THE HELP THAT COMES TOO LATE.

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours
With its tangles small and great,
Its weeds that smother the springing flowers
And its hapless strifes with fate,
But the darkest day of its desolate days
Sees the help that comes too late.

Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is deaf to hear.
And woe for the lack to the fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer;
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help when the heart is numb?
What booteth a broken spar
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb,
And life's barque drifteth far,
O! far and fast from the alien past,
Over the moaning bar?

A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though if it had come but yesterday
It had brimmed with sweet the earth.
A fading rose in a death-cold hand,
That perished in want and dearth

Who fain would help in this world of ours,
Where sorrowful steps must fall,
Bring help in time to the waning powers
Ere the bier is spread with the pall;
Nor send reserves when the flags are furled,
And the dead beyond your call.

For baffling most in this dreary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lonesome nights and its weary days,
And its struggles forlorn with fate
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.
—Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

HER TRAP.

The telephone rang briskly in Mrs. Howard Bascomb's pleasant home, and stepping to it, she received this message from her husband:

"Hello! Is that you, Lottie? I've concluded to leave for New York this noon. The boy is on the way to the house for my grip. You know what I'll need for a week or ten days' absence. Get your sister to stay with you for company. Good-bye, dear, s'long. Take care of yourself."

Then he rung off, and Mrs. Bascomb went in search of the satchel, which she packed with a deft hand. She was a young woman, sensible, well balanced, and nothing ever disturbed or annoyed her to the extent of making her fidgety or nervous. Being in robust health, she hardly knew what nerves meant. She was self-reliant, but domestic, and absorbed in her home life, which comprised her world. She had perfect faith in her husband, or else pretended to have, and cheated herself comfortably with the delusion. And she never crossed any bridges until she came to them. She knew that her husband had intended going to New York on the following day, and did not wonder or ponder over his change of plans.

When the messenger came for the satchel she sent it carefully packed, just as she knew her husband wanted it. She added nothing to its usual contents, and subtracted nothing. Yes, stay. She did take out his seven-shooter, every chamber of which was loaded, and laid it on the table under the mirror in the back parlor.

"Howdy has one revolver with him. That will have to do him this trip. I like to have one handy in case I should need it."

She smiled and smiled again without being a villain. The idea of needing firearms seemed so incongruous and absurd.

In the afternoon she went up to her home to "borrow her sister," as she expressed it. But Miss Madgie had gone away with some young friends, and was engaged to spend the night at the house of a schoolmate. So Mrs. Bascomb returned home alone.

* * * * * *

Two men stood in the doorway of an unused flight of office stairs and read an evening paper.

They were much occupied in discussing one item among the personal news. It was this:

"The Rubber Horseshoe Company is an assured fact. Mr. Howard Bascomb drew $16,000 from the M. & M. Bank to-day, the investment of the branch company formed here, and will leave for New York to-morrow. A capital of $80,000 is assured."

"Do y' see?" ejaculated the younger and smaller of the two men. "Drew $16,000 in spondulicks. Goes home with it in his vest pocket, blow me ef he don't."

"Maybe not, pard. S'posin' it's a certified check?"

"Then there'll be a reward offered to get it back—see?"

"Jim, g'roun' to th' bank an' find out which and whether it were," suggested the older man.

"Bank clussed," remarked Jim sententiously.

"S'pose it air. Did yer expect to send in yer card to the cashier, or the president? Get aroun' an' interview th' janitor. Represent yerself as Mister Bascomb's confidential bizness man, carn't yer?"

Jim started off at once without waiting to give his "pard" any outline of his plan. He was gone an hour, but when he returned he was freighted with intelligence.

"Bills," he chuckled, "five hundred and one thousand dollar bills—whew! An' he'll sleep with them about his honorable pusson to-night—mebbe."

"Does yer know the house?" asked the other man, after a spell of silence.

"I don't, pard. But I've looked it up in the d'rectory, and it's as handy as a mitten on yer nose. Let's go and get somethin' wet to improve our minds. It's 'tween us this time—you outside, me in—savey?"

The rascals, who, in appearance at least, might have passed for honest men, walked out of the doorway and parted company, to avoid the eagle eye of the police, which would have recognized in their duality a conspiracy against law and order.

* * * * * *

When Mrs. Bascomb returned from her visit it was dark. She had staid to supper, and as the girl opened the door she saw that she was somewhat excited.

"What is it, Kitty?" she asked, rather gravely, because the girl was inclined to get flustrated easily.

"Oh, mem, what was the name of the girl as lived here before I came?" she responded with a counter question.

"Her name? Sarah something, I cannot remember just now—Why?"

"Oh, there was a young man here looking for his sister, but her name was Annie Donovan. He said he hadn't seen her in ten years, and she was grown up now, and he talked batchfully about her. It would bring the tears till your eyes, ma'am, to hev heard him."

"Kitty, I wouldn't gossip with strange men if I were you. It isn't safe. He probably was a tramp, and all that story about his sister was just made up out of whole cloth. What else did he want?"

"Nothing, ma'am, and I didn't let him inside the kitchen door. He warn't no tramp, an' I'm sure he were tellin' the truth."

Mrs. Bascomb did not prolong the argument, but busied herself until bedtime with some household duties, which were really in the line of pleasures to her womanly nature. Then she saw that the house was locked up, sent Kitty to bed, and went into her front parlor, which was lighted and cosy, just as if the master of the house were at home.

"I must send father's message to Howard," she soliloquized, and seating herself at the pretty little desk which had been one of her wedding presents, she wrote a postal card. After giving the business message from her father, she added one for herself. When the card was addressed she went to the window and looked out, wondering why she had not thought to write it earlier in the evening. There was a mail box diagonally across the street on the corner.

"I'll just run across and mail it. I'll leave the door open—it won't take a moment."

Taking a wrap from the hat-tree in the hall, she threw it about her, saw that no one was passing, and slipped out. It took her only a moment to drop that card in the box and run back to the house. The door was ajar as she had left it, no one was on the street; but in that one moment—

* * * * * * *

It was past midnight. Mrs. Bascomb was reading a very interesting novel. She was surprised when the clock struck the half hour, and laid her book down. Not that she felt sleepy, but she had just determined that she would sleep downstairs in the new folding-bed in the back parlor. There were portieres between the rooms, but these were drawn back and hung limp on either side.

The "bed" was a large handsome bookcase, with bric-a-brac on its top shelf. Mrs. Bascomb let it down and admired it from all sides. It took up all the space between the walls, except just room enough for her to pass to the little table under the mirror, where Howard's revolver lay. She now pushed this further back and laid her watch and chain—her wedding present from her father—her diamond graduation ring, and her purse which she took out of the pocket of her dress, on the table in a shining heap.

"I wonder if he married the tall, thin one, or the short, homely one," she said to herself, and, going out into the parlor, picked up the book again, and was soon deep in the plot.

A noise roused her. She looked at the folding doors leading into the hall. They were locked, she knew. Then she turned her eyes toward the back parlor.

"It's the new folding bed getting used to being open," she thought, conscious of a slight exhilaration in the region of her heart. Then she glanced at a mirror, in which she saw the full-length figure of a man standing back of the portieres.

I have heard it said, or read somewhere, that every man is ready to protect a woman from every other man except himself. At that moment Lottie Bascomb would rather have seen a tiger standing ready to devour her. Her next surprise was at his manner of address:

"Good evening, ma'am," and he stepped from the portiere and stood before her. "You needn't be frightened, I ain't goin' to hurt you."

"What do you want?" Her voice did not even tremble.

"I want the money yer husband brought home that he's goin' to take to New York to-morrow."

"I don't know what money you mean, but my husband is on his way to New York now. He left to-day noon."

She had risen from her chair and started forward to reach the revolver. But she could not outwit the disappointed and enraged burglar.

He sprang to intercept her, and struck his foot against the folding bed, throwing himself across it in his attempt to retain his balance. There was a grinding, whirring sound and a complete disappearance of one of the principals in this affair.

* * * * * * *

On that same night a belated citizen hurrying home was accosted from the lower window of a house he was passing in the residence portion of the city.

"Sir, oh, sir!"

He stopped, for it was a woman's voice, pitched at an alarm key.

"Will you please find the policeman on this beat and send him here instantly?"

"Can I be of any assistance?"

"No. It's a burglar, and I have him safe."

The policeman arrived, and with him the passer-by she had accosted, whose services were not required, however. The policeman went to the telephone and summoned help. Meanwhile he took up a position where earlier in the evening the folding-bed had stood. It was now shut up, and looked merely a massive bookcase again.

When the patrol wagon arrived, this desk became an object of immediate interest. One blue-coated official was stationed on either side and two at the foot. Mrs. Bascomb and the now awakened Kitty were detailed at a little distance.

"Now!" said the sergeant, and he manipulated the desk as Mrs. Bascomb had shown him how to do, a moment before.

It came down on the run, and there, limp, and half-smothered, was the trapped burglar, his forehead cut and bleeding from a chance incision as the bed had shut up with him in an explosive embrace.

"So, Clever Jim, you're at it again. Here you are," said one of the policemen as he snapped the bracelets on his wrist. "You're pal's not in it this time," as he handed him over to two of the force.

"That's him," said Kitty, "that's the man that was lookin' for a girl as he said was his sister. Oh, the villyun!"

He was taken away, tried and convicted and sent up for five years, but he never opened his mouth as to his method of getting into the house. It is quite safe to infer that Mrs. Bascomb never resorted again to that very common practice of ladies who mail late letters, of leaving the house door ajar. And the folding bed will remain a desk to the end of its days, unless it should again be used as a burglar-trap.—Utica Globe.

At Simmonson's.

First Clerk—There's a new baby at Simmonson's. Second Clerk — So? Type-writer or book-keeper? — Indianapolis Journal.

His Quotation.

"That is an other story," as the builder said when ordered to run the walls up higher.—Troy Press.

A Lesson in Woman Suffrage.

In the matter of woman's rights Abyssinia is far ahead of Europe. The house and all its contents belong to her, and if the husband offends she turns him out until he is duly repentant and makes amends.

His Fatal Success.

Towne—I hear that Boreum played the part of a court jester in your private theatricals. How did he do? Howson Lott (in disgust)—Oh, he made a fool of himself, of course, and everybody laughed at him!—Puck.

FARM NOTES.

LATE CABBAGE PLANTS.

It is not necessary for a crop of late cabbage to start the plants in a hotbed. Make a place out doors as rich and mellow as possible, sow the seed in drills rather thinly, and cover nights to keep in the heat. It is very important to make a rapid but stocky growth. This may be done by putting nitrate of soda in the drill row and transplanting each plant once if not more times before finally setting it out where it is to make a head. Plants thus treated are worth double those grown closely crowded in the matted bed.—Boston Cultivator.

GROWING POTATOES.

To grow potatoes, select the best soil you can get, avoiding ground that is liable to overflow, clear off all the trash, and if the ground is not very rich apply a good dressing of well rotted manure and then plow as deep as you can. Then harrow until the soil is in good condition. Then as soon as danger of frost is past plant for early crop. First of June plant peachblows. When ready to plant take a plow and run deep furrows three and one-half feet apart. Cut your potatoes in pieces, one or two eyes to the piece, drop eighteen inches apart in these furrows, one piece in a place. Then take a hoe and cover, putting an inch of soil over each piece. Cultivate as soon as the plants are well up and keep filling in the furrows, and you will not be troubled with weeds in the rows and will not need to do any hand weeding. Cultivate once a week till they bloom.—New York Observer.

THE COW'S CUD.

The cow's cud is a quantity of the food that is brought up from the first stomach after the food has been swallowed and the animal is resting and has time to remasticate it more completely. Between the first and second stomachs there is a receptacle about five inches long and the size of the gullet. A portion of the food is pressed into this part of the gullet and is brought up into the throat and mouth, where it is chewed slowly. This food may be seen ascending the gullet when the cow is ruminating. The cud is not any distinct thing, as some suppose, that may be lost, but is simply a portion of the food which comes from the stomach in the way described. When a cow is said to lose her cud, nothing is lost or dropped, but by reason of indigestion the action of the stomach is suspended, and it is restored as soon as the trouble is removed by any simple medicine. The most effective is a dose of a pint of raw linseed oil or melted lard.—New York Times.

FERTILIZERS AND COW-PEAS.

The manner of properly treating and applying fertilizers is yearly receiving more consideration among farmers. On this subject the Georgia Experiment Station tells Southern farmers that the best results can only be obtained from concentrated fertilizers by using them on the best lands, and not by scattering them at the rate of 100 or 200 pounds to the acre over a large, worn-out plantation. Nor should the mistake be made of applying large amounts of concentrated fertilizers on worn-out land. The larger the application the more important it becomes that the land should be in the best possible condition, such as it would have been left in by a good crop of small grain, with thorough and deep plowing and harrowing.

The practice of sowing cow-peas is strongly urged for renovating the soil and for hay. Nitrogen is the most important element of plant food because it is indispensable to the plant and is deficient in all worn or partially exhausted soils. It is the most uniformly effective element of a fertilizer for all grains, grasses and cotton. While the most expensive, if bought in the market, it may be drawn from the air by cultivating such plants as clover, peanuts, vetches, burrclover, lucerne and especially the cow-pea, which, if properly utilized, will be more valuable to the Southern farmer than red clover has been to the farmers of the North and West.—New York World.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE.

Attention has recently been directed to the application of electricity to farming operations, and the designing and introduction of suitable dynamo-electric machinery for this purpose would no doubt be profitable both to the manufacturers and the farmers. Early in 1892, an electric power system was installed at the farm of the Agricultural Experiment Station, Auburn, Ala., the current being brought from the college laboratory by a line three-quarters of a mile in length, conducted by the students themselves. A ten horse power motor was used for ginning and pressing cotton, thrashing grain, cutting up feed stuff, etc., and gave entire satisfaction. In every community where there is water power, electricity could be economically generated and used not only for the above mentioned purposes, but also to run saws, planing machines, pumps, lathes, grindstones, cider presses, sorghum mills, churns, sewing machines—in short, for everything requiring power. What farmer would not welcome the exchange of smoky lamps for electric lights? The arc light may also prove useful in market gardening, some recent experiments made in France having shown that it has a marked effect in stimulating plant growth when sunlight is not to be had. Where sufficient water power is not available, windmills might be used in connection with a system of storage batteries. Such a utilization of the wasted energies of nature would put off the coming of the coal famine that threatens future generations.—Inventive Age.

CULTIVATION OF WILLOWS.

Inquiries are received concerning the culture and marketing of willows for baskets and other goods. Notwithstanding the basket willow does well in this country, five-sixths of the quantity consumed is imported from foreign countries.

The prevailing opinion that only low land is suitable for willow cultivation may be the cause of so little attention being given to it. Low land is best, but high land is good. It is certainly far better than land where there are stagnant pools or too much water.

For the growth of willows the land must be treated similar to that intended for the planting of corn. It must be plowed in the fall and loosened up in the spring. The field must be kept free of grass and weeds.

The willow cuttings are planted in rows twelve inches apart. The rows should be three feet apart and a cultivator and hand hoe used to keep down the weeds.

The plants are cuttings from two to three year old willows which are cut one foot long, measuring three-eighths to one-half inch in thickness. With a stick or iron rod holes are made in the ground and a cutting introduced so that one or two buds remain above the ground. The first year only a few sprouts will spring from each cutting.

Every year in March the switches are cut close to the stem before the sap shoots into the plants. The switches are tied in bundles about ten inches in diameter and placed in two or three inches of water, remaining there until the latter part of April until the sap has risen and small leaves and sprouts have appeared. This sap loosens the bark which can be removed very easily by being drawn through a wooden fork similar to a clothes pin.

Willows must be dried in the open air. They are then bundled to weigh about fifty pounds per bundle. About 30,000 willow cuttings are necessary to plant an acre. The willow reaches the greatest production in the third year, and with proper care and good fertilizing it will continue to yield good results for many years.

Dry peeled willows are worth five to eight cents a pound, and green willows with the bark on them are worth $14 to $18 per ton.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Pigs should suckle till ten weeks old.

The flock enjoy summer as well as winter comforts.

Have a syringe handy when the foal puts in an appearance.

Are there wast places in the pasture? Give them a coat of manure.

There are family traits and likenesses in sheep as much as "humans."

No, no! "Everybody can't be a good shepherd; they ain't made that way."

Salt and wood ashes in reach of hogs are beneficial. Good for horses also.

Never refuse a good cash offer when you have anything of the horse kind to sell.

Many a man is a success as a wool grower and can't tell why to save his life.

Feed oil and cotton-seed cake. It is best for sheep, for the farm and for you.

One thing can be relied upon about sheep manure—there are no weed seed in it.

A few short, sharp brushes develop speed much faster than miles of slow work.

Have some pasture held in case you need it further on when dry weather comes.

The neglect given the chicks now cannot be overcome with good care by and by.

Make your flock what your wife is—the best, prettiest, and the envy of everybody.

Health, comfort, neatness are the things to be sought when building a poultry house.

Is your experience that cooked or soaked corn is better than dry, hard corn for hogs?

Little chicks enjoy fresh water to drink. Give them some, even though you provide milk for them.

Soft coal cinders and charcoal from wood or cobs should be among the "appetizers" kept on the hog's bill of fare daily.

The aluminum sulky, weighing from eighteen to twenty-five pounds, is said to be coming along with the two-minute trotter.

Minnesota has passed a law making it a criminal offense to dock a horse's tail according to the hackney senseless and cruel fashion.

If you are raising chicks for the eggs they will lay don't keep the cockerels till fall, sell them as soon as large enough for broilers.

Because bright timothy hay and oats are the best feed for horses it does not follow that they would not like a change from it sometimes, or that they would not do better for such a change.

Remembering Dreams.

Dreams come because the mind does not sleep when the body sleeps, and the power of memory remains awake to receive the impressions made on it by the dream. It has been argued that a dream is wholly due to the memory; assuming that to be the case, it is only natural that one should remember a dream, as the memory would be the only mental power concerned in the phenomenon of dreaming. But it is not certain that a person remembers all his dreams. Certainly, if Descartes' theory is correct that a person dreams whenever he sleeps, he does not remember all that he dreams; and Descartes is upheld by the weight of opinion among philosophers, as well as by many eminent physicians and physiologists. As to dreaming when one is sound asleep, if we accept the suggestion that a person dreams whenever he is asleep, we must admit he must dream when he is sound asleep as well as when his sleep is light and fitful. Physiologists have abandoned the idea that dreaming is an incident to the transition stage between sleeping and waking, and seem to agree that dreams may come even when the dreamer is sound asleep. Mr. Alfred Maury, an English physiologist, made many experiments, and the general result favors the belief that a person may be subjected to a dream at any time during sleep-waking-sleeping, sleeping, or sleeping-waking, and as well when sound asleep as when his sleep is broken.

Sensible American Horses.

The day will undoubtedly come when the American trotter will be prized and valued in this country for his astonishing qualities, among which soundness of limb and feet, as well as docility, is not one of the least; and, while on the point of docility, it is important to state that the American horse is probably one of the most docile animals of the world, and I can attribute this to nothing else than the habitual kindness and intelligence with which the American treats this animal. The breeder has been largely assisted in this by the negro.

Throughout the whole of the South where the negro prevails he has been associated with the charge of breeding-studs, and his affection for the horse has developed a kind of reciprocity between himself and this animal which has had a large influence on the progeny. Any one who has had to do with American trotters appreciates this virtue of docility. An American horse will follow you like a dog; he is not timid, and he is always reasonable. If we could only introduce some of these characteristics into our English horses it would add more to the pleasure of horse keeping and horse breeding than any other element I know.—Duke of Marlborough, in Live Stock Journal Almanac.

The Spanish Version.

In a recent Spanish book of travel, "Costumbres Yankees: Viajes por la America del Norte," by Jose Sanchez Somoano, is the following account of the origin of Boston common: "A great philanthropist, named Common, had the happy idea of presenting the children of Boston with a leafy grove of great trees."

Manufacturing Dynamite.

Twenty-five million dynamite cartridges are made annually by three factories in France. This gives but an imperfect idea of the great extent to which this concentrated terror is used in the world's work, for it is made at many other places. A necessity to miners and excavators generally, it is also an aid to crime and has given a name—dynamiter—to a class of revolutionists, but now there are materials for murderous bombs as much more destructive than dynamite as it is than gunpowder.

The pioneer dynamite factory at Isleton, Switzerland, is still in operation, and skill with long experience has reduced the danger to a minimum. In a large upright revolving cylinder of lead, cooled by a series of surrounding cold water pipes, the acids and the glycerine are thoroughly mixed, being admitted in due propotions by other pipes from above. The compound liquid, yellowish oily matter, is conveyed to the kneading pans in another department, and there mixed with a fine siliceous sand and farinaceous meal, after which it is perfect dynamite power.

The cartridges, however, are made of another form of it called "explosive gum." This contains some extra ingredients, and is a sort of paste. One of the elements is gun cotton highly charged with nitrate. The most delicate work at Iselton is done by three women sitting at a table. One works a small bronze molder—that is a small cylinder—the diameter of which is that of the intended cartridge. As the compressed powder, which, being of an oily consistence, now assumes comparative solidity, issues from this tube or cylinder in the shape of a sausage or of macaroni it is cut by the woman on the left hand into equal lengths of about three inches. Each piece is then carefully taken up by the third woman, who wraps it in oiled cartridge paper, which she fastens, closing both ends and covering it to exclude moisture. The tremendous little instrument is now complete.

Strong and Gentle.

Emperor William I. of Germany possessed an iron will, and at the same time had a great gift of popularity—a most happy combination for a ruler.

At the close of the French War he dictated to his private secretary an address which he intended to deliver to the German army. The final sentence ran thus:

"But do not forget that we must all be grateful toward Providence; for Providence has willed that we should be the instrument destined to accomplish what are such great events in the history of the world."

The secretary, having his own ideas, as even the secretaries of emperors and kings cannot help having, wrote "Providence has permitted."

"Stop," said the aged emperor; "do you imagine that I could have supported the burden of this war if I had not entertained the firm conviction that Providence willed it? Write the word as I dictated it."

With all this faith in himself—that is, in his divine commission—he preserved those simple and human qualities which in a strong ruler never fail to win the favor and even the homage of the people.

A young gardener was showing him over the grounds of his favorite retreat at Babelsberg. The Emperor noticed that the youth was embarrassed and seemingly preoccupied, and by and by demanded the reason.

"Your Majesty," said the boy, "in half an hour I am due at the barracks at Potsdam."

That was enough. In a few minutes the young soldier was in uniform, and the Emperor took him post-haste in his own carriage to the drill-ground.

A Valley of Death.

A valley surpassing in reality of horrors the fabled region of the upas tree is reported to have been discovered in the Island of Java. This island is volcanic, and in one spot the emanations from the interior of the earth are so deadly that the place is called the Valley of Death. As the traveler approaches it he is attacked by nausea and giddiness. He also notices a suffocating smell. As he advances these symptoms disappear, so that, after passing through the belt of fetid air which guards the valley, the visitor is able to examine with less risk the spectacle before him. The valley is oval, about one mile in circumference, and from thirty to forty feet below the level of the surrounding land. The floor of the valley is flat and dry, without any vegetation; and scattered all over it are the skeletons of men, tigers, wild boars, birds, and stags, lying among large blocks of stone.

The hills which hem in this valley of desolation are clothed from base to summit with healthy trees and bushes. A traveler descended the side of one hill, with the aid of a bamboo stick, to about eighteen feet from the bottom, and compelled a dog to go down to the plain. In five seconds the animal fell on its side motionless, although it continued to breathe for eighteen minutes; and a fowl only resisted the deadly air for a minute and a half.

To Soften Stiff Shoes.

It is claimed that the following treatment will make pliable the stiff shoes that have been put aside to dry after a thorough wetting: First, wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud, then, while still wet, rub well with paraffine oil, using flannel for the purpose. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment with oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing, give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly dampened with paraffine, and the boots will be soft and flexible as a new kid, and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

Fruit Eating to Cure All Ills.

A new society of cranks has been started by a former lieutenant in the German army. His name is Wathe. He is the leader of a new "ism," and as such sailed recently from San Francisco to Honolulu. The Fruitarians" is the name of the new society he represents, and their belief—or rather notion—is that modern civilization is full of vanities and strange notions, and greatly needs reforming. The members eat nothing but ripe fruit, eschew cooked food of any kind, and drink only water. They are to live in huts, bare of the comforts of civilization, and go naked. Ex-Lieut. Wathe intends to buy a large tract of land in the Sandwich Islands, or perhaps a small island outright, for the purpose of founding a colony.

A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone strength will soon fail. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of dyspeptic nature, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which most certainly cures. It quickly tones the stomach and makes one "real hungry." Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

We are coming, we are coming
O'er the field and o'er the fen,
In the forest, in the glen,
Where the sunbeams dance and gleam,
By the brooklet's silvery stream,
O'er the hill and down the river,
Where the trembling willows shiver,
We are coming, we are coming
To thy heart, O, spring, again!

We are coming, we are coming
Scattering sweetness all the way!
Here a tendril, there a spray,
Buds uplifted to the sun,
Blossoms opening one by one,
Whispering of the dawning golden,
Breathing still the mystery olden
We are coming, we are coming,
Renewing life from out decay!
—Eliza A. Fletcher.

The Sicilian Peasant.

In some parts of the island the advent of a baby girl is looked upon as such a misfortune that a small black flag is hung out of the window to proclaim the sad event. The reason is not far to seek, says the National Review. Having to be maintained by the household as long as they are unmarried, and having to dower their bridegrooms with a "dot," girls are unprofitable. Boys, on the other hand, are soon self-supporting, and they increase the family wealth when the time comes to bring home a wife by the amount of the young lady's fortune. Nevertheless, the girls, although kept in such strict seclusion that one hardly ever meets them walking about, are said to be kindly treated. At the age of fifteen or sixteen they are disposed of in marriage according to an arrangement, purely financial, between the families concerned.

Judging by appearance one would think that the Sicilian peasantry are in the last stage of poverty. This is to a great extent the case, but one must not be altogether guided by outward signs, for however well off they may be they seldom make any change in their way of living. They all live by preference in the towns. Even those who are employed in the country during the week build mud hovels for that time and flock back to the towns on Saturdays.

The women have no national dress and no distinctive characteristic beyond the love of bright colors, which seems inborn in all Southern natures. The men, on the contrary, are picturesquely clad in black and white—black trousers to the knee, slit some twelve inches up the outside seam, to let out a bulging white undergarment, sheepskin leggins strapped on with thongs and moccasins; a white shirt, open at the neck, with full white sleeves gathered in at the wrist, and over this a black sleeveless vest; a black cloth cap hanging over the ear. The time-honored superstition of the "evil eye" is still so widely spread throughout the island, even among the upper classes, that no one who does not wear a charm is considered safe.

Cure for Insomnia.

Mrs. Chatter—Your husband is looking so much better now, Mrs. Sharp. Has he been cured of his insomnia? Mrs. Sharp—Oh, yes. Quite effectually. Mrs. Chatter—How was he cured, pray? Mrs. Sharp—Well, you know, they have been rebuilding the enterior of our church and I had the old pew brought around to set up in the bedroom. He finds it just as conducive to repose as ever.—Yonkers Gazette.

An Odd Dream.

She—Oh, Henry, I had such a dreadful dream last night. I dreamed I saw your first wife sitting in your lap and you smiling upon her. He—That's the oddest dream I ever heard of. She—How, dear? He—Why, she weighed 250 pounds!—Life.

Made the Enemy Run.

Tommy—Did you do much fighting during the war, pa? Pa—I did my share of it, Tommy. Tommy—Did you make the enemy run? Pa—You're right, I did, Tommy. Tommy—Did they ketch you, pa?—Boston Courier.

THE LADIES.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

A Chinese botanist has succeeded in causing a diminutive oak tree to grow in a thimble whose depth was three-quarters of an inch and diameter half an inch.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Peking, China, has an estimated population of 1,300,000 and 15,000 police, who signal from station to station, by yelling, until the news reaches headquarters.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Abel Wharton, of Haydock's Run, Miss., has a parrot which is known to be at least seventy years old. It speaks French in the morning, English at noontime and unknown patois in the evening.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation 25 cts. 50 cts., $1.

The most expensive private yacht in the world is called the "Polar Star," and is owned by the Czar of Russia. It cost five million dollars to build and equip.

After Breakfast

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25c.

If afflicted with soreeyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

A contrivance for turning sheets of music has been perfected by a San Franciscan. It is operated by the foot of the pianist.

A MAN who has fished much, can readily detect a lie in a fish story.

Wit and Humor.

"This is certainly a hand to mouth existence," remarked the dentist.—Washington Star.

How many things there are to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.—Texas Siftings.

The time that most men waste in explaining their failures would, if properly employed, put them on their feet again.—Puck.

Impressionist—"Now, candidly, what do you think I ought to get for it?" Critic—"A hiding place."—Kate Field's Washington.

"How are you getting on with your bicycle riding, Dick?" Dick—"I spend most of my time getting on."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It does not follow that a person will become a successfull fisherman just because he has a pull on the lines.—Rochester Democrat.

It is the cynical bachelor who thinks that most marriageable young women have graduated from the school of design.—Lowell Courier.

The long-winded story teller seems to base his claims to reliability on the fact that he is never short in his accounts.—Washington Star.

One of the latest arrivals at Jackson Park is an orang-outang from Java, and visitors are cautioned not to monkey with him.—Chicago Tribune.

"Why are you so sure that Dempsey doesn't know anything about base ball?" "Jupiter, man! He's been an umpire for years."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

No machine ever invented will begin to stand the wear and tear and abuse that the human stomach will, and still keep working on.—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

"I ain't much at the pianny," said the coal yard employe as he adjusted the weight of a load of coal, "but I'm great at runnin' the scales."—Washington Star.

"And is the air healthy here?" asked a visitor at a mountain resort. "Excellent, sir, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while."—Tid Bits.

"I tell you, there's nothing like coolness in the presence of danger," said Juggins. "No," replied Jaggins; that's what keeps people from being sunstruck."—Washington Star.

"You don't seem to know me," said the ward worker to the "boss," as he unrolled his petition. "Your face is very familiar," said the "boss," "but I can't place you."—Philadelphia Press.

Mary had a little lamb.
She gave her head a toss
And sent it back because she lacked
The mint to make the sauce.
—Washington Star.

"What are you reading?" said one clerk in a broker's office to another. "A work on the theory of money." "That's no good. What we want is the practice of money."—Washington Star.

Cholly—"Do you ever have moments when you feel like doing something absurd?" Myrtylla—"Yes, indeed. Why, when you proposed to me last I felt for a moment like accepting you."—New York Herald.

"You should see Mrs. Bunkins and her daughter in their new dresses," said the marksman's wife. "They are sights." "I've seen them," replied the opticians's wife. "I never saw such spectacles."—Washington Star.

"There is not much similarity between our ways of earning a livelihood," said the dentist to the paint manufacturer. "No," admitted the manufacturer, "there is not. I grind colors, while you cull grinders."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Coroner in Boston is said to be awaiting the suicide of a poet in that city who wrote about clasping "the two tremulous hands" of his lady love, but which the printer made to read "the two tremendous hands."—New York World.

Mrs. Carper—"Yes, my daughter was crazy to get married and she married a man who has failed in everything he has undertaken." Mrs. Rox (whose husband has failed for a million)—"Gracious! They must be immensely rich."—New York Press.

Manager—"Say, Doctor! I sent my leading man around to you to-day. He's complaining of stupor and all that. What's the matter with him?" Doctor—"His liver refuses to act." Manager—"I wish he was as sensible as his liver."—Boston Courier.

Powdered charcoal, if laid thick on a burn, causes the immediate abatement of pain. A superficial burn can thus be healed in about an hour.

CURES OTHERS

For over a quarter of a century, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been effecting *cures* of Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections. Weak Lungs, Bleeding from Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, all lingering Coughs, Consumption, or Lung Scrofula and kindred maladies, are cured by it.

REDUCED TO A SKELETON.

Mrs. Mills.

Mrs. Mira Mills, of *Sardis, Big Stone Co., Minn.*, writes: "One year ago I was given up by my family physician and friends; all said I must die. My lungs were badly affected, and body reduced to a skeleton. My people commenced to give me your 'Medical Discovery' and I soon began to mend. It was not long before I became well enough to take charge of my household duties again. I owe my recovery to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

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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.

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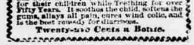

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