## WILL THE ROBIN SING THERE?

Will the robin sing in that land,
That land so fair and so far,
That lies as our souls fondly dream,
In the depths of the uttermost star?

Will the violet bloom in that land,
And the mosses so sweet and so shy,
All the dear common things that we love,
In the dim, distant deeps of the sky?

Will the children sing in that land,
All the sweet, simple songs of the earth,
And shall we rejoice and be glad
In their music and frolicsome mirth?

Oh! will there be friends in that land,
Friends who love and rejoice in our love,
Will they look, will they speak, will they smile,
Like our own 'mid the strangeness above?

Oh! shall we have homes in that land
To return to where'er we may roam?
Oh! the heart would be lonely and sad
E'en in heaven if we had not a home.

I love not the new and the strange,
But a friend and the clasp of his hand,
Oh! I would that my spirit could know
That the robin will sing in that land.
—Woman's Magazine.

## MUGGINS.

Van Gaiters bought his famous bull pup when bull pups were in fashion, and paid a good round sum for him. The pup came of a long line of fighting ancestors, and his noble name was Muggins.

Inside of a week Muggins had Van Gaiters completely in subjection. Muggins slept on Van Gaiters' bed and chawed Van Gaiters' feet when he moved them in the night; Muggins breakfasted on Van Gaiters' cuffs, lunched on Van Gaiters' boots, dined and supped on choice bits of Van Gaiters' friends.

Muggins, plus Van Gaiters, walked down Fifth avenue of an afternoon, and was sure to become involved in some street brawl before Van Gaiters got him home again. Generally Van Gaiters got mixed up in the row as well, and once the two landed in a police station and had to be bailed out.

Not that Muggins picked quarrels Far from that. But Muggins was so bow-legged that he walked in a chain-stitch pattern from one side of the walk to the other, and Muggins was of an ugliness that appalled one; like the reflection of a respectable dog in a convex mirror with a kink in it.

There was something about the crooked, yet jaunty advance of him, something in the slanting leer of his bulging brown eye, that set other dogs' teeth on edge. Hence battle for Muggins brooked no criticism. Pugs and such things he rolled about on the cobbles until their tails were out of curl. But when big dogs went home minus an ear or a section of tail or with badly lacerated leg the owner merely groaned, "It's that beastly bull pup of Van Gaiters'."

So much for the valor of Muggins. For intelligence Muggins was a wonder. Humor—Muggins' sense of humor was colossal.

He used regularly to charge upon the blind man who sold pencils at the foot of the "L" station and grab the handful of his wares the old fellow so pathetically extended. Then Muggins would retreat to the cable track to devour them, leaving Van Gaiters to pick up the poor old chap, set him on his camp stool and make good his loss. The blind man never came to endure Muggins' onslaughts with equanimity, though he profited largely by this novel method of sale.

Muggins went about Brooklyn in a cab with Van Gaiters at the time of the trolley strikes, when Van Gaiters was hunting up sensations and various regimental friends of his. Muggins escaped from the cab in Hicks street and upset a whole company of the Thirteenth Regiment boys, who were drilling in front of a Chinese laundry, their temporary quarters. Muggins started to run around the block and dashed between the legs of company K, then changed his mind and dashed back again, bowling over the whole line. The boys were angry enough to have bayoneted him if Van Gaiters had not caught him in the rebound and hauled him into the cab.

Then Muggins was the sworn enemy of the young De Peysters, next door, who were always playing tricks on the passers-by. They were trying the cobblestone trick one day, and had set on the walk a granite block done up in wrapping paper with a pink string. While they lurked in the areaway, waiting to hoot at the first unfortunate who should attempt to kick it out of his path, Muggins came trotting down the steps and made for it. The boys charged him, but Muggins kept them off. He tried his jaw on each of the four corners of the block, and a howl of derision went up from his foes. Then Muggins tried to carry it off by the string and failed. Finally, with infinite difficulty and low growls he rolled it to the foot of the Van Galter steps and stood guard over it, nibbling it pensively the while till his master appeared.

It was "tamale" year that year and tamale men were on every corner. Muggins has ideas on the subject. He liked the smell of the hot tamales and the grateful warmth emanating from the big tin cans in which the tamales were stored. If he found a tamale man absent from his post for a moment Muggins would squat down like a Chinese idol in front of the can, and take charge of it for the rest of the evening, while customers waited and the tamale man shrieked and swore, afraid to approach and Van Gaiters enjoyed the fun.

Then Muggins prevented his master from proposing to Miss Emilia Remsen. The night of Mrs. Van Gaiters' empire ball Muggins had concealed himself in the conservatory some time during the day and appeared when Van Gaiters was starting in. Emilia looked very well under the light of the fairy lamps, and it was all very tender and touching. Muggins changed all that by pretending to start a rat or a cat or any old thing and chivvying it round and round the conservatory till he got Van Gaiters laughing so that he couldn't speak and another man came up and claimed Emilia for the next dance, and there was an end of that. Very glad Van Gaiters was of it, too, for just then he fell in love with little Marie.

Marie was the only person whom Muggins feared. She was a second cousin and poor, and visited the Van Gaiters most of the time. You can judge of her status in the family by the fact that the children alternately hugged and bullied her, and the elders made her handsome presents when they remembered her existence.

Marie was little and fragile and sensitive, but by no means a coward. She remained dependent because she had been brought up to believe that she would be doing a deadly injury to the family if she attempted to earn a living for herself. She had the courage of a dozen men in her slender body and was only withheld from rash plebeian enterprise by her loyalty to the great Van Gaiters line.

Muggins was rather nice to Marie. True, he affected her society when she didn't want him and deserted her when she most needed consolation, yet he paid considerable attention to her commands and came to her after his battles to be bathed, healed and lectured.

Van Gaiters, perhaps, might have explained this partiality. Marie had not been anxious to make Muggins' acquaintance. Indeed, Muggins had been obliged to introduce himself. He entered into Marie's room one day and seized a pair of slippers. Marie shrieked and Muggins fled down the hall, his mouth full of red morocco. Marie pursued and caught him just outside Van Gaiters' door.

Van Gaiters, hearing the scuffle, rushed out and was astonished to find Marie kneeling on the prostrate Muggins and pommeling him violently with both little fists. Muggins was snarling like a fiend, and his face was screwed up like a withered apple, but protect himself he could not unless he gave up his prey, and relinquish it he would not while life lasted and anyone opposed. So Marie continued to beat him.

Van Gaiters grasped Marie by one thin little wrist and drew her to her feet. She was crimson and out of breath, and more than a little ashamed of herself.

"I hope I haven't hurt you, Gerard," she said, apologetically.

Van Gaiters could have roared, but he asked very seriously what Muggins had done.

"Stole," said Marie briefly.

Van Gaiters looked, but was unable to ascertain the nature of Muggins' mouthful.

"Something valuable?"

"To me, yes," said little Marie, with a sob in her throat, and then she turned and hurried away.

Muggins started after her, his big under jaw hanging. Then he let the slipper fall and followed her silently, apologetically, his bullet head dropped upon his massive chest. Marie slammed the door in his face, and Muggins sat down outside. Presently he began to claw energetically at the woodwork, and Marie opened the door on a crack. Muggins frisked grotesquely and pawed the door. It was opened a little wider and Muggins shot in.

"By Jove, that's a bright dog," declared Van Gaiters, picking up the discolored object from the floor. "If it isn't one of the Turkish slippers I bought Marie at the fool bazaar last summer. Well, well," and Van Gaiters walked into his room, reflective, and set the poor, little, mangled slipper in the place of honor on the mantelpiece.

He had never noticed Marie very much, but he always had been kind to her in a careless way. Now he noticed her a great deal, for there seemed to be something uncanny in her ascendency over Muggins. His own attempt to discipline the beastly bull pup had been a dismal failure, and here was little Marie ordering the brute about as she pleased. He tried to find out her methods, but Marie was reticent on the subject and so was Muggins.

Still Muggins relapsed from grace occasionally. Once when he ate Marie's best hat Van Gaiters heard of it and wanted to buy her another, and little Marie refused, almost rudely, to allow it. There was never a more astonished man than Gerard Van Gaiters when he found he had fallen in love with little Marie, except when he informed little Marie that he wanted to marry her and Marie refused him out and out. The little thing even seemed to take a cold delight in his discomfiture. Only when Van Gaiters sulkily announced his intention of going abroad and forgetting her she offered to take charge of Muggins.

So Muggins went down to Long Island by boat along with little Marie and the particular Van Gaiters' aunt with whom she was to spend the summer.

No word came from Marie, but his aunt wrote Gerard a letter of grievance against Muggins. Muggins had disgraced himself. Marie had bribed the mate of the steamboat to take charge of Muggins for the night, and the man had chained Muggins to the leg of the lower berth in his stateroom.

Muggins had promptly chawed—no other word expresses Muggins' method—chawed it through and when the mate turned in at 3:30 in the morning he found Muggins peacefully snoring in the lower berth with his head on the pillow. The man was afraid to wake Muggins, and afraid to climb over him to the upper berth, so he turned the quilt over Muggins and, in his own words:

"Chucked him out. An' he runs all over de boat and in ter de ladies' cabin and scares de wimmen half ter det' till d' engineer catches him and makes him fast ter der capstan."

The capstan had been freshly painted vermilion, and in the morning Muggins was a gory horror. The monster refused to get into the carriage which awaited them at the landing, and none of the deck hands would go near him, so little Marie had to boost him in herself.

Van Gaiters didn't go to Europe at all. He went down to Long Island instead. His aunt was surprised to see him walk in one hot day.

"Well!" said the aunt.

"I came down," said Van Gaiters, "to look after Muggins."

"Muggins is out walking now," said his aunt, "and Marie is with him, I believe. They are inseparable."

"Which way?" asked Van Gaiters, after he had something cool to drink.

"You are throwing yourself away, Gerard," said his aunt. "But if you follow the path through the field there, into the woods, you will find—Muggins."

"Thank you, aunty," said Van Gaiters.

Van Gaiters followed the path till it led him into the thick of the woods; still no Muggins, no Marie. He hoped Muggins would have sense enough to make himself scarce. He wanted to say something to little Marie, things no fellow could say with a frog-faced bull pup staring at him. That goggle-eyed Muggins would take the sentiment out of any man.

Still no Marie. Perhaps Muggins had cavorted off through the underbrush and led her away from the beaten path. Perhaps they were coming home another way. Perhaps—what was that?

A shrill scream, and another, and another. Van Gaiters set off at a run. That was Marie, as sure as fate. What could have happened? Was she hurt? Why was she so quiet now? And where was Muggins? Muggins should be taking care of her.

"Marie! Marie!" No answer. She must be hurt. What right had they to let her run about like this, little Marie with no one to look after her? He would soon stop all that.

A turn in the woodland way, and Van Gaiters almost fell over her. She was sitting in the middle of the path, with Muggins' head in her lap. She looked at Gerard with her mouth open and the big tears running down her cheeks.

"Ah, Gerard," said she, "poor Muggins!"

"What has happened?" gasped Van Gaiters, kneeling down beside her. There was a distinct crackling in the underbrush. Van Gaiters sprang to his feet.

"No, no," said Marie, catching at his arm; "it's too late now—the man—oh, oh, such a brute! If it hadn't been for Muggins——"

Muggins tried to lift his battered head, but dropped it with a queer, gruff moan. He was covered with blood, and so was Marie.

"The man sprang out and caught my arm, and I called Muggins, who was some way behind, and Muggins flew at his throat, and the man let go. And then Muggins got him by the arm and hung on and wouldn't be shaken off. And the fellow beat him with a great stick, and finally Muggins dropped."

Muggins quivered and wagged his stump of a tail feebly, and Marie took one of his clumsy paws tenderly and held it in her small hand.

"Poor Muggy, poor, bad, brave old Muggy, who loved me!"

"Rook!" said Muggins, faintly. "A-rook, a-rook! Woof," and so, with that hoarse bark, he died, game to the last, and most sincerely mourned.

Van Gaiters buried him there under a big oak tree, and cut "Muggins" in the bark, and proposed again to little Marie on the way home.

"Please, Gerard," said little Marie, "another day."

"To-day," said Gerard, stoutly. But it was not that day, nor for many a long day, that little Marie made answer.

By that time Muggins' epitaph had extended until it climbed up into the branches. Van Gaiters added something to it every time he and Marie visited Muggins' grave.

"That beastly bull pup," said Gerard, jealously, one day, when Marie was reading the finished epitaph aloud: "We've made him out a regular angel."

"Poor Muggy," said Marie, softly, putting her frail little hand on his sleeve. "Poor, bad, brave old Muggy, who loved me!"

And that, I think, should have been Muggy's epitaph.—Vogue.

## EUGENE FIELD'S HOME.

### His Many Queer Clocks and His Library of Rare Books.

One should not always judge a man by his house, but in the case of Eugene Field it seemed as if his house were a part of him. It is an old-fashioned two-story farmhouse with a wide porch, to which has been added a large circular wing with an outside chimney such as the Southerners love. As you enter the hall, you notice an elaborately ornamented old English tall clock of the kind usually known in this country as "Grandfather's Clock." It is one of three such clocks in the house; a second stands on a stairlanding, after the manner of Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stair," and a third was in Eugene Field's sleeping-room. The last one has a gong in it like a country dinner-bell, and clangs the hour with a loud metallic ring.

In the same room he had a "freak clock" made entirely of wood, that ticks like a hammer striking hard wood. In the library there is a quaint little one made with a see-saw—a wee boy and girl sitting upon a log to regulate the pendulum. This is a very well behaved little piece of mechanism, as it makes no noise and is really pretty. Contrasted with it, standing near Field's writing table, is a plain New England kitchen clock such as our grandmothers used in their light, airy kitchens. It is a medium-sized affair of mahogany with a glass door, on the lower half of which are painted impossible red roses and forget-me-nots. It is a good old domestic clock, and went on faithfully ticking away when the others were cranky and would not keep the time regularly.

As you enter the house, the library is on the left hand. All around the walls of the room are bookcases. Suppose we look at the case beyond the window, which might be called the Fairy Corner. Here are gathered books of fairy lore from all parts of the world, for there was hardly an old bookstore in London, Paris or Berlin which Mr. Field did not know well. In this wonderful fairy corner are Cossack fairy tales, Eastern fairy tales, legends of the French provinces, legends of Ireland, Norway, Germany, Spain, New England, and all the modern English fairy stories.—St. Nicholas.

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—Electric coal mining machinery is being rapidly introduced in Western Pennsylvania.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Virtue Unrewarded.

Eminent Physician (unfolding morning paper)—I wonder if my address before the Wiseacres Medical Society denouncing advertising doctors has been printed? Hum—no, I don't see it. Oh, yes, here it is. Why, confound the blankety-blank reporters!

Loving Wife—What's the matter, dear?

Great Physician—Why, they haven't said that my specialty is throat and lung disease, that I am at the very top of the profession, and they've omitted to give my office address and hours, and the number of my telephone. I gave them all that information, but the way they've printed my address won't be of the slightest benefit to me.

### Salted Almonds.

To prepare salted almonds for the table blanch them by throwing boiling water over them, and then, after they have stood two minutes, putting them in cold water and rubbing the brown skin off with the hand or a rough little cloth. When the almonds are all blanched and dried with a cloth, measure them. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of olive oil over every cupful of nuts. Let them stand two hours. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over each cupful, mixing it thoroughly with a spoon. Spread them out on a tin biscuit pan and place in a quick oven, where they will turn a delicate brown and become tender in ten or fifteen minutes. They should remain on the table from the beginning of the meal till the end.

### Our Tropical Fruits.

Some of the revelations of the census will startle a good many people. For instance there are now more than half a million almond trees actually bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing cocoanut trees; there are more than a quarter of a million olive trees; producing fruit equal to the best Mediterranean varieties. There are more than half a million bearing banana plants, 200,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees, and 21,000,000 pine-apples. And the value of tropical and semi-tropical fruits grown under the American flag is nearly $20,000,000.

### Wood Paving.

A new system of wood paving that is now being tried in Paris makes use of pieces of oak about four inches long, split up similarly to ordinary kindling-wood. The sticks are laid loosely on end in fine sand on a bed of gravel from four to four and one-half inches thick. A layer of fine sand is spread over them, and they are alternately watered and beaten several times. In about forty-eight hours the water has completely penetrated the wood, causing it to swell into a compact mass, which is capable of supporting the heaviest traffic, according to reports.

### The Biggest Ones.

Mr. Collarbutton (reading from an engineering journal)—Some of the biggest dams in the world are in California.

Mrs. C. (meekly)—I've heard some very large ones around here, Hiram. —Detroit Free Press.

### The Lady's Name.

A New Orleans man who is a fond papa was telling his friends yesterday of the hard time he had trying to teach his youngster to say "Mississippi." The word seemed more than the little one could master. Finally the father hit upon the plan of teaching the child the word by syllables.

"Now, say after me," he said to the boy, "Missis."

"Missis," said the infant phenomenon.

"Sippi."

"Sippi," echoed the boy.

"Now say the whole thing," commanded the father.

"Missis," began the child, and then he thought a while. "Papa," said he, "what did you say the lady's name was?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**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.

Sea water contains silver in some quantity. It is often found deposited on the copper sheathing of ships.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap contains all the good properties of Dobbins' Electric, combined with those of the best floating soap. No chapped hands where this soap is used. Same price as adulterated soaps without Borax. Red wrapper

Eighty five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

**FITS** stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A party of four, under the direction of Mr. T. A. Mobley, will start from Lacomb, Alberta, to explore northern Canada from Edmonton to the Arctic Sea. The trip is to occupy two years.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by **DR. J. B. MAYER, 1013 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.

A despatch from Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Arizona, announces that the polar snow of Mars has been observed in latitude 75, longtitude 36, about two degrees in diameter.

SEND TEN CENTS, Silver, for sample box Dr. Bailey's Celebrated Liver Pills. Fifty Pills for 2 c. Agents wanted. EXCELSIOR CHEMICAL Co., Lock Box 608, Rochester, N. Y.

Thirty years ago, there were only two dozen explosive compounds known to chemists; now there are over a thousand.

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

The tidal waves that wrought such destruction in Japan are said to have traveled at the rate of 560 miles an hour.

**Feed the Nerves** upon pure, rich blood and you will not be nervous. Pure blood comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which is thus the greatest and best nerve tonic.

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

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

—Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use 3004 different tongues. There are about 1000 religions.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

—The non-tidal party of the Thames is 138 miles in length and drains an area of 6000 square miles.

Take

The best when you need medicine. For blood, appetite, nerves, stomach, liver, nothing equals

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

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

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

### Fido was an Expensive Passenger.

A lady boarded a street car the other evening with a pet dog which was slightly overgrown. His paws were covered with mud and he seemed to be on springs.

"Madam," said the conductor, "you will have to leave that dog on the platform; it is against the rules of the company to allow dogs in the cars."

"I don't care if it is. He shall not ride on the platform. He is not feeling just right this evening, and it would be inhuman to put him out in the cold," returned the lady.

"A number of gentlemen are out there."

"Gentlemen! Why, I smelled whisky and tobacco smoke when I passed them. You don't suppose I would put my Fido on a level with them, do you?"

"If the dog stays in here I will suffer."

"You need have no fears on that score. If Fido does anything wrong you may hold me responsible for it."

The conductor here started to collect his fares, and Fido at the same time concluded to give and exhibition of his friskiness. The first thing he did was to jump upon the lap of an elderly lady who wore a new black silk dress.

"Get away! get away you brute! she exclaimed, as the dog began to poke his nose into her face.

"Come, Fido, don't disturb the lady," said his mistress, and the dog jumped down and came back to her. But he apparently liked new black silk, for a moment later he was again up in the lap of its wearer. She pushed him to the floor, and glancing down saw a dozen marks upon the front breadth of the dress left by the dog's paws. Indignantly she arose, gave Fido her seat, and called the attention of his mistress to the fact that her dress was ruined.

"Well, collect your damage from the company," was the tantalizing reply.

The matter was laid before the officers of the company, and they, without hesitation, assumed responsibility for the damage done.—Boston Herald.

### "Get Shaved."

"Sir," he said as he stalked into the clergyman's study, "you are the man who tied the knot, I believe."

"I beg your pardon," said the clergyman, looking up from his sermon.

"You performed the marriage ceremony for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Willings. What, may I ask——"

"Then you know what the rights of a husband are?"

"Why, yes, in a general way."

"And the rights of a wife?"

"Of course."

"Well, now, sir," said the caller, drawing a chair up to the clergyman's desk and taking a seat, "has a wife a license to torture her husband?"

"Certainly not."

"If she makes his life miserable he has redress, of course?"

"Yes, but I should advise——"

"Never mind your advise now. We'll come to that later. My wife complains that I don't shave often enough."

"O, that's a small matter."

"It is, sir! Is it! Just wait! I told her that that was my affair, and then she taught the children to cry when I kissed them so that she could say that my rough chin hurt them."

"That hardly shows a Christian—"

"Wait a minute! Yesterday morning I found them playing with the cylinder of a broken music-box. You know how that seems to the touch?"

"Certainly."

"Well, she taught them to call it 'Papa's chin.'"

"Really, sir, I must confess——"

"Wait till I'm through. To-day one of them got up on my knee, passed his little hand over my chin, and called it 'Papa's music-box.' Now, sir, I ask of you as a Christian man and as the man who tied the knot, what shall I do?"

"Get shaved," replied the clergyman, softly, as he returned to his work.—[Chicago Tribune.

### Washington's Mother.

In the little old house in Charles street, Fredericksburg, Va., Washington's mother, who was in her day a famous cook and housewife, was at times fond of giving a "small dance and dinner party."

There "on the waxed floor of the front room, lighted by numerous candles," the belles and beaux of other days "did dance right merrily." In a diary, now worn and yellowed by age, one bright-eyed belle tells:—

"My petticoat was of flowered Peach satin, with long-waisted Coat of White. A lace Kerchief was gathered round my Shoulders, and my Arms were bare to the elbows. A string of milk-white pearls did tie around my throat. My hair I had high, and pleasing powdered. And silver buckles were upon my shoes."

Old Mr. L., one of the neighbors, happening to drop in one morning while Mrs. Washington was busy in her dairy, was requested to come there if he cared to speak with her. He entered, found Mrs. Washington with skirts turned up and sleeves rolled, busy with the fresh made butter, which she was moulding in a wooden tray.

"For you know, Mr. L." she said briskly, "my tongue and my hands may be employed at the same time without loss."

### The Horseshoe Superstition.

The custom of nailing a horseshoe over the door of a house or other building as a protection against evil spirits, and as an assurance of good luck, is widely spread over England and the United States. It also flourishes among the Teutonic and Scandinavian races, and has been recognized as far East as Hindoostan. The horseshoe unites within itself three lucky elements—it is crescent shaped, it has been (or is to be) in contact with a horse, and is made of iron. Popular superstition has for ages endowed iron with protecting powers. The Romans are known to have driven nails into doors and the walls of their houses as an antidote or as a prevention of the plague. The Arab who is overtaken by a simoom in the desert seeks to propitiate the Jinn by shrieking "Iron! Iron!" Since time out of memory,

At a
Glance
anyone can see the difference between the twin-bar of clear, pure

Sunlight
Soap

and other laundry soaps, but you'll know the difference when you use it because it cleanses with
Less Labor
Greater Comfort
Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N.Y.

the Scandinavians have sought to exercise the river spirit, Nickar, by sticking an open knife in the bottom of the boat, or driving a nail in the mast or oar. In the mythology of England the horseshoe has always been considered a "luck-bringer."

### Effect of an Audience.

One of the peculiarities of the oratorical temperament is that it is subject to what our grandmothers called "vapors," or depression of spirit. In such a mood a molehill seems a mountain, and a grasshopper is a burden. Mental effort is impossible, and an engagement to speak in public as repugnant as is the sound of the dinner-gong to a seasick passenger. The only cure for such an attack of spleen is to get, by hook or crook, the orator before the audience, where the excitement will put him mentally and physically on his feet.

In 1859 Thomas Corwin, Ohio's most eloquent orator, had consented to deliver the oration at the celebration of the Fourth of July on the Tippecanoe battle-grounds. The night before the celebration, Corwin called his son-in-law, Mr. Sage, to his room and told him that he had been unable to sleep and was much discouraged about his address the next day. He had tried to think over his speech, but his memory had failed him, and he was afraid he would make a failure. His son-in-law advised him to dismiss the speech from his mind and go to sleep.

The next morning Mr. Corwin felt so indisposed that he announced his inability to speak. The marshal of the day finally persuaded him to ride out to the grounds and take a seat on the platform, whence he might explain to the people why he was unable to deliver the oration, and thus lessen their disappointment.

At the proper time, Mr. Corwin rose to make his apology; but as he looked over the audience of forty thousand people, that "sea of upturned faces" stirred both body and brain. He made a few commonplace remarks, and then struck upon the first sentence of the manuscript he had prepared.

"It is all right, he will speak," whispered Mr. Sage to the president of the day.

It was all right; the orator went on and spoke for two hours. The manuscript he had prepared was the introduction of the speech—a page and a half of legal cap—which Mr. Sage had read the day before. The audience made the sick man well, and an orator again.

### Value of Serum in Diphtheria Cases.

The use of serum in diphtheria has reduced the deaths 50 per cent in German hospitals.

The Ladies.
The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use 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 Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

A chair of ichthyology has recently been established at Munich, in connection with the Tierarztliche Hochschule of that place. This seems to be the first professorship of the kind ever established.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 20 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.

An observatory for terrestrial magnetism has been established in connection with the astronomical observatory in Munich, and Dr. Franz von Schwarz has been made director.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The ordinary speed of a house-fly is twenty-five feet a second; but when chased it often attains a speed of 160 feet a second.

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

### An Epic in Embroidery.

Probably the only epic in embroidery the world contains is treasured in the Hotel de Ville of Bayeux, France. Miss Strickland says of this piece of work: "It is beyond all competition the most wonderful achievement in the gentle craft of needlework that was ever executed by fair and royal hands." It was done by Matilda of Flanders, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court. It is a coarse linen cloth, 214 feet long and 20 inches wide, on which is worked in wollen thread of various colors a representation of the invasion and conquests of England by the Normans. It contains the figures of about 625 men, 200 horses, 55 dogs, 40 ships and boats, besides a quantity of quadrupeds, birds, trees, houses, castles, and churches, all executed in the proper colors, with names and inscriptions over them to elucidate the story. It is a valuable historic document, as it gives a correct and minute portraiture of the Norman costumes and their manners and customs.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

### Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

HOPE never looks back.

The man who loves sin, hates the truth.

A bad example is as deadly as the plague.

The man who makes no mistakes, makes no progress.

Every stone thrown at a good man is aimed at Christ.

On a field of battle, the dead men are not the ones shot at.

The tongue is a good indicator of the amount of grace in the heart.

A thirst can be started by a teaspoon that barrels cannot quench.

Isn't it singular that the man who is stingy never seems to know it?

The devil has no powder to waste on people who are neither cold nor hot.

How can the man who is not against the saloon be a true friend of Christ?

The devil will not leave the man who never says no with all his heart.

Some of the devil's best work is done by people who claim to love the Lord.

The devil has no reason to be ashamed of the man who is mean to his wife.

The Lord is not able to do what he would for the man who puts his trust in gold.

If you know that you hate your neighbor, God knows that you are not fit for heaven.

There is no spiritual power in the church where nobody is rejoicing in the Lord.

No human guide can keep us from being afraid in the valley of the shadow of death.

Prove that there is no hell, and whisky men will be about the first to throw up their hats

We shall not find it hard to pray when we know that we are honestly trying to do God's will.

There is as much joy in heaven over the conversion of a sinner in the church as there is over one in the slums.

### Thrilling Indeed.

Among a series of "Thrilling Moments," published by the Outlook, is the story of a "narrow chance" in the Irish Channel, at 10 o'clock of a very foggy night. The whistle of the Hooper, a freight and cattle ship, was blowing every ten seconds, when suddenly away off to starboard came a thin, squeaky whistle in return. Then it sounded again, and this time it was louder.

The captain sprang to the engine-room telegraph, and in a moment the thud of the engine ceased. Every sailor on board stood still. So did the oxen and sheep. So did everything; and we blew again. We went on sounding, whistling, listening, giving opinions.

Fifty seconds had passed, and we were about to blow off for the four-thousandth time, when away off, abreast on the port side, came another high squeak. The time, the direction, the kind of whistle were noted, and we kept on.

A minute passed, and we whistled. Another, and we blew again. A third, and then—but at the fourth a loud, long blast blew off abreast of us, so near that it seemed as if we must see something. A moment later, high above us, appeared three ghostly masts, nearly in a line.

Captain Murrell sprang to the telegraph, and almost instantly I could feel a quiver run through the ship, telling that the engines were being reversed at full speed.

Half a dozen sharp commands were given, calling all hands except the watch to clear away the boats. Then a long hull loomed up out of the fog.

"She'll strike us right amidships," said Mr. Costello, the mate, close at my ear.

"Port your helm!" the captain cried out to her. "You go full speed ahead. We're full speed astern."

Not a sound in reply.

"No, she'll catch up right abaft the cathead," whispered Mr. Costello.

I grasped the rail of the bridge with both hands, from an inane idea that the shock might throw me down. Then I distinctly remember laughing. I did not think at all. I simply gurgled, and watched her crawl upon us.

"We'll catch her on the starboard bow," murmured Mr. Costello, as the long craft pulled across our bows. "No, right amidships. God help her!"

"All's clear by fiv-v-ve feet!" came a voice out of the fog from forward.

The chief officer turned to the captain, who was wiping his forehead.

"A close shave, sir!"

"It was the mercy of God, Costello!" said the captain.

Instantly the crews of both vessels began to shriek curses at each other, and I turned, at the sound, to see the captain's wife on her knees on the bridge in the fog and rain, with her hands stretched high above her head, while the quartermaster, who had turned away from his wheel, stood facing her with his head bare.

### Humoring Him.

Eminent Specialist—Yes, madam, your husband is suffering from temporary aberration, due to overwork.

Wife—Yes, he insists that he is a millionaire.

Eminent Specialist—And wants to pay me $100 for my advice. We'll have to humor him, you know.—Standard.

### Not at Home.

Guest—Ah, then you are a musician. What instrument do you play?

Musician—The first fiddle.

His Wife (emphatically)—But only in the orchestra.—Saphirs Witzblatt.

### Words to the Deaf.

An old lady who had lost nearly all sense of hearing, and was also blind, once said to me: "I wish you would write and tell people how to talk to the deaf, for I can always hear you." It is easy enough to speak slowly articulate distinctly and in a line with the defective ear, but not too near it. It seems to be a general idea, but it is a mistaken one, that the louder the more easily it is heard by the deaf. Slow, distinct articulation is of far more importance. If these simple, natural facts were more generally borne in mind, it would do much to alleviate the trials of the deaf.—The Chautauquan.

38 F I)
SACRED CONFIDENCE.
NO WOMAN'S LETTER PUBLISHED EXCEPT BY REQUEST.
Mrs. Pinkham's Tender Relations With the Suffering of Her Sex—Women Who Cannot Hide Their Happiness.
There is a class of women who, from their own experience, sympathize with their suffering sisters, and in order that such suffering may be lessened, nobly put aside false modesty and in heartfelt gratitude publish to the world what every woman should know.
Mrs. W. L. Elliott, Liscomb, Iowa, is one of those women, and has requested us to publish the facts in her case, otherwise it would not be done, as all such evidence is treated in sacred confidence, unless publication is requested by the writer.
She says to Mrs. Pinkham:—"I wish you would publish the circumstances of my case, in order that other women may be benefited by my experience.
"I doctored nearly all the time for two years. I spent several hundred dollars without receiving much benefit. Last June I wrote to you and described all my aches and pains. Such a long list as there was: headache, backache, bearing-down pains, terrible soreness, constipation, dizziness, feeling of extreme lassitude, irregularity and nausea; but you answered my letter and told me just what to do. I followed your advice.
"After taking eight bottles of the Vegetable Compound and three bottles of Blood Purifier, I am glad to write you that I have not enjoyed such good health for years, and I am able to do all my own work. I can surely sound the praises of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and a number of my friends are taking it upon my recommendation."—Mrs. W. L. Elliott, Liscomb, Iowa.

RADWAY'S
PILLS
Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles.
Sick Headache
Female Complaints
Biliousness,
Indigestion
Dyspepsia
Constipation
—AND—
All Disorders of the Liver
Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all of the above named disorders.
Price 25 cts. a box. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., lock box 365, New York, for book of Advice.

DON'T DRINK IT! More deaths caused by foul water than by any other cause. Our Well Drilling Machinery obviates the difficulty and drills wells below surface contaminations and effectually shuts them out. There is money in drilling wells with modern and first-class machinery
LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

CARPLES' CORN CREAM.
Guaranteed to remove Corns in 2 applications No pain, perfectly harmless. All Druggists 10c per box, or sent by mail on receipt of price CARPLES' & CO., 102 and 104 Fulton St., N. Y

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, 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 diarrœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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Less than a cent in fact — and all Cocoa — pure Cocoa — no chemicals. — That describes Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.
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