MOUNTAIN TROUT IS BITIN'.

When the mountain trout is bitin', in the
lazy days o' May,
Why, the spirit leaves the body, an' goes
wanderin' away—
Strayin' by the fields o' clover, whar' the
golden sunshine seems
Silenced waves o' song still hoverin' on
the pastur's an' the streams;
An' you loll within the shadders nigh
some blossomin' wild rose,
Jest a dreamin',
Dreamin',
Dreamin',
Half awake an' half adose!
All the glory o' creation is compressed in
one short day,
When the mountain trout is bitin' in the
lazy days o' May.

Now an' then across the medders rings
the tingle o' the bells—
Like the orchestry o' Nature somewhar'
hid among the dells;
Orioles wing up and over, an'—infloatin'
from the hills—
Comes the bluebird's hallalooyer in the
softest thrills an' trills.
'Tain't unnaterel fer a feller, ef he's ever
loved at all,
To be thinkin',
Thinkin',
Thinkin',
Of some one beyond recall,
An' to wonder ef her spirit ain't still
with you anyway,
When the mountain trout is bitin' in the
lazy days o' May.
—New York Times.

The Odd Thing About It.

I HAD been poring over a fourteenth century manuscript in the window seat, behind the library curtains. The twilight and the end of the faint, crabbed writing came together, and then I supposed I fell asleep. I woke at the sound of Vera Rutherford's voice.

"The oddest thing about it is that I don't really dislike him at all."

"You will tell me next that he doesn't really dislike you," said Maud Leslie, with an unbelieving laugh.

"I am afraid," said Vera, "there is no doubt about that." I could have pointed out grave doubts; but I wasn't more than half-awake. Besides I couldn't be quite sure that they referred to me."

"Did you say 'afraid,' Ve?"

"You needn't quibble over my words," she answered, impatiently. There was a pause.

"Dear old Ve!" said Maud, in a moment. Here again I ought to have pretended that I had just woke up, and announced myself.

"I hate him," Vera observed, inconsistently.

"So," said Maud heartily, "do I!" I could not well proclaim my presence after these remarks.

"At least I think I do."

"I am sure I do," said Maud, positively. "I consider him horrible."

"Oh, Maud; you know he isn't."

"He must be, or he wouldn't be so rude to you."

"I—I provoke him, you see."

"That is no excuse at all. Look at the way he contradicted you about those Tuscan vases, or whatever you call them."

"I contradicted him first."

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Because he was right."

"Which made it all the more annoying."

"Yes," said Vera, with a sigh. I wished I had let her have her own way."

"He is a great deal too 'superior,'" stated Maud. I felt myself blushing."

"He really knows a great deal," suggested Vera, timidly. I made up my mind not to quarrel with her any more.

"A lot of antiquated rubbish of no use to any one," scoffed Maud. I could feel that she was tossing her head. "Jack calls him the 'lumber-room!'" Jack is a young ass!"

"I don't agree," said Vera, hotly, "Jack is——"

"No, he isn't!" He's very nearly engaged to Maud."

"A charming and intelligent fellow, I was going to say."

"Nasty little story-teller!" I thought they were going to quarrel, but they didn't.

"Well, I'll admit the learning of your Mr. Norton," said Maud, when they had done laughihng, "but——"

"He isn't my Mr. Norton," Vera objected. There was a further pause. If Maud had gone I should have felt inclined to come out and place "Mr. Norton" at pretty Vera's disposal, but Maud didn't go.

"Do you really like him, old Ve?" she asked.

"Only just a little."

"Sure?"

"Yes—almost sure."

"You are rather hard on him, Maud, I think." So did I. "Won't you admit that he has many good points?"

"Oh—he can talk! He's very amusing when he comes out of the shell. I rather like to talk to him myself." Indeed! "But I don't believe he has a bit of sentiment in him. I'm sure he's never kissed a girl in his life." Hasn't he! "Unless"—she laughed mischievously—"it's you."

"You are ridiculous," protested Vera. "He wouldn't dream of such a thing." Obviously Miss Vera understood me no better than other antiquities.

"Perhaps he—Why don't you leave off squabbling with him?"

"He won't let me. He generally begins by asking whether I am ready for our usual quarrel."

"Why don't you say no."

"Because he ought to say it." I resolved that he should.

"Then you will find him deadly dull."

"I—I don't think I should."

"Whatever would you talk about?"

"Oh—the usual things!"

"My dear Ve, he couldn't! Just fancy him whispering soft nothings in your ear!" Maud laughed. Personally, I didn't see anything to laugh at. "And you blushing and looking down——"

"Don't be so silly!"

"Whilst he imprinted a chaste salute"—

"It is time to dress for dinner," said Vera, frigidly. She walked toward the door.

"He has a ginger mustache," said Maud, as a parting shot. This remark was absolutely untrue; it is golden almost.

"He has not!" Vera departed.

Maud hummed a queer little tune to herself for a minute. Then she sighed twice—presumably for Vera. Then she shrugged her shoulders once—I fear for me! Then she went out also. After a prudent interval I followed.

At dinner Vera and I were neighbors. I avoided antiquities, and told her amusing stories, just to hear her laugh. She looks very pretty when she laughs. She also looks very pretty when she doesn't.

After dinner our host, who is proud of his scenery, suggested that we should go and see the moon rise over Tall hill. I managed to escort Vera and to lose the others.

"Shall we have our usual quarrel?" she asked, when we had perched ourselves upon a big stile at the foot of the hill.

"No," I replied; "I don't want to quarrel, please."

"Don't you?" she said, brightly. "Aren't you afraid we shall be dull?"

"Not in the least; but if you are——"

"Oh, no. We can talk about—let me see——"

"The usual things?" I suggested. She looked swiftly at me, and gave a little start. I took hold of her arm. "I thought you were falling,' I explained. "Perhaps it would be safer if I—held you.' She didn't seem to mind, so I gathered her arm comfortably in mine.

"I can't imagine you talking 'usual things,' you know,' she said, with an uncertain little laugh.

"Everybody says 'usual things' in the moonlight," I explained. "See, it is just rising over the hill."

We sat a few minutes in silence, watching the yellow rim appearing, and the pale light streaming down the fields, dotted here and there with tall trees.

"It is very, very beautiful," she said softly. "It makes one feel good. I am so glad you didn't want to quarrel tonight."

"Or any other night. I have been going to tell you so for a long time." She laughed.

"How strange! Do you know, I have been wanting to say the same thing to you?"

"It was right that the overture should come from me." She started and glanced at me again. The moonlight lighted up her pretty, thoughtful face and glinted in her golden hair. "The prettiest effect of the moonrise is invisible to you," I told her.

"I think,' she said, smilingly, "its nicest effect is that it has made two quarrelsome people——" She hesitated for the word.

"Good friends?" She nodded. "One of them is very glad."

"So," she said almost inaudibly, "is the other."

"Do you know, little Vera, dreadfully as we quarreled, I liked you all the time. Only I thought that you disliked me so much."

She would certainly have fallen off if I had not had the presence of mind to put my arm around her waist.

"Oh, no!" she cried, quickly. "Indeed I didn't."

"That," I said, "was the odd thing about it."

She gave such a jump at the quotation that she would certainly have fallen off the seat—if I had not had the presence of mind to put my arm around her waist!—Mail and Express.

Cotton Manufactures.

"The South," says a Fall River cotton manufacturer, "has gone into the cotton-milling business very extensively. With the cheap labor and long hours of the South a cheap grade of cotton goods can be turned out at much less expense. The Northern manufacturers could not stand this competition. They decided to make a better quality of goods. Heretofore the fine qualities were imported from abroad. Now as good a quality is manufactured by the mills of Fall River, and is for home consumption. New machinery was substituted for the old. The old hands employed in the mills were of sufficient experience to turn out the good quality. This has resulted in a decline of imported goods. I do not mean by this that the South has all the cheap cotton trade. There are ten mills in Fall River and New Bedford which turn out the cheap grade. The other seventy or eighty mills are devoted to the finer grades."—New York Tribune.

Boer Idea of the British Army.

The Boer prisoners in hospitals still continue to prosper and grow fat, says the London News. I was speaking to one of them the other day. He was an exceedingly interesting man, and the half hour's conversation was most instructive to me. He was educated at Stellenbosch, the Cape Dutch university centre, and was one of the last men one would imagine to have any mistaken notion as to Britain's resources, and yet he informed me he had been under the impression that the English army consisted of 6,000 soldiers.

Do you remember the character in one of Rider Haggard's books—"Jess," I think—who had been in Cape Town and counted the British army? Personally, I should never have believed that such stupendous ignorance could have possibly existed.

"But, surely," I argued, "you must know that the British army consists of more than 6,000? You read the papers, you have a knowledge of the world——"

My friend, the Boer prisoner, shook his head with a wise smile.

"I have seen only accounts of a big English army in the English papers. What would be easier than for your commander-in-chief to put down an extra hundred thousand troops on paper? If you have so many troops, why are you sending to India, and Australia, and China for assistance?

I did not attempt to explain.

In the Great Northwest.

Where in the wooly west are the sombreroed ruffians with pistols and knives in their boots and cartridge belts around their waists? Where are the Alkali Ikes, Lariat Bills, et al., who fire at the decanters in barrooms and at the silk hats of tenderfoot strangers—the villainous desperadoes whose lynching bees and other harrowing anecdotes make up considerable of the stock in trade of our eastern comic illustrators? I do not know. For many years I have wandered through the great northwest on horseback, stage coach and in canoes, as well as in the palatial Pullman sleeper of the great transcontinental lines, and I have never discovered any of the fierce, bewhiskered dime-novel heroes. Easterners have an erroneous impression about the vast plains country that stretches eastward from the flanks of the Rockies to the wheat fields of the Dakotas. In reality, it is a region where crimes are far less numerous in proportion to population than they are in the densely settled regions of the Eastern and Middle States.

Chinese Etiquette.

When a Chinaman issues invitations to dinner he sends out one or two days beforehand a tiny card of invitation contained in a huge envelope. If you accept the invitation you are supposed to keep the card; if you have not time—that is, if you decline—you are expected to send it back. If the banquet is appointed for 12 o'clock you need not go before 2 p. m.

When age brings a woman wisdom she begins to sit with her back to the light

If we undertake to defend ourselves too earnestly against abuse, there are lots of folks who don't want any better evidence that we are guilty.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

Once there was a little boy named Jimmy. And he had always lived in the city, and the only animals he had ever seen were horses, dogs and cats. But he had heard of leopards, because one of his boy friends had told him all about them and how they had spots on them and they could climb trees and eat people.

Well, one day he went to the country, and in course of time his cousin, who was older than he, helped him into an apple tree and then went into the house to get something—maybe it was an apple.

Jimmy was rather alarmed at being left alone in the tree, but he managed to stay there. Suddenly he saw a beast come prowling up the road. It was about the size of a leopard, as he imagined, and it was covered with spots even larger than a leopard would have, so it must be (thought Jimmy) a very awful kind of leopard. And, to make things worse, this leopard had a pair of horns, and large, ferocious-looking ears, and every now and then it roared like this: "Moo-oo, moo-oo." Jimmy was frightened half to death. But he had the slim hope that the beast would go away without seeing him.

Oh, horrible! The animal came right to the tree, and put its head right up among the branches, and began to sniff. Then it ate an apple. Jimmy was sure that in a moment it would climb the tree after him, so he got up to the top of the tree, though how he did it he couldn't tell till next day. He was weak and white with fear when he reached the top branch. The dreadful beast now came close to the trunk and began to rub up and down. Now he would spring up into the tree, beyond a doubt! But just as Jimmy thought he was crouching for a spring he saw his uncle come out of the house, and he screamed to him, "Oh, Uncle Ed, save me, save me! This leopard is going to eat me!"

Now, some uncles would have thought the mater a huge joke, but Uncle Ed was not that kind. He knew that to little Jimmy the horned beast was as bad as the most terrible leopard that ever roamed the jungle, and so he went over to the tree and said, "My boy, you are safe while I am here, because, in the first place, this kind of leopard can't climb a tree; and, in the second place, it isn't a leopard at all, but a cow; and, in the third place, it is Daisy, our pet cow; and if you take my word for it you can ride on her back as if she were a horse."

There was something in Uncle Ed's voice that had a very calming effect on Jimmy, and inside of two minutes the dreadful leopard that had come to eat him was turned into a good-natured old cow, and he rode her all around the place, holding on to Uncle Ed's hand.

Now Jimmy is grown up and has a Jimmy of his own, but he will never forget the horror of that five minutes with a horned leopard.—Outlook.

The Care of Clothes.

No self-respecting child but knows
The proper thing to do with clothes;
They should be hung upon the chair
At night, and not thrown anywhere.
—Chicago Record.

Couldn't Fool Her.

Speaking of kindergartens for colored children calls to mind the experience of a "befo de wah" matron, who was teaching one of the little darkies on her plantation how to spell.

The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly glibly spelled o-x, ox, and b-o-x, box, etc. But the teacher thought that she was making right rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said:

"Polly, what does o-x spell?"

"Ox," answered Polly, nimbly.

"How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?"

"Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly.

Dust Baths.

Some birds use water only, some water and dust, while others prefer dust and no water in their toilet. Birds are not only nice in the choice of bath water, but also very particular about the quality of their toilet dust.

Wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh-water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and dress their feathers in the early hours of the morning. Sparrows bathe often, both in water and in dust. They are not so particular about the quality of water as about the quality of the dust. The city sparrow must take a water bath where he can get it. Road dust, the driest and finest possible, suits him best. Partridges prefer dry loam. They like to scratch out the soil from under the grass, and fill their feathers with cool earth. Most birds are fond of ashes. Take a walk some early morning across a field where bonfires have burned, and see the numbers of winged creatures that rise suddenly from the ash heaps. A darting form, a small cloud of ashes, and the bathers disappear.

The Pillars of the Constitution.

Among the guests at a dinner to Daniel Webster in New York was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. Mr. Evarts united these two great men in a volunteer toast to "Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth, the pillars of the constitution."—J. J. Ingalls in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

OUR FROGS AND THEIR LEGS.

Forty Species Are Known, and Louisiana's Four-Pounders Are Largest.

Forty species of frogs are known to the world, according to the frog man of the Smithsonian Institution, who has given the matter laborious attention. Less than a quarter of a century ago only a few people ate frogs, but now they are generally eaten. The Government's frog man will not acknowledge that Canada produces finer frogs than the United States. He contends that the marshes back of the Potomac, the Louisiana swamps and the swamps and marshes of New York and Illinois, are to be found the finest and most succulent frogs in the known world. It is admitted, however, that the Canadians understand the art of preparing frogs' legs for market in a manner superior to Americans, and that this fact has brought the Canada frogs prominently before the lovers of good things to eat. He believes that frog farming is certain to be one of the most profitable industries of many parts of the United States, and that already many men are engaged in it.

Of the forty species of frogs known the largest is the gigantic bellower of the Louisiana swamps, which grows to four pounds' weight and is one of the most choice for table use. Next come the Potomac and the Illinois and New York frogs—all large and of superior flavor. There is not a State in the Union in which fine eating frogs cannot be found in abundance.

It is asserted that the pickings on the body of a frog are just as good as the meat on the legs, but in the days before the deluge frogs grew to such size that the legs furnishing sufficient meat to satisfy all demands without eating the body, and apparently the custom has been kept up. Geological sharps have dug up petrifactions and fossils to prove that in those days frogs grew to be as large as a man. The present day frog man gives little consideration and reverence to such stories.

A frog's leg is one mass of muscle, and there should be little wonder that he is a jumper. The frog is astonishingly like the man in some physical respects, and therefore useful for some experiments. On the other hand, experiments show that a frog deprived of his brains will live and eat and pursue existence in a sort of automatic manner.

Amputated Leg Sensations.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes: "My right leg was taken off at the middle third of the thigh nearly thirty years ago, but since that time the sensation of the presence of toes, instep, heel, foot or knee is stronger than in the other leg, or stronger than it was before amputation. To me it seems that when the leg is at rest, normally, there is no consciousness of any sensation at all in it, whereas there is always more or less sensation in the stump. My leg was amputated in such a position that it seems when I stand to be flexed with the foot behind me. I have often tried to get it out of the way of a closing door or of persons passing me on the street. To this day I often fall by trying to put out my foot on the floor when springing quickly from a sitting position. Year by year, also, there is a sensation of shortening, the foot seeming to come nearer the body. If I make an effort as if to extend the knee a sensation of heat occurs in the stump, although the rest of my body may be freezing."

"Mit Lots of Feddars."

Robert Frank, the well-known artist, is a self-made man, and not until he had become self-supporting did he have a chance to pursue the regular studies which most people have in earlier life. When he began drawing for a living his workmanship was so excellent that he had no difficulty in securing orders. One day he delivered some sketches to an employer, who said: "By the by, Frank, I want a picture drawn in a great hurry. It is a novel thing, a boxing kangaroo."

"Ja wohl," answered the artist, "I will have it ready to-morrow for you."

"You know what a kangaroo is, of course?"

Frank must have been thinking of an ostrich, because he answered with a complacent smile:

"Ja, gewisslich. It is a long, tall thing mit lots of feddars." And "Feddars" has been his nickname ever since.—Philadelphia Post.

A Common Gender Pronoun.

It is still a marvel to writers, who most feel the need of an epicene pronoun, why the suggestion, years ago, made by Prof. Marsh, that thon should fill the long-felt need, was not accepted. During the '60s another ingenious gentleman proposed such a pronoun, to be declined thus: Heesh—he or she. Hizzer—his or her. Himmer—him or her. Example. "The teacher told John and Mary that he would punish himmer if heesh did not learn hizzer lesson." Let us have a common gender pronoun by all means. The writer's vote is in favor of thon.

A Bicycler's Record.

Brown—That is a beautiful medal Smith has.

Jones—Yes; that's for beating the bicycle record.

Brown—What is his record?

Jones—Ran over seventeen men in a week.—Harlem Life.

Hopelessly Obscure.

Askins—Then our deceased brother was not a prominent citizen?

Teller—Prominent? Why, that man could return from Europe and not get more than a two or three column interview!—Judge.

If a man doesn't know when he is beaten, the chances are some fool friend will inform him.

Wise men are the only ones who have a right to be obstinate and yet they are the reverse.

It is very easy to attend to our neighbor's business; our own sometimes bothers us.

We grow narrow in our views when we do not welcome thoughts and natures remote from our own.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion.

It does you good to have people lie about you. Most all good reputations have been made in this way.

If you have great wisdom, you can't deal it out too sparingly; mankind don't like to be tutored.

We love to expect, and when expectation is either disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.

The man who can't learn anything only by experience, won't profit even by what he learns in that way.

Education, briefly, is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them.

To let a man know that you recognise and rejoice in some good quality of his, is to bless him with a heart and [illegible]

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

REAL religion remedies irreligion.

Doing is the proper end of doctrine.

The way of life is the way from death.

Loose living and fast living are the same.

A lie feels easy only when it forgets that it has a truth on its track.

Deeds furnish the best answer to doubt.

The truly spiritual man is always practical.

A feeble faith is better than a mighty feeling.

You may oppress truth, but you cannot suppress it.

Love, rather than legislation, rules in the kingdom of God.

The gospel is the heart of God seeking the heart of man.

God has not cast the world adrift; it has wandered away.

It is always easier to forget bad habits than to forego them.

No song, or sermon, or sacrament is acceptable without service.

Men need a Bible conscience more than a Bible commentary.

The impartation of righteousness is better than its imputation.

It is the Christian and not the critic who comes to know Christ.

Crooked men cannot expect to agree with the straight truths of the Bible.

The damp fogs of doubt are found only where the sun of love does not shine.

THE NEEDLE.

Some of the History of This Useful Implement.

The Roman proverb corresponding with our "To hit the nail on the head" was "To touch the question with the point of the needle," a proverb which indicates not only how highly needlework was esteemed by the ancients, but that with the point of the needle we touch a fundamental industry, and one which rises often to an art. "A seam was the first effort to overcome a difficulty." This seam, which appears so commonplace, was the progenitor of constructive industry, the first civilizer of the race. Where that first seam was made, or by whose hands first fashioned, who can tell? The needle used was, no doubt, an eyeless bodkin, such as the Kaffirs use to-day, and the animal or vegetable fibre, which was the thread, was drawn with difficulty through the skins that were joined to form a garment. Muscle was required for the sewing of those days. The inventor of a needle with an eye had taken a long step, or, more strictly, a long stitch, forward in the seam which joins so many chapters in the history of the race.

The first needle with an eye of which we have any knowledge is found in the Neolithic caveman's grave. It is made of bone and neatly fashioned. Later came the needles of hammered bronze and iron, and in Pompeii have been discovered even surgeon's needles. This venerable implement of industry has shown but small variations in form. Its long, slim body, its pointed foot, its Cyclops eye in the middle of its head, are practically the same, whether made of bone and found in a caveman's grave or of bronze or gold in Scandinavia or of steel to-day.

In these days, when needles may be had at 5 cents a paper, each paper containing two dozen, it is hard to realise the value placed long ago on one, or how much the possessor of that one needle was envied. The value of this possession is emphatically set forth by the performance, in 1566, at Christ's College, Cambridge, of a comedy called "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the hero of which was the Gammer's lost needle. Time and machinery have changed all that, however, and, with more than 60,000,000 needles made weekly in the Redditch district, England, to say nothing of those turned out each day in other countries, even the poorest woman can have her own needle.—New York Evening Post.

Correct, with an Addition.

On the excursion given by Secretary Langley to the members of the National Academy of Science down the Potomac, Bernard Green of the library of congress is credited with having told the best story of the afternoon. Mr. Green happened to be crossing the ocean a few years ago, on the Fourth of July, which national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Americans on board.

"I say," asked one of the Englishmen, "what is this the anniversary of anyway? Isn't it to celebrate the battle of Bull Run or something of the kind?"

"No," promptly spoke up an American, "not Bull Run—John Bull Run."—New York Tribune.

A Girl's Accomplishments.

Some one has suggested twelve things that every girl can learn before she is 12. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum so as to disturb others.

Never fuss or fret.

Automobiles in Germany.

The large amount of capital and energy which is being spent upon this branch of industry indicates that German business men, the most conservative financiers in the world, have great confidence in the future of automobilism. Last year there were about 1,000 men employed in and around Berlin in the automobile industry, and, to judge from the present outlook, this number will be more than doubled during the present year.—Consul R. H. Warner, Jr.

The older we grow, the more we are impressed with the fact that the great truths of life are few and simple.

GRAY STREAKS

Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be twenty years older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons look prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair may always be restored to its natural color by using—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops falling of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 20 years and I can heartily recommend it to the public as the best hair tonic in existence."
Mrs. G. L. Alderson,
April 24, 1899. Ector, Tex.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address,
Dr. J. C. Ayer,
Lowell, Mass.

STAR DISTANCES.

Are So Enormous as to Be Practically Inconceivable.

The stars are suns and they look like mere shining points of light because they are so far away. The nearest is so far that a cannon-shot fired in Adam's time from the Garden of Eden, and flying continually with undiminished speed, would even now hardly have started on its journey. It would be as if a train bound for another town had just pulled well out of the station.

On a summer evening you may see Arcturus high up in the south or southwest in June or July, and further down in the west in August or September. You will know it by its red color. That star has been flying straight ahead ever since astronomers began to observe it, at such a speed that it would run from New York to Chicago in a small fraction of a minute. You would have to be spry to rise from your chair, put on your hat and overcoat and gloves, go out on the street while it was crossing the Atlantic Ocean from New York to Liverpool. And yet if you should watch that star all your life, and live as long as Methuselah, you would not be able to see that it moved at all. The journey it would make in a thousand years would be as nothing alongside its distance.

Many, perhaps most, of the stars are really much larger and brighter than the sun. Canopus, as it appears to us, is the second brightest star in the heavens. It never rises in our northern latitudes; to see it well you would have to go at least as far south as the gulf States. Although it shines to us only as a very bright star, it is really thousands of times as bright as the sun. If our earth should fly as near to it as it is to the sun, the whole sky would seem to be ablaze, and everything combustible on the earth's surface—forests, houses, and fences—would be burned by the fervent heat as if thrown into a hot fire. But the distance of Canopus is immeasurably great, so that astronomers have not been able to learn anything certain about it. The most interesting conclusion from this is that Canopus, although it is only a star in the sky, is really thousands of times brighter than the sun.—Professor Simon Newcomb in the Youth's Companion.

Stop Work on Government Buildings

The rise in the cost of building materials and in the wages of labor has led to the suspension of work on thirty government buildings which are in various stages of erection in different parts of the United States. The appropriations for these structures were made when materials were cheaper, and the amount of money at the command of the government officials is not sufficient to permit the completion of the work without further appropriations to meet the deficiency.

It's too late to spare when all is spent.

Jell-O, the New Dessert,
Pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts.

To know what to do, and to be able to do it, lies at the foundation of all successful accomplishments, but at critical junctures we need to know so very thoroughly, and to have such unimpeded power of action, that no preparation can be too ample, no self-discipline too rigorous.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Learning is the art of knowing how to use wisdom to the best of advantage.

Those who rise to eminence suddenly are very apt to return by the next train.

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.

Pluck has the advantage over all virtues—it never knows when it gets whipped.

Throw physic to the dogs—if you don't want the dogs; but if you want good digestion chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

The next best thing after not being pretty is not to know that you are ugly.

Carter's Ink Is Used Exclusively
by the schools of New York, Boston and many other places, and they won't use any other.

Many waste their powers in getting wealth and then waste their wealth in getting power.

One hour of good sharp adversity will make a man better acquainted with himself, and his friends, than half a life time of any other experience.

CIRCUS TIME IN THE SOUTH.

Amusing Incidents of Bold Attempts to Evade the Ticket Wagon.

"In the North," said the old circus man to a reporter, "the desire to get into the tent by crawling under the canvas is confined to the small boys. But in the South the entire colored population comes to the ground and hangs around day and night looking for an opportunity to get in free. And to crawl under the canvas seems to them to be the easiest way. Men and women tramp around and around the tent looking for an unguarded point. We always put extra canvasmen on watch when we go to the South with our show. I have witnessed more than one amusing and exciting incident growing out of this desire of the negro to get into the circus without buying a ticket. They go literally circus-mad when the show comes to town, and they won't do a tap of work until it leaves. One reason why they don't step up to the ticket wagon and hand out their coin is that they never have any. There may be other reasons, but I have never inquired further into the subject.

"I was with old Adam Forepaugh one fall when he took his show to the South for an extended season. Two new canvasmen nearly precipitated a riot for us at Lexington, Ky. They had been hired for the special purpose of keeping negroes from crawling under the tent, and they saw an opportunity to make a little money for themselves on the side. They were able to work out their scheme through the fact that they were favorably stationed for it. One was on the outside at the connection between the main tent and the menagerie, and the other on the inside, within the connection.

"Among the vast crowd of negroes hanging about the show was a large number who had come to town expecting to get in for 10 or 25 cents. The outside canvasman gave out a quiet tip that if any one had any change in his pockets, by giving it to the right person he could get into the show at cut rates. They began to crowd around him, tendering varied amounts of money, from 1 cent up to 45. He accepted all tenders. He told them that he would have to put them in one at a time. He did.

"The inside man was waiting for them. Just as soon as a black head would appear under the canvas he would grab it, drag the rest of the person owning it inside and shove him out of the other side of the narrow connection. From here it was a long way around to the man who got the money. If one of the dupes found his way back, which was uncertain, and wanted his money returned, he was promptly shoved under the canvas again and just as promptly kicked out on the other side. It was a kind of an endless chain.

"Why didn't the two men let them stay in? Well, old Adam Forepaugh was about, and if he saw an unusual number of negroes in the tent he would at once have made the rounds to find where they were getting in. That was why. The show was about half over that night when an unearthly racket started at the connection. A minute or two passed, and we saw two canvasmen running for life around the hippodrome track with an angry yelling crowd of negroes after them. The audience enjoyed it immensely. Thought it was part of the show. We knew different. A lot of us jumped in and headed the negroes off. That gave the canvasmen time to escape. After we learned the cause of it we regretted our interference. We lost two promising canvasmen at Lexington."

Put Out No Poison.

It is said there is a law on the statute books which provides that anybody who shall expose any poisonous substance with the intention of taking the life of any domestic animal, said animal being the property of another, shall be sentenced to the penitentiary for not less than one year or more than four years, or pay a fine not exceeding $1,000 or both. The law applies not only to dogs and cats, but to horses, cattle, chickens and even guinea pigs. Nor is it any excuse to plead that the poison was put in one's own back yard and if the domestic pets of a neighbor had not been trespassing they would not have gotten it.

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cents.
The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 365 pages, with engravings, 25 cts., paper cover; cloth, full gilt, $1, by mail. A book for every man, young, middle-aged or old. A million copies sold. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., the oldest and best institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cts. for postage. Write to-day for these books. They are the keys to health, vigor, success and happiness.

Tact is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift, it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace, we are bound either to possess or acquire it.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating, Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Don't overwork yourself. Just imagine how miserable you would be if you finished all your work to-day and had nothing to do the rest of your life.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?
This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

No human life would be possible if there were not forces in and around man perpetually tending to repair the wounds and breaches that he himself makes.

The Best Prescription for Chills
and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man the most easily becomes acquainted with himself—particularly as he is in that state free from flatterers.

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

To resist with success the frigidity of old age, one must combine the body, the mind and the heart. To keep these in parallel vigor one must exercise, study and love.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

The longer one lives the more highly does he estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful he feels toward him who impresses its importance on the community.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There never was a person or a people who have yet failed in a just cause.

Most men give up what they like to do in order to get what they like to have.

The Turn of Life

This is a critical period in the life of every woman and no mistakes should be made.

The one recognized and reliable help for women who are approaching and passing through this wonderful change is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

That the utmost reliance can be placed upon this great medicine is testified to by an army of grateful women who have been helped by it.

Mrs. Pinkham, who has the greatest and most successful experience in the world to qualify her, will advise you free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her.

My neighbor's child was given up, the family had concluded it would be useless to make any further efforts to save it, but on being persuaded, they administered FREY'S VERMIFUGE, and over 100 worms were expelled. To the parents' joy the child recovered.—Caleb Hitchcock, Near Zanesville, Ohio. 25 cents at Druggists, country stores or by mail.
E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

RHEUMATISM positively cured by "Rheumatol" $1.25. Rheumatol Co., 60 W. 166th St., New York.

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Sold by all Druggists. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims atty since.

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

MADE RICH BY SALTED MINE.

Two Widows Get Wealthy After Being Imposed Upon by Sharpers.

A good story is going the rounds about how two prospectors had salted a mine in the Galena district in order to rob a couple of rich widows, which resulted in the aforesaid widows becoming much wealthier.

The prospectors had spent their last cent in digging a hole in the ground to the extent of sixty feet without striking anything but yellow clay. But one of them knew of two rich widows who were just spoiling to have their money sunk in a mine. Accordingly they spent two nights in salting their mine. They hadn't sufficient money to buy some paying dirt, but they stole this from a neighboring mine and hauled a lot of it over to dump into their mine. When several tons of this "paying dirt" had accumulated in the bottom of their mine the widows were sent for, and while one was talking about the increasing value of the district the other was dumping out all kinds of lead and zinc ore before their astonished eyes. The widows bought a half interest in that hole in the ground for $1,500. The next day there was no more ore in the shaft and the fellows declared they would dig no longer. Then the widows bought the other half interest at a total cost of $2,000, and the men hiked out for Missouri, laughing in their sleeve.

But the women, blindly believing that there must be more ore, continued with the digging, and at a depth of ten additional feet struck the richest vein of the whole belt, realizing $75,000 in less than one year's time.

Chinese Honor to an American.

The United States legation at Pekin, China, has sent to the Essex institute of Massachusetts an attested copy of the imperial edict making a demigod of General Frederick Townsend Ward of Salem, who was killed in the service of China. General Ward was the creator of the Chinese army, afterward commanded by "Chinese" Gordon. The document referred to is authenticated with the seals of the Chinese and American governments and is believed to be the only copy in the original Chinese to be found in this country, as the State Department at Washington has only an English translation thereof.

Buried with $500 in His Pocket.

It is not often that a man is buried with $500 in his pockets. His relatives generally look to that. But such a case has actually happened.

A few days ago Don Sabino Trujillo died and was buried in Dolores on Monday last. After the funeral the niece of the deceased informed the relatives of the dead man that he had at the time of his death the sum of $500 in one of his pockets; for he was buried in his ordinary clothes. She had seen him pay the doctor, a short time before his death, some money and put the remainder, $500, in his breast pocket. As no one had thought of looking for the money, and as the young lady was prostrate with grief at the death of her uncle and so did not remember anything about the matter until after the funeral, the money was buried with the corpse.—Two Republics.

The jolly barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance.

Success is the result of perseverance. Many a boy who began by turning a grindstone grew up and became an organ grinder.