SINCE BABY WENT TO SLEEP.

I cannot move my lips to pray,
Since baby went to sleep to-day.
Not in her downy cradle nest
With rosy cheek to pillow pressed,
While soft her tender breathings lift
The coverlet of pinken drift,

But to a couch of chilling gloom,
The sunlight banished from the room.
Saviour: I cannot, cannot pray,
Since baby went to sleep to-day.
She will not waken, though we weep;
Her slumber is too still and deep,
Nor tears nor kisses cannot warm
Our precious baby's sleeping form.
Christ: help me though I cannot pray
Since baby went to sleep to-day.

Those hands that would not let me wear
A blossom at my throat or hair,
But pulled its petals off to see
Why sweetness in a flower should be.
Warm, restless hands; now waxen cold
Clasped 'round the lily buds they hold,
She will not stir them in this sleep
To disarrange the trust they keep.
Christ: help my breaking heart to pray
Though baby went to sleep to-day.

Drawn on her white feet, side by side,
The yellow shoes with ribbons tied;
She never will untie again
To find their hidden treasures ten.
Dear Christ: my heart can only pray
Let her awake with thee to-day.
—Good Housekeeping.

A TASTE OF THE SEA.

"That reminds me," said Alkali Ike, the Oklahoma citizen, "of the case of Hop Along, who wanted to go East."

"Hop Along," repeated the tourist. "A lame man, I presume?"

"Nope!" replied the Alkaline citizen. "His maiden name, so to speak, was Hopkins A. Long, but in the course of human events part of it was rubbed off, an' the rest of it sorter got together again like a j'int snake does after bein' broken in pieces—an' he became Hop Along. Wal, this yere Hop Along contended with the West for years an' wasn't rattlin' his horns agin the sides of the corral none. He has been here in Hawville so long that he regards himself as shook down an' settled for good, when, without warnin', he fin's a yearnin' sproutin' in his buzzom, as it were, that whisky won't satisfy. You see, he's been born back thar in little old two-by-four, hide-bound New England, whur it is all rocks an' hills an' seashore an' stinginess. Wal, he left Connecticut when he was a cub of 14 or such a matter an' hadn't never even thought of goin' back till this yere homesickness comes upon him. He fights it, but it keeps on growin' like bollin' rice. He thinks of it by day an' dreams of it by night, an' at last his handkerin' to go East grows so strong he can taste it. He loses his appreciation for his daily grub an' hungers for the burdock greens an' clam chowder an' similar heathenish fodder of the East. The prairie grass wavin' in the breeze reminds him a great plenty of the ocean, an' a little raid that the white caps makes on a superfluous citizen recalls to him a gale at sea.


THE EFFECT OF THE LOBSTER.

"Directly he begins to spend most of the daytime humped up in a chair in the shade of his wigwam, gazin' wistfully off across the prairie like he was tryin' to view the other shore. Bime-bye, he gives out an' takes to his bed. He gits sorter wrong in the head, too. He hain't what you'd call crazy; part of the time he is straight enough, an' agin he kinder wanders. Of course, his friends do the square thing by him. We do our best to cheer him up an' make him forgit it. We gits up a lynchin' bee for his special entertainment, an' makes poor Hop the high duke of the occasion, transportin' him to the scene of the festivities in a buggy full of pillows. It was as pretty a lynchin' as I ever witnessed, but the poor cuss didn't 'pear to take no interest in it, but jest looked sad an' sighed.

"'It hain't no use, gentlemen,' says he, after we'd got him back to his lonely bachelor home. 'It hain't no use. I appreciate your thoughtfulness, but it don't touch the spot. This yere yearnin' continners to rise up in my buzzom in spite of all I can do. Seems like I can't think of nothin' else. I want to see the hills an' rocks an' the sand an' the sea agin. I want to smell the salt an' taste the brine. Oh, I wish I had a lobster!'

"We wagged our heads plenty sad an' sympathetic as we trudged away.

"'No two ways about it,' says I to the rest of the prominent citizens. 'That thar poor dub is gittin' worse an' worse, an' the first thing we know he'll either go gibberin' crazy or break away from his good resolutions an' stampede for the East!'

"'His malady is simbly plumb foolishness,' says Grizzly Johnson, who is a sage. 'But that don't make no difference. He wants the East an' the ocean like the Texas man wanted his revolver. I offer the suggestion that we raid the stores an' see if we can't unearth some of them thar lobsters he's a-pinin' for.'

"Accordin', we makes search. None of the storekeepers 'pear to know what lobster is, much less possess any, an' we are plum discouraged till the genial proprietor of the Rough House restaurant makes a discovery in his memory.

"'Lobster?' says he. 'I reckon I'm cursed with a can of that thar animal. I gits it a couple of years ago packed by mistake in a case of other canned goods an' hain't been able to get shet of it since. My patrons hain't proud, but when they seen the picture on the can they all said they wasn't drunk enough to indulge in no such lookin' varmint, an' the last I knowed it was kickin' around somewhar unopened.'

"He digs it out, an' we examines it.

"'I don't know so much about this!' says I. 'This yere varmint is mighty weird an' unholy lookin'—pears to be bright red an' some 15 or 20 feet long, accordin' to the surroundin' landscape in the picture. What part of the burcussed monster is in the can, anyhow?'

"'I hain't admirin' its appearance none, myself,' says Hon. Plunk Skee. 'I don't object to soakin' poor old Hop with whisky till he gits all kinds of snakes, but it shore looks like playin' it mighty low down on him to feed him sech a diabolical lookin' reptile as this. He calls for lobster, all right enough, but mebby he's wanderin' in his mind an' don't know what he is talkin' about uurn think looks like it was pizonous!'

"'Huh!' says Grizzly Johnson, who, as I'm sayin' before, is plenty old an' wise. 'This yere portrait is an exaggyration got up to deceive the innycent purchaser; a lobster is about a foot long an' is simply a big salt water crawfish, nuthin' more.'

"Upon that we tramps off to Hop's shanty, cuts the can of reptile open an' hands it to the sick man.

"'Yere is your lobster, old feller,' says Plunk. 'But I'm afraid the cussed thing is spoilt.'

"'Oh, no, it hain't!' says poor Hop, sniffin' it similar to a bridal wreath. 'Ah-h-h-h! That smells like the ocean! Ah-h-h-h-h! That tastes like the sea!' says the sufferer, when somebody gives him a spoonful of the juice.

"Wal, to make a short story long, as the feller says, poor Hop ceases to regard us any more after that, an' we leaves him alone, gazin' lovin'ly at his lobster an' takin' a sip now an' then.

"Nuthin' of importance happened after that till along toward 8 o'clock next mornin', when some stranger that is ridin' through the settlements hauls up in front of the Buzzard Roost, whur me an' Plunk an' others of Hop's comforters is lodged, an' sets up a yell.

"'Has the gent that resides in the shebang out at the west end of the street got any friends in this yere wigwam?' says he, when the heads an' guns begin to poke out of the windows.

"'A heap more than you have, when you come howlin' us out of bed at this untimely hour!' says I, plenty sourcastic. 'What do you think you want?'

"'Nuthin',' says he, calmly. 'I'm rich an' contented. But mebbe it will interest that gent's friends to know that the Pit of Tawment 'pears to have broke loose in his house. From what I could gather from the standpoint of a mere passer-by, I jedge that several wildcats is engaged in skinnin' your friend alive, or else his wife is sort of argyin' matters with him—I reckon it's the latter.'

"It hain't long till we have piled into our trappin's an' rushed off to investigate.

"'Sounds like about seven of 'em was all jumpin' onto the poor sick man at once' says Plunk, when we gits within a block of the house.

"When we broke the door down an' charged in with our guns in our hands we could see by the moonlight that streamed in through the place whur the door had been that the room looked as if Hop had been entertaining a cyclone. The furniture was knocked this way an' everything turned wrong side up but the bed. Nobody was to be seen, but thar was a scrabblin' an' groanin' under the bed.


"WHO'S THAR?" DEMANDS GRIZZLY.

"'Who's thar?' demands Grizzly.

"'The late Hopkins A. Long,' says a pain-racked an' twisted voice. 'Will you please git a club an' pound me across the stummick about forty times?'

"With that, poor Hop slowly an' sadly emerges from under the couch, walkin' on his hands an' feet with his back down an' his abdoughmen bowed like a drummydary's hump.

"'I am glad to see that you are well enough to play jokes on your friends,' says Grizzly, plenty grim, as he lit a match an' gazed at Hop. 'I reckon this yere is what you'd call a pun, but cussed if I see the point.'

"'This hain't no joke,' says Hop. 'I'm dyin'. Ur-r-r-r-r!'

"Some kind soul tears out an' directly brings Dr. Slade on the dead run, an' after a spell poor Hop is eased an' quieted, an' then he explains:

"'That thar lobster tastes so good an' I am so weak an' homesick,' says he, feebly, 'that I surrounds it all at one session an' soon drops off to sleep. Later I'm dreamin' that I swallowed a whole torchlight procession, which winds up in a fight an' riot. Talk about nightmares! I had night elephants an' night crockydiles an' night devils all at the same time. I don't know what all happened, but I found myself tearin' an' thrashin' around the room like a fitty cat in a strange bag. The furniture was upset, the lamp broke an' the matches lost, an' I forgot whur I was at, which one of the boys I was an' what year it happened to be!'

"'But thar is one thing I'm certain of, gentlemen; I'm cured! I don't want to go East no more! I have had a taste of the sea, an' one taste is plenty for me—I don't want to go East.'

"An' that is how Hop Along's homesickness was cured upon the homypathic principle."

Then and Now.

The word "tomboy," now applied to a rude young woman, formerly meant a rude young man or boy. Furlong was at first a furrow long, or the distance that a pair of oxen would plow in half an hour. Shrewd once signified evil or wicked. Thomas Fuller used the expression "a shrewd fellow," meaning a wicked man. The word "hoyden," now applied exclusively to a noisy young woman, formerly denoted a person of like character, but of either sex. Equivocation, a word now applied to any evasion, was once understood to mean the calling of diverse things by the same name. Peck originally meant a basket or receptacle for grain or other substances. The expression at first had no reference to size. To starve was once to die any manner of death. Wycliffe's sermons tell how "Christ starved on the cross for the redemption of men." Bombast once signified the cotton that was employed to stuff garments, particularly the enormous trunk hose worn in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Acre once meant any field. It is still used with this significance in allusion to a burial ground.

To Remove Bugs from Rooms.

Take a long-necked oil can and fill it with benzine. Apply the fluid thoroughly into all cracks and crevices where the bugs or their eggs may be. The benzine at once destroys all insect life. Directly after use with a powder gun a good supply of Persian insect powder, and be sure to have the powder fresh and strong. Use the benzine only by daylight, as it is very inflammable when near a lighted lamp.

You hear a great many remedies suggested for the bust head, but the only way to cure the bust head is to let whisky alone.

Laugh and Grow Well.

In a singular treatise on laughter, the writer gives an instance that is of itself laughable enough.

A patient being very low with fever and the physician in attendance being at a loss as to how he should produce a reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb; but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded.

Not long thereafter, a pet monkey belonging to the patient that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet in which the nurse had prepared the rejected medicine still standing on the table, slipped slyly up, took it in his hands, and put it to his lips.

The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace, but he disliked to give it up. Another sip and he got the sweet of the syrup. His grotesque visage brightened.

He cast a furtive glance around, and then sat quietly down, with the goblet grasped firmly; and pretty soon he had placed it to his lips, and drank to the dregs.

Perhaps there had been half a wine glassful of syrup of manna—not more—while the rhubarb had all settled. But he had found it, and before he had fully realized the change of taste he had swallowed nearly the whole of the nauseous dose.

The patient was spellbound. Never in his life had he seen anything so grotesquely and ridiculously human! The visage of the disgusted monkey was a study.

It was a whole volume of utter abomination and chagrin. He ground his teeth, and actually stamped his foot, as he had seen his master do when in wrath.

Anon the climax came. He stood up, his eyes flashed, he grasped the goblet by its slender stock with all his might, shut his teeth, and then, with a spiteful, vengeful snap, he hurled it with mad fury upon the floor, and seemed entirely satisfied as he saw the thousand glittering pieces flying about.

Never before had the patient seen anything to equal it. The whole scene, and all the circumstances—everything about it—appeared to him so supremely and comically ridiculous, that he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in to see what was the matter. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, more heartily, if possible, than before—laughed until he sank back exhausted, and in a profuse perspiration.

The nurse anxiously sponged and wiped his skin; he perspired and laughed again until he slept. When he awoke the reaction had come, the fever had been broken, and he was on the sure road to convalescence.

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

They Have Lucky and Unlucky Ships, Days and Saints.

The old superstition as to luck and unlucky days has largely passed away. Foreign mails start and arrive on Friday without any regard for the beliefs which were accepted at one time beyond argument by most sailors. Some thought otherwise, as will appear later. Generally speaking, all saints' days and church holidays were regarded as unlucky and certain days in each month was regarded distrustfully. In an old almanac of 1615 we find that July 10, 20, 24, and 31 were noted as "no good anchorage." Sunday was always looked upon as lucky, presumably in reliance on the maxim, "The better the day the better the deed," and the fact of our Lord's resurrection having taken place on that day.

Monday had no particular reputation for good or evil; Tuesday was the same except among Spaniards, who said "Don't marry or go to sea or leave your wife" on that day. Wednesday was the day of Odin, the Norse god, and lucky; Thursday was named after Thor, the Norse god of war, and was auspicious Friday was the day dedicated to Freya Norse goddess of love, and having reference to women was not liked on this ground. The true reason for avoiding Friday was, of course, the fact of the crucifixion having taken place on that day, and sentiments of special veneration for the day converted into a feeling of fear for the results which would follow its violation. The Spaniards, on the other hand, had a considerable veneration for Friday, and believed that some occult influence enabled Columbus to successfully clear out of port and discover new land on that day. Saturday was generally considered auspicious.

The origin of the phrase, "a capful of wind," can be traced to a Norse king Eric VI., who died in 970 A. D. He was credited with the useful power of directing the wind to blow him where he wished by the simple method of turning his cap to that point of the compass. His powers were much appreciated and trusted, and resulted in his being known as "windy cap." There is no evidence as to whether he could regulate the force of the wind as well as the direction; presumably he could, or his faithful believers would not have been so many. "A bagful of wind" is another common expression and indicates something like a gale. This has been traced down to the classical legend of Eolus and his captive winds confined in bags.

The Performing Dog.

An amusing story is told by a French contemporary of an incident which recently occurred at a town in the south of France during the Christmas visit of a circus. One of the chief attractions of the show was a troupe of performing dogs, and, after they had gone through various feats, their trainer observed that Azor, the most accomplished of them all, would favor the audience with a pianoforte solo. Accordingly Azor mounted a chair and struck up the "Marseillaise." At his moment however, some one in the audience shouted out "Rats!" Azor made one bound in the direction of the cry; but the pianoforte went on playing!

Moles.

A mole's eyes are believed to give the animal nothing more than an impression of light, which is probably painful, or, at least, annoying, the sensation prompting the creature at once to burrow into the earth and escape the annoyance.

To Clean Brass Trays.

Brass trays are kept in order by simply washing them in boiling hot soda soapsuds and lathering them well, a little sapolio being used if they are very dirty. One way of cleaning them is to sift brick dust till it is a very fine powder; take up a good portion of this on half a lemon (previously used in lemonade or sherbet making) and rub the tray well over with this, carefully going over any stains till removed, and then rinsing and letting it dry. Treated in this way trays keep clean and an admirable color for a long time. Metal polish and such things spoil the color, giving it a yellow tinge quite different from the golden brass it looks when cleaned with lemon juice and fine brick dust.—Detroit Tribune.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

What the Flowers Say.

The red rose says, "Be sweet,"
  And the lily bids "Be pure;"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,
  "Be patient and endure."
The violet whispers, "Give,
  Nor grudge nor count the cost."
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming,
  In spite of chill and frost."
—Susan Coolidge.

Water Asleep.

Once there was a little girl who said that ice was water gone to sleep.

Did He Know It?

A little boy was practicing a piece for Children's Day. His teacher told him to speak louder. He said, "I don't know it loud."

And the Greatest Was the Last.

Little Willie S. was asked by his Sunday school teacher to name the "three great festivals of the church." He thought a moment, and then, memories of the glad and joyous past doubtless crowding upon him, replied: "Christmas, Easter and the strawberry."

"Court" or "Caught."

A little boy, according to Harper's Round Table, has taken a hand in amending English spelling:

"Mamma, how do you spell court house?" said Little Willie.

"C-o-u-r-t-h-o-u-s-e, dear," answered his mother.

"But I should think you ought to spell it c-a-u-g-h-t house, because all the people who are caught are taken there," responded little Willie.

Little Lessons in the Kitchen.

There, don't burn yourself. Better let cook fix the fire. But I know you like orange cream. Here is a very reliable recipe for it. Try it. It's easily made and delicious: Into a half pint of cold milk put half an ounce of gelatine. When this has quite dissolved, which it will do best if placed near but not on the fire, add four tablespoonfuls of thick cream and one of sugar. Stir this up well, and when almost cold add gradually the juice of four good oranges. When perfectly cold this cream will be solid enough to turn nicely out of a small mold, although it remains still soft. PETITE COOKIE.

Ten Little Toes.

Baby clad in his nightgown white,
Pussy cat purrs a soft good-night,
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

Right foot—
This big toe took a small boy, Sam,
Into the cupboard after the jam;
This little toe said, "Oh, no! no!"
This little toe was anxious to go;
This little toe said " 'Tisn't quite right";
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

Left foot—
This big toe got suddenly stubbed;
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;
This little frightened toe cried out "Bears!"
This little timid toe, "Run upstairs!"
Down came a jar with a loud slam! slam!
This little teeny toe got all the jam!

Surprised Pig.

Little Pete never intends to misstate things, but his very figurative imagination sometimes gets the better of his facts. He starts out to tell something which is perfectly true, but before he is done he has generally drifted off into some picturesque exaggeration. The other day he exclaimed to a companion:

"Just think, Billy! Out in Chicago they aren't going to be cruel to the pigs any more when they kill them. They're going to chloroform them."

"How do they do it?" asked Billy.

"Why, they just put a sponge in front of the pig's nose, and he goes right to sleep, and when he comes to himself he says, 'Why, my ham's gone!' And by and by he says, 'Goodness! Somebody's sawed my leg off!' and then he finds out that he's all cut up!"

Drummer Boy and Hero.

A hundred years ago (Oct. 15, 1793) the French undertook to relieve the town of Maubeuge, on the Sambre, then besieged by the Austrians, and the Royal Swedish Regiment was sent forward to occupy the village of Dourlers.

The drummer boy, a lad of fourteen, named Strauh, dodging the Austrian skirmishers, reached the village first, and at once beat a rousing call to arms on his drum. Thinking the foe had gained possession of the village, the Austrians retired in great disorder, thereby enabling the French actually to get to the outskirts of Dourlers.

The Austrians, having discovered their blunder, returned, and Strauh had to run for his life. He could not escape, however, and fell in front of Dourlers Church, after having himself shot several of the Hungarian grenadiers that pursued him.

The scene had been witnessed by a peasant hidden in a loft, who several years later told it to Strauh's brother, who knew of his death, but not of the heroic circumstances attending it. In 1897, during alterations at the church, the ground in front of the building was opened, and there were found the skeletons of the brave drummer-boy and seven men, thus confirming the accuracy of the peasant's story,

A Surprise.

Tessie and Bessie were getting ready for a garden party. It was to be a very small party, for they had only invited Bertha and Harold May, who lived next door.

Tessie spread a tablecloth on the big, flat stone under the great oak, and Bessie set on the sandwiches and chicken and grandma's pretty cakes. Bessie put a saucerful of big red raspberries by Bertha's plate, and Tessie set another beside Harold's. Then they ran to the raspberry patch again to fill two saucers for themselves.

"Why, see here!" said Tessie when they came back to the table. "Somebody has been stealing Harold's berries!"

"Who can it be?" said Bessie. "Well, there are plenty more raspberries in the patch, that is one good thing! And we have only to run and pick them."

They hurried away to fill the saucer once more, at the same time keeping watch on the table. Nobody seemed to go near it, yet when they came back again they found Bertha's plate was almost empty.

"Now, that's mean!" cried Bessie. "Say, Tessie, let's hide and watch, and when we catch the thief we'll offer him some raspberries and cake very politely. Then won't he be 'shamed?"

So they crouched down behind the currant bushes, whispering and peeping. They had not waited long before they saw the thief running softly toward the table.

A boy? No. A girl? No. It was the

X-Rays

Of test and trial prove Hood's Sarsaparilla to be unequalled for purifying the blood because

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

prettiest and cutest little squirrel that you ever saw.

How Tessie and Bessie did laugh!

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Her Suspicion.

"Circe," said the lecturer, "as you no doubt remember, turned men into hogs."

"I wonder if she did it by starting a street car line?" mused the woman who had hung to a strap all the way to the hall.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At First She Was Angry.

"H'M!" said Mr. Wickwire. "That dress reminds me of the half-witted girl that waits on me at the restaurant!"

"Indeed?"

"Yep; it is simple, but fetching."—Indianapolis News.

Measurements.

"He is very gifted," said Mrs. Gushington. "Why, he can sit down and write poetry by the yard."

"Yes," replied the envious rival, "the only difficulty is that the public reads it by the inch."—Washington Star.

His Superstition.

"Are you superstitious, major?"

"Well, I think it unlucky to be run over by an omnibus."—Pick-Me-Up.

Where Bailey Prefers Them.

Congressman Bailey, so the dispatches say, had a flush on his face when Mr. Barrett was in the chair the other day. But Mr. Bailey will doubtless admit a flush in the hand is worth a dozen on the face.—Galveston News.

How It Happened.

Visitor—How do you come to have so many Chinese figures?

Hostess—Oh, at the time of my wedding there was a sale on them and these are all wedding presents.—Boston Transcript.

Adaptability.

Inspector of Prisons—In providing you with work your former occupation shall be taken into account. What were you?

Convict—An anarchist.

Inspector—Um, um. We can put him to road blasting.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A SHY DANCER.

Stories Told by Westerners of the Antics of the Sand Hill Crane.

The sand hill crane is a very bright bird. A Recreation writer says that its very name is synonymous of vigilance and alertness. It feeds on the treeless plains or in the barren wheat stubble, where it can see a long way beyond gunshot. Or one of the flock is posted as sentinel, and this bird stands with bill half open, ready to give an alarm. It can be killed by decoying it with pasteboard figures cut to proper size and shape and painted, but mounted birds are better. A pit is dug deep enough to conceal a man, the decoys are put out, and the cranes are shot as they come over. The best region to shoot them is in the Columbia River watershed and south of it in the Pacific coast States.

When one shoots a bird of the size and build of a crane in midair it collapses, like a card house or a tent. But such apparent collapses are sometimes deceptive, as, for instance:

"Before I could reach him he soared off into the air with wheeling flight. Again he hit the ground with fearful violence, but again he got on his feet. Running up, thinking to get him alive for a decoy, I tried to tap him on the head and stun him. He showed fight, and I used my gun as I backed off, and he took to his wings."

The sand hill crane is something of a fighter of men if wounded, and the only safe crane is a dead one. Their bills are long and sharp, and are capable of putting out a man's eye.

The sand hill crane has some curious habits that make him of more than passing interest to the student of birds. Out on the prairies parties of them have balls in the spring, to which the select birds seem to be invited. These balls are picturesque affairs from the human standpoint. There are curious dances, which are sort of solitary waltzes or pretty slow jigs. Sometimes the birds leap over one another's backs and flop their wings, giving their peculiar cry. Sometimes rival birds have fierce duels, using their keen bills like lances, battle axes and swords.

ing Business in Squirrel Tails.

Twenty farmers brought the tails of 9,171 ground squirrels to the commissioners of Spokane County, Washington, on one day last week to collect the bounty of 1 cent per tail. One man brought in 1,834 squirrel tails and another 1,056. All the squirrels were killed in one not large district, where they are so thick as to almost make the farmers despair of making any profit by their crops.

The mills of the gods, which grind so slow, would grind fast enough if [illegible]

A Brigand Who Levies Taxes.

"Brigandage is still rampant in many rural districts in Italy," says Dr. Ravogli, the resident Italian consul.

"From advices I receive occasionally I keep in touch with home affairs, and a letter from a friend in Trieste contains a reference to Tiburzi, one of the most picturesque of these freebooters. Tiburzi is about 48. At the beginning of his career he was as bad as others in the same vocation of life.

"In 1872 he was caught, convicted of highway robbery and murder, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He escaped in 1874 and took refuge in a wood near Viterbo, where he lived in security in spite of seventeen warrants and a large reward for his arrest. The reason of this security is simple enough. He was good to the poor—any peasant in need of help could always get a gold coin from Tiburzi—and he punished traitors. Consequently the peasants were ready to assist him against the police or government emissaries, and those who would willingly have given information were afraid to do so.

"After his escape Tiburzi altered his method of gaining a living. He caused it to be made known to all the well-to-do people in the district that if they paid him an annual contribution he would not interfere with them and would protect them from molestation by others. It was considered advisable to agree and Tiburzi has been for years in receipt of a large income, one man alone paying him £150 a year. Crime has considerably diminished in the district; the smaller fry dare not molest Tiburzi's proteges, for he is still a good shot with his English repeating rifle. Tiburzi does what the government cannot do: he collects taxes without trouble and he keeps down crime.

"It must not be supposed that he hides in the woods all day. He can walk about the whole district without fear of capture and he lives in good style. He goes to Rome sometimes, presumably in disguise, and has even been abroad. Will he ever be arrested? Time alone can tell."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

WALKING with God begins in short steps.

Christ is very close to the penitent sinner.

The blackest devil outside of the pit is hate.

Nothing a bad man owns can be his long.

The right to do right is a God-given right.

No man can walk straght who follows a doubt.

Have more religion than you can carry in your head.

No one can know Christ without wanting to be like him.

No man treats Christ well who treats his brother wrong.

Darkness cannot be made black enough to destroy light.

Faith used is as sure to grow as good seed in good soil.

God knows how we love, while men only know how we live.

The man who conquers himself has had God for his helper.

No man can fail until he tries to get along without God's help.

Hire people to be good, and they will quit when the pay stops.

It is hard to believe in the religion of some very religious people.

The man who never praises his wife, would have a better one if he did.

Keeping too much in your pocket may drive the Lord out of your heart.

Philosophizing about how a man got into the ditch will never get him out.

Pray much before you talk much about how big a sinner you used to be.

If we are doing less for the Lord than we can do, we are not doing enough.

Whenever the Lord finds a man who can be trusted with money, he makes him rich.

MELANCHOLY WOMEN.

AFRAID SOMETHING DREADFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN.

How a Little Baby Girl Rolled the Clouds Away.

Of course a woman will naturally see the dark side of everything when tortured by some form of female disease, which her doctor cannot or does not relieve. No wonder she is melancholy when head and back ache, pains run through the whole body and loins, nerves are weak, stomach out of order, digestion poor, sense of fullness and bearing-down, poor sleep and appetite, always weak and tired, irregular menstruation, whites, etc.

She probably is not so fortunate as to know that all female ailments are indicated by these never failing symptoms, and are controlled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; all female weaknesses quickly disappear by its use. It has been the thinking woman's safeguard for twenty years, and all druggists sell large quantities of it because it can be relied upon.

Still another woman speaks:

"I wish you would publish my name with your testimonials. I want every one to know that your Vegetable Compound has made me well and strong. I sing its praises all the time. When I was first married I was very weak and had female troubles badly; Oh, I was so weary, sick and melancholy, but the Vegetable Compound built me up, and now I have a dear baby girl, and I am so happy. No home is complete without a dear little baby and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to roll the clouds away."—Mrs. Geo. Claus, 35 Danforth St., Buffalo, N. Y.

If you accept a substitute, you must not fuss because its not as good as genuine HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

YOUNG AT FIFTY.

HOW A METHODIST MINISTER CARRIES HIS YEARS.

Rev. William Young, of Oswego, Tells a Reporter His Secret of Good Health—Will Surely Benefit Everyone Who Follows His Advice.

From the Times, Oswego, N. Y.

Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in Oswego, N. Y., than Rev. William Young, of the Methodist Church. Mr. Young has not a Conference appointment, but holds a responsible position with the Oswego City Savings Bank, where he has been a trusty employe for the past twenty years.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Young looked as if his time on earth was limited and that he would be laid at rest with the great majority before snow covered the ground. But, instead of failing as was predicted, he soon gained a more healthy look and appeared stronger. As the months went by this improvement continued, until now he is as rugged and apparently as healthy as a young man of thirty, although his gray locks denote a more advanced age. A *Times* reporter, determined to find out what had made this great, and it might be said phenomenal change, called upon Mr. Young at the bank and put the question direct and received the following reply:

"In truth I am a changed man, and I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the spring of 1894 I was all run down and had commenced to think that my time had come. I had to be prescribed for by physicians, and although I received temporary relief, the same old trouble came back again and I was worse than before. I had no strength or appetite, and physically I was in a miserable condition. After my work I would go home, but the general lassitude which hung over me left me without any ambition, and when I would go to the table to eat, my appetite failed me and I would have to leave without taking hardly any nourishment. My kidneys were also badly affected, and I was in utter despair. One day, here at the bank, I happened to pick up one of the local papers, and my eye fell on an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The advertisement gave a description of a man who, afflicted as I then was, had been cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not a believer in that kind of doctoring, but concluded that as a last resort to try a box of the pills, making up my mind that if they did not help me I certainly would not be injured any. Going to a drug store, I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. Very soon after I began to feel better and I saw I had made no mistake in trying the pills, and before the first box was emptied I felt so much improved that I immediately purchased another. I had taken seven boxes of the pills, and at the end of last summer I felt I was entirely cured and discontinued their use, but always keep a box handy if occasion requires. I am now entirely cured. The lassitude has left me, my kidneys are all right and my appetite—well, you should see me at the table. I am a new man again, and instead of feeling like a man of fifty, which is my age, I feel like a youngster of twenty, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the full credit for this great change. I have recommended these pills to several of my neighbors and acquaintances, who have been relieved of their complaints."

William Young, being duly sworn, deposes and says he is the gentleman referred to in the above interview, and it is true in every respect. William Young.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1895.

Bernard Gallagher, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

An Extenuating Circumstance.

Judge Noonan, of the San Antonio District Court, is also the proprietor of a stock ranch in Medina County. He was recently called on in his official capacity to pronounce sentence on a horse thief. Said the judge blandly:

"Are you aware of any circumstances that entitles you to consideration at my hands?"

"Yes, your honor, I am."

"What is it?"

"The horse I stole didn't belong to you. I think you ought to take that into consideration and let me down easy."—Texas Siftings.

Some people look in the mirror to do penance.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

Denver is the only city with natural streams of water flowing through the gutters in the streets.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The Bay of Fundy has the highest tide in the world. It rises a foot every five minutes, and sometimes attains a height of seventy feet.

BUY $1.00 worth Dobbins Floating-Borax Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mf'g Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 298 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

Mrs. General Sheridan will pass the summer at her cottage at Nonquit, on the shores of Buzzard's Bay, not far from the home of President Cleveland.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Czarina unites in her own person the names of every one of Queen Victoria's daughters, as she was christened Alix Victoria Helena Louise Beatrice.

Out of Weakness comes strength when the blood has been purified, enriched and vitalized, the appetite restored and the system built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

Only seventy years have elapsed since the first railway in the world was finished. During that period 400,000 miles have been constructed.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

50,000 Italian women recently petitioned the Chamber of Deputies to end the Abyssinian war.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

The finest lemon orchards in the world are those in Sicily, where an acre of lemons is worth $1500.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Bees were recently hived from an Edinburgh street lamp, in the globe of which they had taken refuge.

"Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate Coughs."

"In God We Trust" was first put on our coins in 1864.

Gladness Comes

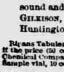
With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. E. M. Cross, a special Associated Press reporter, who lives at 1916 Maple Avenue, Huntington, W. Va. has knowledge of the remarkable cure of Mrs. Martha Gilkison, the wife of a carpenter of the east end of the city, who, on the 22d of September, 1895, related her experience as follows: "For a good many years I have been bothered an awful sight with my stomach. I got so I couldn't eat anything at all without souring on my stomach. Lots of times while working I would spit up great mouthfuls of stuff bitter as gall. I kept getting worse all the time and took piles of doctor medicine, but I might as well took that much starch for all the good it done me. It run into neuralgia of the stomach and worked itself all over me. Dr. Gardener, the new doctor up on Twentieth Street, told me when I saw him it was my stomach that caused all the trouble and give me an order to the drug store. I took it there, and the boy give me a box of Ripans Tabules. I began getting better, and have used a little over two boxes, and am now sound and well. (Signed), Martha Gilkison, No. 1820 Fourth Avenue, Huntington, W. Va."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.



$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box LV, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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 diarrhoea.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED to handle high-grade bicycles. Big discounts; exclusive territory. Wheel shipped anywhere for examination. Catalogue and particulars of Bicycle Headquarters Co., Baltimore.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

RUPTURE All who wish to get rid of Rupture and tormenting trusses should send to S. J. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, Nos. 1 and 3 Ann St., New York, for his most interesting book of full information. Price by mail, 15 cts.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

23 995

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, O.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

CUT PRICES and other cuts by the only concern that ever voluntarily reduced prices or, in recent times, originated a new idea in this line, on account of which, and the good works of its goods, it has been awarded one-half the world's windmill business. It prepays freight to 20 branch houses, one at your door. Send now for catalogue for up to date ideas. Our imitators may not have in print our latest plans.

"Cleanliness is Nae Pride, Dirt's Nae Honesty." Common Sence Dictates the Use of

SAPOLIO