THE PUNCTUAL TIDES.

BY DORA REED GOODDALE.

The punctual tides, with sullen roar,
Wash on the seacoast's pebbly floor;
Dark drift and floating wrecks they strew
Grinding the old and building new—
And building new

O the long years, with muffled sound,
Bring tribute from the far profound:
Hoarse winds and stooping clouds go by,
And man fares hence we know not why—
We know not why

The tides of time, they rise or fall
With that white waste that circles all;
Our years in vaster periods move,
As our poor loves in lasting Love—
In lasting Love

The Sailor's Magazine.

THE SINGING MOUSE.

BY AUNT AMY.

Dear little boys and girls:

Friend Tello, has invited me to join the Sunny Hour Circle, and I am very glad to accept the invitation. I am going to tell you all, about a singing mouse that I once had, and I hope if any of you have ever seen one, he or she will let us know. I hope none of you are so foolish as to be afraid of a mouse. It is the little mouse who is frightened, I can assure you, yet I have known grown women to scream and get upon a chair, if they thought one was in the room.

One day I went to see a friend of mine and she said to me, "O, you can't guess what I have in the other room, and it is a present for you. Just come and see."

So we went into the sitting-room, and she said, "Now keep very quiet and listen." So we both kept very still, and I heard a little soft, sweet trill, that made me exclaim, "Oh, it is a baby-bird. Where is it?"

"Look and see" she said, as she clapped her hands and laughed when I looked all around and was very much puzzled, when I couldn't find any bird.

"You must have hidden her," I said, and I pulled aside the curtains and looked under the table, but no birdie was to be seen. So the little girl pointed to a side table on which was a mouse-trap, made like a squirrel cage with a wheel, and in it was a mouse running around in the wheel and singing away as sweetly as possible,

"A mouse that sings," I said. "Does he go by machinery?"

"No, he is alive; just look at him," she said.

Well I took my mousie home, and put him in a big cage, and gave him food and water, and in a day or two he would take his food from my fingers. Now you must not think that this little creature would sing like the blue-bird, or like a canary, but if you have ever heard a young canary, who was just beginning to sing, and did not have his rich, full notes, but only a soft babybird music, you will know just how the mousie sang. I kept him in the cage for about two weeks but it always seemed to me cruel to keep a wild creature in a cage. I do not like to go through a menagerie, for it seems so cruel to shut those poor animals up in a small cage where they can only pace back and forth, a few steps. What right have we to doom them to imprisonment? It would be much better to kill them and stuff them, if they were needed to teach us natural history. But to return to the mouse. One day, I was playing with him through the bars at the cage, and I said to mother, "It seems cruel to keep the little thing a prisoner. To-morrow, I shall take him out in the country, and give him his liberty."

Now, Mr. Mouse must have heard what I said, and decided that although he wanted his liberty, he did not want to leave the home, for the next moment the cage was empty, and there were no signs of him. I thought he was gone surely, but that afternoon as I was sitting by the window sewing, I heard a sweet little song, and looking up I saw him sitting on the threshold, and watching me with a saucy look, that seemed to say, "this is ever so much nicer than being shut up in a cage. I'm pretty well: how do you do?"

Then there was a noise in the entry, and away the little mouse scampered into the closet where he had found a nice little tenement that suited him much better than a cage. Every day he used to come out and sing to me whenever I sat down in the room. It was very cunning to see him eat anything. He would sit down on his haunches, and hold his food in his front paws, and nibble it with his sharp white teeth, cocking his head first on one side, then the other, while his little black eyes would twinkle with mischief. His favorite place was the threshold of the door, and he would always go there to eat whatever you gave him. I think it was because he could from there, see into both rooms, and at any sign of approaching danger, could escape to his hole. He lived for some weeks in this way, but finally got caught in a trap that the servant had set in the closet, forgetting that the little singing-mouse lived there. I felt very sorry for I missed the funny little fellow not a little.—*From the Sunny Hour.*

EGGS IN THE PAST.

It is a wonder that the hens do not feel their importance at this season of the year! Their cackle should have in it a new note, for never are so many people interested in eggs as just at the Easter season.

In mythology we find many queer beliefs about eggs. The Persians believed in two deities, Light and Shade. Light produced twenty-four good spirits, all enclosed in one egg; this was invaded by evil spirits proceeding from the other deity, hence the birth of good and evil. The Hindus never ate eggs, because they believed them to be the source of all things. There is a tradition among the Mongolian races that a mystic bird laid an egg on the bosom of one of the deities. When this was hatched, he let it drop into the water; it broke, the upper part became the sky and the lower part the earth, the white forming the moon and the fragments of the shell becoming stars. The Jews used the egg as a symbol of bondage and deliverence, and it is still used at the Passover season as a symbol.

The Grecian philosophers tried to prevail upon the people to refrain from eating eggs, because eggs, they said, contained the elements of life, the shell representing the earth; the white, water; the yolk, fire; air was found in the shell, and the egg contained the germs of life, which it was a sin to destroy. It is said that the peculiar shape of the dome of Mohammedan mosques is traced to the worship of eggs. Queer superstitions have been attached to eggs. It is said that nurses in Ireland and England used to instruct the children under their care, after eating an egg, to poke their spoons through the shell, "to keep the witches from making a boat of it." In the Netherlands the ignorant people eat on Easter Day two eggs that have been laid on Good Friday; this is supposed to prevent chills and fever. In many countries ignorant people believe that eggs laid on holy days have peculiar qualities, and they are carefully kept, and eaten with particular ceremonies to gain the efficacy of their peculiar qualities. In some parts of England the people will not allow eggs to be carried after sunset, nor brought into the house, because of their possibilities of bringing ill luck; while Scotch fishermen will not allow them on board their fishing-boats, because they are believed to bring contrary winds.

Our custom of coloring eggs for Easter Day had its birth among the agans, who used to present each other with these colored eggs to show their joy at the return of spring. Even in Africa and South America eggs have this significance, for they are presented to idols to celebrate the coming of spring. The use of colored eggs among Christians was to signify the shedding of the blood of Christ, the eggs being always colored red. St. Augustine used the egg as a type of hope, a new life coming from an apparently dead thing. This idea took such a hold on the minds of men that even in the fourth century the use of eggs as an article of food was prohibited during Lent. This did not prevent the hens from laying, so the accumulated eggs were colored and given to the children on Easter Day. In Russia, Easter is to the people of the Greek Church what Christmas is to the Germans. It is a day for family gatherings and for the giving of gifts. Eggs are presented, with the words, "Christ is risen." The Empress of Russia presents to all who kiss her hand on this day a decorated egg of porcelain. In Poland pyramids of hard boiled eggs, surrounded by coils of sausage, are laid on the table; the host cuts one of the eggs in thin slices and gives a slice to each guest in turn. This ceremony is then repeated by each of the guests present. In Paris eggs are presented during Easter week, and they seem there to be very much what the Christmas-card was with us at one time—an exchange of greeting between neighbors. A very pretty idea for Easter morning is to hide colored eggs in different parts of the house and have the children hunt for them. This is objected to by some on account of the possibility of great noise, and so the candy or china gifts in egg form are laid at the plate of each member of the family on Easter morning, as an expression of love and good will. A pretty gift for the little children at the hospital would be a tiny basket lined with moss and holding a couple of colored or decorated eggs. We live in such a busy world, and are so apt to forget the opportunities for expressing our interest in each other, that we ought to hold closely to every day that gives us the opportunity for such expression; and surely Easter should be one of the most treasured of all days in the year, and no day is more fitting for expressing joy than this, which signifies the coming of Christ into his kingdom, and the giving of a new life to earth. Every tree, twig and plant is throbbing with new life, a promise of beauty, a promise of food, a promise of shelter. Let us try, this Easter Day, to bring into it, both for ourselves and for those about us, a new meaning. Let us give it a new expression of love.—*Christian Union.*

ORNAMENTING SCHOOL GROUNDS.

There are so many of our school houses and their surroundings which seem to cast a reproach upon our boasted civilization, that it seems to be among the great needs of the day that some attention should be paid to this important work. The subject has been much discussed in school and horticultural journals, but so far without working up much enthusiasm among those who have such matters in hand. The few places in which attention has been paid to the subject receive much admiration from observers. A California paper notices a schoolroom in Alameda County, "where there were blossoming plants of maurandia in pots in the windows, together with yellow and scarlet Tropeolums and boxes of Pansies, while two hanging baskets of Lobelia and Coleus made the room look more pleasant than the ordinary schoolroom." It is said with great pride that all this display had cost less than twenty cents, the baskets being home-made and some of the plants raised from cuttings.

In another town the New York *Tribune* noticed a beautiful school-yard, where there was growing a great variety of plants, vines, and trees, with a handsome flower-bed gracing the front, all as safe as in any private yard. A feeling of pride and possession was inculcated among the children, and the plants were often subjects of pleasing and instructive talk and object lessons.

Another paper gives an attractive picture of a handsome yard, where was grown a fine collection of flowers, including many choice varieties, as Geraniums, Heliotropes, Gladioli, Tuberoses, etc. There was, also, a fine foliage bed; it was circular, with a tall, Palmi Christi in the center, and filled up with Amaranthus, Perilla and Centaurias, which with their variegated and contrasting leaves made a very elegant appearance, eliciting the remark from the schoolboys that this was "the boss foliage bed of the town."

The remedy for bare and forlorn looking school yards lies largely with the teachers, and as they are changed so often from year to year, it is, perhaps, difficult for them to work up an interest in this matter, but they should remember that the culture of flowers is one of the refining influences of civilization, and they who instil this sentiment into youthful minds are working, not only for one summer or the present day, but sowing seed which shall bear fruit for many years to come.

Jocularities of Speech.

How tiresome are these would-be funny folk who never dance, but "trip the light fantastic;" who seem to find it impossible to speak of an unmarried man except as "a gay bachelor," with whom the sea is always "the briny," or the "herring pond," and a horse "a fiery steed," who eternally talk about "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes, and who have such phrases as "no extra charge," "the noxious weed," "the pipe of peace," and "braving the element," forever on their lips! It is difficult to say whether these cant phrases—that is a perfectly proper description of them—are more odious when used consciously or unconsciously—that is, by people who believe them to be funny and intend that their hearers should consider them funny, or by those who have merely caught them up and repeat them like parrots, and without any intention, good or bad. In our own opinion, the use of common jocularities is most offensive in those who think of them as wit, and expect to be applauded after each offense. We feel that those who try to force a laugh out of such expressions as "my downy couch," or "committing matrimony," and who squirm into a smile as they ask if "there isn't room for one more," or who speak of their "great heads" or "eagle eyes," deserve to be shot at sight.

Called Him a Fellow.

The pleasures of living in some parts of Europe are illustrated by the following little story: In Austria, a lady living in a provincial town was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for having publicly spoken of one of the Archdukes as a "hubscher kerl"—that is, a good-looking fellow. The justiciary jack-in-office held the term fellow, as applied to an Archduke, to be insolent, and the local Dogberries agreed with him. The sentence was quashed by the Court of Appeal at Vienna, and no doubt the Emperor and the good-looking young Archduke were much vexed when they heard of the affair.

TOPICS FOR CYCLISTS.

Ill Effect of Bicycle Riding on the Nervous System.

In the April number of the Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases there appeared an article written by Dr. Graeme M. Hammond of New York, on the effect of the bicycle in the treatment of nervous diseases, a portion of which is as follows:

"The subject of the therapeutics of exercise is so vast that it is practically impossible to cover the ground in a paper of ordinary length. I therefore propose to consider only one of the forms of exercise, namely, bicycling, and that only in its relation to the treatment of some forms of nervous diseases.

"Exercise when prescribed for nervous diseases should preferably be taken out of doors. It must also be combined with pleasure and should be prescribed not only with the view of strengthening the muscles, but also for its effect upon the mind. The effect upon the mind is often of greater importance than the effect upon the body. The feeding of the mind upon self and the continual mental introspection which is so common in neurasthenia, hysteria and hypochondria should be combated by prescribing an exercise which necessitates the pleasurable concentration of the mind on what is being done, something which demands a certain amount of skill for its successful accomplishment and which must therefore divert the thoughts from morbid channels, stimulate the mental faculties in a normal direction and engender a feeling of brain rest and mental refreshment.

"Such results can be obtained by the proper use of the bicycle. The facility with which almost any one can learn to use it, the exercise of skill required in guiding and controlling its course, the exhilaration which comes from rapid motion, the continual change of the panorama of the landscape and the exercise of almost every muscle of the body make it an apparatus which not only developes the body but is far more potent in stimulating a healty cerebral activity and in arousing the mind from a lethargic condition than any medicinal remedy known to me.

"In an individual with a strong and vigorous body and who is accustomed to take a great deal of outdoor physical exercise, small annoyances and even troubles and griefs of considerable magnitude are borne with a mental courage and fortitude which ordinarily can be but feebly reproduced in those who are physically undeveloped. There is a buoyancy of spirit in the strong and healthy which rises superior to the onslaught of troubles, while the individual of sedentary habits or who never has felt the courage which goes hand in glove with health and strength succumbs sooner to the troubles which fall to the lot of nearly every man and woman. In the bicycle we obtain a combination of physical and mental exercise which meets the requirements of the case more thoroughly than any other form of treatment. Six of the patients referred to always speak enthusiastically of the benefit they received from the bicycle. They returned from their rides physically tired, but mentally refreshed. Comparing these cases with other similar cases who did not use the bicycle, I am forced to admit that the recovery of the latter might have been materially accelerated if the bicycle had been prescribed.

"As comfort is essential to pleasure and contentment, a bicycle should be selected which combines fine workmanship and smoothly running parts, with the least amount of vibration, while traversing rough or uneven roads. A bicycle which works stiffly, or which 'squeaks,' or where the saddle is uncomfortable are often matters which, though trivial to the healthy individual, are of the greatest annoyance to the sick. One of my patients, a hysterical man, was one day so annoyed by the continual 'squeak, squeak,' of his pedal every time it revolved that he finally burst into tears, dismounted, left his bicycle in the road and returned home in the cars in a highly hysterical condition.

"At the present time the pneumatic-tired machine is the most comfortable. Rough roads can be traversed on it with very little jar or vibration. It is particularly to be desired for women.

"In riding the body should not be inclined forward, at least only to a very slight degree. In racing, undoubtedly, greater speed can be attained when the body is bent almost at right angles with the legs, but with the invalid in search of health it is different. The attainment of great speed is not the point to be gained. He should sit in a natural and easy position, with the chest out and the head well up, so that respiration can be carried on to the best advantage.

"If physicians would study the bicycle as a remedy and prescribe it intelligently they would often find it exerting a beneficial influence far in excess of their expectations."

A Woman Hater.

"When a cadet at West Point," said Capt. W. W. Robinson, of the United States Army, at the Lacede, "I was a member of the Bachelors' Club, the oldest and most influential social organization at the academy. The object of the club was to cultivate such a spirit of independence among the members as would lead them to open revolt against all forms of petticoat tyranny. William Cullen Bryant, now a Major in the service and a nephew of the poet, was a member of the club and one of the most pronounced opponents to any intrusions of the weaker sex into our affairs or conduct. He was looked up to by us all as a model. But one hot summer day a cruel fate overtook him. He was caught asleep with a handkerchief over his face to protect him from the flies. The board of censors of the Bachelor's Club were at once notified of this discovery. They immediately instituted an investigation, found the report true, and before Bryant woke from his siesta they expelled him from the club for effeminacy. For years thereafter Bryant, though gallant and chivalrous, was a woman hater. He has got over it now, however.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Her First Opportunity.

Faithfulness to the memory of the lost is one of the most amiable of human traits.

"Why, Bridget," exclaimed a lady, as she met an old servant unexpectedly, "for whom are you in black?"

"For poor Tim, me furrst husband, mum. When he died I was that poor I couldn't, but I said if I iver could I would; and me new man, Mike, is as generous as a lord."—Life.

Terrors of the Awful Pause.

We usually talk about the weather when there isn't anything else to talk about. This fact may tend to rob the subject of its importance, yet it should not. In fact it ought to be greatly in its favor, as it is ever ready and efficient in breaking the "awful pause." Have you ever been overtaken by the awful pause? Fortunate, indeed, if you have not, and entitled to heartiest sympathy if you have. It is truly awful, especially if courtesy demands that you should break it. It settles upon the best regulated companies like a nightmare, and seems to paralyze the tongue and put thought to flight. No one can think of anything to say, or fears to attempt to say it. Then, if ever, a fool is welcome, because he doesn't think before he speaks.—Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.

This Seems Silly.

Certain ladies charged with the duty of obtaining data for a study of young humanity now send to new mothers little blank books provided with questions as to when the baby first exhibited the sense of hearing, when he first took note of light, what were his earliest signs of distress, and many more such. The questions are designed to furnish hints for an investigation extending over the first four years of the child's life. In time all the books will be collected and sent to Germany as aids to persons who are one day to announce the results of an elaborate study of mental development during infancy and early childhood.

Small-Pox In Wall Paper.

"Many years ago a person was sick of small-pox in a farm house in the country town of Groton, and after the patient recovered the dwelling was fumigated and repapered. Ira Chester and family now dwell in the house. The paper was removed a week or so ago, and presently Mr. Chester's daughter was stricken with small-pox. In the opinion of the physician the germs of the disease were dormant in the walls of the room."

The above clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer makes good the claims of sanitarians, that all disease germs find a hiding place in wall paper, with its vegetable paste to hold it on the wall, and its animal glue to hold its colors; that these, to say the least, are not the best materials with which to cover so much space around us as the walls in which we live and sleep, and that paper and glue are great absorbents of moisture, of which every person throws off a certain number of ounces in exhalations every day, and that such decaying material as glue and paste gives off deleterious gases in such small quantities that we do not discover them, though those who study it can smell it in most rooms papered, and especially where a number of layers of paper have been pasted upon each other.

Sanitarians claim that these conditions have more to do with our ill health than we are aware of; that such a state of things in the room in which we live affects us more for better or worse than does a change of climate; that it would be cheaper, at least, to try a change of room or one coated with some non-decaying material, before going to the expense and trouble of a change of climate.

Miss Eleanor Dean, of Boston, landed a 126-pound tarpon with rod and reel the other day in Florida.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
SEAL
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A man in Bridgeport, Conn., wears a wig that was worn also by his father, grandfather and great-grandfather, in their turn.

"The best thing yet!" That is the way a young man put it who made arrangements to work for B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va. You can get further information by dropping them a card.

Over 130,000 motherless chickens are daily turned out by incubators in the New England States.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

A gallon of alcohol can be distilled from a bushel of sweet potatoes at small cost.

Mornings—Beecham's Pills with a drink of water. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box

In small hotels in Russia each guest is expected to find his own bedclothing.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes* Price 25 cents.

Coffee is adulterated with chicory, and chicory with carrots, turnips and mangelwurtzel.

"Brace up" is a tantalizing admonition to those who feel all tired out, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is wonderful.

Best family cathartic, Hood's Pills.

Manganin is composed of eighty-three per cent. copper four per cent nickel and thirteen per cent, manganese.

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"German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble." ●

Hood's Cures

Mrs. F. O. Stone
Of Geneva, Ohio.

Consumption—Hopeless Case

Bad Cough, Short Breath, Pain in the Side.

Restored to Perfect Health by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I do not seek notoriety, but for the comfort and health of the human family I write unsolicited to tell C. I. Hood & Co. of the wonderful benefit Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me and how highly I prize it. I was in very poor health for four years. Having a terrible pain and swelling in my left side, one physician pronounced my affliction neuralgia. I kept getting worse and another doctor treated me for

Consumption.

I became very weak and poor in flesh; had a cough all the time, and sometimes I could not lie down for I was so distressed, short of breath. In all during four years I consulted seven physicians, and the conclusion was that I certainly had consumption and

My Case Was Hopeless.

One physician advised me to go either south or to Colorado, as I could not live in the north. My husband was in the drug business and sold out so go away, but a friend advised me to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I did give it a trial, and found so much virtue in it that I continued with it. I cannot tell how much this medicine has helped me. I have improved rapidly in health ever since I began with it, and am now able to do my own work. Nothing I have ever taken equals Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel like a new person." MRS. F. J. STONE, Geneva, Ohio.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. ● The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every-day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

- CANCER CURED -

C. H. Mason, M. D.: Feb. 10, '93.
Dear Sir—For the sake of suffering humanity I feel it a duty to make this statement. Some years ago there appeared on my cheek a brown spot which gave me no pain but finally began to grow to be about the size of an acorn. When I saw your advertisement of **Cancer Cure** I at once decided to try it, and am happy to say it has cured me perfectly, leaving my face smooth and well. Also I had **Catarrh** for years, but since taking your remedy all symptoms are gone. **I believe it to be the greatest blood cleansing remedy.** Yours thankfully,
REV. H. H. LITTELL, Littleton, West Va.
For book of testimonials and other information address **C. H. MASON, M. D., Chatham, Columbia Co., New York.**

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by **Millions of Mothers** for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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Consisting of Dramatic and Humorous Recitations, Plays, &c., can easily be given by home talent, with a copy of Garrett's famous "**100 Choice Selections**," costing only **30c.** Suitable for Lyceums, Schools, Church Societies and Home Theatricals. Sold by booksellers. No. 22, the latest, is a gem, 200 pages of pathos, dialect and fun, including two bright new Comedies; all for **30c.**, postpaid; or, the two Plays, **10c.** *Catalogue* **FREE.** P. GARRETT & CO., Philadelphia, Pa (Established 1869.

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Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

The Loon as a Swimmer.

It has been said that one of the strong strokes of nature was when she made the "loon"—a bird which represents the wilderness and solitariness of the wildest and most solitary spots. It dives with such marvelous quickness that the shot of a gunner gets there just in time "to cut across a circle of descending tail feathers and a couple of little jets of water flung upward by the web feet of the loon."

Speaking of this bird, Burroughs says that in the water its wings are more than wings. It plunges into the denser air and flies with incredible speed. Its head and beak form a sharp point to its tapering neck. Its wings are far in front and its legs equally far in the rear, and its course through the crystal depths is like the speed of an arrow. In the northern lakes it has been taken forty feet under water upon hooks baited for the large lake trout.

I had never seen one till last fall when one appeared on the river in front of my house. I knew instantly it was the loon. Presently a boat shot out from shore, and went rippling up the surface toward the loon. The creature at once seemed to divine the intentions of the boatman, and sided off obliquely, keeping a sharp lookout as if to make sure it was pursued. A steamer came down and passed between them, and when the way was again clear the loon was still swimming on the surface. Presently it disappeared under the water, and the boatman pulled sharp and hard. In a few minutes the bird reappeared some rods further on, as if to make an observation. Seeing it was being pursued and no mistake, it dived quickly, and, when it came up again, had gone many times as far as the boat in the same length of time. Then it dived again and distanced its pursuer so easily that he gave over the chase and rested upon his oars. But the bird made a final plunge, and when it again emerged upon the surface it was over a mile away.

The Picnic Director.

On a little side street just off Union Square an office has been opened by a man who styles himself a picnic director. Despite the oddity of his calling he did a good business last year, having enough money to pay all his personal expenses and something over.

The picnic director is an actor during the season, but in summer time he is generally idle. Last spring he happened to think of his present business and carried it out with success. —"I take full charge of picnics and relieve the promoters of all responsibility," he says. "Most of my patrons are wealthy or well-to-do New Yorkers who want to take a day's outing. I give them a list of pleasant places in and around New York and secure the necessary carriages, boat or railroad tickets. At the grounds I look after the provisions, see that the servants attend to their business, give information as to where the prettiest views of the country can be seen, sing a song or two if necessary, and render myself generally agreeable. It is a pleasant way to spend a summer vacation, and it brings me in enough money to pay for my board and incidentals until the theatrical season opens again."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Czar's Rare and Costly Jewels.

The present Czar of Russia is a great admirer of precious stones, and delights in purchasing rare and costly specimens. His uniforms and military trappings are decorated with gems of great value, and his jewels are probably the most gorgeous in Europe. In the Russian scepter is the famous Orloff diamond, weighing 14½ carats. This stone is rose cut, resembling half a pigeon's egg. It is supposed to have been the eye of an Indian idol, which after being stolen by a French deserter, passed through many hands, until it was purchased by Count Orloff for Empress Catherine. The price paid the Armenian merchant, who then owned it, was £90,000, an annuity of 4,000 rubles and a royal title. The Czar's private collection contains numerous large and valuable diamonds and pearls

Prince Gussupow of Russia, who died a few years ago, owned a collection of precious stones, many of which were historic. The collection was valued at 2,000,000 rubles, or more than $500,000. One of the largest pearls in Europe is the property of the Russian Prince Youssoupoff. It is pear-shaped and weighs 524 grains. This pearl, in 1650, was purchased by Philip IV. of Spain for 80,000 ducats, a sum equal to about $75,000.

In the monastery of Capuchins, in Prague, are the famous diamonds once owned by Count Lobowitz. The collection is one of the finest in the world, and contains 666 specimens.—Jeweler's Review.

WILL WE HAVE CHOLERA?

If such is to be the deplorable state of affairs, it would not be wise to overlook any precautionary measure. The cheapest and best way to improve the sanitary condition of your home is to scrape off the old paper and have new put on. THE FIDELITY WALL PAPER CO., of 22 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, are selling gold embossed papers for 12 and 15 cents. Send 4 two cent stamps for samples.

He Got the Change.

There is a conductor on the Euclid Avenue street car line who played a clever trick on a passenger the other morning which has probably taught him to have his fare ready hereafter when he boards a car. The passenger lives away out at the end of the line, and was so punctual that he caught the same car every morning. About a week ago he tendered a $10 bill in payment for his fare. The conductor did not have so much money at the beginning of his trip and told the passenger that he would pay the nickel out of his own pocket and he could return it the following morning. The next morning the business man again presented a $10 bill. Again the conductor paid the fare for him.

This occurred four mornings in succession. The fifth morning the same $10 bill came around, but the conductor was prepared. He drew a heavy bag from beneath the seat and handed it to the passenger with the remark: "Here's your change, sir. It's all right. I've counted it." He had secured 1,000 pennies the night before and kept twenty-five of them for the fares he had paid for the business man. The bag contained 975 copper coins. The passenger took the bag and rang for the car to stop. He now rides on another car.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pleasure is narrow; happiness is wide.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world. Men say, Ah! if a man could impart his talent, instead of his performance, what mountains of genius would be paid! Yes, but in the measure of his absolute veracity he does impart it.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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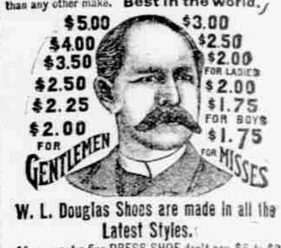

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