SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into the ward of the whitewashed wall,
Where the dead and dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once more for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's soft and white,
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptised in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him near;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart:
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"
—New York Ledger.

"WHO MAKETH ALL."

THE scholar sat in his study before his writing-table, but he did not write. He leaned his elbow on the table and his head on his hand, and he was thinking of Phyllis far away in Rai Pindi with her husband. The table was piled with books—several stood open invitingly—and a fair white sheet of paper lay on his blotting pad—but he did not write.

Presently Jakes opened the door and said: "There's a young woman, sir, asking to see you; shall I say you're engaged?"

"A young woman, Jakes?" queried the scholar. "What sort of a woman, and from whence?"

"Well, sir," and Jakes closed the door behind him, "I do think she's from the circus as is on the village green."

"From the circus?" repeated the scholar. "What can she want?"

"She won't give no name nor yet no message, sir. Shall I say that you're engaged, sir?"

Jakes considered it the "height of impudence" that a hussy from the circus should dare to ask to see his master, and longed to send her about her business. Fine doings, indeed, for such as she to be asking for gentlemen, as bold as brass!

The scholar pondered, then he said to himself: "Phyllis would like me to see her—she was always kind. Jakes, you can show her in."

Jakes departed, much displeased, and presently ushered a young woman into the room and shut the door after her carefully, and in a fashion that said as plainly as possible: "Well, I wash my hands of this foolhardy proceeding."

The young woman advanced into the middle of the room and then stood awkwardly and said nothing. She was a tall, slight girl, attired in a variety of garments, startling in hue, and having apparently no connection with one another. Her hair was brushed about her forehead and stuck out in a series of large "rolls" behind. The hair was crowned by a hat of portentous size adorned by several rather dejected-looking feathers. But under the furze-bush of hair the face was oval and almost beautiful in its regularity of feature and pure color.

The scholar rose and bowed, then with old-fashioned courtesy he set a chair for her, and having seen her seated, murmured something shyly as "to what he was indebted for the pleasure of this visit?"

The girl stared at him with wide blue eyes, then said, abruptly: "I say, you're a knowin' old cove, aren't you?"

The scholar started a little at this description of himself, and waved his hands in deprecating wise. The girl went on: "I've 'eard in the village as you are always a-studying old books, and knowsall sorts of heathenish lingo; now do you know 'ow to make a love poshin?"

The scholar gazed at her in speechless astonishment, then he grasped the edge of his writing-table for support and stammered: "Do I understand you to ask me if I know anything about love philters?"

"Yes, that's the ticket!" said the girl, genially. "I want a love poshin to give my young man. 'E's been and took up with Mad'selle Leonore, what does the trials of strength, and I wants to bring 'im back to me. You give me the perskiption and I'll ask the gallpot to make it up. I was sure as you'd know."

The scholar felt quite sorry for her when he realized the disappointment he was about to inflict, she smiled so prettily and looked so pleased. He shook his head, then he said gently: "I'm afraid I am quite unable to help you in this matter. I know nothing of such things, neither do I believe that they can have the smallest effect."

"But I thought you was always a-studyin' ancient days," said the girl in an argumentative voice, leaning forward in her chair. "Do think in some of them old books" (waving her hand in the direction of the book-lined walls) "ain't there something in some of them old books?"

"I fear not," sad the scholar, almost sadly, she was so eager, so much in earnest. The girl drew herself up in her chair and said, abruptly:

"I'm a honest girl, I am."

"That I am sure you are, and therefore you need no love philters. Believe me, you are quite pretty and good enough to inspire love, an honest love without recourse to magic." The scholar spoke persuasively, his voice was very gentle and his manner courtly. The girl winked her wide blue eyes and made a little swallowing motion with her throat, then she coughed and continued:

"My father's brought us up strict, 'e 'ave. 'E doan't 'old with swearin' for women; and if we was light 'e'd lay the 'orse w'ip about our shoulders, 'e would. 'E's clown in our show, 'e is."

There was silence for a minute in the big library, then the scholar said gently: "Why do you want a love philter? Is the—man you are engaged to fickle?"

"Well, 'e runs after Mad'selle Leonore, and I can't stand it, and I rate 'im, and 'e laughs at me, and I'm beastly miserable, I am!"

The girl's voice broke, and great tears rolled down her cheeks. The scholar was much distressed. He was a very learned man, and instructed in the deep wisdom of many lands, but he had also studied diligently a book that it requires no great erudition to understand but only what is quite as rare, a humble heart. A certain saying in that book which runs: "But thou hast mercy upon all, and winkest at the sins of men; because they should amend," came into his mind, and the trouble of this poor circus girl was very real to him. She wiped her eyes with a gayly bordered pocket-handkerchief, and said:

"What would a lidy do?"

The scholar pondered for a moment, then said diffidently, and with extreme shyness: "I think that she would not show that she minded. That she would try to be always sweet and good-tempered and gracious, above all to Madam What's-her-name. Don't let him think himself so precious, my child. We all value what is hard to obtain. He's too sure of you or he wouldn't tease you. If you are wise, and if he is worth having—if he's worthy of you and of your good father, you'll find that all this nonsense will come to an end as a tale that is told."

It was a long speech for the scholar to make; he flushed a little as he made it, and the circus girl gazed at him admiringly, exclaiming:

"You are a knowin' old cove!"

The scholar shook his head and said humbly: "I fear I am ignorant in these matters. I have only known three women intimately in my life—my mother, my wife, and my daughter."

"Is that what your daughter did—the young lidy as is just married?" she asked eagerly.

"I don't know what she did," answered the scholar gently; and indeed it was true, for the engagement had come upon him as a bolt from the blue while he was thinking of Phyllis as still in pinafores.

"Was she very 'ard to please?" persisted the girl.

Hah Phyllis been hard to please? the scholar asked himself. He did not know. It had not taken long to please her, anyhow; so he said: "I don't know if she was hard to please, but I know that whatever she did was right and sweet and womanly, and you can do all that yourself my dear."

"I wish I was a lidy!" sighed the circus girl; "but father says as one can be as good a girl in a troupe as if one was a scripture reader, 'e do. I see you're a sky pilot by yer choker. What do you say?"

"I quite agree with your father; he must be a most sensible man, and I wish I knew him. Believe me, a circus lady can be just as useful as any other if she will only try, and I am sure you'll try."

The girl rose from her seat, so did the scholar; she held out her hand to him and he took it, and the old man and the girl looked into each other's eyes.

"Good-bye," said the girl; "I'm glad I came, though you are so ignorant about love poshins!"

"I'm very glad you came," said the scholar heartily; "and, believe me, you need no 'love poshins,' you are quite charming enough without!" The girl flushed up to the roots of the furze-brush. Then the scholar said: "Would you like some roses?" The girl said: "Please, sir," in the shyest, smallest voice, and the scholar held the door open for her to pass out. Then he followed her across the hall and through the open front door. He took his pruning-knife from his pocket and he cut a great bunch of the roses that were famed throughout the county, then he walked down the drive with her, and at the lodge gate he bade her good-by.

She started down the road, and then looking back and seeing him still standing at the gate, she ran back, saying breathlessly: "I wish you'd come and see me ride. I can jump through the 'oops beautiful, I can! I should like to show yer."

The scholar's eyes were very kind but he shook his head, saying: "I'm getting an old man, my dear; I hardly ever go out at night."

"But there's a matinee—an afternoon show"—she explained, "this afternoon."

The scholar wavered, then the beseeching blue eyes caught his and held them. "Phyllis would like me to," he murmured; then—"I will come and see you ride this afternoon."

"I shall look out for you, mind," said the girl; "don't you forget!"

The scholar did not forget—he went.—Windsor Magazine.

Our idea of a good joke on a woman is a pair of twins.

ON A BLEAK SCOTCH MOUNTAIN.

Ben Nevis Observatory, Britain's Highest Meteorological Station.

The observatory on Ben Nevis, Scotland, is the highest meteorological station in Britain, and the scientific results obtained there are in consequence of small importance. It is now thirteen years ago since this observatory was opened. The original building consisted of one room, but additions were soon made. A tower about eighty feet in height, which serves the double purpose of carrying a set of anemometers and of providing a convenient exit when the winter snows have closed the ordinary doorway, was also erected. The observatory is substantially built, and is all of one story, except the tower. The dry-stone walls vary in thickness from four feet in the less exposed parts to ten feet at the base of the tower; the windows are all double, and the roof is covered with lead overlaid with snow-boarding.

Although the velocity of the gales on Ben Nevis frequently exceeds 130 miles an hour, no damage has been done to the building beyond the breaking of an occasional pane of glass. The day of twenty-four hours is divided into watches—eight hours long at night and four during the day. Thus there is always at least one of the observers practically in the clouds, for most phenomena observed on Ben Nevis are of great interest and beauty. As the observers are practically in the clouds for most of the time, many opportunities are afforded for minutely examining the optical effects of mist or cloud on the rays of the sun or moon, when a thin, almost imperceptible, film of send-cloud or mist covers are formed. These coronae, as is well known, consist of colored rings arranged concentrically round the moon or sun. Each ring has all the usual spectroscopic or rainbow colors to more or less perfection arranged with the red belt outside. In winter when the sun is low—even at noon—the shadow of a person standing near the cliff that runs all along the northern side of the mountain is cast clear of the hill and shown in the valley below.

HOLE IN SNOW 20 FEET DEEP AT BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

Prior to the advance of winter, the observatory is stocked with coals, tinned food, and sundries for nine months. The provisions are conveyed on horseback by way of the bridle path. In winter the telegraph-wire is the observers' sole means of communicating with the lower world. Snow falls to the depth of fifteen feet and terrific gales prevail.

Animal life is somewhat rare on the summit, but an occasional fox or weasel may be observed in the rocks. Snow bunting build their nests regularly in the cliffs below the observatory, and in winter are quite tame. The observers have on more than one occasion caught mice in the building, and their existence there has given rise to a good deal of controversy. About a year ago a live frog was taken to the observatory, where it has remained ever since, and, although partaking of nothing in the way of food, it seems as lively as when it was taken up.

UP-TO-DATE CAMPING.

Every Improvement to Make Life in the Woods a Pleasure.

Not so very long ago when people went camping it really meant they went "roughing it." The modern camper has kept abreast of the times and has every improvement to make life in the woods or by the river bank a pleasure.

Occasionally we see a remnant of the ancient system—a large unwieldy boat or wagon laden with persons dressed in their oldest clothes, with sufficient baggage for a polar expedition, rumpled canvas being much in evidence. To go back to first principles the real joy of

A LITTLE LUNCH.

camping lies in wandering from place to place and pitching one's tent in a new spot each night, but this involves too much labor. The modern camper is well represented in the scene presented, which shows these luxurious idlers having afternoon tea after the fatigues of the day. Usually these pretty, lace-curtained tents with their sheltering awnings are pitched near others similar in all particulars, where the advantage of a large tent for "smokers" and occasional dinners may be had. These tents have board floorings, the rain is kept off the awning, and if the camp is pitched for the summer more than likely each family has its flower gardens, flags, hammocks and pretty lamps and lanterns for jubilee nights.

Summer has seen many such camps on the shores of lovely lakes lying near Chicago, and the campers have enjoyed themselves better, so they claim, than the more fashionable visitors at the crowded summer resorts, which do not get near enough to Nature to suit the man or girl really tired of cities and crowds.

Slightly Marked Down.

"Does she really belong to the 400?"

"Um—well, I should call her about three-ninety-eight."

The feminine intellect is prone to subtle distinctions.—Typographical Journal.

Neither a cantelope nor a woman are as sweet as they look, and very few can pick out a good one.

AN ORIGINAL ABOLITIONIST.

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Rust Is One Who Claims That Distinction.

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Rust is one of the "original abolitionists." Ever since his youth—and he has now reached old age—he has been active for the welfare of the colored people of the land. Before the civil war he worked for their freedom. Since the war he has worked to increase their culture. All his life long he has been connected with educational institutions for their especial benefit. He has made for himself an imperishable record as an agent of civilization, and his name will never be forgotten by the freedmen of the United States. Dr. Rust was born in New England, where revolt against slavery was indigenous, and there was never any doubt about his willingness to be classed among the "black Republicans," or the "greasy mechanics," or whatever else the advocates of the greatest of national reforms were then contemptuously called. Perhaps he was never actually assaulted while preaching and lecturing for emancipation, but over and over again he had experiences violent enough to appall any but the most stout-hearted. Over forty years ago he became president of the Freedman's College at Xenia, Ohio, and while holding this position he had much to do with the insertion of the clauses against slavery into the general Methodist discipline. After the war Dr. Rust was the father of the Methodist policy of extending schools for freedmen all over the South, which has resulted in about eighty institutions that serve as lighthouses of knowledge to the whole colored race. For years he has gone up and down the land lecturing and preaching in their behalf, and now, when too old to continue personal labor, his interest is still strong. Dr. Rust resides in Cincinnati.

REV. DR. RICHARD S. RUST.

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE.

Mentioned as the Populist Candidate for Governor of Kansas.

Though she has never held an office, Mary E. Lease has frequently been a candidate and is spoken of as the Populist candidate for Governor of Kansas. She is a woman of more than ordinary ability, and has done splendid work as a speaker for the cause of the Populists in the nation as well as in her own State.

She was born in Ireland in 1853, and early in life came to this country with her family. Though an obscure farmer's wife she suddenly became well known as an orator and worker. Five years ago she was scarcely known outside of her own vicinity, but now her reputation is world-wide. She is a politician as well as an orator and talks and plans like a man. The trouble between Mrs. Lease and Gov. Llewellyn some years ago is still remembered, and her success at that time made a great impression. She has been admitted to the bar and practice of law at Wichita.

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE.

Cyclists Discarding Corsets.

It is said that Parisian female cyclists are doing away to a great extent with the corset. This, however, is only in a measure true, and is based on the fact that the ordinary long corset is being discarded in favor of a shorter stay—somewhat like the "riding" stay, in fact, adopted by horsewomen. There is little doubt, though, that cycling deserves the merit of having caused the disappearance of tight lacing in many quarters.

Fox a Queer Character.

Henry Stephen Fox, one of the earliest English ministers at Washington, was so eccentric as to make himself the laughing stock of the whole town. He generally did not arise until other people were almost ready to go to bed. When duty compelled him to rise earlier, he was like an owl in the daytime. "How strange," said he to Mme. Caldron, one morning at a state "function"—"how strange we look to each other by daylight." His debts compelled him to economy, and he rarely gave dinners. He once invited a large party to his house—Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster and all the giants—and when they were all assembled, he said: "Gentlemen, now be good enough to put on your hats and follow me." And then he led them to a neighboring eating house.—Ohio State Journal.

Colors.

It was King Eochaidh, known as the cloth-designer, who introduced the weaving of various colored cloths in Ireland—namely, one color in the clothes of servants, two colors in the clothes of rent-paying farmers, three colors in the clothes of officers, five colors in the clothes of chiefs, six colors in the clothes of poets, and seven colors in the clothes of kings and queens. From that the custom has grown that all these colors are in the clothes of a bishop.

Her Haxx Idea.

"My dear, why are you saving those old fly papers?"

"Why, you said you always have to buy flies when you go fishing."—Detroit Free Press.

He Looked Next Time.

Bill—Isn't that Styles girl conceited about her feet?

Jill—I think she must be. I stepped on them the other day in the car, and all she said was, "I should like to have you look where you're going."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE TURN OF LIFE

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

The Vegetable Compound is an invigorating strengthener of the female organism. It builds up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

It does not seem necessary for us to prove the honesty of our statements, but it is a pleasure to publish such grateful words as the following:

"I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."—MRS. DELIA WATSON, 524 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

How She Cured Him.

"I thought I was going to sell a coffin to one of my neighbors a few days ago," said the undertaker. "A certain young man who had been dissipating considerably of late, and had got into debt, became desperate and threatened on several occasions to commit suicide if his widowed mother did not give him some of the money she had borrowed on their little home. Not long ago he went home with a desperate look on his face, and, calling his mother into the drawing room, said, as he pulled a revolver from his hip pocket: 'I will have the money, or I will end my miserable existence.' 'Wait! Wait!' screamed his mother, as she rushed from the room. A look of satisfaction overspread the young man's face as he mumbled to himself about knowing he would get it. In a moment his mother returned carrying a large rug. Quietly she spread it down on the carpet, and then, straightening up, said: 'Now, George, go ahead. I was afraid you would spoil my carpet with blood stains. Any choice about coffins?' The young man almost sank to the floor in his astonishment and disappointment. He was sure if he threatened to shoot himself his mother would accede to his unjust demands and give him the little money she was saving to buy the necessaries of life with, but on the day before she had come over to my house and told my wife about his threats. My wife put the idea into her head to chaff her son the next time he threatened to commit suicide. She was afraid to try, but, summoning all her nerve, she carried out instructions, and succeeded. The young man hasn't said a word about dying since."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Elephants.

Some elephants are said to be good climbers. They make their way up and down mountains and through a country of steep cliffs, where mules would not dare to venture, and even where men find passage difficult. Their tracks have been found upon the very summit of mountains over seven thousand feet high. In these journeys an elephant is often compelled to descend hills and mountain sides which are almost precipitous. This is the way in which it is done. The elephant's first manoeuvre is to kneel down close to the declivity. One foreleg is then cautiously passed over the edge and a short way down the slope, and if he finds there is no good spot for a firm foothold, he speedily forms one by stamping into the soil if it is moist, or kicking out a footing if it is dry. If the elephant is now sure of a good foothold, the other foreleg is brought down in the same way. Then he performs the same work over again with his feet, bringing both forelegs a little in advance of the first foothold. This leaves good places already made for the hind feet. Now, bracing himself up by his huge, strong forelegs, he draws his hind legs, first one and then the other, carefully over the edge, where they occupy the first places made by the forefeet. This is the way the huge animal proceeds all the way down, zigzag, kneeling every time with the two hind legs while he makes footholes with his forefeet. Thus the center of gravity is preserved, and the huge beast prevented from toppling over on his nose.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One quarter the price of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

The herring fishery on the east coast of Scotland, which has just closed, has resulted in less than half the usual catch.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DITTER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

A French lawyer of Nice, France, who idly crossed the frontier into Italy with a kodack, has been arrested and imprisoned as a spy.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The lightning specialist connected with the Government weather bureau maintains that rods are no protection, and that most precautions taken by people to keep out of the path of a possible electrical discharge are useless.

Another Thing.

Wife—You saw Mrs. Browser last evening?

Husband—Yes, but not to speak to her.

Wife—What a story! I heard you were sitting with her for more than two hours.

Husband—That's so; but it was she who did the talking.—Up-to-Date.

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.

My Brave Soldiers.

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "good-bys" to "papa," and "papa's" friend, the general.

The younger man, and the father, was General Phil Sheridan, "Fighting Phil," as he was called in those days. Another general, an old friend, said: "Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?"

"Don't manage—they are mischievous soldiers; but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out! Their little mother is a most wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of officers! John, I often think what pitfalls are in waiting for my small brave soldiers all through life. I wish I could always help them over."

"Phil, if you could choose for your little son, from all the temptations which beset him, the one most to be feared, what would it be?"

General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway, and sadly replied: "It would be the curse of strong drink! Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed—maybe full of courage, and thrift, and push, and kindness, and charity—but woe be to the man or boy who becomes a slave to liquor. Oh! I had rather see my little son die to-day than see him carried in to his mother drunk. One of my brave soldier-boys, on the field, said just before a battle, when he gave me a message to his mother, if he should be killed: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one 'drink' have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to his mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"

General Sheridan and the other brave man lie in historic Arlington. A great white monument marks the place.

The "little brave soldier, Phil Junior," is growing tall every year. He, with his mother and three pretty sisters, keep their soldier's grave beautiful with sweet flowers, and still more beautiful is the character of the small soldier, who scorns "strong drink," and declares himself to be a "temperance boy."—Temperance Banner.

About a Huge Joker.

An elephant enjoys a joke as well as any boy or girl. A writer in Our Animal Friends tells about the antics played by a huge elephant kept in the Zoo at Paris. He lived in a great inclosure out in the open air, so that he had plenty of room to roam about. In the same inclosure was a very large hippopotamus, for whose comfort and amusement a great stone basin had been built and filled with water, and the hippopotamus in turn furnished amusement for the elephant. It was quite early one morning—before the hour for admitting the public to the garden—when I noticed the elephant walking around on the stone edge of the basin, curiously watching the hippopotamus.

I felt quite sure that the elephant was up to some prank, and I was not mistaken; for, just as soon as the ears of the hippopotamus came into view, the elephant quickly seized one of them with his trunk and gave it a sudden pull. The enraged hippopotamus lifted his ponderous head clear out of the water and snorted and blew; but every time he rose to take a breath the elephant would recommence his antics. Around and around the beast would go, keeping a sharp lookout for the little ears of the hippopotamus, which he would seize the moment they appeared. His evident delight in teasing his huge neighbor was very comical, and there could be no doubt that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Again, one day, the keeper placed some food for the hippopotamus in a corner of the inclosure, and at once the hippopotamus began to leave the water to get to it; but the elephant slowly ambled over to the same corner, and arriving there first, he placed his four feet over the favorite food in such a way that the hippopotamus could not get at it, gently swayed his trunk back and forth, and acted altogether as though he were there quite accidentally, until the garden was thrown open to the public and he went forward to receive the daily contributions of bread, cake and pie, which were always offered him by his hosts of admirers.

They Know.

Scottish dogs are frequently to be seen at the kirk. They know, without being told, the Kirk day, or Sunday, and are always ready to accompany their masters to the service.

On entering the sacred building, the dogs at once take up their quarters beneath the seats and quietly go off to sleep. They rest peacefully all through the service and the sermon that follows until the benediction has been pronounced.

The moment that has been concluded by the minister, the dogs, one and all, immediately rise, give themselves a shake and calmly make for the door.

In olden days the turnspit dogs (dogs put in a wheel to turn the spit for roasting the meat) used to attend church and heartily enjoy their rest on the seventh day.

On one occasion, however, they were greatly disturbed, as in the course of the Scripture reading for that Sunday the word "wheel" was the signal for them to turn to their hated labor, and on hearing it in church the dogs replied by a low growl.

Again the word came, and another growl was heard; but when it came for the third time, the dogs could stand it no longer, and, giving a continuous growl, rushed out of the church.

Charley's Philosophy.

Charley and Bessie were two bright little children, aged three and five respectively. Out in the old pepper tree in the garden a pair of linnets had built their nest and hatched five young ones. Every day the little ones went to see how the birdies were getting along. One day when they went to look at them the birdies flew away. They were all feathered out. Bessie looked astonished. "How did they ever grow so quick?" she asked. "'Cause them's birds," he replied. "Well, but how did that make any difference?" she innocently asked. "Why don't we be growed, too?" "Oh, my, girls are so stupid," Charley replied in disgust. "I guess if our mamma would sit on us all the time we'd get growed up, too."—San Francisco Call.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

KEEP faith with your child.

Merry people are seldom criminals.

Abused freedom is the seat of national danger.

Economy fattens the pocket-book—pride melts it.

He who nurses a grudge, carries a club for his own head.

He who lives only for himself, loses the riches of two worlds.

Nature is full of God, and glory is written on every blade of grass.

To scatter the "blues" go and lift some poor fellow out of trouble.

Our most harrowing expectations generally die in the hatching.

The natural and the supernatural are but different stages of the same law.

He makes the best improvement, that improves the morals of his neighbors.

Self-respect and self-denial, will forever remain the crowning virtues of manhood.

If all great deeds and thoughts got into print, the world would not hold the books.

A pleasant voice, a cheerful countenance and a good record, will introduce you anywhere.

If your table be full, apologies prove your pride, if scant, they publish your untruthfulness.

The pig looks straight down his own nose when you ask him what the world was made for.

There is something wrong with the preaching that never makes a sinner realize that he is one.

Don't be too ready to say, "Give the devil his due," till you are quite sure he has no mortgage on you.

It is God's law that nothing can be added to our treasures that we wrongfully take from others.

Count your troubles, and you will fall down in the dust. Count your mercies, and you will get up and shout.

He who has never helped the needy knows but little of the richer light that falls on the pathway of the just.

We are not helped most by the people who soar among the stars, but by those who walk beside us on the earth.

Had some people who make much noise in church been in Daniel's place, the story of the lion's den would not have been written.

The Musical Blacksmith.

"I was walking along a hot, dusty street in Redwood City the other day," remarked a tourist, "when I stopped to rest in the shade of the village smithy. The smith was a giant in stature, and, with the sleeves of his red flannel shirt rolled up to his brawny shoulder and his big leather apron on, he was as picturesque a son of Vulcan as I ever saw.

"I watched him blowing his wheezy old bellows, and then as he commenced fashioning a horseshoe he broke out into song. It was 'The Armorer's Song,' from Robin Hood, that made the sooty rafters ring.

"'Let hammer on anvil ring, ring, ring,' he sang, as he struck the white-hot iron blow after blow that made the fiery sparks fly. Then followed the familiar 'Cling, clang, cling, clang, clang.'

"I have heard Cowles sing that a dozen times, and I have heard ambitious amateurs sing it all over the world, but that song never stirred me as it did when I heard that blacksmith's mighty voice singing it over his anvil. I will never forget it as long as I live."

The singer was big Bill McDonald, the second bass in Grace Church choir.—San Francisco Post.

Quite Different.

There are fine distinctions, though usually with a difference. In the days when Scotland was even stricter in its observances than it is now, a visitor to Edinburgh was whistling in the street on Sunday.

"Mon," said another, reprovingly, "ye maunna whustle."

"I am whistling to my dog," was the conciliatory answer.

"Oh," was the concession, "ye may whustle to the doagie, but ye maunna whustle."—Youth's Companion.

The Boy Got a Raise.

"See here, my boy, you mustn't hum at your work."

"Why, sir, you wouldn't check the hum of revived industry, would you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Important.

Aristocracies in different places and ages have prided themselves on many different things. One of the queerest, perhaps, is the aristocracy according to cheeses, which which prevails among the patricians of Zermatt. The aristocracy of families is valued by the number and age of the cheeses they possess. When a child is born, a cheese is manufactured, which is then called by the name of the child. It is partly eaten when its namesake gets married, each wedding guest tasting a portion. The cheese is then put away again, and finally cut into and finished at the funeral of the person whose name it bears. When a young man woos a maiden, he begs to be allowed to dine with her family on a Sunday. His offer being accepted, the lovers wait anxiously to see whether the girl's father will cause the cheese to be set on the table. At the end of the long meal, if all goes well, the master of the house solemnly fetches the cheese bearing the would-be bride's name, sets it on the table, cuts it and gives a piece to the young couple. When they have eaten it, they are a betrothed pair.

Curing the Hens.

Editor Terry, of the Minden Herald, wants to know how to keep his neighbors' hens out of his garden. Well, Charley, take a lot of small, stiff cards about 1 by 2 inches, write on them, "Please keep your darned old hens at home," tie a short string to each card with a grain of corn at the other end of the string and scatter these where the hens congregate. When the hungry biddy gobbles up the grain that draws the prize, she follows up the string, stowing it away until she comes to the card, then you will see her pull out for home, carrying in her mouth your polite request. Try it, brother, and let us know how it works.—Brown City (Mich.) Standard.

Blind Statistics.

It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 blind people in the world, or one to every 1,500 inhabitants, says an exchange. Latest reports show 23,000 blind persons in England, or 870 for each million inhabitants. Blind infants of less than five years, 100 for each billion; between five and fifteen, 288; between twenty and twenty-five, 422; between forty-five and sixty, 1,625, and above sixty-five years, 7,000 for each million. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportionate number of total population.