MAY ON THE MARSHES.

Gilded with buttercups, with frost of white
Wild lilies-of-the-valley, the marshy green
Glimmered with blue-flags countless all between
Me and the brimming stream's long line of light,
And all the sweet air laughed as to a sprite,
And danced and reigned with music crystalline,
With trilled and tittering melody, faint and keen,
Where in the flags the marsh-wren woke delight—
Delight to break my heart; for when I turned
To meet your dark-eyed smile, to see your face
Reflect the light wherewith the sunset burned,
Only the dark-eyed flags smiled up at me.
Only the green was touched with golden grace,
And only the marsh-wren thrilled my tears to see.
—Century.

KEEPING STEP.

"Go away; it's no use, Mab," said Prisey Cartwright to her sister. "The thing has been settled ages ago so far as I am concerned. Hush up, now—hush up!"

"Ages ago!" Mab echoed, refusing to "hush up." "I believe it must be ages ago. Well, if you persist in this unreasonable course."

"I don't persist any more than you. Look at how you did with Tom Vanduren."

"That was a long time ago. I didn't do it for an example, either. And you said at the time you wouldn't do as much for me. Then you went and did the very same thing, after all."

"Don't care," Prisey said doggedly. "I will not marry off and leave you for any man under the canopy of heaven."

"Then, my dear, since we cannot get our suitors to keep step, so to speak, we might as well make arrangements for a quiet and dignified old maidhood. Let's buy a parrot or something, Prisey."

The front door bell rang while the two young women were discussing their mutual affairs in their own room on the second floor. Just as Mab's brilliant suggestion for the purchase of a parrot had thrown both the suitors into a fit of laughter the servant girl of the boarding-house appeared at their door with a square envelope addressed to Mab.

"The boy says he's to wait for an answer."

"Here, Prisey," said Mab as soon as she had glanced at the signature, "this must be for you. It's addressed to me—yes—no—wait a minute."

Then she read to herself:

"My Dear Mab—Do you intend going out this evening? If not, will you see me at 8:30? I have something to say to you of the greatest importance—to myself, at least.

"JULIUS CLEMENT."

"Here, Prisey, read this." And Mab handed the letter to her sister. "What do you think he means?" Then she added, speaking gently, to avoid being heard by the servant girl, who was waiting at the door, "Do you think he's got us mixed up?"

As Prisey read the note her blue eyes widened in amazement, but she only said, "You're keeping Jane waiting, Mab."

Mab turned suddenly toward the door. "Tell the boy 'Yes,'" she said. "That's all the answer there is.'"

The door having closed behind the servant, there was a silence of some moments between the two sisters. They seemed to take the incident in contrasting ways. The brunette, Mab, stared as a child might stare at an elder sister—Prisey was her elder sister—who has met with a calamity and perplexes by her coolness under it. Prisey went on with her occupation, which happened to be pulling feathers from an old hat to rearrange them on a new one.

These two orphan girls had been alone together in the world for so long that each expected to understand every inmost feeling of the other by intuition.

"Don't you care?" Mab said at last.

"I?" said Prisey, looking up from her feathers for one moment. "What for? Why shouldn't he?"

"Was I right, Prisey?"

"Perfectly right, child."

At the appointed hour Mr. Clement rang the bell and asked for Miss Mabel Cartwright.

"Did you say Miss Mabel?" Jane asked.

"Yes, Miss Mabel.

Jane really felt uncertain as to whether Mr. Clement's memory had not played him a trick.

"So you have something of the greatest importance to say to me?" Mab asked him when she had taken a very straight chair opposite her visitor.

"Er—yes, Miss Mab. I hope you won't hurry me, though. Did I say 'the greatest importance' in that note I sent you? Oh, well——"

"To you, I think you said. But I don't want to hurry you. It's very sloppy out of doors, isn't it?'

"Oh, now, don't make fun of me!"

"How?" asked Mab innocently. "Because I asked if it was sloppy?"

"I might as well come to the point," said Clement. "Look here, Miss Mab; of course you know what happened last night—at the Jernay's—to me, I mean."

Mab only fixed her dark eyes on him and when he hesitated said, "Go on."

"Well, I want to know if—if you think—that is, if I have your sympathy."

Julius Clement had a fine mustache, which curled with boldness and grace, and which he always stroked and pulled when he was in doubt or in deep thought. On this occasion he was in both, and he acted accordingly.

"Do you need a great deal of sympathy?" Mab asked him.

"I don't know whether I ought to say I do," Clement answered. He had already worn out his first embarrassment and was beginning to warm to his subject. "Perhaps I ought to consider myself fortunate, rather."

"Oh, may I ask——"

"Of course you may. I suppose you know what answer I got?"

"Well, no."

"Just so." He laughed nervously. "But then I found out something—I think."

"What did you find out?"

"If your sister said 'No' it was because—it wasn't because—it was because—because she wants always to be with you, just as you are? There! Am I right?"

Mab had a way of tightening her lips which Prisey called "shutting up herself all to herself." She went through this process now.

"We were talking of buying a parrot," she said, very seriously, after a little pause.

"A parrot? What for?"

"For our amusement and consolation."

Clement laughed at this idea so heartily that Mab began to wonder.

"Tell me seriously," Clement said, "isn't it something to know that somebody cares for you—even if——"

"Mr. Vanduren to see Miss Mabel Cartwright," Jane interrupted, opening the door at this point in the interview.

"Mr. Vanduren!" Mab exclaimed, not concealing her surprise.

"Oh, I—er—I intended to tell you," said Clement. "He arrived in town today, you know. You hadn't heard?"

There was some embarrassment in the meeting between this young artist and the girl who, in the language of common report, had "given him the mitten" nearly two years before. Vanduren had taken himself off to Mexico and Central America, alleging an irresistible longing to sketch nature in those parts.

"You quite surprised us," said Mab as she shook hands with the bearded last arrival, "and very pleasantly. When did you get back? Prisey will be so glad to see you again. Let me go up and tell her you are here."

Without prolixity it would be impossible to describe Vanduren's manner of receiving this suggestion. There was more than mere embarrassment, there was annoyance. Something seemed to have gone wrong. Mab saw this much, but was not clear as to what was wrong. Clement smiled a very proper, conventional smile and stroked his mustache. Vanduren mumbled something which Mab felt perfectly at liberty to take for assent. Accordingly Mab left the room and the two men stood face to face.

"You seem amused, Clement," said Vanduren, breaking the silence.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" Clement answered. "What did I tell you to-day? Of course, you didn't tell me you would be here so soon—very first evening, you know."

"I didn't think it necessary to advise you of all my movements beforehand," said Vanduren, coldly, while he stood before the mantelpiece critically examining an applique drapery.

"That's right, Vanduren—quite right. Now, before they come down, let me tell you something." Vanduren turned quickly and faced the other man. "We have no time to lose," Clement went on, speaking hurriedly. "You may not know it, but you are my 'god out of the machine'—that's a classic allusion, you know. I'll explain it another time. See here, I knew well enough you'd be here to-night. That was why I told you I was coming. Now you want me to get out, don't you?"

For answer Vanduren only stared.

"Yes, you do. Miss Prisey won't come down."

"How do you know that?"

"Never mind. No time now for argument. I only want to make a straightforward proposition to you. If I get out of this will you promise to propose to Miss Mab this very night? Yes or no?"

"Well, I'll be—shot!" Vanduren exclaimed in an undertone.

"Yes, I know," said Clement. "It does seem a queer and quaint idea, but there'll be time for explanation later. Yes or no?"

A rustle of skirts could be heard on the stairs.

"Yes," said Vanduren, making his decision hurriedly, as one who leaps in the dark.

"Good for you—for us both." Clement whispered to him as the skirts came nearer the door of the sitting-room. "And tell her to take a day or two to think it over—not to hurry."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Vanduren," said Mab, opening the door. "Prisey has a headache. You are going to be here some time, are you not—in the city? That's right. She told me to say she hopes you'll come again soon. She was very glad to hear of your return."

The rest for ten or fifteen minutes was small talk, about traveling and art, Mexico and volcanoes. Then Clement, in conformity with his promise, "got out of that."

Next afternoon the two girls were together again in their room. Prisey was turning over a letter that had come to her through the mail.

"I think you might let me see it," said Mab. "I let you see mine yesterday."

At last, after some hesitation, Prisey, without speaking, handed her sister the letter, which read:

"You must not think me overbold if I refuse to take your 'No' for an answer and come back again within forty-eight hours of my defeat at the Jernay's. Something leads me to the conviction that this is a specially favorable chance for me to 'try again.' Will you reconsider your decision, or is there really no hope for me?

"In the latter case mercifully end my suspense by an early answer.

"JULIUS CLEMENT."

"I wonder what he means by 'some thing,'" Prisey remarked as Mab handed her back the letter.

Mab was shutting herself up to herself to think.

"I tell you what, Prisey. That man is no fool." Mab paused a while for further meditation. "Yes," she went on, "it will take a pretty sagacious woman to manage Mr. Clement. He sees into things, does Mr. Clement. Came here last night to ask for my sympathy, eh? Forgot to mention that Tom Vanduren was in town. My dear Priss, that man knew very well that Tom was coming here last night. It was a plot to force Tom Vanduren's hand. If I thought Tom was half as clever——"

"But as it is?" Prisey interrupted, putting an arm about her younger sister's neck. "As it is? What?"

"Why, Prisey, I think they're keeping step at last. Don't you?"

"Then we needn't advertise for a parrot?" said Prisey.

And the two sisters wrote two little notes that evening. Mab's note was to Vanduren, and it said: "Come and get your final answer to-morrow at 8 o'clock p. m." Prisey's was longer. But the effect of the two communications was much the same.

The two sisters and their two suitors kept step admirably a few weeks later to the tune of the wedding march.—Chicago Chronicle.

Rain for Plants.

Rain does plants comparatively little good until it enters the soil, where it can be absorbed by their roots. A daily record of the amount of water in the soil would indicate whether the indications were favorable or otherwise for certain crops. There is a plan for burying specially constructed electrodes in the soil, in order that by measuring the resistance to the passage of a current through the soil the amount of moisture can be ascertained. This method was suggested by the necessity of grounding thoroughly telephone and telegraph lines. If the terminals are not continually in a moist soil the lines do not work during dry seasons.

Wine skins, made of the hides of pigs, goats, calves or oxen, are still used in the rural districts of Spain.

A 28-pound ball, fired by an English warship in 1812, was recently unearthed near Alexandria, Va.

A story is in circulation to the effect that the city of Washington stands on leased ground, and that the lease must be renewed in 1899.

A STATESMAN OF RUSSIA.

How a Great Reaction Was Caused by Constantine Pobedonostzeff.

Ambassador Andrew D. White contributes to the Century a sketch of "A Statesman of Russia," Constantine Pobedonostzeff, Procurator-General of the Most Holy Synod. After speaking of the death of Alexander II. at the time when he was granting liberal institutions, Mr. White says

At his death the sturdy young guardsman became the Emperor Alexander III. It is related by men conversant with Russian affairs that at the first meeting of the imperial councilors, Loris-Melikoff, believing that the young sovereign would be led by filial reverence to continue the liberal policy to which the father had devoted his life, made a speech taking this for granted, and that the majority of the councilors seemed fully in accord with him, when suddenly there arose in the council this tall, gaunt, scholarly man, who, at first very simply, but finally with burning eloquence, presented a different view.

According to the chroniclers of the period, Pobedonostzeff told the Emperor that all so-called liberal measures, including the constitution, were a delusion; that, however such things might be suited to Western Europe, they were not suited to Russia; that the constitution of that empire had been from time immemorial the will of the autocrat, directed by his own sense of responsibility to the Almighty; that no other constitution was possible in Russia; that this alone was fitted to the traditions, the laws, the ideas of the hundred millions of various races under the sway of the Russian scepter; that in other parts of the world constitutional liberty, so called, had already shown itself an absurdity—socialism, with its plots and bombs, appearing in all quarters, attempts making against rulers of nations everywhere, and the best of presidents having been assassinated in the very country where free institutions were supposed to have taken the most complete hold. He insisted that the principle of authority in human government was to be saved, and that this principle existed as an effective force only in Russia.

This speech is said to have carried all before it. As its immediate result came the retirement of Loris-Melikoff, followed by his death, not long afterward, upon the Riviera; the entrance of Pobedonostzeff among the most cherished councilors of the Emperor; and, as the consequence of this, the suppression of the constitution, the discouragement of every liberal tendency, and that complete reaction which is in full force at the present hour.

Justifiable Elation.

The Washington Star chronicles the fact that a somewhat elderly gentleman entered his own house one day last autumn with such a look of self-satisfaction upon his countenance that his wife was at once struck by it; and like a faithful spouse, she proceeded to put him on his guard.

"Richard," she said, "I hope you have not forgotten that pride goeth before a fall."

"My dear," was the reply. "I am perfectly familiar with that admonition. And I have reason to fear that in my case it applies in a literal as well as in a figurative sense. But I can't help it."

"You are not usually this way."

"I know it. When I was graduated at the head of my class in college I was as meek and modest as the last man on the list. When I was elected to office and ran away ahead of my ticket, I could have defied anybody to accuse me of showing the least elation. When I won my first big lawsuit, I endeavored to bear success with the same philosophy which I should have felt was proper in defeat. When I got my picture in the paper as a leading citizen in my community, I could have defied any of my old-time friends to detect the slightest difference in my behavior.

"But this case is different. I hope you'll bear with me, but I've just ridden my bicycle three times round the block without falling off, and I just can't help putting on airs."

Well-Lighted Ocean Highways.

The best lighted bit of ocean highway is that known as "The Downs," where lights are much needed to warn ships away from the Goodwin Sands, which stretch from Dover to Ramsgate, at a distance of about five miles from the mainland. There are four lightships for the protection and lighting of that short bit of ocean highway. The Suez Canal has now been so brilliantly illuminated at night by electric lights that the time required for passing through it has consequently been reduced from forty-eight hours in the year 1883 to twenty-seven hours by the year 1889, and since then to twenty-four hours. There are lighthouses in the proportion of one to fourteen miles in England, one to thirty-four in Ireland, and one to thirty-nine in Scotland. Throughout the world there are about 6,000; England having 817, United States 802, Canada and Newfoundland 494, France 444; around the European coasts there are 3,477.

England has an area of 51,600 square miles, or a little smaller than Arkansas.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
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STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. SMITH, 59 Summer St., Biddeford, Me.:

"For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that allgone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The effect of the first bottle was magical. Those symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like vapor before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to woman."

From Mrs. MELISSA PHILLIPS, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, no appetite, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. MOLLIE E. HERREL, Powell Station, Tenn.:

"For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

BIG GUNS SHORT-LIVED.

Sent Back to the Shop After the One Hundredth Firing.

"The life of a gun is one of the most unsatisfactory things about it," remarked an ordnance officer in discussing the war question, "and though a number of experiments have been made in connection therewith there is no absolute certainty as to the results. A general rule has been arrived at which is thought to be on the safe side of the matter, and that is that the modern steel gun should not be fired more than 100 times. After that, it matters not what the emergency may be, it is safer to dismantle the gun and send it back to the shop than to risk firing it, for the explosion of a gun is a decidedly and extensively dangerous occurrence to all in its immediate locality. The firing of a gun causes the steel to crystallize, and thereby becomes brittle as a file. So far as has yet been discovered, there is no remedy for it. It is not exactly a total loss after a gun has become dead, for the steel can be used for thousands of things in the way of bolts, braces and the like for new work and for repairs.

"A modern gun is an expensive affair, running from $75,000 away up. It is equally expensive to keep it in operation, the cost for each cartridge sent from it being over $1,000, which does not include the putting of the gun on its emplacement or taking it down, nor the thousands of dollars necessarily expended in paying salaries and subsistence of the officers and men who operate it. This crystallization of the metal is one of the mysteries of the science of ordnance. The gun could be revivified to some extent by heating it to a white heat and allowing it to cool off slowly, but the treatment is not exactly satisfactory or even approximately certain as to results. It has been said of us as of other nations, that if we kept every gun we own in actual firing operation for even twenty-four hours the powder and shell bill would bankrupt us, and there is some truth in it. This crystallization of the metal is not confined to guns, however. The same thing occurs in the journals or axles used on the railroad cars. It is for that reason that careful railroads put on new axles every five or six years. In Europe there are laws upon the subject, though it is custom with us. In Germany it is unlawful to use an axle on passenger cars more than four years, though the limitation on freight cars is not so rigid. As with the oft-fired gun, the steel in the journal becomes so brittle by the crystallization in consequence of its use that it is liable to snap in a dozen pieces any time after its life is ended."—Washington Star.

Beauty is Blood Deep

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleanse your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A big battleship has on board an electric plant capable of lighting a town of 5000 inhabitants.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

The property of the Presbyterian Church in the state of California is estimated at $2,000,000.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

In India butter made from the thin milk of the native cow is blue instead of yellow.

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

Nearly 60,000 acres have been reclaimed in Ireland during the past year from bog and marsh lands.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

The death penalty is rarely enforced in Germany, Austria, Denmark or Sweden.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Jupiter is the fifth of the planets, reckoning outward from the sun, the earth being the third and Mars the fourth.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

A novel sort of window glass has been invented transparent to those on the inside of the house, but opaque to those on the outside.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

How Does He Know?

Rudyard Kipling was asked recently whether he enjoyed writing poetry or prose most. He remarked that the pleasure of creating a poem was the highest intellectual delight he had ever experienced.

What strange things you see, and don't dare shout!

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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

Sleepy Heads and Wide Awakes.

Oh, the sleepy head girls, they nap in a row!
Heigh ho,
Nap in a row!
Annie and Fannie and Bessie and Flo,
Oh, the sleepy head girls!
Dollies neglected and duties forgot,
Never a wide awake girl in the lot,
Never a lassie to pin or to sew,
Oh, the sleepy head girls!

Oh, the sleepy head boys, they nod in a row!
Heigh ho,
Nod in a row!
Freddie and Neddie and Jimmie and Joe,
Oh, the sleepy head boys!
Horses and implements lying at hand,
Never a wide awake boy in the band,
Never a laddie to plow and to sow,
Oh, the sleepy head boys!

Oh, the wide awake folks, they dance in a row!
Hip! Ho!
Dance in a row!
Annie and Fannie and Jimmie and Joe,
Wide awake girls and boys!
For all the sleepy heads left with the dark,
And lassies and laddies are up with the lark,
Freddie and Neddie and Bessie and Flo,
Wide awake girls and boys!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Oldest Animal on Earth.

In the days when Elizabeth was at the height of her power there was born a turtle in the island of Aldabra, which is situate between Madagascar and Mozambique. That tortoise is still alive and in good health. Shakspeare, Cecil, Raleigh and Essex have voted with the silent majority, but the turtle is still only a possibility of steaks and soup. He is the oldest living animal on the face of the earth. For a century and a half he has been in the possession of a family in Mauritius, whose ancestors brought him from his native Aldabra. Experts say that he is at least 300 years old. Besides being the oldest animal alive, he is the largest turtle in the world and measures 5 feet 6 inches over his shell. When he stands up he is 3 feet high and the breadth of his shell is 2 feet 6 inches.

A CONTEMPORARY OF SHAKSPEARE.

The other day Walter Rothschild brought him to England and presented him to the zoological gardens.

A Brave Act Rewarded.

Mr. Edison, who is known all over the world as a great electrician, was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he ran errands, he did everything an honest boy could do to support himself. The following story, relating to an event in his boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy.

One summer forenoon, while the train was being taken apart and made up anew, a car was uncoupled and sent down the track with no brakeman to control it. Edison, who had been looking at the fowls in the poultry yard, turned just in time to see little Jimmie on the main track throwing pebbles over his head, utterly unconscious of danger.

He dropped his papers on the platform, seized the child in his arms, and threw himself off the track, face downward, in sharp, fresh gravel ballast, without a second to spare. As it was, the wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket office," says the child's father, "and, hearing a shriek, ran out in time to see the train hands bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his gratitude, the agent said:

"Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week, and keep Jimmie out of harm's way until the mixed train returns from Detroit, I will teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" said Edison.

"I will."

He extended his hand and said: "It's a bargain," and so Edison became a telegrapher.—Selected.

"Goldie-dear," My Latest Pet.

Guess what he is, children. He has pretty, bright wings; yet he is not a bird. He eats honey like a bee; but he has no sting. He washes his face like a kitten; yet is no cat. His head is something like that of a grasshopper; but he cannot jump. What can he be! He has a proboscis-like tube through which he eats, and he walks on four legs like an elephant; yet he is only a beautiful butterfly, with a black spot on each wing!

He flew into my room one warm spring day, when I had doors and windows open. But the very next day it snowed, and poor Goldie had to remain a prisoner. For a full week the weather kept very cold, and he sat motionless on the sitting-room window, where he could get what sunshine there was. But by and by he began to droop, and I began to wonder if he was not hungry. But what could I give him to eat? Did butterflies eat honey like bees? I asked.

It certainly would do no harm to try, and as I had none in the house I boiled some sugar and water together in a spoon, and as soon as it was cool gave him a drop. Presently Goldie stuck out a long tube, like a thin stick, only hollow; this he put right into the sweet drop, and sucked till he had enough. Then he curled it up like a tiny watch-spring and tucked it away (I think under his nose), and began washing his face with both forefeet at once. This done, he began to fly about the window-panes, as if he wanted to get out, but I did not let him, as he was better off indoors while it was so cold.

It does not do to handle a butterfly, so in the evening I always made him walk on a bit of thin board, and set it with him on the mantelpiece in the warmest part of the room. He then would fold his wings up straight, and remain till morning.

By and by I got him some honey, and thought I had done great things for him; but it must have been too sweet for him, or else he ate too much of it (he did not tell me which), for he died soon after—Youth's Companion.

Nine out of every ten men whose names are signed to a petition couldn't tell you what it's for.

The armless wonder, who writes with his toes, is never handy with the pen.

A Remarkable Case.

The following case was printed originally in *The Monitor*, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ontario. Doubts were raised as to its truthfulness, consequently a close watch was kept on the case for two years and the original statement has now been completely verified.

Mr. Petch had been a hopeless paralytic for five years. His case has had wide attention. He was confined to his bed, was bloated almost beyond recognition, and could not take solid food. Doctors called the disease spinal sclerosis, and all said he could not live. The Canadian Mutual Life Association after a thorough examination, paid him his total disability claim of $1,650, regarding him as forever incurable.

For three years he lingered in this condition. After taking some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People there was a slight change, a tendency to sweat freely. Next came a little feeling in his limbs. This extended, followed by a pricking sensation, until at last the blood began to course freely and vigorously through his body. Soon he was restored to his old time health.

Paid His Claim.

A reporter for *The Monitor* recently called on Mr. Petch again and was told:

"You may say there is no doubt as to my cure being permanent. I am in better health than when I gave you the first interview and certainly attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"To these pills I owe my release from the living death, and I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."

Such is the history of one of the most remarkable cases in modern times. In the face of such testimony, can anyone say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not entitled to the careful consideration of every sufferer—man, woman or child? Is not the case, in truth, a miracle of modern medicine?

These pills are sold by all druggists and are considered by them to be one of the most valuable remedial agents known to science.

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

To Europe Six Times in Twelve Years—Learned Six Languages.

A plucky American woman, who began to support herself at eighteen, has shown how a poor school teacher can see Europe to the best advantage in twelve years, says the Philadelphia Times. Earning a small salary in a public school, she has taken private pupils and lived frugally, and has been able to go to Europe every other year for a two months' holiday.

Her first journey was made to England and Scotland, and was enjoyed so keenly that she planned another one, and saved money for it during the next two years. The second tour was through France, Belgium and Holland, and in order to travel comfortably she learned French during her leisure hours.

Returning to her school work, she began to study German, and at the end of two years was ready for a journey up the Rhine and to Vienna, and thence through Dresden and Berlin to Bremen. With renewed ardor she plunged into the study of Italian, and at the end of two years she started for Rome. She made the round of the Italian cities, and spent a fortnight in Switzerland. Two years afterward she was in Spain, and was able to speak the language.

During the last year she has made her sixth journey to Europe, traveling through Denmark, Norway and Sweden to Russia, and spending a fortnight in Moscow. She carried with her a fair knowledge of Swedish, and not only knew the Russian alphabet so as to read the street signs, but could make her own bargains with drosky drivers and go about without a guide.

In the course of twelve years she has made six journeys to Europe and learned to speak six modern languages, and she has supported herself entirely by her earnings as a school teacher, and has paid every penny of her traveling expenses. Starting with a painstaking study of the language of the country which she was to visit, and also preparing herself by a course of reading, she has made the best possible use of her time abroad.

The reward for all this energy and perseverance has come in her thirtieth year. Her knowledge of foreign languages has fitted her for broader work as a teacher, and she has left the public schools to take a position as instructor in French, German and Italian in a high school for young women.

There may be higher aims than those ordinarily involved in foreign travel, but the persistency of this American girl in carrying out her plans is worthy of praise. It is a great gain in any human life, if it is governed by a definite purpose and keeps that purpose steadily in mind.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

It has been stated that there are in the United States over 50 distinct secret orders, with over 70,000 lodges and 5,500,000 members.

Sent free, Klondike Map

from Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

At Cork Assizes several persons who had been summoned as jurors were excused on account of poverty.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

At the present rate of increase the population of the earth will double itself, it is said, in 260 years.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1011 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 1 P. M.

Stockings were first used in the 11th century. Before that cloth bandages were used on the feet.

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.

What For?

One of the most curious branches of a certain London theatrical wig-maker's business is the painting and erasing of black eyes. Just as many hundreds of discolored eyes have been hidden by his art as those made for stage purposes. "A short time ago," said the wig-maker to an interviewer, "a man rushed into my office and said he wanted me to paint him a fine black eye—one that would not be distinguishable from a genuine one. I was surprised and amused. 'Whatever do you want that for?' I asked. 'Well,' he said hesitatingly, 'it's like this, you see. Before I left this morning I had a tiff with my wife, and she actually went so far as to strike me in the face. I know she repented it immediately afterwards; but I want to teach her a lesson. So just make me up as good a black eye as possible, please, and when I get home, I will show her what her temper was responsible for.'"

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

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

FEAR and love are foes.

Envy bites its keeper.

Opportunity may trip a giant.

Hunger and ambition are hard to rock to sleep.

Capitol's morning star never rises.

A good name is made, not bestowed.

Public opinion is never tongue-tied.

The abuse of health is veiled suicide.

Every heart has a thorn and a throne.

The man who thinks leads the crowd.

Carmel faith leads to Carmel victory.

The grumbler blows out his own lamp.

Small boats must keep near the shore.

If you can't be a sun, don't be a cloud.

Heart wisdom is ahead of book learning.

Man never makes truth; he only discovers it.

The man above suspicion lives above the stars.

Ignorance and witchcraft are fast friends.

It is hard for bad motives to drive good bargains.

The farm and the garden are the best gold diggings.

Compared to eternity, this life is as the last gasp of the dying.

Discretion is not cowardice, neither is blatant volubility courage.

Exuberant patriotism is often used as a cloak by knavish politicians.

A prayer for guidance on election day is quite as appropriate as on Sunday.

Weeds thrive best in richest soil. This applies to churches as well as to fields and gardens.

Lot not only "pitched his tent toward Sodom," but he was found living right down town when destruction came.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel." Imagine a saloon keeper horrified at the desolation wrought by Spain in Cuba.

Through the cloud of imminent war, "a prudent man forseeth the evil," but that does not hinder him from doing his duty.

Out of the Months of Babes.

Willie, aged 4, had a new baby brother. The first time he saw him he walked around him two or three times viewing him critically and asked: "Say, mamma, what did that kid say when the barber sheared all his hair off?"

Harry, aged 5, was reading aloud to his mother about a ship and came across a passage saying: "And she steamed down the river." "Why is a ship called 'she,' Harry?" asked his mother. "Well, I guess it's because she has to have a man to boss her," was the reply.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed little 4-year-old Ned, "look what a bright star!" "Yes," replied the mather, "and it is three times as large as our earth." "Oh, no, it isn't," said Ned. "Why do you doubt it?" asked his father. "Because if it was it would keep the rain off," was the logical reply.

Little 3-year-old Bessie was watching her mother drive a nail one day, when the latter accidentally bruised her thumb and exclaimed: "Oh, my gracious!" "Why did 'ou say zat?" asked Bessie. "I don't know. What should I say?" queried her mother. "Well," said Bessie, after a moment's reflection, "'ou might say ze 'mandments."

The little 4-year-old daughter of a minister was visiting and at dinner found the carving was about to begin without the customary grace. Calling out loudly: "Wait a minute," she folded her hands and, bowing her head, repeated "Now I lay me," etc., all the way through. This done, she raised her head and waving her hand to the carver, said: "Now you can let her go."

There is a little 5-year-old girl in Chicago who evidently appreciates her mother partly because she is her mother and partly because of self-appreciation. "Mamma," she said the other morning, "guess what Mabel's mamma said about you at the party last night." "I don't know, I'm sure. What was it, dear?" asked her mother. "Why," was the reply, "she said you was the sweetest little girl's mother in Chicago."

The favorite punch of the modern artist is served in a glass.

Quite Another Thing.

"Say, Horace," said one of them, "do you know this trampin' around the streets with an advertisin' banner is a regular dog's life?"

"No, it ain't, either."

"You don't mean to say you like it?"

"No, Gerald, I don't like it, but what I say is that it ain't no dog's life."

"It ain't?"

"No, sir, it ain't. I led a dog's life one winter, and I know what it is."

"What's it like, anyway?"

"Well, a dog's life is where a nice kind lady brings you a plate of victuals three times a day, and the rest of the time all you do is lay up alongside of a warm stove and dream. That's what a dog has to do, Gerald. That's a dog's life for you, and it comes mighty near suitin' me. Don't never holler about a dog's life."—Chicago Record.

Richest Woman in Texas.

Mrs. Richard King, of Texas, is probably the richest woman in the United States, not even excepting Mrs. Hetty Green. She is a widow, and her landed estates in Southern Texas amount to 1,250,000 acres, or about 2,000 square miles. The ranch on which she resides is the largest in the world. It is called "The Santa Gertrudes." In the center of it, thirteen miles from her front gate, is Mrs. King's home, a central chateau, looming up like a baronial castle on a slight eminence. 'All around it are the pretty homes of dependents, surrounded by well-tilled fields and gardens. The 200,000 cattle, of improved and imported breeds, and all sheep within the Santa Gertrudes ranch belong to Mrs. King. The current expenses of the ranch reach $100,000 a year. Three hundred cowboys are in her employ, for whom she keeps 1,200 ponies.

Increased His Class.

This could only happen in Scotland, where a way has been discovered by a Glasgow minister to compel even the worldly passions of men to make for righteousness. He noticed that the young women who came to Bible class at his house each had a young man waiting for her. So one evening what did this canny Scotsman do, when the class was in progress, but make an excuse to leave the room and step outside, where, as he expected, he found a small crowd of waiting swains. With much politeness he pointed out his unwillingness to keep them from their sweethearts and invited them to come inside and see them.

It is needless to add this Glasgow minister has a mixed Bible class now on his hands. And it is doing well.—Boston Herald.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. 10,000 testimonials.