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According to a doctor of Leominster, Mass., "the bicycle is the missing link between a pair of boots and a pair of wings."

A Kansas man said he would not eat again until his daughter was converted. The daughter said she would not be converted until the father consented to her marrying the man of her choice. The father enjoyed a fast of six days, the girl was married, and then converted. All things come to those who have the courage of their conviction and wait.

The British Government has decided to take hold of the telephone system, and has secured a Parliamentary vote of \$10,000,000 to begin the work in London. It already owns the trunk lines between the various cities of the kingdom and has been leasing them hitherto to the operating company. It has owned and operated the entire telegraphic system of the country for a generation.

The idea of instituting some permanent memorial of the deeds of those heroic men, the sacrifice of whose lives, under unheroic and everyday circumstances, is being constantly made and as quickly forgotten, has at last come to a practical issue in London. On the wall of the historic old Aldersgate Church, which faces on the quaint little "Postman's Park," tablets will be erected by a committee now formed for that purpose, to commemorate the bravery of men who, without the rush and excitement of battle to stimulate them, have sacrificed their lives without hope of fee or reward. Hitherto, whilst there have been societies in plenty to honor those who risked life, there was none to honor those who lost it in bravery.

This thing of civilization is confusing. It is so relentlessly and eternally different from what we would like to be. In spite of all our efforts, we are not to be polite about it. Try as we will to make it a drawing-room function, it always turns out to be a thing of brute force. Guns and extermination if necessary; but force in some degree, anyway. Darwin summed it up in his "struggle for existence." Spencer in his "survival of the fittest." Civilization finds a land full of riches, but peopled with savages. It is bound by law of its being to take the riches, says Judge, to settle on the land and make it to produce. The savages may survive or they may not. It is immaterial to civilization. If they can not they are pushed down by those who can.

A scientific investigation of the physical strength of the Chicago school children is to be undertaken by the Board of Education of that city, and the results which they obtain will be used as a standard for the treatment of pupils as to their capacity for mental endurance and physical exercise. It is thought that the results would be very important and serve to revolutionize the methods which are now in vogue. The theory of the test is to determine what is known as the "fatigue period" of a child, or that period of its life at which its energies are at the lowest ebb and, therefore, the time when its school work should not be pressed. The pupils will be weighed and measured and will be examined, for the purpose of determining their physical condition. A test will then be made of the strength and endurance powers of the muscles of the child.

What may be done with swamp lands under an intelligent system of cultivation is told by the Indianapolis News in a story of the success of B. F. Gifford, whose land holdings are in Jasper County, Indiana, and who is said to be the owner of the largest amount of swamp land under cultivation in the world. Mr. Gifford bought 83,000 acres of swamp land from the State at little more than a song, and he now has nearly that number of tillable acres, whose fertility is the wonder of other farmers. Seventy-five miles of broad ditches, supplemented by several hundred miles of tile piping drain the land, and from it Mr. Gifford last year marketed over 1,000,000 bushels of corn, 400,000 bushels of onions, and great quantities of other vegetables and grains, harvesting, in addition, an abundance of hay for his hundreds of horses. The crops raised on this enormous tract afforded sufficient traffic to keep a small railroad busy, and as Mr. Gifford estimated he could with profit build his own line, haul his corn, stock, hay, vegetables, and other products to the Chicago market, he surveyed a line from the centre of the tract, and is now constructing a freight line from the centre of his farm north to a point of junction with the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa line, which gives him direct connection with Chicago, PENN.

SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES.

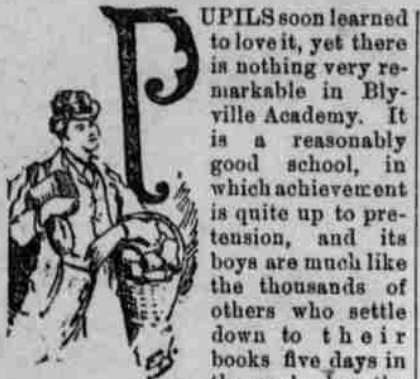
Such is the death the soldier dies— He falls—the column speeds away; Upon the dabbled grass he lies. His brave heart following, still, the fray.

A GLIMPSE OF FAR-HORSE FLAGS, THAT FAD

A glimpse of far-horse flags, that fade And vanish in the rolling din; He knows the sweeping charge is made, The cheering lines are closing in.

TO COVENTRY AND BACK.

By W. T. NICHOLS.



PUPILS soon learned to love it, yet there is nothing very remarkable in Blyville Academy. It is a reasonably good school, in which achievement is quite up to pretension, and its boys are much like the thousands of others who settle down to their books five days in the week when the town clocks of the land strike nine.

done route of a once projected highway—the East Village was nearly a mile from where Bob Jennings lived. Half the distance could be saved by a short cut across the fields and through a neighboring bog, which was frozen hard the first time Bob crossed it.

Perhaps the walk in the clear, cold air, and the climb up the little hill on which the cottage stood, did him good; perhaps the mere fact of having something to do was a mental tonic. At any rate, when he knocked at the door of the shabby house his spirits were better than they had been for hours. The girl responded to his summons.

While the cold, clear weather continued, Bob made his daily trips to the East Village with something like alacrity. With his schoolfellows things were going worse than ever, and he was snubbed more offensively. There had been a great excitement on the mill-pond while the Saturday's game of hockey was in progress. A boy had broken through the ice and been gallantly rescued; and the school had a hero. Everybody was talking of Tad Reynolds's coolness and bravery.

As Tad rose in public esteem, Bob, who was supposed to hate him, naturally lost the little favor that had been left to him. No wonder he was glad of the excuse which the daily errand to the cottage gave him for being out of the way. Every day the little girl thanked him for the can of milk, and called him "sir." Poor Bob began to get most of his comfort in life from that little word.

A heavy snow-storm increased the difficulties of his journey, but he resolutely crossed the marsh to the cottage. Indeed, he had almost broken a path, when another fall of snow and a following snap of bitter cold weather at once undid his work, and made the tramp harder than ever. One day he returned with a frost-bitten ear; the next the other ear was similarly affected. Then came the great storm of the winter, when the snow was heaped up in enormous drifts, when all the roads were blocked and disappeared, when people tunneled passages from house to barn, and nobody thought of going for the mail. Yet even when the storm was raging, Bob went to the East Village.

It took him a long time to reach the cottage, and it was a half-frozen boy whom the girl greeted as she opened the door. This time she invited him to enter the house, and sat in open-eyed silence, watching him as he underwent the painful process of thawing out before the kitchen stove. How he made the return journey he hardly knew, but made it he did, stumbling and falling, with aching limbs and benumbed hands and feet. He was badly frost-bitten, and a nurse.

The next day's task was torture, and so was the next. A fall lame him so that he hobbled as clumsily as Mr. Peck, but he did not give in. In some vague fashion he seemed to be proving something to himself, and with equal vagueness he thought that something would be worth all his pains.

A fortnight after the big storm Bob found his occupation gone. The family had left the cottage, and East Village was again deserted. So he was told one morning by Mr. Peck, who in return had his information from Squire Beecher, the oldest lawyer in the town, who in some way had gained knowledge of the stranger's existence. Their departure was sudden, but they paid their bills; that was the limit of Mr. Peck's acquaintance with the incident. Bob heard the news with genuine regret.

At the academy his existence was no pleasanter, and the weeks wore away with dismal slowness. The boy's isolation preyed upon him. There was less, perhaps, of open hostility displayed, but cool and carefully studied neglect was quite as marked as ever.

times the Founder's Medal is bestowed.

But that does not always happen; far from it. To win the medal one must have done something very brave. By some of the boys it is held that the mysterious deed, under which in some way proceeds the money to buy the medal, requires that life must have been saved.

No medal had been bestowed for four years, but everybody felt comfortably sure that the time had come when Tad Reynolds's feat at the mill-pond was to be suitably acknowledged. Bob himself, an attendant at the ceremony against his will, and stowed in a corner of a bench, with a most unfriendly space between him and his next neighbor, felt convinced of it.

When the critical moment came, he fixed his eyes squarely on the rusty brass of the Town Hall chandelier and listened to the words of Squire Beecher, chairman of the academy trustees and presiding officer on this great occasion.

The squire's speech was smooth and ornate, and soulless and brief. To Tad was granted only a short space of delightful expectancy, and then his name had been pronounced, he had marched forward to the platform, the ribbon of the medal had been pinned upon his coat, and the boys were cheering and the girls were clapping their hands, while the galleries were white with waving handkerchiefs.

Bob kept his glance still fixed on the chandelier, and listened confusedly. Tad had won his honors fairly; he knew it and did not begrudge him their enjoyment. Yet, after all, it seemed a queer world where one boy should have so much and another so little, where if only a fellow's luck were not—

A stir of the sort an audience makes when something not on the programme seems about to happen, brought Bob out of his meditations. Squire Beecher was telling the people a story of suffering, of want, of starvation, or something very near it; of biting winds and nipping cold; of a family, poor and proud, among strangers; of a mother stricken with illness, unable to help herself, and cared for by a child burdened beyond her years; of long days and nights of uncomplaining enduring; and at last of the coming of a brother only too happy to end a long feud, and to bear away with him the mother and daughter to comfort if not to plenty. The squire told his story well, as if it thrilled him.

There was a moment's pause in the squire's speech before he went on; but now he was telling them the best of his story. Somebody, he said, had saved the lives of the two in the lonely house; had done what few men would have dared to undertake in the face of the fiercest storm the region had seen in years; had carried the pair food, which had kept alight the spark of life and made possible the happy conclusion.

And, therefore, the trustees, exercising the discretion vested in them, had voted without dissent to award, for the first time since the founding of the fund, a second medal in a single year, for bravery and faithfulness on the part of a member of the school. It was steadfast courage displayed in a humble undertaking by one who built better than he knew, and upon whose efforts depended vastly more more than he could possibly have known.

"Robert Jennings!" rang the squire's deep voice. The great event was over, the older folks had gone their ways, discussing it, while the school boys were grouped about the Town Hall steps. Tad Reynolds was with them, but the glitter of his medal no longer held their gaze. All were looking with shamefaced eagerness at a boy who stood hesitating as if in doubt whether to advance or retreat. He, too, wore a medal, but it was as disregarded as Tad's. For him, as for the others, the last half-hour had wrought a great revulsion of feeling.

Glancing down at the faces upturned to his, he seemed to see not the enemies of later days, but the friends of the time that seemed years ago. He made a few steps forward, faltered and halted. Tad Reynolds mounted a step.

"Bob!" he said, huskily, "I—we—all of us, we—"

Bob Jennings's hesitation vanished. "Oh, fellows!" he cried, and sprang toward Tad with outstretched hand.—Youth's Companion.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

81.—A Diamond. 1. A consonant in Semper. 2. Devoured. 3. A mineral. 4. The close. 5. A vowel in Prefecture.

82.—A Branch of Ps to Behold. 1. Laudation, and have to elevate. 2. A scheme, and have chance. 3. Condition, and have to kindle. 4. A hostage, and have a ridge. 5. To delight, and have grant. 6. A site, and have fine network. 7. Cost, and have a grain-food. 8. Evidence, and have a covering.

83.—Six Hidden Countries and Capitals. 1. The mastiff ran certainly very fast, which will give his pup a rise in price. 2. Let Ellis bond the goods, and then we'll make a strong grasp or tug all together. 3. You must call it a lynx, though from every point it looks like a wildcat. 4. Put the flowers each in a pot that has the Russian koppek in the design. 5. If you think the spa increased your suffering, let the nomad rid you by the Arab treatment. 6. Let us agree, certainly; be sure of the truth of our dogma, then stand by it.

84.—A Square. 1. An island that has caused much trouble. 2. A range of mountains in Europe. 3. A large bundle. 4. An abbreviated boy's name.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES. 77.—Four Progressive Enigmas.—1. Jack, was your son named after General Jackson? 2. Is this where the ship lands on these islands? 3. This canyon was brought from the Canary Islands. 4. I saw an Arab in London when I was on a trip; he came from Arabia.

78.—A Half Square— SPIN PIN PIN M BAG M A I N E G N U E

79.—An Acrostic—Hat, are, were, here, our, rap, now, ee.—Hawthorne. 80.—A Diamond— M BAG M A I N E G N U E

WEAK HEARTS AND BICYCLES.

Only Those Whose Breathing and Pulsations Recover Quickly Should Ride. Dr. Schott, of Nauenheim, Germany, who has devoted considerable time to the study of bicycling from a hygienic point of view, gives these facts as the results of his studies:

Bicycling, just as mountain climbing, accelerates the action of the heart and thus quickens the pulse. This naturally tends to enlarge the heart during action, a process which during rest takes a backward turn, and the vital organ resumes its normal state. By violent, or, say, excessive exercise on the wheel, when the pulse beats at 140 per minute, the conditions change. The expansion of the heart does not fall back to the normal, as is best proved by the "used-up" look of the cycle racers after a tournament. Should this strained exercise continue the enlargement of the heart continues with it, and fatal results are inevitable.

The older the wheelman the easier do the muscles of the heart assume undue proportions, and the arteries becoming less elastic with age, the life of such a man is greatly endangered. There is a certain note in breathing which is an infallible warning with turners and climbers, which, however, very often fails its purpose with the cyclist, for in his case the great draught caused by his run supplies him with more oxygen than is necessary.

All these things should be taken in due consideration by ardent wheelmen. Bicycling as an exercise should be taken only by persons whose heart and lungs are in the best natural condition.

A Cordial Welcome. A generation ago, when a continuous round of visits was an onerous part of every rural minister's duties, one wintry day a worthy New England pastor, accompanied by his wife and little son, went to call for the first time upon a parishioner who lived in the edge of the adjoining town. The uncompromising exterior of the house which they found to be their destination did not promise much hospitality. Vigorous knocking brought to one of the upper windows a woman, who surveyed the visitors from the shelter of half-closed blinds, and after some further delay the rarely used door creaked grudgingly on its hinges, and disclosed a girl of ten, who welcomed the party thus: "Come in and sit down, won't you? Mother'll be down in a minute. She says she's glad you've come. She wants to have it over with."—Woman's Home Companion.

Europe's New Larder. Now that the Siberian railways are in part completed southern Siberia may be regarded as Europe's future inexhaustible larder. Kurgan, for instance, lying on the south Siberian line, now supplies the greatest butter firms in the world. Last year's exportations of the article are estimated to have reached a value of \$2,000,000. The province also supplies the largest Russian cities with cattle from the steppes. Korokoff, the chief exporter in this direction, exported in the first three months of last year 8500 head of cattle, besides 600,000 pounds of meat for the Russian army. Kurgan also supplies Russia with poultry and eggs. The last egg export consisted of ninety-five carloads, each carload containing 150,000 eggs.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Russia furnishes by far the greatest quantity of platinum used by the world, and in 1897 this amount was about six tons, or ninety-five per cent of the entire amount mined. Seven mines produce the greater part of the metal, though nineteen smaller proprietors are represented in the grand total.

A solution of muriate of copper was taken up by the roots of pines near Santa Fe, says Mr. F. H. Knowlton in the Plant World. This is evidenced, according to Mr. Knowlton, by the fact that when cut, the roots of the pines which were bathed in a weak solution of the muriate yielded an oleoresin of a beautiful emerald hue.

Mr. Rydberg, a Swedish savant, suggests that the recent discovery of the new element, metargon, in the air, strengthens the theory of the existence of a universal atmosphere extending between the planets and throughout the solar system. This gas, he says, was already known to exist in the sun, in the immediate surroundings of the sun, in all comets, and in meteorites; from which facts he infers that it constitutes a common atmosphere for our system.

In a communication to the Societe d'Encouragement de l'Industrie Nationale, M. Saglio gives in detail an account of his researches in the line of highly expansive enamels, and the important scientific and industrial bearing of such characteristics. He found that silica, kaolin, petalite and zircon impart to the enamel infusibility, but lessen the expansiveness; that calcic phosphate increases the expansiveness, give viscosity to the enamel in fusion, imparting to it also a certain infusibility, and that cryolite, fluor spar, and, above all, rutile, which seems to fix the boracic acid well, increase the expansiveness and fluidity of the enamel. It is of course familiar to all that the use of enamel as an insulator for resistance wires of electric heating and cooking apparatus is now general, and manufacturers have by careful experiment ascertained which of the various enamels give the most favorable results. The desiderata are that the expansion of the enamels be about the same as that of the metals employed, and that the enamel be not very brittle.

The use of the balloon as an astronomical observatory is one of the later adaptations of science that would have seemed very strange a few years ago. In some ways, says the Rev. J. M. Bacon, it affords the student of astronomy and optics opportunities not to be otherwise obtained, and the steadiness and brilliance of celestial objects viewed with optical aid from a balloon 10,000 or 12,000 feet above sea level is astonishing, the full moon through an ordinary fieldglass becoming intolerably bright at even half that height. The same advantages cannot be had at mountain observatories, as those are never free from the peculiar earth stratum of air. The observer from a balloon may watch eclipses and meteors quite undisturbed by clouds, and is able to gain much enlightenment on questions of refraction, and spectroscopic lines from atmospheric substances, and may even succeed in photographing the solar corona without an eclipse. Many balloons will doubtless be ready for insuring observations of the great meteoric shower expected next November.

Loubet's Fine Decoration. The Grand Master's collar of the Order of the Legion of Honor, which President Loubet has been invested, is of finely wrought gold, and is altogether a magnificent decoration; but very rarely assumed by the President. The Order dates from Napoleon's consulate in 1802. It comprises four classes—viz., eighty grand crosses, 160 grand officers, 400 commanders, and an unlimited number of officers and chivaliers. Unless by the exercise of authority on the part of the Grand Master, or for some signal service to the State, all holding the Order begin as chivaliers, and are not eligible until they have exercised with distinction for twenty years civil or military duties, or have done some important service to the State, or earned distinction in art or science. A chivalier must have held that grade for four years before he can become an officer; two years more are necessary before the grade of commander can be attained; a commander cannot become a grand officer under five years, and a grand officer are needed before a grand officer can become a grand cross. For military men years of war services count double.—London Chronicle.

A Dude's Queer Ambition. A downtown housekeeper, whose husband owns a magnificent St. Bernard dog that has won bench honors under the name of Jessie, was surprised the other day to receive a call from a stylish young woman, who lives in the neighborhood, and whose family are deemed quite exclusive. She was core surprised at the request made by the fashionable young lady that she was by the call. "Madam," said she, sweetly, "I have often noticed your husband leading a beautiful St. Bernard dog along the street. If you don't mind I should like to have you grant me the privilege of leading the dog out for an airing." The astonished housekeeper would not let the dog go out without her husband's consent, and when he came home to dinner that evening she mentioned the strange request to him. "Oh, that's nothing," said he, "it's only her desire to indulge in a prevailing fad. Why, a young dude who lives in the block he offered to pay me if I'd let him lead the dog up and down Chestnut street. He thought he could attract great attention with a dog like that."—Philadelphia Record.

THAR HAIN'T NO USE. Thar hain't no use o' strainin' yerself As through this life you jog. The boy that's allus on the root Is the skinniest kind uv hog; The stone that's allus on the roll Is the scarchested kind uv a stone; An' the boy that's allus gettin' bigger Is the boniest kind uv a bone. The land that's allus bein' plowed Is the poorest sort o' land; An' the boy that's allus practicin' loud Is the blummiest kind uv a band. A fighter allus on the train Is no good in the ring; An' a bird that never shuts his yap Is no good on the wing. The pan that's allus on the fire Is the warmest-out kind o' pan, An' the man that's allus gettin' bigger Is the discontentedest man. So thar hain't no use o' strainin' yerself— Yer might as well keep cool; For the fool that's allus foolin' himself Is the fooliest kind o' fool. —Judge.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"He tells me that he is wedded to his business." "Yes;—his wife runs a millinery store."—Puck. Bramble—"Is you brother still physician on that ocean liner?" Thorne—"No, he got seasick and threw up his job." Post—"All I need is an opening, sir." Editor—"What is the matter with the one you just came through?"—Brooklyn Life. Summer maid! Her origin? Well, that is largely a matter of doubt, possibly she is a mere mortal case. And the syllables got changed about. —Detroit Journal. "They say all the love-making was on her part." "So I've heard. But then he supplied the money, you know."—Philadelphia North American. Park Policeman—"Don't you see that sign, madam? 'No dogs allowed at large?'" Lady—"Oh, yes; but my dog is so very small."—New York Journal. Buttons—"Missus told me to come down and tell you she was not at home." Huffcut—"Go back and tell your mistress I say I haven't called."—Melbourne Weekly Times. I wish all the money I've foolishly spent Would return and my pocket-book store; What joy and delight I should know as I went To foolishly spend it once more! —Puck. Watis—"I understand the Chinese are the most lightly taxed people on earth." Potts—"You needn't worry about that. We shall probably civilize them before long."—Indianapolis Journal. Mrs. Crismonbeak—"Isn't it a strange thing, John, that a hen can't crow?" Mr. Crismonbeak—"Well, I take notice that a hen does all the crowing that's done in this house!"—Yonkers Statesman. "I understand that your friend is ditting up his room in a strictly artistic manner." "I guess it must be so," replied the heavy young man. "Every time I sit on a piece of furniture it goes to pieces."—Washington Star. "Do you buy condensed milk, madam?" "I presume that we must, but I never thought of it before. I always order two quarts and pay for two quarts, but it never measures more than three pints."—Detroit Free Press. A New York girl the other night oroke her arm while shaking hands with her beau. After this she will probably realize that better results could be obtained by putting the same amount of energy into some other form of salutation.—Chicago Times-Herald. "My queen!" exclaimed her adorer, timidly. "May I kiss the royal hand?" "My faithful subject," replied the young woman, with the air of one gently shaming him, "what is the matter with the royal lips?"—Chicago Tribune. "No," remarked the much-criticized public man serenely, "I never read what the newspapers say about me." "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "I suppose it would be simply a waste of time. You wouldn't believe it if you did."—Washington Star. Jinks—"That man does not look very smart, and yet you say he has made a million." Winks—"Smart! He's a genius. He's a great inventor." "You don't say so? What did he invent?" "He invented an apple-barrel that holds scarcely anything."—New York Weekly. "How is your son doing at college?" asked the neighbor who always liked to be mixed up in everything that was going on. "I think the 'at' is superfluous," was the reply of the old farmer, whose son hadn't written home for money in two months.—Chicago Post. The youngster had been tantalizing and bothersome all day, and finally his mother caught him and laid him across her knee. "Of course," she said to herself as the slipper descended, "this is done purely for his good, but at the same time I must admit that it is considerable satisfaction to me."—Chicago Evening Post. Little Frances—"Papa, my teacher told me to ask you to tell me something about Victor Hugo. To-morrow she wants me to tell the class what was the most important thing he ever did." Papa (who pretends to know it all)—"Victor Hugo founded the Hugonats—but you told your teacher I'm payin' school taxes, and I don't propose to have to do her work."—Chicago News. Sharks Not Always Dangerous. A well-known writer declares that the prevailing ideas of danger from sharks are greatly exaggerated. Individual sharks may possibly, he thinks, develop cannibal tastes, but such are exceptions, rarer than man-eating tigers and crocodiles. The divers and fishermen in the Torres Straits, Australia, where big sharks abound, do not show the least fear of them.