JUST ONE YEAR OLD.

Just one short year ago he came,
Our little son, God bless him!
A heaven-sent treasure he is ours,
To care for and caress him,
No matter if the days be drear,
Our hearts he never fails to cheer.

When to my work I go away
I stoop and softly kiss him;
And through the long, long hours of day
I sadly, sadly miss him;
Until at last, at set of sun
I go to him when work is done

With outstretched arms and winning smile,
He coos a loving greeting;
'Tis hard to tell which one of us
Is happiest at our meeting,
This joyous frolicsome young elf,
His loving mamma, or myself.

His dimpled arms around my neck
Cling close in soft caresses;
While 'gainst my bronzed and bearded cheek,
His dewy lips he presses.
Oh, little love! Oh, baby mine!
You closely round my heart-strings twine.

God grant that in the years to come
He ne'er may know a sorrow;
May peace and happiness be his,
With every coming morrow,
And may Thine everlasting arm,
Protect and keep him safe from harm.

Oh, baby mine, when years have flown,
And I am old and hoary,
When you to man's estate have grown,
And strong in manhood's glory,
Oh, never may our hearts grow cold,
Dear baby boy, just one year old.
—Leisure Hours.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

"Da——!"

"Oh! papa, pful! how can you?"

The old high bailiff of Krohn pushed away the pretty little hand that his eldest daughter sought to place over his mouth.

"No," he said, "I will not keep quiet. I repeat that the whole custom of sending New Year's cards is a d——n bad one, and it is time to put an end to it. What are the results of such nonsense?

"First, I get my mail bag later than usual, and, secondly, it is crammed so full with the stupid stuff that I can hardly get it open!"

At length the old gentleman's efforts were rewarded, the bag sprang open, and he emptied its contents with impatience on the breakfast table.

"'To Fraulein Katharina von Krohn,' he read. "My God! are they all for you, Kathinka?"

"Don't be so unbearable, papa, and please don't call me Kathinka."

The old gentleman replied to his daughter's request with an unintelligible growl and went on drinking his coffee.

"Just look what a lot there are for me!" cried Katharina, piling the letters upon the table in front of her and her face lighting up with pleasure.

"Are they all for you?"

"Yes, all. Now you can see what it is to be known as a beauty."

"And an heiress," added the father.

"Yes, and an heiress, she repeated, thoughtfully.

"But is there nothing there for my little Lili?" asked her father.

Katharina shrugged her shapely shoulders impatiently.

"Why, of course not. If a girl expects to be shown much attention she must be a little more pushing and important."

"And an heiress, too," was the father's laconic addition to the sentence.

"I really should be very grateful, father, if you would not allude so much to my money," was the rather curt protest.

"I can't help it, Katharina, when I see my little Lili here, as beautiful as the flower that gave her the name, and—well, she is not an heiress, do you understand? That's the whole thing."

Katharina made no answer. She was busily studying the handwriting on the envelopes.

A young girl who had hitherto sat opposite to her in silence left her seat, went up to the high bailiff, and putting her fair young arms round his neck, gave him a kiss.

A world of love shone in his eyes as he looked at her with pleasure and stroked her soft cheeks.

"Never mind, Lili," he said, slowly, "I am glad that you don't get such a pile of letters. I'm grateful, too, that you're not an heiress. Perhaps then no one will take you away from me."

Tears came into the girl's eyes, for, though she said no word, yet the thought that no one had remembered her or cared enough for her to send her a New Year's card made her sad. But she forced herself not to cry and tried to conceal the few tears that would not be kept back by kissing her father again lovingly on the eyes and lips.

The high bailiff of Krohn, the father of these two girls, had married twice. His first wife, a lovely, proud, but vain, woman, died soon after the birth of a little daughter, and left her the whole of a large fortune. His second wife, the daughter of a country clergyman, brought him no wealth but a sweet and beautiful disposition. When she, too, died after two years' married life he felt overwhelmed and had never since wholly recovered from the blow.

Katharina, the elder of the stepchildren, had just finished her twentieth year, and, as she was as proud, pretty, and just as vain as her mother, had already laughed at many proposals for her hand—and money. No one had so far been able to take her fancy.

Lili was in almost every respect the opposite of her sister. Small of figure, quiet and retiring, it happened that she was often entirely overlooked. It certainly was not right of a father to love one daughter more than another.

Still he did so, and it was plain to everybody that it was the soft, sweet, patient Lili who was his favorite.

It made Katharina feel annoyed to see her father so gentle and affectionate toward her sister, for she said, with a sharp look at them both:

"What! kissing again! I cannot understand how you find pleasure in always lying round each other's necks."

"You are out of sorts, Katharina," said her father. "One of the cards you expected has not come, perhaps. I would almost wager that among all those letters there is none from Baron Horn! Eh?"

Katharina grew a shade paler at these words.

"I certainly expected a card from Baron Horn," she replied, trying to conceal her annoyance. "He surely has sent me one! Are you sure you emptied the mail bag thoroughly?"

"Yes, I think so. But you had better look yourself; it would not be the first time that a letter has remained stuck in one of the corners."

"Ah! I thought so," exclaimed Katharina, pulling a crumpled letter out of a deep corner of the bag.

She glanced quickly and sharply at the address, and then with an exclamation of vexation let the letter hurriedly drop.

"Not from Baron Horn, after all?" asked her father, picking it up, "and yet—that is his writing. Heavens! why, it is for you, Lili; it's addressed to you."

"Oh! impossible!" said Lili, quietly, while a faint blush rose to her pretty cheeks. "It must be a mistake."

"By no means," returned her father, smiling. "Here, open it. Let us all see it. Oh, what a lovely card! Why, Katharina, where are you going?"

But the father received no answer. Katharina hurriedly gathered up her letters and left the room in a whirlwind.

* * * * *

The above-mentioned Baron Horn was a young nobleman who had just returned from Africa. It was well known that he took great pleasure in visiting the Von Krohn family, and under all manner of pretexts took every opportunity to be with them. Of course every one thought that the attraction was the rich and beautiful Katharina, and she herself took particular pains to spread this view of the matter.

Accustomed as she was to a large number of enthusiastic admirers, she had never for a moment imagined that the baron could interest himself in her quiet little sister until she was reminded to-day in a rather unpleasant manner of the possibility of such a thing.

She read her letters through and became better humored.

"How stupid of me to get so cross,' she said, as she smiled at her lovely face in the glass. "It is not possible that he favors Lili when he knows me."

There came a gentle knock at the door, and the servant girl came in and announced that the carriage was at the door.

Katharina at once remembered that Baron Horn had promised to go for a drive with her, and with this thought her face grew bright once again.

A charitable bazaar was to be opened in a neighboring town, and, as the father was not able to go, Baron Horn had offered his escort to the two young ladies.

The baron was as punctual as most lovers—that is to say, he came half an hour before the time, and found Katharina quite ready, to his great astonishment, for as a rule she kept everybody waiting half an hour, at least.

Her purpose of frustrating a tete-a-tete between Lili and the baron was completely successful, for she did not move from his side until they all three were ready to get into the carriage.

The father stood with beaming face on the doorstep and waved a fond farewell after them.

"This Horn is a very sensible fellow," he thought to himself, "and I admire his choice. It will be very hard to lose Lili, but I would let him have her rather than any one else."

* * * * *

Although the bazaar was crowded the arrival of Baron Horn and his two lovely companions caused considerable excitement, and they were speedily surrounded by acquaintances.

Among these was a Capt. Linke, a tall, blonde fellow, and one of Katharina's most sincere and faithful admirers.

"How glad I am to see you here," he said.

"Really? Why?"

"May I show you why? Please come with me. At the other end of the hall there is a fortune teller, and I want you to see what she will tell you."

"May we join you?" asked the baron.

"Certainly. Come, we will all go together."

The mysterious room that held the fortune teller was reached. The fortune teller proved to be a little figure in the middle of a disc.

Round the disc were figures and numbers and slips of paper arranged. Anyone who wanted to see into the future paid a mark, set the figure revolving, and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Now, my genaediges fraulein," said the captain, taking out his purse, "won't you try your luck?".

But Katharina refused positively to be a party to such nonsense, and, inasmuch as Lili could not be persuaded either, the baron asked permission to inquire of the oracle himself.

He set the figure in motion and took the slip of paper opposite which it stopped.

"Seek her hand and buy the ring. Thy life will then be full of joy," ran the words on it.

The baron tried to catch a glance from Lili, but she appeared to be absorbed in the nature and character of the floor and would not raise her eyes.

"Potz Blitz!" cried the captain, turning to Katharina, "that is famous; you really must be persuaded to try it now. Or, shall I do it for you?"

"You may do it for me," she replied in such sharp tones that everyone looked at her.

The captain turned the the figure and read the words: "Hast thou not ofter heard it said——" He hesitated; then tore the paper up and threw it on the floor. The conclusion of the sentence seemed to suit the many proposals that Katherina had received too well for him to read it.

"What was the rest, captain?" asked the baron, in all innocence. But the captain looked so displeased that the question was not pressed.

"I wonder what it was?" Lili whispered to the baron.

"We shall learn later, perhaps," he replied. "But did you get my New Year's card this morning?"

"Yes," she answered softly, with a blush.

"And do you remember what the fortune teller told me just now? If I buy the ring will you wear it?"

He drew a deep sigh of relief as he saw his answer in her happy, blushing face.

She lowered her eyes and said: "I don't know. You must first speak to papa."—From the German.

A Polite Raider.

A correspondent of the London Times has discovered, in the French archives, an original memorandum in which the famous searover, Paul Jones, told the story of one of the occurrences connected with his raid on the British coasts in 1778. Jones wrote:

"Returning on board the Ranger, the wind being favorable, I sailed for the Scottish coast. My intention was to capture the Earl of Selkirk and detain him as a hostage. Accordingly the same day, 23d April, 1778, about noon, having with me a single boat, only two officers and a small guard, I landed on that nobleman's estate.

"On landing I met some of the inhabitants, who, taking me for an Englishman, told me that Lord Selkirk was then in London, but that my lady, his wife, and several lady friends were at home. This made me resolve to return immediately to my boat, and go back to the Ranger. This moderate conduct was not to the taste of my men, who were inclined to pillage, burn and devastate all they could. Though this would have been making war after the fashion of the English, I did not think it fit to imitate them, especially on this occasion, considering what was due to a lady.

"It was necessary, however, to find some compromise to satisfy the cupidity of my crew and to spare Lady Selkirk. I had only a moment for choice. What seemed to me best to reconcile everything was to order the two officers to go to the mansion with my guard, which was to remain outside under arms, while they alone entered. They were then politely to ask for the family plate, to stay only a few minutes to take what was given them without demanding anything more, and return immediately afterward without proceeding to any search.

"I was strictly obeyed. The plate was given up. Lady Selkirk told the officers several times over that she was very sensible of the moderation shown by me. She even wished to come to the beach, a mile from her mansion, to invite me to dine with her; but the officers begged her not to take the trouble to do this."

Coyotes Recovered Their Puppies.

An amusing incident occurred the other day on the Lemon farm, near Garfield, Wash. Burt Lemon and an employe of the farm were plowing, when they came across three young coyote pups which had not yet opened their eyes. While they were examining them the old ones appeared and approached to within fifty yards. Mr. Lemon went to the house for a gun and a sack, and placed the young ones in the sack, which was tied up and left in the field until time to go in from work.

The old coyotes kept a respectful distance from the rifle, but hovered around. Several turns of the field were made with the plow, and, finally, when the men came in sight of where they had left the sack containing the young coyotes, they saw one of the old ones with the sack, puppies and all, streaking it over the hill, and that was the last seen of them.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

And Then She Was Angry.

"Edgar, if I should die what would you do?"

"My love, I have been so happy with you that I should marry again as soon as possible."—Detroit Free Press.

Not in That Case.

Radbourn—My dear fellow, it is always better to begin at the bottom of a ladder.

Chesney—Nonsense. How about when you are escaping from a fire?—New York World.

Ye Modern Milkmaid.

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?

"I'm going a-pumping, sir," she said.

A Bright Idea.

"See here," said the policeman to the drunken man who had been holding up a lamp-post for some time, "why don't you go home?"

"Thanksh! Thanksh!" murmured the jag, effusively. "Swat I'll do. Been thinkin' fer a hour where I wanted to go.—Philadelphia North American.

Deplorable Ignorance.

Gen. John McNeil, who was a brother-in-law of President Pierce, and major-general of the New Hampshire militia at one time, is said to have been considerably incensed when he met any one who appeared to be ignorant of the wounds and honors he had won on the field of battle.

During the war with Great Britain he was shot while mounted on his faithful horse, receiving a severe wound in the knee, which caused him to walk stiffly for the rest of his life.

"How did you hurt your knee, general?" asked a young man whom the old officer characterized as a "whipper snapper" one day, from a certain lack of respectfulness in his air and manner. "Did you have a fall?"

"Yes, sir," snorted the general, indignantly. "I fell off a horse! You never read the history of your country, did you, sir?"

When a minister takes "Woman" for his text, he never tells her anything that will make her more appreciative of her husband.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a Pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic as they did their religion—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Where Is She?

Frisky as a lambkin,
Busy as a bee,
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see.

Modest as a violet,
As a rosebud sweet,
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove,
That's the kind of little girl
Everyone will love.

The Poor Bird.

An Irishman once went hunting, and saw a redbird and shot at it. He ran under the tree to get his bird and found a frog, and said: "Faith, and he was a purty bird till I shot all the feathers off ye."

He Was Uncle Will.

Willie and his big sister Lizzie didn't get along together very well. Willie was only 7 and his sister 17, but he resented her "bossing."

One day Willie's mamma had something to tell him, a piece of news from the household of his still older sister, who had been married a year before.

"Willie," said mamma, "God left a little baby at sister Mary's house last night. You're an uncle now, my boy. How do you like that?"

"Well," said Willie, after weighing the matter over carefully a minute, "I'll just tell you this. If I am Uncle Will, Lizzie ain't goin' to boss me no more."—New York World.

Make the Ball Roll Into the Hand.

Here is a quaint old puzzle that you may be interested in solving. Look closely at the hand and the cross and the ball. At the ordinary distance from the eye (seven or eight inches) the ball is about an inch from the index finger. If the paper is approach-

ed to the face with the nose opposite the dagger the ball will appear to move toward the hand and to rest on the top of the index finger. By then moving the paper slightly the effect may be produced of the ball's rolling along the top of the finger and then of being clasped by the hand. The illusion is more pronounced if the drawing is enlarged to three or four times the size shown.

Cats Adopt Two Queer Children.

A story comes from the far West of two lonesome old cats that brought up and cared for four frisky young coyotes. The coyotes were only 2 or 3 days old when captured about three weeks ago. The old cats had lost their families of kittens, and the coyotes were placed with them. They at once made friends with the little howlers, and fondled them as they would their own offspring, and the coyotes seemed satisfied with their foster-mothers. At first, not being pleased with the bed fixed for them in the barn, the cats carried their adopted kittens to the house several times. They defend their unnatural family upon the approach of a dog with all the fuss and fury characteristic of the cat tribe. It is a question, though, whether or not the savage animals will return the affection of their foster-mothers when they grow a little older.

Wine at Parties.

Sometimes the girls wonder what they will do when they go into society where wine is offered. Some will be brave and say, "No, I thank you," very quietly and in a ladylike way, or what is better, they will turn down their glasses at first and have it understood. That it what Mrs. Cleveland, the President's wife at Washington, does. We suppose she would like to give her dinner parties without wine, too, as Mrs. President Hayes did when he was mistress at the White House. One of the cabinet ladies, Secretary Carlisle's wife, does that now. Not long since she gave a dinner party to President and Mrs. Cleveland, and there was no wine nor liquors on the table. There were two glasses to each plate, one for Potomac water and the other for Apollinaris water. The good time is coming when people will no longer put this fateful poison alcohol on their tables in any shape, and you girls will be glad to help it along.

The Lost Dog.

There are a great many touching sights in a great city, but none much more so than to watch a lost dog. At first there is a look of startled surprise on his face when he loses the scent, quickly followed by a grim sort of rumor, as though pretending his bewilderment is but a joke. He circles round and round, and his face grows thin and his eyes almost human in their anxious pleading. He starts off in one direction sure that he has found the trail; he is baffled, turned back. He looks in the faces of all who pass as if questioning to know his way. He thinks he recognizes his master and is off like a flash, only to return more anxious and eager than before. He gives himself no rest, but doubles and pursues and turns back, until all hope is dead in his faithful canine breast, and he starts off with a long lope down the street. Then it is that some demoniac boy or some detestable man flings a stone at him or kicks him as he flies by, and the cry is raised, "Mad dog! Kill him!" So the great host of idlers in ambush, who wait the opportunity for mischief as bees await the blossom of the buckwheat, are turned loose upon his track and his doom is sealed. From a lost dog to a hunted and dead cur is an easy transition.—Chicago Herald.

She Considered the Lily.

At a teachers' convention in Detroit lately a lady, speaking about the influence of beautiful objects upon the character and conduct of young pupils, told a pretty story received by her from an eye-witness, and thus reported by the News-Tribune. The occurrence took place in New York.

"Into a school made up chiefly of children from the slums the teacher one day carried a beautiful calla lily. Of course, the children gathered about the pure, waxy blossom in great delight.

"One of them was a little girl, a waif of the streets, who had no care bestowed upon her, as was evinced by the dirty, ragged condition she was always in. Not only was her clothing dreadfully soiled, but her face and hands seemed totally unacquainted with soap and water.

"As this little one drew near the lovely flower, she suddenly turned and ran away down the stairs and out of the building. In a few minutes she returned with her hands washed perfectly clean, and pushed her way up to the flower, where she stood and admired it with intense satisfaction.

"It would seem," continued Miss Coffin, "that when the child saw the lily in its white purity, she suddenly realized that she was not fit to come into its atmosphere, and the little thing fled away to make herself suitable for such companionship. Did not this have an elevating, refining effect on the child? Let us gather all the beauty we can into the school-room."

WORKING IT BACKWARD.

Remarkable Things Shown by the Kinetoscope When Reversed.

"Impossibilities made possible by means of the modern inventions in the electrical field" furnished the theme of a lecture given recently by Prof. G. Queroult in the Paris Academy of Sciences. During some of his experiments he hit upon the idea to turn around photographic records and also the series of picture seen through the kinetoscope, respectively the kinematograph. Having photographed a plant at regular intervals and shown in the kinetoscope the growth, the development of the stem, leaves, buds, flowers and fruit, the same consequence of photographic pictures reversed was presented to the eye of the astonished academicians, who wondered at the fruit turning into flowers, flowers into buds, buds drawing back into themselves and disappearing, the leaves closing, getting smaller and disappearing, the stem getting shorter and shorter, until the earth closes over it

The most incredible things are developed before the eyes of the spectator, if a most ordinary series of such pictures is reversed. A drinker takes up and empty glass and replaces it full upon the table; a smoker sees the stump of a cigar flying at him from the floor, takes it to his mouth and sees the smoke originate in the room, draws it into his mouth and into his cigar, which is gradually lengthened and finally replaced in the pocket. A wrestler, who has probably thrown away his garments, is recovered with them by their, so to speak, walking up on him to their places, while he himself performs motions of which we can understand nothing, because we never saw these most extraordinary motions performed backward; a man, for instance, seated at a table before an empty plate, works hard taking bite after bite from his mouth, until the chicken is whole again on the dish before him, and the side dishes are also returned full to their respective places. In order to fully enjoy an exhibition of the kinetoscope, such an exhibition should be completed by arranging alongside of each other the same scenes in regular order in one machine and reversed in another. It would be advisable, however, to inform the spectators previous to their looking at such a reversed series of pictures, for otherwise they might think themselves the victim of a dream, a hallucination, or something worse.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nested Over a Doorway.

Inside the porch of a doorway of a house in Jesmond, England, a pair of greybirds built their nest. The passing in and out of the people residing in the house did not seem to disconcert the "happy couple," who helped themselves to some feathers placed at their disposal. The greybird, or song thrush, often chooses a singular place as a nesting site.

The Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle

The Test of His Memory.

Brown—Jack was noted for his memory when he was at college.

Smith—Was he?

Brown—Yes; he carried all the athletic records in his head.—Brooklyn Life.

And in New York.

Wade—There goes a man who has served twenty years as a policeman.

Butcher—Where has he served?

Wade—Fifteen on the force and five in Sing Sing.—New York World.

Definition of Fame.

Teacher—What is fame, Willie?

Willie—It's the thing that makes everybody want to look at yer.—Roxbury Gazette.

It is easy to be gallant to strangers, because one doesn't have to keep it up.

Politeness is such a strain that every one is glad when a guest goes home.

Colonel J. H. Benton has learned, through recent discoveries in the library of the British Museum, that the first books printed on the American continent were made in the City of Mexico.

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

Lenonhock and Humboldt say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

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 8 P. M.

A Dane named Swen has invented an electrical process for painting indelible pictures on glass surfaces.

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

Cold meats require a longer time to digest than warm meats, and are not so satisfying to the appetite.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Ansorr, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The new Russian consumption cure is the inhalation of analine vapors.

If you waste time in trying to discover what you are here for, the Lord himself will be at a loss to account for having made you.

The truth may be buried, but this world is too small to make a grave deep enough to hold it.

The liquefaction of gases is now a simple mechanical process.

Fogs are more frequent in October and November than at any other period of the year, because, besides the evaporation from the seas, rivers and lakes, there is a constant exhalation from the ground in the form of vapor.

You

Will realize the greatest amount of good in the shortest time and at the least expense by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

It is always expensive to be wrong.

Closing the heart against men, keeps God out.

The man who does well to-day may do better tomorrow.

Everything in a Sunday school should be bright, except the blackboard.

The goldfinch would never sing if it had to learn how from the guinea hen.

The man who will not look ahead will have to stay behind.

The man works hard who spends his time looking for an easy place.

Whoever keeps the devil away from a child gives to Christ an army.

If grave stones were reliable, the devil would always dress in black.

Any one can do much for the Lord who is willing to begin low enough.

The man who does not give as the Bible tells us to does not give at all.

It is of more profit to have a contented spirit than a fat bank account.

Before God could speak to man, he had to make some symbols to do it with.

No one who loves as Christ loved can live in this world without making it better.

People who live only for themselves are always little, no matter how big they feel.

Love in a parent or Sabbath school teacher can no more fail than it could in Christ.

If we could see men's hearts as God sees them, it would not be so hard to love them.

Are you doing anything for the Lord that your best friends don't know anything about?

Win a child's heart and you will have something that will brighten two lives—yours and his.

A Wonderful Flower.

The most wonderful flower in the world, as well as one of the very largest "blossoms" known, is a native of the Malay peninsula. It is simply a gigantic flower without either stem or leaves, and has more the appearance of a fungus than anything else. It is about three feet in diameter and has a globular central cup which has a capacity of nearly two gallons. This cup is always filled with a fetid liquor which attracts an immense swarm of flies and other insects. The pistils of this queer flower distill the liquid and it is believed that the rank odor attracts the flies in order that the flower may be fertilized.

MEXICO'S RACE OF PIGMIES.

Known Only by Tradition, Their Locality Is a Mystery.

Somewhere hidden in the heart of that land of marvels, Mexico, there is without doubt a nation of pigmies.

Few they are, but fierce; short of stature, but long of life. Science, which in this latter day goes out into highways and hedges and compels all sorts of curiosities to come in, has not been able yet to put its positive finger on these people. But the Aztec traditions, old before the beginning of history, have said that they existed.

There is echo of the story in the early histories of that land full of wonders. Prescott only told of a small part of the strange things to be found in Mexico.

It was in the belief that we had the clew to almost the precise location of these tiny folk that I started to journey into the wilds of Mexico. So definite was the information upon which the expedition was based that I thought we might go directly to the home of the dwarfs.

I knew there were mountains to climb and rivers to cross, hundreds of hard miles to travel, untold hardships to face, but to find the pigmy Aztecs was a great enough accomplishment to tempt any scientific man to make all physical discomforts seem trivial.

I went. I invaded the remotest and most uncivilized districts of the great country to the south. Of the men and customs I have seen many, and studied them from the United States border to the Isthmus. I have seen strange peoples and gathered relics of a bygone civilization, but the race of pigmies we could not find.

I do not say that they do not exist, but merely that I did not find them. They may still be hidden somewhere among those mountains, where some day some lucky man will find them and bring them to light.

At any rate, I have come back to the haunts of every-day, modern people and the duties of every-day life, wiser and happier than when I started on my mission. The story of those wanderings in Mexico will be a wonder story to tell by and by and a rich memory for old age.—Frederick Starr in San Francisco Examiner.

What Marco Polo Did.

He was the first traveler to trace a route across the whole length of Asia, says one of his biographers, "describing kingdom after kingdom that he had seen with his own eyes." He was the first traveler to explore the deserts and the flowering plains of Persia, to reveal China with its mighty rivers, its swarming population, and its huge cities and rich manufactures; the first to visit and bring back accounts of Tibet, Laos, Burmah, Siam, Cochin China, Japan, the Indian Archipelago, Ceylon, Farther India, and the Andaman Islands; the first to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia; the first to speak even vaguely of Zanzibar, Madagascar, and other regions in the mysterious South, and of Siberia and the Arctic Ocean in the terrible and much dreaded North. Although centuries have passed since young Marco Polo grew to man's estate while treading his dangerous way among these distant lands, we must still look back to his discoveries for much that we know about those countries; for we have learned nothing new of many of them since his time.—St. Nicholas.

Uncle Sam "acts on the square," and lately on the Cuba-ahi

Failure.

Lumpkin—I had a scheme once for reforming a tramp, but it didn't work.

Bumpkin—Why not?

Lumpkin—Because he didn't.—Kansas City World.

Not So Very Queer.

Hungry Higgins—I don't believe I could walk a mile without a drink. Could you?

Weary Watkins—No, I couldn't walk a mile without a drink, though I could walk ten miles to get one. Queer, ain't it?—Indianapolis Journal.

Obstinate Baby.

Father—Willie, you naughty boy, why have you smacked the baby?

Willie—It swallowed all the ink and now it won't eat a scrap of blotting paper.—Tit-Bits.

Appropriate.

Police Reporter—Five wheelmen arrested to-day for "scorching."

City Editor—Group them under the heading "Hot Stuff."—Philadelphia American.

Seasonable.

Professor—When is the best time for gathering apples?

Young Student—Please, sir, when the farmer's back is turned and there is no dog in the orchard.—Boston Transcript.

Cause for Congratulation.

De Jones—I hear you are going to marry Miss Smith. Congratulate you or your good taste.

Brown—Oh, no; that's all off. Not going to marry at all.

De Jones—Congratulate you on your good sense.
—Sketch.

A New President.

"So you have a new president in your Shakspeare club?"

"Yes, our last president did not fairly represent us; she didn't like French dressing on her salads."—Exchange.

A Celtic Quip.

"Is it you or your sister whom I have the pleasure of addressing? There's such a striking resemblance."

"You are addressing me, dear madam."

"Ah, that's what I supposed."—Le Monde Comique.

Like Some City Folk.

"Just listen to that hen crow!" said the city visitor. "What makes her do that?"

"She wants to make folks think she is tough," said the farmer.—Indianapolis Journal.

Quite Different.

Alice—Did you say her home is richly furnished?

Clara—I said it was furnished at great expense.—Brooklyn Life.

Ruling Passion.

"Your fine," said the judge, "will be $1 and costs."

"Couldn't you make it 98 cents?" asked the lady, who had been convicted of riding after dark without a lighted lantern.—Indianapolis Journal.

Some French biologists have collected evidence that the tuberculosis so common in parrots is derived from their human companions; and it has been further shown that the parrots in turn may transmit the disease to man.

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Scientists claim that Professor Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, has solved the problem of human flight.

Edison now claims that the X ray is a sound wave and its photographs are simply shadows of sound vibration.

BUY $1.00 worth Dobbins Floating-Borax Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mfg 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.

A granite sawing machine has been tested at Montpelier, Vt., with satisfactory results. The teeth of the saw are diamonds, and cost $4000.

You Can't Buy Happiness, but if you are suffering from dyspepsia, scrofula, salt rheum, impure blood, you may be cured and made happy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

Nearly one-half the towns and cities of England, which are lighted by electricity, own and operate their own plants, and save the big profits to the taxpayers.

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.

Certain marine animals (pteropods) which live in the sea, but which, except in some slight external resemblance, have nothing in common with butterflies, are sometimes called "sea butterflies."

Physicians of Montreal have made an X ray picture of a girl's brain to find a bullet. They found it, but could not get at it, as it is about the middle of the brain.

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, HIRES Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. *Best by any test.*

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

In Germany the butchers have lately been raising the price of horse meat, owing to the exhaustion of the supply of cheap horses.

No obligation to justice does force a man to be cruel, or to use the sharpest sentence.

AN OPEN LETTER.

WHAT MRS. I. E. BRESSIE SAYS TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

Speaks of Her Melancholy Condition After the Birth of Her Child.

"I feel as if I was doing an injustice to my suffering sisters if I did not tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me, and its worth to the world.

"From the birth of my child until he was four years old, I was in poor health, but feeling convinced that half of the ailments of women were imagined or else cultivated, I fought against my bad feelings, until I was obliged to give up. My disease baffled the best doctors.

"I was nervous, hysterical; my head ached with such a terrible burning sensation on the top, and felt as if a band was drawn tightly above my brow; inflammation of the stomach, no appetite, nausea at the sight of food, indigestion, constipation, bladder and kidney troubles, palpitation of the heart, attacks of melancholia would occur without any provocation whatever, numbness of the limbs, threatening paralysis, and loss of memory to such an extent that I feared aberration of the mind.

"A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and spoke in glowing terms of what it had done for her.

"I began its use and gained rapidly. Now I am a living advertisement of its merits. I had not used it a year when I was the envy of the whole town, for my rosy, dimpled, girlish looks and perfect health.

"I recommend it to all women. I find a great advantage in being able to say, it is by a woman's hands this great boon is given to women. All honor to the name of Lydia E. Pinkham; wide success to the Vegetable Compound.

"Yours in Health, Mrs. I. E. Bressie, Herculaneum, Jefferson Co., Mo."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For headache (whether sick or nervous) toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL Summer Complaints, DYSENTERY, DIARRHEA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach or bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Take 25 drops of Radway's Ready Relief in half a tumbler of water on rising in the morning to strengthen and sweeten the stomach and avoid all those feelings of lassitude.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

ADVERTISING

If you have anything you wish to advertise, write me for rates. I insert advertisements in all publications in the U.S., and my effort is to make your investment pay. Advertisements written and attractively put in type. Letters of advice written to intending advertisers. Correspondence invited.

B. L. CRANS, Ridgewood, N. J.

DROPSY Treated Free. Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE.

TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. Dr. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

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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.

A WELL DRILLER of thirty years' experience in the Eastern States, and who is well known from Maine to Florida, writes us in reference to one of our machines he bought: "It is the nearest perfection I have yet seen. If I want another machine for big work I should have another of yours!" Circular free. LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

CELERY PLANTS $1.50 per 1000. Index of "How to Grow Celery" free for stamp. Union Seed Co. Kalamazoo, Mich

EITHER SEX For 10c. you can learn how to make $75 per month at home. No capital or experience necessary. Kennedy & Co., Westville, Ct.

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

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

EVERY FARMER IN THE NORTH CAN MAKE MORE MONEY IN THE MIDDLE SOUTH.

He can make twice as much. He can sell his Northern farm and get twice as many acres for his money down here. We sell improved farms for $8 to $20 an acre. Plenty of railroads—four of them. No droughts. Neither too hot nor too cold—climate just right. Northern farmers are coming every week. If you are interested write for FREE pamphlet and ask all the questions you