A SUMMER LONGING.

I must away to wooded hills and vales, Where broad, slow streams flow cool and

silently. And idle barges flap their listless sails-For me the summer sunset glows and pales, And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree. I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds.

And nature's voices say, in mystic words, "The green fields wait for thee."

I dream of uplands, where the primrose shines,

And waves her yellow lamps above the Of tangled copses, swung with trailing vines,

Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines, Where green fields wait for me. I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I

May lie and listen to the distant sea, Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh, Or insect voices chirping shrill and dry, In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find

The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody, While summer's rosy wreaths for me are

While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind. And green fields wait for me.

-George Arnold.

DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.





lutely nothing!"

the printed sheet as ter for the futureshe spoke-a tall girl; her forehead. "Then," said Mir-

cents wasted. And there are not have only just received the summons many cents left."

"Oatmeal and coffee for breakfast!" sighed Aurora. "And it was coffee her curly hair. She had not a word and oatmeal yesterday! Oh, dear, how to say for herself. wretched it is to be poor! How sick one does get of things!"

"Try to remember that it's always 'darkest just before daylight,'" couraged Miriam. "Sit up to the table, dear, and eat something. It's sternly. nice and hot!"

Miriam was a sweet, fresh-faced girl of eighteen. Not, perhaps gifted him as to the exigencies of the case. with Aurora's beauty, but when you looked at Miriam Clymer once, you always wanted to look the second

"Where is Polly?" fretfully questioned the elder sister. "It does seem to me as if-"

At that self same moment, however, damsel burst into the room like a southwest gale.

"Breakfast time already?" cried Polly. "My goodness me, how the time does fly?"

Polly Olymer had very black eyes, which laughed at you like a sunbeam, a crop of short black curls, and teeth which, although rather irregular, were milk white, and her two cheeks were like two roses newly blossomed.

"Girls, I've been so busy!" said Polly.

Aurora frowned a little. "I wish I was busy," said she. Miriam helped her younger sister to

oatmeal. "I should be busy too," said Miriam, "if there was anything to do." "How perfectly ridiculous all this is!" cried Polly, waving her spoon. "As if there wasn't always something to do! Of course Aurora would rather

trade she's learned-" "Trade?" echoed the scandalized

do typewriting, because that's the

"And Miriam knows more about music lessons than anything else; but if one can't get what one wants, one must want what one can get. And I've earned a dollar this morning al-

"What!" cried Miriam. "More oatmeal, please," said Polly. "Oh, yes, I've washed and dressed a dear little girlie in the flat down stairs, and packed her little doll's toy of a trunk for the train. You see, the nurse got angry and went away. The mother was that pallid consumptive who was buried last week, and the father is a sort of ne'er-do-well, who plays the cymbals in Jones's Theatre and don't pay any of his bills. And the janitress was at her wits' end what to do, and I stepped into the breach. It made me think of the good old times when I played with a doll almost as big as I was.

"But where on earth is the child going?" asked Miriam.

"To her friends I suppose. I left her asleep in the crib, and the landlady's little girl watching her. I'm to go back after my breakfast. There, Mirry"-as she tossed a big silver dollar to the housekeeper-sister-"take that to buy more oatmeal. And look here, Miriam, Doctor Puffitt has got a big order for the Rosebud Balm to go to a watering place somewhere on the Jersey coast, and wants some one to paste on labels and tie up the bottles, without loss of time. There's a chance!"

Aurora drew herself up. "I don't think George Belden would | pleasant summer dream.

like it," said she. "Oh, George-bother George! He's nothing but a drug clerk himself.

the other!" cried Polly. "Well, perhaps if you won't mention it," said Aurora, timidly, "One Balm for the Complexion." has one's professional reputation to

maintain, you know."

"Stuff!" said Polly. "Doctor Puffit's a good-natured old soul, and I really think if some one don't rally to | "Why, Polly, is this you?" de- beth.

"And," suggested Miriam, "since there's nothing in the 'Wanteds' today, you might as well be earning a little in some way, Aurora."

Doctor Puffit was in the front basement of the big flat where the Clymer jars of "Rosebud Balm" and mouningly up from this chaos.

"The order goes out on the three o'clock express," said he, "and that wretch Alphonse, has not been near me to-day. I will discharge Alphonse. I won't put up with his nonsense another hour. My dear young lady, you don't say you will actually help me? Then my business character is saved! The Silver Beach hotels will know of the greatest discovery of the age, and I shall vindicate this great preparation-which is not a cosmetic nor a

drug, but a marvel!" Polly went back to her baby, who was awake now and smiling like a mediaval cherub in an altar painting.

"You darling!" said she, with a hug and a kiss. "How any one could go off and leave you, I cannot- Oh! with a sudden stiffening of her rosy features, "so you are Dolly Temple's father, are you?" For a middle-aged gentleman stood in the doorway, looking questioningly at her. "Well, you needn't come back here. The child's mother's friends are to take her away at once. And perhaps, if you hadn't been so dissipated and neglectful of been here now. I can't help it; some enterprise. Belden's is a genius." HERE'S nothing in one ought to tell you what the people the paper," said Au- in this house are saying about it. I her husband in the store. rora Clymer-"abso- don't want to be hard on you," she added, "but if you were to sign the She threw down pledge, and try-really try to do bet-

"I really think that is unnecessary, with wistful blue interrupted a composed voice, "for I returning to that Madison Avenue paleyes and hair droop- am already a strict temperance man. ing a la Psyche over You are mistaken, young woman. I am not Sergius Temple, but Mr. Carthew, the father of the late Mrs. Temiam, "that's three ple. The telegram was delayed, and I

> to come Polly blushed to the very roots of will be continued on?"

"Oh, why couldn't I have minded my own business," thought she. "It's just as the girls are always telling me. | slly.

en- My tongue is a deal too long." "Are you the nurse?" Le asked,

But the janitress, hurrying up at this moment, speedily enlightened

"It's a young lady, sir," said she, 'from one of the other apartments, and what we should have done without her I'm sure I don't know. The dear little miss has took to her so kind." The sternness of Mr. Carthew's

bearing abated somewhat. "She is very good," said he. "As the door flew open and a rosy, flushed I have no one to take charge of my daughter's child, I shall be pleased to engage her services for the present." "I know that other woman wasn't

good to her," observed the janitress. Polly looked at the baby, the baby held out its little hands, with an indistinct, cooing sound, like a bird in the hedges.

"I'll go," said Polly. "The train leaves in twenty minutes," said Mr. Carthew, looking at his watch.

Polly rushed up stairs for her hat and shawl. She left a scribbled note on the table for her sisters, neither of whom was in the room, and with Mr. Carthew and the baby just caught the train.

"I- I don't know where we are going," stammered Polly. "How neglectful of me not to have mentioned it," said Mr. Carthew. "To my country seat at Silver Beach."

"Oh." thought Polly, "if Aurora only knew! He has got a country seat, has he? I do hope Mrs. Carthew will be good to me. I wonder if there are any daughters, and if they would like a musical governess? Because if Miriam could get a place, I think we should be perfectly happy."

But she glanced surreptitiously at Mr. Carthew's grave, handsome face, and lacked the courage to ask any more questions.

"He must have married very young," thought she.

A stout lady, in a black silk gown and white muslin apron, met them on the steps of a pretty sesside cottage, with a belt of pine trees in the rear, and the curling fringes of the Atlantic Ocean in front, and welcomed the new treasure warmly.

"This is my housekeeper," said Mr. Carthew. "Mrs. Mott, Miss Clymer is the new nursery governess for Miss Temple. Make her as comfortable as you can."

"Mrs. Carthew is not at home?" Polly ventured to ask, as the blacksilk matron led the way down a long corridor covered with cool, checked matting. "Bless your heart," said Mrs. Mott,

"there ain't any Mrs. Carthew. If she'd been living, my young lady would never have made that foolish, runaway match."

'Nor any Miss Carthews?" "Nor any Miss Carthews," noded Mrs. Mott.

Polly took the baby out on the childhood than ever, or else like a run:

"I'll walk as far as the drug store," said she to herself. "There's quite a settlement of houses around the hotel, It's none of his business one way or and some very pretty stores. I've a great mind to walk in and ask for a bottle of Doctor Puffitt's Rosebud

She did so. Polly Clymer was never

his assistance, he'll get an apoplec- manded a familiar voice behind the counter.

"Goodness me!" cried Polly. "It's George Belden!"

"Yes," said the tall, straight young druggist. "Why, didn't you know it? I've bought out this business, and I've telegraphed for Aurora to come down sisters dwelt, surrounded by gallon and marry me. We may as well spend our honeym oon by the seaside attendtains of bottles. He looked despair- ing to business. The dear little girl, only to think of her pasting on all them labels herself! Puffitt told me about it. Puffit supplies the capital, you see, on condition of my pushing his specialty. I've taken a cottage, and telegraphed Aurora to bring you and Miriam along, too. Silver Beach is a rising place, and there's plenty to be done here."

"I'm awfully obliged to you George," said Polly, holding up the baby, "but I'm a nursery governess at present, and can't leave my situation. But I'll call and see you and Mrs. Belden as often as possible.'

And she strolled back to the Carthew cottage along the edge of the Atlantic, talking soft, unintelligible nonsense to the baby as she went.

Three months afterward, George Belden shut up the "seaside branch" to return to the New York store which Doctor Puffitt had purchased and decorated in Algerian-Mooresque style with more gold-leaf and peacock plumes than would have seemed possible to the uninitiated mind.

"The Rosebud Balm has been a success," cackled Doctor Puffitt, "And poor Mrs. Temple, she might have I owe it in no small degree to Belden's Mrs. Belden had decided to assist

> "It's a great deal nicer than typewriting," said she, "and twice as profitable. And Miriam will keep house for us. You haven't ventured to ask Mr. Carthew whether he'll be ace of his, Polly?"

"Oh, I have asked him!" said Polly. "I'm not afraid of Mr. Carthew any longer."

"Notwithstanding his princely ways," for Aurora stood in great awe of the stately gentleman. "And you

"No," Polly answered. "Mr. Carthew has engaged a new nursery governess for Dotty.' Aurora clasped her hands tragic-

"Oh, Polly!" she cried. "And you will lose your place?" Polly lifted the rogaish eyes which

had been temporarily hidden behind Dotty's vellow curls. "I am going to be baby's grandmother," said she.

The Matador's Last Thrust, The art of the matador is not to run up to the bull and stab him, but to have him come to you and fling himself upon the sword, while you direct his movements this way and that with the scarlet cape. He will follow a red cape anywhere, and the chu busy from the beginning of the fight to the end, leading the bull away from the fallen picadors or the imperilled banderilleros or the matador. Even after the sword is thrust into his neck up to the hilt, it takes the bull a long time to die. A harrowing sight it is. The noble creature—the only noble creature, as it seems, in the ringstands up as long as he can, vomiting forth torrents of blood, as all his enemies crowd around him, sticking to it until he drops trembling against the fender. Then in come the teams of mules, gayly decorated with flags and ribbons, to carry the bull and the horses around the ring at a gallop, leaving a bloody track behind. They are not content with removing the bodies by the nearest possible exit; oh, no! These gay teams go galloping around the whole arena, each dragging its bloody carcass, while the band plays another quickstep.

They are hardly out of the ring before the drum rolls and the next bull bursts into the arena. So it goes on, until six bulls are done for. All the while our neighbors in the next box are eating and drinking. As for us, we see nothing but the suffering and death over and over again. It carries you back to the Roman circus, and you wonder what civilization has done for Spain, whose population is still so thirsty for blood. The Spaniards are so used to it that they see none of the barbarity, only the skill and the science. And the English residents in Spain are more enthusiastic than the Spaniards themselves.

A Historic Gun. The London Telegraph chronicles the removal of "Queen Bess's pocket pistol,"an enormous piece of brass ordnance which for generation has frowned from the cliffs of Dover, to make way for a battery of modern guns. The "pocket pistol" now rests in honorary retirement in a less conspicuous part of the castle. This gun is twenty-four feet long, takes a charge of fifteen pounds of powder and has a range, it is said, of eight miles. It has not been fired for so long, however, that nobody knows how far it will carry. It is elaborately ornamented with figures representing Liberty and Victory. This gun was presented to Queen Elizabeth by the people of the low countries in recognition of her efforts to protect them and their rebeach for a walk next day. It seemed ligion. It has an inscription in Flemmore like the doll-playing days of her ish, which is popularly supposed to

"Load me well, and keep me clean, And I'll carry a ball to Calais Green."

And there is a popular notion that the gun was able to sweep the French port on the other side of the channel. The accurate translation of the inscription is, however:

"O'er the bill and dale I can throw my ball My name is 'Breaker of Mound and Wrll.' The "pocket pistol" has long since ceased to be regarded as valuable, save as a memento of the reign of Eliza-

C. FLOWER.

And His Congress of Physicians—Miracles in Medicine.

Monstrous Tumors Helt Away --- The Lame Throw Aside Their Crutches and Walk---Cancer, Consumption and Chronic Troubles Cured in a Mysterious Manner.

Our readers are well acquainted with the name of Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston. His miraculous cures of the most desperate and abandoned cases when given up as incurable by leading physicians has caused the Inter-Ocean of Chicago, Cincinnati Enquirer and New York Tribune to say if miracles were ever performed, many of Dr. R. C. Flower's cures belong to that class of wonders. The Cincinnati Enquirer recently interviewed numerous prominent people in all sections of the country regarding Dr. Flower's treatment of patients. Here is what they say. They speak for themselves.

A Wonderful Cure.

Wm. Mix, a prominent lawyer and wealthy gentleman of 1044 Third avenue, Louisville, Ky.: Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston, Mass., cured my wife several years ago of the most terrible and dangerous diseases woman can be heir to. I consider Dr. Flower's cure of Mrs. Mix almost miraculous. I had spent thousands of dollars on prominent physicians in Louisville and New York without any help. After several months under the best specialists of New York she continued to grow worse, and I brought her home in the deepest despair. Under these conditions I took her to see Dr. Flower. He told her her trouble better than she could have told him, without asking a question. In a few months under Dr. Flower's treatment she was entirely cured, and has enjoyed ever since the finest health. As a physician Dr. Flower leads the world, I believe. He is a great man, his judgment is the highest authority. As a man Dr. Flower is one of the most pleasing, en-tertaining and cultured gentleman you ever met, and a man of the highest integrity.

Marasmus. Henry D. Posey, 615 Chesinut street, Evansville, Ind., said: "I consider Dr. Flower the greatest physician in all the world. I don't believe there was ever such a doctor, and I doubt if there will ever be another, and I form my judgment from his work.

"I was a living skeleton when I went to see Dr. Flower, over a year ago. I could not eat anything, not even milk, without great distress. I had wasted to a shadow; I had given up hope and was given up. I resolved, as a very last resort, to consult Dr. Flower. I did so. He told me all my trouble without asking a question. Then I knew I was in the presence of a man who knew his business. I put myself under his care, and improved immediately, and am a sound, well man today. You can say for me I believe he has no equal on earth."

Fibroid Tumor. Mrs. James E. Smith of Corydon, Ind., said When I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower about a year ago I was suffering with a large advanced tumor. I had consulted and been treated by all the best doctors in this section of the country. They all advised an opera-tion, and stated that unless I had one performed I would live but a few weeks, and it was by no means certain that an operation would help me. Dr. Flower told me my troubles, their origin and growth, without asking

me a question. He stated that in his opinion an operation would prove fatal; on the other hand, he believed I could be successfully treated and cured without an operation. I placed myself under his treatment and began to improve immediately; today I am a well woman—no tumor, no pain, strong and happy. I wish every sick person knew of Dr. Flower. Paralysis and Tumor --- A Miracle. Mrs. Wm. Deakyne of Sheridan, Ind., said: About a year ago I visited Dr. Flower. I was then helpless, in a paralyzed condition; went on crutches whenever I went out. A

terrible tumor increased my already abnorm size rapidly. I measured over three and a half size rapidly. I measured over three and a hair feet around the waist and over four feet from hip to hip. The disease had settled in one limb, and I had no use of it; was also fast losing my eyesight. My nerves were shat-tered and I had no memory. Not one of my friends ever thought I could be helped. The physicians had given me up as incurable. Dr. Flower had told me my troubles without asking me a question, or how they came upon me. I took a course of treatment under him, and, thank God, I am today a well woman. and, thank God, I am today a weil woman. Look at me—tumor gone, natural in size, sight restored, memory good, nerves like iron, no crutches—I can walk for a mile and not feel tired. Why, sir, I believe Dr. Flower to be the greatest man of this age. He is a marvel!—a giant in his work. Several of my acquaintances he has cured in the same way. The people in Sheridan speak of this cure as wonderful and miraculous.

Consumption. "I was a sufferer with consumption," said Mrs. John D. Becker, 103 John street, Evans-ville, Ind. "I had doctored with numerous physicians without relief. As a last resort

(and the lady laughed as she added: 'Dr. Flower is always the last resort,') "I went to see Dr. B. C. Flower. He told me all about my troubles without asking me to say a word. So pleased was I with the examination that I So pleased was I with the examination that I placed myself under his care, and began to improve immediately, and today am a well improve immediately, and today am a well woman. Ten months ago I could do no work, could scarcely walk, spent my time lying down or in a rocking chair; now I can do any wind of work, walk as much as when I was a young girl. I cannot speak too highly of my physician," said th's cultured and refined woman. "Dr. Flower is a great man, an honest, candid man. He is smart, quick and keen and wonderfully fascinating. I don't think the sick have any cause to fear if under think the sick have any cause to fear if under

Mrs. Joseph Cromwell, Xenia, O., said: I

was a helples and confirmed invalid when I went to see Dr. R. C. Flower. I could not walk 100 feet without sitting down. Besides, I was a nervous wreck. He diagnosed my case accurately. I began to improve immediately under his treatment. Can now skip, run and do what I want. Am well, and think Dr. Flowers a medical wonder. think Dr. Flower a medical wonder, Chronic Stomach Trouble.

Rev. S. W. Keister, Dayton, O., said:"I went to see Dr. R.C.Flower as a last resort. He told me my troubles better than I could have told him; he cured me of a dreadful stomach trouble and nervous exhaustion. I consider him the most wonderful physician living." Saved From a Patal Operation.

Mrs. C. E. McOmber, of Ballston Spa, N. Y., said: Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston, cured me of an enlarged, fallen, inflamed and ulcered womb. An operation by numerous physicians was the only thing advised, with no hope held out of its being successful. I had been given up as incurable, and had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when as a last resort my husband took me to see Dr. R. C. Flower. I was under his treatment for a few months, began to improve immediately, and in a few months was cured. Gastritis.

Mrs. Etta Miller (wife of Mr. Miller, the merchant), of Binghamton, N. Y., says: I had been a great sufferer for years with stomach trouble. I had been treated by the best physicians in New York, who all in time gave my case up as incurable. They had treated me for gastritis, catarrh and cancer of stomach, for nervous dyspepsia and consumption of stomach and bowels. As a last resort I

consulted Dr. R. C. Flower, and he took my case, and in a few months I was permanently

Mrs. Joseph R. Sprague, Brewster, N. Y.:
"I had been ill for ten years when I went to
Dr. R. C. Flower. After the first month's
treatment felt that he had helped ne wonderfully. Was in a terrible condition; had nervous prostration and cancerous stomach
trouble; also suffered with terrible headaches. Had been given up as incurable by
all doctors and had given up all hope myself.
But, thanks to Dr. Flower's skill, I am a well
woman today and able to attend to my household duties and do just what I like.
"He also cured my son of enlargement of 'He also cured my son of enlargement of

the liver.
"I don't believe there is any need of anyone dying if they will place themselves under

Fungus Stomach.

Dr. Brooks, of Brooks & Evans, a prominent dentist of Portland, Me., said: "I am an admirer of Dr. B. C. Flower. I consider him the ablest physician of the age. Why, sir, he can tell a sick person his disease without knowing anything about him or asking him a question, just as easy as he would read his name. He has most successfully treated and cured me of a very serious and dangerous internal trouble which threstened not only my immediate health, but life (fungus of the stomach.) I was almost incapacitated for work, was wasting away and rapidly iosing my strength, Under his tr-atment sprang into health, have gained in strength and fiesh, and am now young again. Dr. Flower is to me a marvel, an unsolved wonder. He is the most fascinating and genial man you ever saw. He is quick and brilliant, and it makes one feel well and young to talk with him.

The Worst of Blood Troubles.

Mrs. A. G. Thompson late of Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York,now of Pittsfield, N. H., says: Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, cured me over ten years ago of the worst blood trouble man woman ever had. It was eating the flesh rapidly from my bones. I suffered all the isery and torture of time every hour of my fe. All the leading physicians of New York and New England had treated my case and all had given me up as incurable. In this condition I applied to Dr. Flower, and in a few months was permanently cured, for in ten years I have had no return of the trou-

(Mrs. A. G. Thompson is one of the bestknown women in New York and New Eng-land, her husband being for over twenty years and dozens of others might be speci-

Throat and Lung Trouble.

Rev. P. R. Danley, 614 W. Edmond street, Springfield, 1ll., said: "Dr. R. C. Flower saved my life. He cured me of throat, lung and heart trouble. I was a physical wreck and would soon have been in my grave. I improved immediately under his treatment, and in a few months was permanently cured."

Blood Poisoning.

Mrs. Josephine Boardman, Norwich, Vt., said: "Before going to Dr. Flower I had been given up to die by several physicians, who pronounced my disease blood poisoning and

"After a few months' treatment with Dr. Flower am entirely eured. I was confined to my bed for several years and almost paralyzed. Today I am perfectly well."

Cancer of Breast and Neck. Mrs. Hiram Bond, Haverhill, Mass., (and wife of one of the largest shoe manufacturers America), said: "Dr. Flower cured me in in America, said: "Dr. Flower cured he in 1882 of cancer of breast and neck, also tumor of womb and left ovary. I had three opera-tions performed, but in each case the cancer returned more violent than before. I was pronounced incurable by the leading physiians of New England. In this condition l went to see Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston. He cured me, removing every trace of cancer, tumor and bad blood, and all this without the use of a knife, without pain or my losing a drop of blood. I was under Dr. Flower's treatment about twelve months. He has

cured many of my friends of similar d

Hon. J. Willard Rice of Boston, said: "Dr B. C. Flower cured me of a gastric stomach trouble which threatened not only my health, but my life, and that after the best skill of New York and Boston had falled to give relief. Dr. Flower is one of the most able, learned and skilful physicians of this age, besides he is a most genial and fascinating man and as brilliant as a star."

Stomach and Catarrh. J. H. Tucker, a prominent farmer of Leba-non, Conn., said: "Dr. R. C. Flower has cured me of a most serious stomach and bowel trouble, together with aggravated chronic catarrh and nervous prostration. I was in absolute despair when I visited Dr. Flower. I had been disappointed by doctors in their vain attempt to cure me. No sooner did I begin Dr. Flower's treatment than I began to improve; my cure seems miraculous. Look at me; I am in the finest of health; I owe it all to him. And that is not all. Dr. Flower told me my troubles when I visited him without asking me a question, better than I could have told him."

Malignant Tumor.

Mrs. A. T. Longley, 801 Massachusetts avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C., said: Eight years ago Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston, cured me of malignant tumor of womb and ovary, after all kinds of treatment and operations had failed. He stopped the hemorrhages and removed those eating growths without pain and without the knife. Her husband, A. T. Longley, the superintendent of government seed department, said he knew of other cures equally wonderful.

A Rheumatic Miracle.

Mrs. J. B. Shrier, Jr., S1 Spring street, Char-Mrs. J. R. Shrier, Jr., Sl Spring street, Charleston, S. C., said: 'I truly can say that by
the skill of Dr. R. C. Flower, I escaped a
most horrible death. I had had rheumatism
for eight years, but lately it developed chalky
joints. I was informed after being treated
by the leading physician of this city, that
there was no cure for my disease, and that
amidst great suffering I would gradually
turn to stone. Resides my continuel sufferamidst great suffering I would gradually turn to stone. Besides my continual suffering I was helpless, had but little use for any of my limbs, was suffering from insomnia and nervous prostration. In other words, I was a helpless, ruined and abandoned wreck. In this condition I was taken to see Dr. B. C. Flower during one of his visits to Savannah. Under his treatment I began to improve im-mediately, and today I can walk as fast and well as anyone; use my limbs freely; the swelling in my joints has disappeared; I sleep well; my nerves are strong, and my cure is considered by all my friends as a miraculous

From Helplessness to Perfect Health. Hutson Lee, the well-known insurance man of Charleston, S. C., said: "My oldest son was restored by Dr. R. C. Flower from helplessness to the perfect use of his limbs after the best physicians in our country had failed to give him the slightest relief."

A Miracle.

A Miracle.

Mrs. J. D. Clark, of Jonesboro, Ga., said:
"I had a supposed incurable spinal trouble, double curvature, besides other serious and aimost fatal troubles, a woman helpless in braces and on crutches. The most prominent physician in Atlanta had treated me, the hospitals had had me for treatment, and they had all given me up as incurable. In this helpless, suffering and dying condition I was taken to Dr. Flower, when almost, as by magic, he restored me to perfect health. I don't pretend to say how he did it, but he did it."

Cancer of the Tongue. Mrs. E. A. Selling, Avenue L. and Twentysecond street, Galveston, Tex., said: "When
I first consulted Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston,
I was suffering from a terrible cancer at
the tongue, and had given myself up to die,
but in a few months he entirely cured me,
I am perfectly well today. Everybody who
knew my condition look upon my cure as
a miracle. Dr. Flower is the most wonderful physician and wonderful man I ever
knew. Go into his presence and you feel
his power."

Joel Huey, president of First National Herald.

Bank of Corsicana, Texas, said : "Dr. B. C. Flower is the most wonderful physician I ever knew. He cured me of a fungus cancer-

ous condition of the stomach and liver after numerous physicians had failed to help me and I had been given up to die."

The above testimonia s are from many of the most prominent, wealthy and influential men and women of this country. They calm-ly and deliberately say that Dr. R. C. Flower cured them after they had been given up to die, and that if it had not been for him they would have been in their graves. They represent all kinds of business, all professions, all positions of prominence, and nearly all sections of the country. The testimony of one is the testimony of all, proving his almost supernatural power in caring the sick, and that his granting sides the good.

and that his practice girdles the world.

Dr. Flower has established a congress or staff of physicians, and is locating a clan in every state in the union. The physicians are the most skilled and able men (regardless of their school). These staff physicians examine patients, arrange for their treatment and send a written diagnosis of each case to him. From that time on they are under his care, the same as if the doctor had personally examined them himself. Thus Dr. Flower's patients can be examined and re-examined as needed by skilled physicians who are in close touch and communication with the doctor's practice. Dr. Flower spares no expense in making the cure of his patients

absolute and complete.

Those wishing to know more of Dr. R. C. Flower, by sending two 2-cent stamps to the Flower Medical Company, 559 Columbus Ave. Boston, Mass., will receive his work, entitled, "Dr. B. C. Flower in the Sick

Ceremonial Manners in Japan.

Given a highly imitative race like the Japanese and let one undeviating standard be set upon them. Then, save the Christian Register, generation after generation will no change be witnessed. The standard will act like that of the French Academy of the language of France. Now, at home in America, we have fifty standards of manners-the reserve and reticent manners, the slap-you-on-the-back manners, the demagogue's manners, the drummer's manners, the cut-anddried business man's manners-these one of the leading heads of the Fifth Ave- fied. And it must be admitted by even the most patriotic that the man who should try to model his deportment on all these schools at once would come to a somewhat mixed result. Nothing of this bewildering complexity has ever existed in Japan. From Mikado at the top to coolie at the bottom of the social scale, one undeviating standard has always prevailed. Originally an importation from China, it has been elaborated through centuries of study of the most elaborate ceremonial etiquette, till at last through constant practice it has become second nature. No one ever saw anything else, ever dreamed of anything else. There was one way of saluting a superior, one of saluting an equal, one of saluting an inferior, and one's head would have been cut off had he departed from it. No Japanese child ever saw a drummer-saw only prostrate artisans saluting Samurai, Samurai saluting Daimios, Daimios saluting Shotguns. The whole ceremonial became organized into them as much as their instinctive habits into our setters and pointers, perhaps the

Little girls of ten will one see here whose finish of breeding would have awakened the envy of a duchess at the court of Louis XIV., at Versailles. Female servants one will encounter at a dinner in the house of a Japanese gentleman whose grace, charm and dignity are the quintessence of ladylike refinement. "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." The simple fact is that the young woman of twenty has been doing the

thing for a thousand years. A Vampire Worm.

Speaking of wild beasts that are at once large, ferocious and African, a correspondent sends us an interesting note about an earth worm. Africa has already produced the largest earth worm known to science, with the possible exception of megascolides australis from Australia; but these are giants of a perfectly harmless kind. The worm to which we now refer is said, by Alvan Millson, Assistant Colonial Secretary at Lagos, on the west coast of Africa, to inspire dread among the natives of that coast. Its appearance is against; the worm is not only large-three or four feet-but it is either of a rich, raw-beefy color or of a lowering black, the difference of color being a mark of a difference of

species. On one occasion a number of natives were collected together when one of these giants strolled casually into the camp; the result appears to have been a rapid flight on the part of the natives. The reason for the awe-inspiring character of the worm is its reputed habit of sucking blood. It does not seem probable that the most recent results of zoological research are known in tropical Africa, but it is a curious coincidence that this research has tended to show that the line of separation between the leeches and earth worms is by no means so wide as it was at one time thought to be. This big earth worm of West Africa inhabits a locality that is remarkable; it does not, as do most earth worms, burrow constantly in the ground, throwing up eastings, but lives in deserted hills of termities. -- Natural

Bicyclists in the German Army.

The sum of \$25,000 is included in the German Army estimates for the present year for the supply of bicycles to the infantry. Two bicycles are assigned to each battalion. An instruction has been issued dealing with the bicycle service. Bicycles are to be used for communications between columns on the march and for communications between advanced guards. When troops are in quarters bicyclists are to fulfil the functions of orderlies, especially where mounted orderlies are wanting. They will also relieve the cavalry from relay and intelligence duties. In great fortresses the whole of the duties now devolving upon cavalry as message bearers will be transferred to bicyclists .-- Chicago