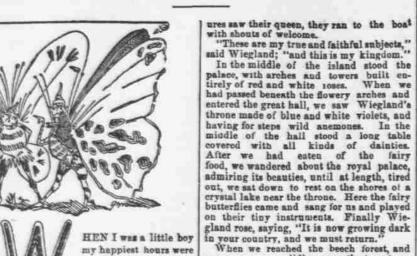
## THE BUTTERFLY QUEEN.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



the earliest violets and

the first wild roses. One

day in summer, having sought my favorite

resort, I threw myself down on the grass

under a large tree, and, looking up into the

high, green arches, listened to the chirping

of the birds, and the buzzing of the bees as

they sipped the beney from the flowers. My

long, warm walk made me sleepy, and I was

just about to close my eyes when a butterfly,

the like of which I had never before seen,

flitted past me. The insect had large, white

wings, with red eyes, and I thought what a

beauty it would be for uncle's collection. As

I turned to look at it the butterfly disap-

peared and was seen no more; but hundreds

of others of every imaginable color sppeared

before my astonished gaze, and a bright light

fell which shone as gold over the grass, and

"What does this mean?" I asked a large

beetle which sat sunning himself on a great

green leaf near by. But without replying

flowers in the lorest were ringing merrily,

chosen this place for some grand meeting.

green eyes. "We must have a pair of wings at once,

floated through the forest.

I shook my head.

"Do you know me?" she asked.

sun like pure gold.
"You shall see my palace," she said; "it

is not far from here." And putting her

arm around my waist we, surrounded by in-

numerable butterflies, sailed up into the air.

Over the tops of the trees we went until a

100

soms, extended out into the water. And

now a very wonder;'ul thing happened;

Wiegland clapped her hands, and immedi-

niely the little cape on which we stood.

into the sea.

eparated from the mainland and floated out

'Do you see my little steeds?" nsked

outterflies had harnessed themselves by

spiders' webs to our island, and were draw

ing us through the water. As we leaned back on our flowery cushions, I saw that

each woodbine blossom held a tiny cham-

Wiegland, breaking off a flower and hand-

ing it to me. As soon as I had tasted the

fairy nectar a change came over me; I could now bear sounds which I had never heard

butterflies chauting the praises of their queen. Soon our flower ship glided

into a little bay, and before us lay a most beautiful island covered

with blooming shrubs and trees, and on the shores stood hundreds of butter-

flies awaiting our arrival. The butterflies

now had human forms; but so gay was their dress that they might have been taken for anchanted flowers. When the little creat-

Will you drink butterfly wine?" asked

And I then saw that countless

wide sea spread out before us, to whose green

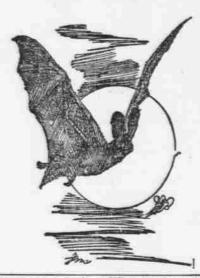
old frog.

I lay down and shut my eyes, so that the butterflies would think me asleep, and would not be disturbed by my presence.

the flowers glistened like precious stones.

were once more gliding over the tree tops, I said to Wiegland, "Your kingdom is so spent in the great beech forest, where grew the beautiful! I wish I could stay there alsweetest strawberries,

ways." "Oh, no," she answered; "we are not al-



to my question he flew away. In turning to rise I accidentally touched a little blue ways as gay as to-day. When it rains or is bell, and distinctly heard a silvery ring. cold we are very miserable, for we love the It was as a signal; for the next one ansunshine. Then, too, we have an enemy swered, and so it continued till all the little whom we lear very much. He is a wicked hat, whose kingdom is many miles from mine; but he is envious of us, and threatens and I saw whole troops of butterflies running through the forest as if they had to come with his men and carry me away.

the branches. When I recovered I was lying on the grass under the beech trees. It had become very dark, and I felt very stiff

me again I was obliged to think that the poor butterfly queen had perished at the hand of her wicked enemy. PAYSIE.

Soon I felt a light shadow fall over my face, Who lies sleeping here in the green politan elevated roads, "what appears to the Opening my eyes, I saw bending over me casual observer to be trifling things somea beautiful maiden, with long, golden hair falling down over her shoulders. times demand the closest attention of the management, and are watched with great care and caution. The axiom 'Take care of little things; big things will take care of themselves,' is peculiar applicable inly certain respects to the management of a great were gathering their belongings to depart when a corpulent lady, who sat in front of them, and who evidently was a total stranger, turned and said with suddenness and asperity: "Mr. F— is perfectly lovely." "What a stupid face you can make," she said, laughing, and taking my hand, said: "Come, take a run through the forest with I serambled up and stood beside her, and then noticed that she wore butterfly wings, railroad. Little things, so called, which the young women departed, covered with and that her rosy feet scarcely touched the are apparently of no moment, when negearth, over which she seemed to float along. "What clumsy feet you have," said the lected have often resulted disastrously. I fairy maiden, and, stopping before some have known where such a trifling thing as

moss covered rocks, she clapped her hands three times and cried, "Mother Frog! a common brakeman's signal lamp, the globe of which had been cracked, caused a ollison which resulted in great damage. From between the stones a fat old frog "The lamp referred to was used by a cercame torth, and looked at us with its great tain brakeman to signal passing trains. It was his custom to place the light alongside the track in a certain spot whenever be said the maiden; "so bring them quickly, wanted a train to slow up or stop, and leave it there while he attended to some other In a moment's time a pair of gay butterduty about the place he was stationed. The fly wings were brought and fastened upon engineers were well acquainted with his my shoulders. Then I felt as light as down, and hand in hand my companion and l ders to stop the next train. Just before the train was due he placed the lamp in the usual place and position. The cracked "I am called Wiegland, and am the butglobe had served its purpose well up to this terfly queen; do you see my diadem?"

I had noticed that she wore in her bair a the light was extinguished by a gust of time, but after burning for a few moments crown of yellow butterflies, which continu- wind. The train thundered along, and a ally fluttered their wings, and shone in the

> are always on the lookout for." A GHOST AT THE DOORBELL.

collision resulted, which caused a loss of

many a thousand dollars to the company.

There are a hundred and one other things

just as trifling that the officials of a railron

shores we descended. A little tongue of land covered with flowers and bordered with Dend on Taking Aim.

New York World.] One night about six years ago I was on a visit to a friend. The family were very much annoyed by the constant pealing of the doorbell. Every little while someone would run out and open the door, to discover no one there. We thought somebody was playing tricks and that a cord might be attached to the bell. But there was none. My friend's uncle, getting angry, resolved to find out who it was. So, with a revolver in hand, he sat out on the porch, while her father sat in the hall, ready to open the door at the first sound.

While her uncle sat there the bell gave a very loud peal, and looking around he saw a white figure flying over the barn. He raised his revolver to fire, when without a sound he fell back in his chair dead. My friend's father and several of the family, including myself, witnessed it and have not lorgotten it. They moved very soon afterward, while the house has the name of be ing haunted.

What Jay Gould Doesn't Tell.

Chicago Herald. 1 Jay Gould has been telling how he made his first \$1,000. He would doubtless rather tell how he made his first thousand than how he made his later millions.

This Conl Degler is Dead. A coal dealer sat in his office and swore At the weather so fearfully warm.
The winter was hastening rapidly o'or,
And he said to himself "May God help the Who must live on the profits he gets selling coal."

There hadn't a customer come to his place For many and many a week,
And no one appeared to remember his face,
Nor favors did anyone seek. before. The little waves rippling about us sang a low, sweet song, and I could hear the Men used to implore him for fuel to burn But now he had nothing but what they

> But hark! There's a customer-yes, a First.
>
> No doubt she will order a ton.
>
> It sets the glad dealer's brain in a whirl—
> Elis nerves are quite sadly undone.
>
> "Will you take back ma's coal, bought last fall,
> sir," she said.

MUSIC AT THE HUB.

Ladies Who Put the Symphony Concerts to a Novel Use.

Progress of the Free Classes That Struggle With Volapuk.

WAR ON CLUBS BY BOSTON LADIES

ICOURESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 BOSTON, January 17 - Everybody knows that there is nothing in Boston to-day that is of more general interest and importance than the Saturday night concerts and the Symphony orchestra. During the present week the orchestra is on a tour "of the provinces," so to say; shedding the light of its presence upon New York, Philadelphia, Washington and other benighted places. Society takes the concerts so much into account that it is very seldom that a dinner is given on Saturday night, or an engagement made that is not for an hour later than that of the close of the concert.

There is a good deal of superstition in the cult, of course, and certain stories, for the truth of which I can youch, illustrate this not badly. The first is simply a remark made by a lady who belongs to an old and spects a typical Bostonian, belonging to clubs enough to drive one mad simply in an attempt to remember the names, she entercharities, more or less, and keeps up with all own, the literature of the day. She has a seat at the public rehearsals, which come on Friday atternoon, and which absurdly enough are even more of a tashion than the concerts themselves, and for her ticket thereto she paid a premium of over \$40 besides the nominal price. A friend said to her recently: "I did not know that you were so musical. You are never to be had for anything on

Friday afternoons now."
"No," was the reply. "I have been to every rehearsal this winter, and I would not miss them for anything. It is so lovely to have a whole hour and a half when I can sit down and think and know that I shall not be interrupted by anybody." Doubtless there is many another who has this same feeling who would not confess it: and the lady who said that all Boston's so-

cial problems were nowadays settled in the meditations of the women at the Symphony concerts was not far from right. CARRIED THE CONVERSATION OVER. A friend recently sat near a couple of young ladies at the Friday afternoon re-hearsal, and at every interval they chattered like magpies, the odd thing about it being that they would leave a sentence in the

that wears those beastly gray tronsers. Let's

They arose with considerable bustle, and were gathering their belongings to depart

Of course everybody around laughed, and

shame and conjusion of face. FOOLED BY AN EXPRESSION

I watched one afternoon a girl with a beautiful, spirituel face, who seemed to be utterly absorbed in the music and lifted into regions of ineffable light by the heavenly strains. She had that rapt St. Cecelia expression which one supposes to be possible only upon the faces of the true lovers of music, and only with them under peculiarly favorable conditions. For a time she stood, the seats being all taken and she evidently not having a regular ticket, signal, and were always on the lookout for it. On this occasion the man received or the heavenly absorption of her expression. I naturally thought that she was too poor to buy a season ticket, but that so great was her love for the divine art that she could joyfully stand through the concert if she might but be present, when suddenly the delicate shade of perplexity and trouble which I had noticed upon her face deepened. She thrust her hand into her pocket and pulled out two samples of red silk. For a moment she brooded over them with an ex-pression of divine yearning; then, with the gesture of one at last resolved beyond a question, she flung one sample to the floor, placed the other in her purse, and turned and walked out with a face of angelic con-

Now it is of course possible that the young woman was one of those fine strung natures that can make an important decision only to the sound of sweet music, and yet some-how I was deeply disappointed. I have no longer faith in the pensive young women at the Symphonies; I suspect that secretly they are considering samples or the manner of making gowns.

It would be unfair to leave the subject with this sort of a flavor, however. These are some of the humors of the thing; but under all this it is really remarkable to see how the musical education of the people of Boston is advancing. When one considers how large an undertaking it is to train an American audience into anything like a genuinely musical feeling, it must be acknowledged that the effect of the generous experiment of Mr. Higginson, who is said to have put uside \$1,000,000 of which the income is devoted to the support of these concerts so far as it is needed, has been wonderfully gratifying.

STUDYING VOLAPUR.

Knowledge of all sorts is, I suppose, to be considered as being in the line of culture, so that Boston may score one for the introduc-tion of free classes for the study of Volapuk in the evening schools. A gentleman who has tried it remarked the other evening that though the city could make the study of Volapuk free, no city could make it easy; which is not so very brilliant as a joke, but it is a fair expression of the fact of the case. The language is really very hard, and to one who has studied real languages with their constant affiliations to other tongues, the arbitrary putchwork of Volapuk seems not only liteless, but irritatingly dry. A dead language is bad enough, but deliver us from

one that has never even lived. The plea upon which these clusses have been established is that Volapuk is to be much used in commercial transactions, a theory, it may be noted in passing, in which commercial men do not seem inclined to take a great deal of stock. It remains to be seen whether the free classes will have vital-ity enough to live, but it is difficult to have

any especial faith in them.

The Athletic Club, which opened its house last winter, and which has been very popular ever since, is making a good deal of a hit with its private exhibitions of sports and the manly arts. The exercises take "Mill you take back ma's coal, bought last fall, sir," she said,
"And give us our money?" That dealer is dead,
—Chicago Heraid.

"And the present if they choose, the

rule is that no one except those performing shall bring guests. There is now and then an artist smuggled in to see the wrestling or the fencing, in which the posing is extremely good, some of the men entering being very well made and equally graceful. The exhibition this week has been looked forward to with particular interest. The gilded youth of the town are giving their attention to athletics nowadays, and the re-A FACE THAT FOOLED EVERYBODY. suit is on the whole very good. Some of them really do something worth while, and the rest who play at it at least get a certain amount of exercise which is usually badly

needed to keep them up to the proper physi-WOMEN'S WAR ON CLUBS. The multiplication of clubs is one of the most striking features of Boston life of late years, and has been often commented upon. At the meeting of a women's club here last week, where topics relating to home and society are discussed, the question was pro-pounded how men should be kept at home pounded now men should be kept at nome from the clubs, which it was claimed were interfering greatly with home life. The talk ran on in the usual style for some time, all the platitudes having their full swing, until a sharp-spoken old lady, whose part in the conversation up to that point had consisted in audible sniffs of disapproval at which the had been said backs forth and much that had been said, broke forth and "If you women didn't have so many clubs

of your own, but gave more thought to the old-fashioned habit of making home attractive enough to keep them there, there wouldn't be any trouble about the men's

This was heresy of the worst sort, and for not badly. The first is simply a remark a moment there was silence. Then one of made by a lady who belongs to an old and influential Boston family. She is in some remarked: "Yes, that is all very well for husbands,

but it is the unmarried men who frequent attempt to remember the names, she enter-tains, goes into society, is concerned in 50 to get married and have homes of their "Humph!" sniffed the old lady. "That's where they are downright sensible."

> that discussion any further. GOVERNOR BRACKETT'S LITTLE SON. An amusing anecdote is told to the effect that during the recent gubernatorial cam-paign, the little son of Governor Brackett

And it was manifestly impossible to carry

said to him:
"Papa, is there any hope, do you think, of your not being elected?"
"Well, yes," his tather answered; "as
things look now there is some little 'hope of

it,' as you say."

Thereafter the small boy every evening when he said his prayers, devoutly added a petition that his father might be defeated in the coming election. His mother was naturally surprised, and perhaps a little shocked, and asked the meaning of this strange prayer.

strange prayer.
"Well," the boy said, "I want papa beaten in the election so that he can stay at home sometimes." It is to be hoped that the Republicans of Massachusetts, in electing Governor Brackett, and thereby defeating his son's

mence but he is envious of us, and threaten to come with his men and carry me away.

We heard through the trees a whirring noise, which continually grew louder, "It is he," cried Weigland; "save me, save me."

It is he," cried Weigland; "save me, save me."

Almost before I could look around poor Wiegland was in the grasp of her enemy. I ran to the monster to strike him to the strike him to the middle, wait fine minutes for the consultance him the strike him to the middle was deleted to the strike him to the middle was deleted to the strike him the strike him the strike him to the salt and right but him the monster the strike him the strike him the strike him the strike him t on, gave place to a more pronounced and decidedly disagreeable odor. When a great part of the linen had been removed, black stains, caused by the bitumen, became apparent, and nearer to the body the wrappings had suffered considerably from contact with this substance.

Two small pieces of linen with fringes impaired by the bitumen. When at last the coverings had been removed, the body was found to be of a very dark brown color-so dark, indeed, as to be almost black. The skin where it remained was hard and shiny, the arms and hands lay lengthwise upon the abdomen, while the heart and intestines were placed beneath the knees. The feature when disclosed stood out very clearly, and were those of a rather handsome person, but the sex could not be determined. Glass eyes had been placed in the head, and there was a linen plug in the ear.

Mr. Budge, at the conclusion of his task said that the mummy seemed to belong to a period about 800 years before Christ. mummy was about 5 feet 3 inches in height, and was that of an Egyptian, probably one of the class corresponding to the lower mid-dle class of modern times.

LUXURY IN BATHROOMS.

Expensive Features Which Go to Make Up the Modern Ones.

In the construction of modern dwelling houses, says an architect in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, there is a marked tendency to the luxurious in the equipment of the bathroom. Formerly a narrow cell built at the expense of a hallway was considered sufficient, and these rooms were often so small as not to permit a tub in which a bather could lie at full length. The bathroom has not as yet become the chief or the finest room in the modern house, and the tendency is short of the Pompelian, but much money and artistic skill is lavished upon the apartment, and architects are given to special designs.
In the first place, the rooms are not less

than four times the size of the old apart-ments. The walls are of tiling, though hardwoods are sometimes used, and the floors are of tiling or marble. The fittings of a well-urnished bathroom now include, besides the regular tub, a sitz bath tub with spray and wave bath attachment, and various closets and other apparatus to suit the taste or convenience of the owner. The business of family bathrooms has become so important that some manufacturing firms devote their whole attention to it, and issue illustrated catalogues showing interior equipments to suit any house. In some instances the bathroom is lighted by a sky-light in stained glass.

The surely useful in the bathroom can hardly exceed \$500, but there is no limit to the extent of the decorations. Many beautiful works of art, both in fresco and oil painting, and statuary in bronze and marble, are to be found in the bathrooms of the rich, and a loan exhibition of the art treasures of the private bathrooms of the country would create as profound a sensation in artistic circles as it would perhaps in the circles that look upon Authony Comstock as the true prophet of the proprieties.

A Gailing Insult.

Chicago Tribune.1 Chance Acquaintance (reading news paper)-"I see Henry M. Stanley is on his way to Cairo, by way of Alexandria." Indignant Fellow Passenger (from Missouri)-"Darn his pictur! Is he goin' to skip St. Louis?"

> Popular Just Naw. Little grains of quining, Little drinks of rye, Make la grippe that's get you Drop its hold and fly. This may quickly help you
> If you'll only try;
> But don't forget the quinine
> When you take the rye.
> —Chicago Herald.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ] The world is full of failures. Indeed, the most successful in some directions may be the most dismal failures in other endeavors. As the poet sings:

No perfect whole can our being make: Here or there the circle will break; The orb of life as it takes the light On one side leaves the other in night. Never was saint so good and great As to give no chance at Saint Peter's gate For the plea of the devil's advocate.

Now, the first impulse of one who has

failed is to despair. This is specially true of moral endeavor. If one has aimed at virtue and missed it, at goodness and missed it, at noble character and missed it, instantly temptation says: "V/hy struggle after the unobtainable? Sin on, 'Eat, drink and be merry.' Give up the vain effort to be This is the philosophy of perdition. 'Tis

the devil's gospel-not Christ's. While the friend of publicans and sinners occupies the throne there is no ground for any publican and sinner to despair. There is not one attribute of God which does not compassionate and ache to help the wayward and astray. As there is medication in the air, in the rain, in the soil and in the blessed sunshine for the wounded shrub and the broken tree, so is there divine medication in the heart and providence of God for the morally infirm. All that is needed in order to the securing pardon, help, and another chance, is the turning away from evil and toward good. He or she who hates that and loves this, shall find sure recovery. If the wounded shrub or tree should reject the ministrations of nature there would be no hope-welcomed they are curative. So with the soul. Though evil be present, though the will be weak, though the life be sinful, it men and women will pray with the malefactor, "Lord, remember me!" back from the torgiving and strengthening sky shall sound the inspiring answer: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." To every reader, we say on this Sunday morning, nil desperandum-never despair Look up, and then live up.

Hurling the Harpoon.

In the January number of the Homiletic Review the following is found: A sailor who had just returned from a whaling voyage was taken by a friend to hear an eloquent preacher. When they came out of church the friend said:

"Jack, wasn't that a fine sermon?" "Yes, it was ship-shape; the water-lines were graceful; the masts raked just high enough; the

Whatever may be thought of Herbert Speucer's theological opinions, his words rewere discovered in the course of the unrolling, and these bore inscriptions more or less are noteworthy. Referring to the prevaient school and college courses of study, he says: The vital knowledge-that by which we have now underlies our whole existence—is a knowl-edge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners, while the ordained agencies for teach-ing have been mumbling little else than dead

In other words, if England is powerful and prosperous to-day, the musty systems of her universities, her colleges, are not, in his judgment, the potent factors; in the prosperity of the Empire, for, adds he:

That which our school courses leave almost entirely out, we find to be that which concerns
the business of life. All our industries would
cease were it not for the information which
men begin to acquire as they best may, after
their education is said to be finished. Is not this as true of America as it is of

Rev. Sidney Smith's Fall. The Rev. Sidney Smith tells this story at

I can't bear to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation, to fire into them. The common people say I am a bold preacher, for I pulpit. A singular contretemps happened to me once, when, to effect this, I had ordered the me once, when, to enect this, I had ordered the clerk to pile up some hassocks for me to stand on. My text was: "We are perpiexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." I had scarcely uttered these words, and was preparing to illustrate them, when I did so practically, and na way not at all auticipated. My folying of in a way not at all anticipated. My fabric of hassocks suddenly gave way. Down I fell, and with difficulty prevented myself from being precipitated into the arms of my congregation, who, I must say, behaved very well, and re-covered their gravity sooner than I bould have

Who are they that whiten heaven with paper mills. Now a very small proportion the flowing of their garments? queries an of rags are made into paper, straw and clay eminent preacher. Whose hands lift those being the chief ingredients. Fine linen eminent preacher. Whose hands lift those vibrating harps? Whose heads are crowned and wreathed? Are they not those who came out of great tribulation? Who first followed Christ along the path of His ascension? Was it not the penitent thief who hung on the cross? Unto whom were given tractive patterns, and can only be told when the keys of the kingdom, as the badge of Was it not him who, having denied his Lord, repented of it? Who was ap-pointed to break the bounds of Jewish prejudice and preach the Gospel to the Gentiles? Was it not Paul, the converted persecutor? And whose heart to-day is fullest of gratitude? Is it not that one among us whose darkness was most dense | this accounts for the mercurial condition of when the light of mercy broke through and

One Wept and One Laughed.

Two rabbis, approaching Jerusalem, observed a fox running upon the hill of Zion; and Rabbi Joshua wept, but Rabbi Eliezer laughed, "Wherefore dost thou laugh?" said he who wept. "Nay, wherefore dost thou weep?" demanded Eliezer. "I weep," replied Rabbi Joshua, "because I see wha s written in the Lamentations rulfilled: Because of the Mount Zion which is deso-late, the foxes walk upon it." "And therefore," said Rabbi Eliezer, "do I laugh; when I see with my own eyes that God has fulfilled his threatenings to the very letter, I have thereby a pledge that not one of his promises shall fail; for He is ever more ready to show mercy than judgment."

The Catholic Review says that there are in Ireland 3,797,357 Roman Catholics and 3,251 priests. The Catholic population of England numbers 1,353,455 and 2,340 priests, while Scotland has 338,541 Catholics and sit still and try to look unconscious.

329 priests. According to this same authority, there are in the United States 7,762,168 Catholics.

On the Besom of Infinitude.

save that the breast is the fountain of sub

sistence and love. This world is God's babe.

He holds us all upon the bosom of infini-

tude. He reveals so much of His nature as we need to know—His compassion, His tenderness, His self-sacrifice. For the rest we must wait, like the babe, for larger

growth and wider environment in order to

fuller comprehensions.

But what more do we need at present? Is

it not enough to be assured that God loves

us and cares for us and means to train us to

be kings and priests? This knowledge is well fitted to wipe the tears from our eyes in

Figures on Mormonism.

Conference, April 8, G. Q. Cannon read the

statistics of the church, which are: Apostles,

12; patriarchs, 70; high priests, 3,759; elders,

11,805; priests, 2,069; teachers, 2,292; deacons,

11,610; families, 81,899; officers and mem-

bers, 115,915, and children under eight years of age, 49,302—a total Mormon population

of 153,911. The number of marriages for

the six months ending April 6, 1889, was

530; births, 3,754; new members, 488; ex-

In Other People's Graves.

Some people, suggestively remarks

sharp critic, are so busy meddling with

other people's business that it would not be

surprising at the general resurrection to find

some of these everlasting snoops getting out of somebody else's grave.

The Second Adventists.

The Second Adventists may be grouped

in this wise: New England, 12,000; Middle

States, 6,000; Western States, 8,000; North

Then Don't Go.

comments one, "What if I can't pay?"

Gems From Different Authors.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to b

delivered from temptation unless he has him

best be can to keep out of it.—Ruskin,

self honestly and firmly determined to do the

THERE is no key to these dark letterings; we

cannot trace them through our blinding tears

here we have only partial links. But God ha

the whole chain unbrokenlin his hand. And this

we know-it is enough to know-that nothing comes wrong that comes from him.-M. C.

Each one of us is bound to make the little

circle in which he lives better and happier:

each one of us is bound to see that out of that

small circle the widest good may flow; each one of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.

—Dean Stanley.

GIVE me these links: First, sense of need; second, dusire to get; third, belief that God has in store; fourth, belief that though he

withholds awhile, he loves to be asked; and fifth, belief that asking will obtain. Give these links, and the chain will reach from earth to heaven, bringing heaven down to me, or bearing me up to heaven.—Guthric.

WHAT are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, if, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer,

Both for themselves, and those who call them friends?

For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—Tennyson,

CABLING ROUND THE WORLD. Rates of Transmission to the Most Remote d Lands-Cipher Messages.

A glance at the table of charges of the Commercial Cable Company recalls Puck's

Tripoli and Tunis on the northern coast of

Africa for from to 8 cents to 27 cents per

word. Delagoa Bay, Mozambique, Zanzi-bar and the Transvaal in South Africa can

be reached for \$3 16 per word. There are 28

telegraphic stations on the west coast of

Africa, the tariff ranging from \$1 45 to \$2

In South America, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chili, Colombia, Ecuador,

Paraguay, Peru and Uruguay are reached

from England by 28 stations, the charges

ranging from \$1 40 to \$4 70 per word. All

portions of Arabia, Australia, China, Cochin China, Corea, Ascension Islands,

Corfu, Corsica, Cyprus, Canary Islands, Greek Islands, Herzegovina, India, Japan, Java or Sumatra, Liberia, Persia, Phillip-

pine Islands, Siam, are reached by telegraph

points to all known countries. The highest

price charged is \$11 76 per word to South

Cipher dispatches are prohibited to Tur-

key, both in Asia and Europe, Roumania, Tripodi, Servia and several other countries.

All rossages to the Orient must be written

in French. It wants but a trans-Pacific

cable to complete the girdle about the

WHERE THE RAGS GO.

Ninety Per Cent Go Into the Manufacture of

Sheddy Goods.

Housewives must often have wondered

where all the rags go to after they pass into

the wagon of anyone of the several hundred

ragmen who pass through the alleys with

their monotonous cries. These gatherers of

old rags take them to warehouses where

they are bought in bulk, and then assorted

by girls according to quality. There was a

Ninety per cent of the rags collected, however, go into the manufacture of "shoddy," of which cheap ready-made clothing is manufactured. This stuff is

now made up into the brighest and most at-

new from wool by the expert, and by ex-

perience with the wearer. I heard to-day of one "shoddy" mill located at Newark, N.

J., which has just increased its capacity to 90,000 pounds of "shoddy" per month, and

the wool market.

they have been running overtime for a

COMPORT CHANGES THEM.

Men Who Are Gullant Standing Up, Aren't

So If Sitting.

It is an interesting fact, which a little

observation will readily verify, that men

standing in crowded street cars are much

more gallant to ladies than the same men

seated. On the elevated railroad it con-

stantly happens that the sents are filled with men, while women hang on to the straps as

best they can. When a seat is vacated the

man standing nearest to it almost always looks around to see if there are women standing, and if so relinquishes his right to it with a bow, and continues standing. After a while the man will secure a seat and

take it. Perhaps at the next station the car

will fill up again with women, some of whom will have to stand. One would nat-

"Shoddy is king," says the wool men, and

paper, so called, is made of rags.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

earth.

direct, and telegrams are mailed from these

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.1

"Pay as you go," saith the proverb. But,

communications, 113.

west, 2,000; Canada, 5,000.

Then don't go!

At the closing session of the Mormon

sorrow and to make our joy more joyous.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for Men can understand of God only so much Home Cracking. as He discloses. "His thoughts are not as

our thoughts nor His ways as our ways." Address communications for this departs to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine. What does the babe comprehend of the dear mother on whose breast it hangs? Nothing,

890-PICTORIAL COMBINATIONS.



Combine the outer figure separately with sach of the ioner ones, and find the following:

L. A Danish navigator.

2. To give.

3. A peculiar giud of petition.

891-A SWARM OF BEES, One bee is always in the front, Another in the rear; The middle is another's wont, And one is always here. And one is very dear to all,

And one is very humble; Another one is very tall, And one will always tumble. And one poor bee was lost at sea And two make sounds of woe; And one, a dish aspires to be, And one will not let go.

One likes to scatter far and wide. And one likes to possess; Another fast to sin is tied, And one to a sorceress.

Some like with filth themselves to soil And one will drunken lie; And one will ne'er forget a broil, And one is always by.

892-CHARADE. Primal in a last, Humans have been classed As residents, Not nomads, since

The roving times are past. A total seems to be Necessity, for me:
I would not care
The open air
To live in, wild and free.

893-OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. In Chicago. 2. A Hebrew measure of capacity, containing ten baths, 3. A kind of smail, 4. Affectionate. 5. Governed. 6. (Ornith.) An American bird allied to the finches and sparrows. 7. (Bot.) A pod dehiscent into two pieces or valves, and having the seed attached at one suture, as that of the pea. 8. Bequeathed. 2. Liberated. 10. Neither very good, nor bad. 11. A celebrated horse race which is held annually at Epsom, near London. 12. The interval between one night and the next. 13. In Baltimore.

894-ANAGRAM.

There's a mountain of Wonder that greets my sight,
As it stands in the realms of Eternity's years;
Tis a mountain of Pleasure, of Joy and Delight,
And of Sorrow, Temptation and Tears.
The Angel of the Mount was now before my face.

face; On his back he bore a soythe, an hour-glass in his hand: He looked as old the Human Race,

declaration that he could put a girdle about the earth in 40 minutes. There seems to be no portion of the globe where civilization has not obtained a footbold. Messages can be sent to New York and thence by transatlantic cable to Great Britain, Ireland, France and Germany, to Algeria, Morocco,

ain
Which flows at the end of the race.
Mt. Life or Death!" O, who can conceive
Of the millions and millions who are scaling its height? And though they all start in the morning, be

They reach the lowest descent in the dark of the night. The Angel whose name is in the Mountain He mows them all down as though they were ARTIBUS LAURENTIUS.

895-ENIGMA. A hall is here, the host is fled, His name is numbered with the dead; The window's wide, the light's gone out; There's certain air of vacant doubt.

The portal, too, is sadly wide, And the blank gates at eitner side, Yet there was once the sound of cheer-Mirth, joy and laughter centered here; And in those loop-holes dark, above, There sparkled once the light of love! 896-DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Words of Six Letters.) dous mollusks, having a smooth shell covered with a shining enamel. & A beautiful iridescent substance which lines the interior of some shells. 4. A long iron chisel used by masons and miners. 5. A Turkish silver coin. 6. Sojourners. 7. A blue coloring matter. & Expectation. 1. To ramify. 2 (Zool.) A genus of gr Primals and finals name one of the signers of

> 897-DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA. In "fellowship," In "fall or tript" In "banishment," In "punishment," Some folks like to ride

As dead-heads are known;
'Tis a name I'd shun— Would not care to own.

898-DECAPITATION. First I'm an animal wandered away,
To be cuffed by humanity from day to day;
Behead me and load me with lessious fruit,
And who before cuffed me will now salute.
Behead once again and then I will gicam
In at your fireside, a glorious beam;
Behead me once more and the word you then Will be savory food for the wooer's mind.

DECEMBER'S COMPETITION. DECEMBER'S COMPETITION.

Prize winners: 1. E. G. Applegate, Swissvale, Pa. 2. Glass, Pittsburg, Pa. 3. Eva S. Nelson, Ford City, Pa.

Roll of honor: Hugh C. Dorworth, South Oil City, Pa.; B. Mayers, New York, N. Y.; Wm. Hughes, Apollo, Pa.; James Martin, Pittsburg, Pa.; Ailen F. Parker, Allegheny City, Pa.; W. J. Donnelly, New Castle, Pa.; J. L. S., Pittsburg, Pa.; Ortic Fairchild, South Oil City, Pa.; J. S. T., Raukin, Pa.; Arthur S. Yatea, Pittsburg, Pa.; Minnie Wood, Crafton, Pa.; Geo, P. Raymond, Williamsport, Pa.; Barbara Inglis, Sharpsville, Pa.; Ruth Mead, Pittsburg, Pa.; Fred Hollinsworth, New Brighton, Pa.; S. R. Froideveaux, Allegheny City, Pa.; Annie Lloyd, Pittsburg, Pa.

ANSWERS. 881—Fillibuster (fill a "boster"). 882—Newt, skink, snake, salamander, dragor 883—Isothere.

836—Sally, Loo, Bet, Carrie, Sue, Belle, Natty Hatty, Pen, Florence, Lillie, Cressy, Mat, Ans Eliza. 887—I. Carnival. 2 Carpet. 3 Madagascar. 4 Cartoon. 5. Carmine and cardinal. 6. Vicas. 888—"Still waters run deep."

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STENSHAVITALITY How Lost! How Regained, KNOW THYSELF. THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

In his hand:

He looked as old the Human Race,
And the ages were his in command.
I asked the Angel the name of this Mount,
Said he: "It is Mt. Life or Death,"
"For on the up-hill side are great pleasures to
count,
And the down-hill is sorrow and shortness of
breath!

There are millions of weak ones who start the
ascent
Whom I clip in the bud of their years;
But the strong I let go with a ready consent,
Though their life-force gives them a surplus
of tears."

There are beautiful trees on the Mountain of
Life,
But Death's Mount is the opposite side,
Where Autumn prevails, until Winter is rife,
And the snows of the ages abide.

Oh! the lower descent of this wonderful mountain
Is a dreary and desolate place.

Resulting from Folly, Vice, ignorance, Excessed or Overtaxation, Enervating and unfits ting the victim for Work, Business, the Marriage or Social Relations.

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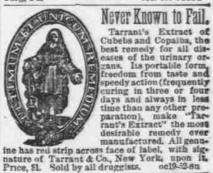
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refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Emil G,
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