OH, WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

Oh, would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain,
Was wept away in transient tears,
When every tale hope whispered then,
My fancy deemed was only truth,
Oh, would that I could know again,
The happy visions of my youth.

'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown,
How false these fairy visions were,
Or murmur that mine eyes have known,
The burden of a fleeting tear;
But still the heart will fondly cling
To hopes no longer prized as truth,
And memory still delights to bring
The happy visions of my youth.
—Mark Lemon.

THE BURGLAR AND THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

"A FINE public house," said Blanco Watson, the humorist.

"Yes," I replied, looking at the building we were approaching, "but a strange position away from the high road, and surrounded by villas."

"A very strange position. We will rest in the public house, and I will tell you how it came to be built in such a very strange position."

I smiled, and followed him into the saloon bar. We sat at one of the tables, and were silent for a time, he thinking and I watching him.

"The story begins," he said presently, "with a burglary committed by a certain Bill Jones one night long ago.

"Bill was a young member of his profession. Hitherto he had not attempted anything very big, but continued success in small things had made him bold. On this night he broke into the country house of a well-known actress, in the hope of carrying off her jewels.

"He succeeded in getting the jewels and was leaving with them when he found that the slight noise he had made had attracted attention. A servant girl met him at a turn of the stairway and began to shriek. He rushed by her and to the window through which he had entered. As he passed through it again he heard doors being opened, and knew that the house was fully aroused."

"I understand," I said. "Bill escaped. The actress employed a detective. The detective built this public house in an out-of-the-way place, hoping that Bill, as an out-of-the-way young man, would call in one day for a drink. Curiously enough, Bill did."

Blanco Watson frowned.

"This is an intellectual story," he said; "it does not depend on coincidences.

"I will continue. Bill avoided the first pursuit by a long run across country, and then walked toward his home, not daring to use the railway. He kept to the by-roads as much as possible, and at the close of the next day had reached the neighborhood of London.

"A spade lying inside a field gate suggested to him the advisability of hiding the jewels until he had arranged for their sale. After making sure that he was not observed, he entered the field and picked up the spade. A tree of peculiar growth stood just beyond him. In the manner of fiction, he counted twenty steps due north from the tree, and then dug a deep hole, placed the jewels in it, and filled it up again.

"He arrived home safely that night, but was arrested in the morning. The servant girl had given an accurate description of him to the police, and they had recognized it.

"In due course he was tried. The evidence against him was very strong. The servant girl swore that he was the man she met on the stairs; some of the villagers swore that they had seen him near the house previously to the burglary. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

"Bill behaved very well in prison, and at the end of five years was released on a ticket-of-leave. He decided to wait until the ticket had expired, and then to get the jewels and leave the country. But a day or two after his release he walked out to look at the field.

"There was no field. During the five years he had been in prison the estate of which the field was part had been built upon. He wandered about the houses in despair. But, as he turned a corner, he saw something which suggested hope. Behind some railings was a tree of curious growth.

"It was the tree twenty steps due north of which he had buried the jewels. He recognized it immediately, and ran toward it. Again he was in despair. A yard or two north of the tree was a chapel. He leaned against the railings, covering his face with his hands.

"It happened presently that the head deacon of the chapel, a kindly old man, came down the road. He saw Bill standing like one in trouble, and stopped and asked what was the matter and whether he could help.

"For a few moments Bill did not know what to reply, but then he spoke well. He said that once he had been a burglar, but that he had learned in prison that burglary is wrong; that now he was trying to live an honest life, but that, as he had no friends, it was not easy.

"The old man was touched. He had found Bill leaning against the chapel railings, and Bill had said that he had no friends. Was it not his duty as head deacon of the chapel to be a friend to Bill? Clearly it was.

"He took Bill home with him; he was a bachelor, and there was no one to restrain his benevolence. They had supper and talked together. The deacon found Bill intelligent and fairly well educated, and offered him employment. He was a builder in the neighborhood, he explained, and had a vacancy in the works. Bill gratefully accepted the offer, and began his new career on the following Monday.

"Months passed. Bill had changed wonderfully. He had forgotten his old habits and learned new ones. The deacon was delighted. Not only was Bill the best of his workmen, but he was the most regular attendant at the chapel.

"Bill longed for the jewels, and he worked hard because he knew that money would help him to get them. He attended the chapel because while there he was near the jewels, the seat he had taken being just twenty steps due north from the tree. At first he had meditated digging down through the floor one night, but the chances of detection were great and he had given up the idea.

"Years passed. The deacon had become an invalid, and Bill practically managed his business. He was an important man at the chapel, too, and was often intrusted with a collection-box. One day the deacon died. Soon afterward it was known that, having no near relatives, he had left his property to his friend William Jones."

"I see!" I exclaimed; "Bill——"

Blanco Watson shook his head.

"Bill was Bill no longer," he said. "He had become a man of wealth. At the next election of deacons he was one of the successful candidates. In future we must refer to him as Mr. Jones, and not as Bill.

"Mr. Jones was a most energetic deacon. He introduced new members and he persuaded old ones to attend more regularly. He started a young men's literary society and a series of Saturday entertainments. He made the chapel the most popular in the district; and then, at a New Year's business meeting, he struck boldly for the jewels.

"The chapel was too small, he said in the course of an eloquent speech. They must erect another on a larger site. There was but one such site in the neighborhood. They must secure it before others did. He himself would undertake the building operations, charging only what they cost him. He would also purchase the old chapel. The net expenditure need not be very great.

"The proposal was well received, and a committee, with Mr. Jones as chairman, was appointed to consider the details. Their report was very favorable, and at another business meeting it was decided to carry out the proposal.

"The necessary funds were subscribed or guaranteed. Contracts were made with Mr. Jones. In the spring of that year the building operations were commenced, and by the autumn they were finished. The congregation removed to the new chapel. Mr. Jones purchased the old one at a high price and entered into possession.

"And then," I said, "I suppose he got the jewels?"

Blanco Watson laughed.

"No," he said, "he did not. He broke up the floor himself, counted the steps due north from the tree again, and dug. He did not find the jewels. He counted the steps again and dug deeper. He did not find them. Then he tried other places, but, although he kept on until he had tried everywhere beneath the floor, he never found the jewels."

"Why, what had become of them?"

"I cannot say. It is possible that when the foundation was being laid a workman had discovered and appropriated them. Again, it is possible that there were two trees of similarly curious growth, and that the one outside the chapel was not the one Mr. Jones first saw. Again——"

"And what has the story to do with the public house? But I can guess."

"Of course you can. Mr. Jones was very angry with the chapel members. He considered that, by false pretenses, they had led him into buying the old chapel dearly and building the new one cheaply. He resigned his deaconship, and then sought a way to be revenged on them. He found one. On the site of the old chapel he built a public house—this public house in which we have sat so long."—Edgar Turner, in The Sketch.

Stitched a Fractured Bone.

John Gordon, 39 years of age, found by the light of the X-ray that he was recovering the use of a fractured leg, the bone in which had been sewn together with silver threads. This man owes the saving of his limb to one of the most remarkable surgical operations of the age, performed by Professor Reginald Sayre, the eminent specialist, at Bellevue hospital.

Gordon sustained a compound fracture of the femur, the largest bone in the leg and the longest in the entire body. It was the result of a bad fall. Amputation seemed imperative, but he pleaded against the loss of a limb, and his sister had him removed from his home to Bellevue hospital.

There Dr. Sayre and Dr. A. W. Williams decided upon a daring operation, uniting the bone and tying it in place with the silver films. The greatest fear was that blood poisoning might result. Gordon began to improve at once, however, and for a month past has been able to walk about with only the assistance of a cane.

In order to ascertain whether the experimental operation was a success or not, Dr. Sayre and Dr. Williams had Gordon removed in a carriage to the studio of Professor Martin, where the limb was observed in the glare of the X-ray. The fractured bone was found to be knitting together and fast healing. The silver strands were still in place and those he will have with him always.—New York Journal.

Household Economies in France.

An article on "French Wives and Mothers," written by Miss Anna L. Bicknell, and illustrated by Boutet de Monvel, appears in the Century. The author says: The pot-au-feu, or meat-soup, is in fact a festive meal; more often the mother has made soup with dry crusts soaked in the water which has boiled vegetables, and the addition of pea-pods or some such delicacy. If they live near the Halles Centrales, or principal markets, the mother goes there late in the afternoon and looks out for articles of food which would not bear a day's delay, and pounces upon these because they are sold at any price. In the case of old bachelors or widowers, "lone and lorn," who are not so expert at bargaining, there is the characteristic resource of what are called les bijoux, namely, the remnants sold by cooks of large establishments and by first-class restaurants. These are collected from door to door, and tumbled together in no very appetizing fashion; but the retailer sorts and arranges the various articles, which are then properly adorned (pares), scraped, and cut into neat pieces, nicely garnished, and set out on clean plates. Customers who are brave enough to forget the antecedents of such dainties may thus purchase for a trifle portions of the choicest game or the best fish served on high-class tables, with many other delicacies of tempting appearance. Many old rentiers, so called, living in garrets, and sunning themselves all day on benches in the public gardens, where they talk politics with their fellows, get really good dinners in this way.

All's Well that Ends Well.

Physician—Two of your ribs are broken, your right arm is fractured, one of your ears is missing and three fingers gone.

Patient—How is the wheel?

"Without a scratch."

"Thank heaven. Think of what might have happened!"

Kate—Belle and Charley seem to be rather sweet on one another. Maud—Sweet? Why, they were out playing golf all the afternoon. Kate—But that doesn't signify. Maud—It does in their case. They forgot to take the clubs with them when they went out.—Boston Transcript.

A visitor to the British Museum reports that he saw a countryman standing before the bust of a woman in a collection of statuary. The woman was represented in the act of coiling her hair, and, as the visitor came up, the countryman was saying to himself: "No, sir, that ain't true to nature. She She ain't got her mouth full of hairpins."—Tid-Bits.

DOG OPENED FATHER'S EYES.

Experience of a Man Who Had Several Growing Daughters.

"It is quite interesting to be the father of several growing girls," said one of a group of family men in the smoker of a suburban car.

"Yes," answered another one with a shrug of his shoulders, "especially when they all want new gowns at the same time."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said the first speaker, "but of a way they have of taking the wind out of your own sails. It never occurred to me until the other morning that it was not to see me that young fellows kept dropping in to play cards and make themselves agreeable. I tumbled at last, but it was my hunting dog Jack that opened my eyes."

"Your hunting dog?" echoed the crowd.

"Yes. I had heard of nearly every kind of a plan for the communication of lovers except a dog. In this case Jack became Cupid's messenger. These boys borrowed the dog ostensibly to go hunting, but I have learned since that they didn't know a gun from a hoe-handle. They tied Jack up over night, and as soon as he got out in the morning he made a bee line for home. If I hadn't seen the corner of a paper sticking from under his collar I should never have suspected the eagerness with which those girls tried to head him off from me."

"He had a letter for them?"

"No, just a note asking the privilege of seeing dear Miss Kate or Miss Sue in the park for a walk and a chat! Nice idea. Employing the dog of the family in a clandestine correspondence. I answered that note myself and the two girls haven't spoken to me since. Jack is tied up and I'm watching the cat now, for I have no doubt they'll find a way to circumvent me."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Natural History

A most curious and sluggish creature is the tautawa, a nine-inch lizard, whose home is in New Zealand. The little imitation saurian has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes, and has been known to remain in one position perfectly motionless for many months. How the creature manages to exist is a mystery.

A naturalist who has given many years of study to some of the smaller forms of insect life has discovered that certain sorts of spiders are possessed of organs for which there seems to be no use save to create sound. They are mostly used when the little creatures are alarmed, although the opinion is held by some that this is their means of calling to their mates. The alarm idea, however, has some support in the case of the rattlesnake, which is provided with the means of making its presence known whenever an enemy approaches. Whether the possession of organs for creating sound is designed merely as a protection or warning is a point to which naturalists are giving careful and enthusiastic attention.

"It is common to hear people speak about poisonous serpents," writes a zoologist. "Serpents are never poisonous; they are venomous. A poison cannot be taken internally without bad effects; a venom can. Venoms, to be effective, have to be injected directly into the circulation, and this is the manner in which the snakes kill. Their venom taken internally is innocuous. Another popular error is the supposition that a snake bites. Probably no creature in the world provided with teeth and jaws has so little power of biting. The jaws are not hinged, but are attached one to the other by cartilage. Thus a snake can have no leverage in opposing one jaw to the other, and could not in this manner pierce the skin. The fangs are driven into the flesh by a stroke, and not by a bite. A snake is harmless unless in coil. From its coils it throws its head and body forward, and strikes or hooks its fangs into the object aimed at. The entire work is done with the upper jaw, the lower jaw having nothing at all to do with it. A man striking a boathook into a pier furnishes an example of the way in which a snake strikes."

For Working Men.

A winter garden in which the tired workingman may take his ease is among the attractive features of the Mills House, the handsome hotel for the people, erected in New York by D. O. Mills, banker and philanthropist. The house is built in two parts, each in the form of a hollow square, with a courtyard in the center of each part. Each courtyard is fifty feet square and floored with heavy glass, which is the skylight for rooms below. Palms will be placed about these courtyards, and there will be seats and tables. Above the glass floor rise nine tiers of windows, and over all is a great skylight. The walls rising above the courtyard are entirely white, and at night are starred with electric lights. There are over fifteen hundred bedrooms in the building, the uniform rate per night for each being twenty cents. This includes the privilege of reading and lounging rooms, writing tables, hot and cold water baths, and tables where games may be played. Each room has at least one window looking either upon the street or into one of the courts.

Windows looking on the court are provided with grilles and lace curtains, no window glass being used. The rooms on the outside of the building have windows and curtains. The various floors are reached by means of elevators. The rooms are just large enough to contain a bed and a chair. They are all separated, however, and are lighted over the partition, there being no lights in the rooms. Lockers in the basement allow for the storage of the effects of the guests. The building is heated throughout with steam and lit by electricity. A laundry is provided in the house, and the men may, if they desire, wash their own clothes. The dining-room is in the basement and is intended to furnish cheap meals of a good quality. Mr. Mills wishes it to be understood that men who become guests of the hotel pay well for the accommodations they get. He declares that he expects the investment to pay financially. His object is to show that self-respecting men of small means can be given fine accommodations at surprisingly low prices.

In Italy.

Poor young girls in Italy are provided with a marriage portion from a Government fund. The sum annually distributed in this manner amounts to no less than $25,000. To obtain a dowry the applicant has to produce witnesses as to her good character, and she has also to prove that her sweetheart has a trade, and that she herself has no means.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Mme. Sarah Grand is writing a couple of essays under the titles of "On the Choice of a Wife" and "On the Choice of a Husband."

A copy of the first edition of Shelley's "Queen Mab," which was included in the Phillipps collection, was sold in London the other day for something over a hundred dollars.

Mme. Laura de Maupassant, who is living a secluded and quiet life at Nice, continually receives from authors requests for permission to dramatize the novels of her dead son, Guy de Maupassant.

Heine can have no statue at Dusseldorf in this generation at least. Though the citizens subscribed for the purpose, the Emperor interfered, not caring to have the poet of the revolution honored in his empire.

The vicarage of Dean Prior, where Robert Herrick lived, has been partially modernized and added to, but the main structure is the same as in the days when the poet wrote his "Hesperides" within its walls.

M. Jules Claretie, French academician and manager of the Comedie Francaise, is writing a novel, dealing with the siege of Paris. He served as a National Guard during that period, and his experiences will play a part in the book.

Rudyard Kipling's new English home is at Rottingdean, a quiet little Sussex village near the sea. It is called "The Elms," and is surrounded by beautiful elms and ilex trees. Here he leads an active life in more than one way, for he is said to ride three hours every morning and to walk from five to six miles later in the day.

Sir Walter Besant proposes to have the first volume of his "Survey of London" ready early next year. Every street in the County Council area has been walked through by Sir Walter or one of his assistants, one of them a young lady, and every building of any importance is duly described, and a great many are illustrated by photographs.

Winston Churchill, author of "One Celebrity," has a short story in the Century, entitled "By Order of the Admiral." It is described in the sub-title as a story of the times on the strength, apparently, of an imaginary and impossible filibustering expedition conducted by an equally imaginary and impossible young woman, on behalf of the suffering Cubans. But the absurdity of the conception does not prevent the narrative from being racy and interesting.

Ibsen is not so thoroughly wedded to his realistic art that he has not his day dreams with the rest of us and a hankering for travel and luxury. To a young lady who asked him what he would do if he had a million, he said: "I should buy an elegant steam yacht with electric lights and all modern comforts, with a crew of 120 and a grand orchestra. Then I should invite twenty good friends to travel with me. We should visit many fine regions, but our principal goal would be the island of Ceylon, which must be, from all I have heard, the most beautiful spot on earth."

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A handy kitchen implement is formed of a thin, flat metal plate, adapted for use as a cutter, with slots in the surface to allow the passage of vegetables when the tool is used as a masher, a curved handle being attached to one end of the plate.

A New York woman has patented an educational device in the shape of a sand-board which has flanges around the edges and is provided with a glass cover to protect a design when once formed, the board being useful in illustrating geography.

Bicycles can be steered automatically by a new head, which has the ball raceways slightly depressed in the front and rear to form a seat for the cones when in alignment and tending to return them to that position when out of place.

Conical holes can be bored by a new English tool, which has a straight spindle with a screw tip and a pivoted flange at the side, which is forced out against the wall of the hole by means of a screw on the side of the spindle.

Sounds can be readily located by a new instrument, which has a large funnel pivoted on a frame over the head, with tubes extending to the ears to transfer the sound, which becomes louder as the mouth of the funnel turns toward it.

A new metal clothespin is formed of a single piece of spring wire bent into two complete coils to form a clamp when slipped over the line, the ends of the wire being formed into eyes to prevent catching in the clothes.

A handy truck for moving barrels has a gripping plate secured to the front of the truck, provided with a central concave portion, which has teeth along its outer edge to catch the barre' and prevent its slipping.

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—

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SAWED OFF HIS OWN LEG.

Wonderful Nerve of a Pioneer Gold Prospector.

Few old miners have not heard of the Pegleg mine, located in the vicinity of Death Valley, which has been a legend in mining circles for nearly fifty years. Numerous expeditions have been organised for the rediscovery of this famous lost mine. The originator of the story of a marvelously rich mine located in the terra incognito of which Death Valley is the central point was Pegleg Smith, a famous pioneer long before the discovery of gold in California. In his earlier career his operations were confined mainly to the overland trail on which he was employed as a freighter and guide.

The circumstances which gave rise to the sobriquet by which he was universally known was a most thrilling episode. While hauling a load of freight between the widely separated posts of that early day he was jolted from his wagon, and falling under its wheels had his leg so badly crushed that it was evident that his only hope of life lay in amputation. But he was alone on the trail in the heart of the mountains, and the nearest surgeon was at the military post of Fort Laramie, hundreds of miles away. He was a man of iron nerve, however, and did not hesitate an instant after he had learned the extent of his injuries.

With his jackknife and saw he performed the amputation himself, banaged the stump as best he could, and in his crippled condition built himself a shelter and subsisted on the provisions in his wagon until he was found

CUTTING OFF HIS OWN LEG.

by some friendly Indians and taken to a surgeon. The operation was a success, and in a few months he resumed his old calling. When the late Governor Gilpin visited Oregon in 1840-'43 Smith was employed to guide him, and the Governor in his narrative records the incident. After the discovery of gold in the mountains of California, Pegleg turned prospector and traveled through the mountains from Oregon to Arizona until he became noted as the most daring and most thoroughly posted prospector and guide.

A FATAL SPOT.

Place Where Mary Queen of Scots Lost Her Crown.

Three hundred and fifty years ago on the 13th of May Mary Queen of Scots stood on a grassy knoll near the village of Cathcart watching with feverish interest the movements of three bodies of troops about a mile off in the fields round Langside. Eleven days before she escaped from the castle of Lochleven and now the day had dawned which was to decide whether she would ever rule Scotland again. What the fates had decreed is written at large in the pages of history and that story throws a glamour of pathetic romance round the spot on which Mary learned her doom. For many years "Court Knowe,"

MARY LOST HER CROWN HERE.

as the knoll is called, was marked by a throne tree and when that decayed Gen. Sir George Cathcart, who fell at Inkerman, replaced it with a rough field-gate stone, on which he carved with his own hands a crown, the queen's initials and the date of the battle. Later still, the General's nephew, Earl Cathcart, built this memorial, which is of red granite and repeats the inscription of its predecessor. It may be that Mary's life was a failure, but she has her recompense now. Her story still greatly stirs the hearts of men and draws the sympathetic pilgrim to such shrines as this; Elizabeth, successful in life, is regarded afar off with emotionless respect.

Burned Them.

Kitty—What did she do with those adoring love epistles he wrote?

Jack—She simply made light of them.—Up To Date.

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 1 P. M.

If thou knowest how to use money, it will become thy handmaid; if not it will become thy master.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

Some one has beautifully and thoughtfully said: "To cure was the voice of the past; to prevent, the divine whisper of today."

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

Nature has given us two ears, two eyes and but one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25.

Old Ocean's Depths.

The greatest depth known is six miles, this distance having been reached in the Pacific Ocean.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

Mrs. Pinkham Relieved Her of All Her Troubles.

Mrs. MADGE BABCOCK, 176 Second St., Grand Rapids, Mich., had ovarian trouble with its attendant aches and pains, now she is well. Here are her own words:

"Your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new person. Before I began taking it I was all run down, felt tired and sleepy most of the time, had pains in my back and side, and such terrible headaches all the time, and could not sleep well nights. I also had ovarian trouble. Through the advice of a friend I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and since taking it all troubles have gone. My monthly sickness used to be so painful, but have not had the slightest pain since taking your medicine. I cannot praise your Vegetable Compound too much. My husband and friends see such a change in me. I look so much better and have some color in my face."

Mrs. Pinkham invites women who are ill to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is freely offered.

Before and After.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wederly, "what is the difference between idealism and realism?"

"Idealism," replied Wederly, "is what we experienced during our engagement."

"Yes," said she, "and realism?"

"Oh," he replied, "that's what we are up against now.

Further Information Needed.

"I want you to understand that I'm as good as my word, sir," declared the man that was looking for a small loan.

"All right, sir. I'll take a look around and find out what your word's worth."

A Real Grievance.

Visitor—How's business?

Boatman—Business! Why, there ain' no business since these 'ere bicycles come inter fashion. Why they comes down 'ere, takes our fresh air as we're celebrated for, and pumps it into blooming wheels and takes it away with 'em.—Phil May's Summer Annual

One Way of Looking at It.

"It has been openly asserted," exclaimed one citizen, "that that politician accepts money for his influence."

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "he isn't to blame for that. If people choose to advertise his business for nothing he can't help it."—Washington Star.

Beauty is Blood Deep
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean 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.

Of all teachings, that which presents a far-distant God is the nearest to absurdity. Either there is none, or He is nearer to every one of us than our nearest consciousness of self.

$100 Reward. $100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Life is a train of moods, like a string of beads, and as we pass through them they prove to be many-colored lenses which paint the world their own hue, and each shows only what lies in its focus.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

Memory tempers prosperity, mitigates adversity and controls youth and delights old age.

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

The first of the conditions on which depends our nearness to the Deity is sincerity. We must have a hearty love for the truth in every person and subject and in every place.

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

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ANNOYE, 393 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts and to strengthen for the help of others.

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FACTS ABOUT THE HAWAIIANS.

How They Became Christians—Their Alphabet—Poi, Aloha, and Leis.

Hawaiians all become "Christians" through the simple process of an edict—kapoo—of one of the sturdy old Kamehamehas. That worthy King, observing that it was easier to kill an enemy with a rifle than with a club, and that the rifle was the invention of the theological mases of the missionaries who were trying to convert his subjects, and announced that all Hawaiians were from that moment Christians. As he added that he would knock in the head any who objected, the thing was done as fast as his courtiers could deliver his message to his loving subjects.

All native women ride, full-blood, half-caste, and white, and everywhere but in Honolulu ride men's saddles. The low-caste ride native ponies in a careless, slovenly manner, but the high-caste and whites, sitting astride an American horse—the possession of which is almost a mark of rank—ride with a dash and style that are fine to see. On all the islands but Oahu, and even on that outside of Honolulu, where fashions from "the States" prevail, the women all dress in a gown falling straight from the shoulders, and in this garment, called a holoku, they ride man-fashion, the skirts being so very full they need not be divided.

Poi, the staff of life of the native Hawaiians, is made of an esculent root called tara, much resembling a big sweet potato. The tara, raw, is pounded into a thick, stiff paste in wooden troughs, packed in matting, and allowed to ferment. When it is to be served this is thinned to any desired consistency in a calabash, and conveyed to the mouth by the fingers. It is pale blue in color and slightly acid in taste, but foreigners soon acquire a liking for it, especially when thinned with milk so that it can be drunk.

There are but twelve letters in the Hawaiian alphabet. These, with their pronunciations, are: A (ah), e(a), i (ee), o (o as in ho), u (oo), h (hay), k (kay), l (la), m (moo), n (noo), p (pay), and w (vay). The missionaries added a thirteenth, t, but the natives won't have it, and continue to pronounce, for instance, the name of the root from which poi is made "kara," although the missionaries have it "tara." Every vowel in a word is distinctly sounded, except that the vowels "ai" are sounded "i," as in English. Waikiki, the beach where our soldiers take an ocean plunge during their stay in Honolulu, is properly pronounced "Vikeekee." There is a great difference in the speech of the high and low caste natives. The first call their island group "Ha-va-ee-ee," and the latter begin it all right with "Ha," but conclude with a guttural grunt; and the word heard most, "Aloha," sounds soft and beautiful on the lips of the first, but is a lazy, good-natured grunt as the latter speak it.

Aloha is, in their limited vocabulary, at once a greeting and farewell, a formal expression of regard and of deep love. In the latter case it is increased in warmth and depth of meaning by modifying adjectives annexed instead of prefixed, as "Aloha nui," "Aloha nui loa," or even "Aloha nui loa kea!"—and then it is time to speak to papa.

Our soldiers, so say the reports from Honolulu, were greeted with "Alohas" and "leis." The latter are wreaths of flowers made either to fit around the hat of a man or head of a woman, or more generously to hang over the neck and shoulders. The native women display much art in weaving the abundant flowers into leis of much beauty. No matter how many men may leave a ranch or plantation-house, nor how early it may be in the morning, the mistress has been busy with her maids, and every guest is decked with a lei. A popular man departing on one of the little inter-island steamers is bade farewell by a hundred friends, who rub noses with him until the gong sounds, and then load him with leis so that he can scarcely stagger up the gangplank.—New York World.

Trials of a Lecturer.

Under the title of "Some Reminiscences of a Lecturer," Dr. Andrew Wilson, the well-known writer on popular science, gives many amusing anecdotes of lecturers and their audiences. Most irritating to the former is a provincial habit of turning heads "en masse," when a door creaks, to ascertain who is coming in. Dr. Wilson tells a story of a lecturer who, when any one happened to come in late in the usual clumsy fashion, was in the habit of stopping short and watching the intruder to his seat, generally with the effect of making him look sheepish and disconcerted. It happened, however, one day, while he was lecturing in a provincial town, that he was interrupted by a gentleman coming in late with a particularly irritating pair of creaking boots. The lecturer stopped, according to his custom, and stared at the intruder, who seemed to be not in the least conscious that all eyes were upon him. At length, getting out of patience, the lecturer, in an icy tone, said: "I am waiting for you, sir." Apparently quite unmoved, the offender spent a few seconds in arranging his coat in his chair. Then, sitting down, he turned to the lecturer with a charming smile, and said: "Now, sir, I am ready if you are. Please proceed!"

A Friendly Warning.

"I have," said the traveler, "penetrated into the very heart of Africa's burning desert, and now I propose to go in search of the north pole."

"Well," replied his friend, "as an African explorer you may be all right, but when you strike the arctic regions you'll find you're not so warm."

Half the people can't write legibly, or spell, yet we continue to spend a great deal of money on "higher education."

Arabian Horses.

A good Arabian horse can canter in the desert for twenty-four hours in summer and forty-eight hours in winter without drinking.

Natural Color of Sealskins.

Sealskins are originally of a light drab color, but as found in the market are always dyed.

She Leads the Procession.

"It's no use; we can't keep up with Maud."

"What's the matter now?"

"She's got engaged by cable."

Some artists know as little about a work of art as they do about the art of work.

THE STEAMBOAT.

An Old Engineer Speaks His Mind Freely on an Interesting Subject.

"Grandpa," said the old engineer's pet and pride as he looked up from his history book, "in what year did Mr. Fulton invent the steamboat?"

"He didn't," responded grandpa, with a snap of his jaws.

"This book says he did," protested the youngster.

"We can't help that, my lad, but come over here and let me tell you some real history." The boy obeying by gladly firing his book into a corner and climbing into the old gentleman's lap, the grandfather proceeded: "Away back yonder only about fifty years after Columbus discovered America, that is to say, in 1543, when Charles V. was King of Spain, a Spanish captain named Elasco de Guerere put a two-hundred-ton steamboat on the water at Barcelona that made a record for itself in no time. There was an exhibition run before the King and all his court and there wasn't a hitch in the whole trial trip. The secret of the propelling power was unknown, but there was a big tank of boiling water and steam on board, and there were two wheels visible on the outside of the hull. As I said, she was a success, and the King was greatly pleased and wanted his treasurer to buy the whole thing from Captain Guerere and build some government steam vessels, but the treasurer was away behind the times and poked around until Guerere took the engine out of the hull and let the boat rot in the water. As for himself he died from disappointment, taking his secret to the grave with him. Spain had discovered America, and the effort had been too much for her in the progressive line, so she simply laid down on the poor captain, my child, and killed him.

"For a hundred years after that the steamboat business was as dull as it is on a Western river during a drouth, and then in 1637 one Solomon de Coste came into France from Normandy with an engine that would propel a vessel on the water or a carriage on land, and he showed it to the King, and later to Cardinal Richelieu, who held a mortgage on France, body and soul. This engine of de Coste's was pretty much all that was claimed for it, and was without question quite as successful as its successors, yet the best Richelieu could do for de Coste was to shut him up in a mad-house for his persistence, where in good time, I suppose, the poor fellow died. France wasn't any better than Spain in the navigation business, and the steamboat interests languished for another hundred years, when up on the Potomac at Shepherdstown, Va., James Ramsey had a steamboat that that highly respected citizen, George Washington, thought was a good thing, and advised him to push it along. Mr. Fitch ran in one about the same time, and poor Ramsey had such a hard row to hoe with his invention that at last he gave it up in despair. Two hundred years wasted, my lad, and still no steamboat doing a regular passenger and freight business. The next trial was made by William Symington on the Forth and Clyde canal in Scotland, with the tug Charlotte Dundas, and nobody said then that steam navigation was a new thing. The Dundas towed for a while and was laid by because her wheels washed the banks of the canal. This was in 1802, and there was another lapse until 1807, when the Fulton you mention shoved a little steamboat called the Clermont out on the Hudson River and made a trip to Albany in her. He had failed on the Seine and would have done it in America, but he had the money behind him this time and he got there exactly as Captain Guerere would have done three hundred years ahead of him if he had only had the backing. That's history, my child," concluded the old gentleman, "and whenever anybody talks to you about Robert Fulton inventing the steamboat you tell him what your grandfather tells you. Do you hear?"—Detroit Free Press.

Unfortunate Patriotism.

Patriotism has its disadvantages. No thistles grew in Australia till a Scotsman planted some seed out of love for his old country. It was a very natural but foolish deed, as now the thistle has multiplied into millions, and gives a great deal of trouble.

HEAD ACHE
"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
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