been none too great to do justice to our Indianproblem since the war; the actual force has been less than a third of this number. Let whose is tempted to criticise the army make himself familiar with some of the deeds of heroism of the past twenty years by our soldiers on the Plains. Criticism blenches before their recital. But the soldier is no be after. You must seek his story from than his. — Harper's Magazine.

A Huge Stone.

At Baalbec, in Syria, the traveler sees at the quarry, nearly ready to be moved from the pillars that support it, a stone 71x14x13 feet, containing 12,922 cubic feet. And this stone has waited for more than 1000 years. There are four stones nearly as large, which have been transported a mile or more and put into the foundations of the Temple of the Sun. The ancients did know how to handle big stones, and we have not yet quite reached their standard of size .-San Francisco Examiner.

The earth's 1,500,000,000 human inhabitants speak 3034 different languages and possess about 1000 different religious beliefs.

Out of 600,000 applications for patents made during the past century, 385,-000, or a little over fifty per cent., have

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohlo, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer \$100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Over 5,000,000 little Russians were born last

Syrup of Figs, Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

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FITS stopped tree by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No hits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle tree. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Ps.

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine to - paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you-tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve - wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs-it's chance is with every one, it's season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life-the bloodupon which all such diseases

depend. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial. a commonder AHT

That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it. T dentel acciden

taking the risk of their words. Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best

That's what its makers call

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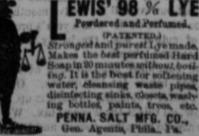
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