

A TIMELESS LAND.

Oh, give me a land in the bye and bye,
Where no sun-dial'd rays are swinging,
Where no whistle cracks the sleeping ear
And no bells from on high are ringing.

I would dwell in a spot where the dawn was told
By no nerve-racking, shrill vibration—
In a beautiful clime where the march of time
Is determined by inclination.

I would camp on the shore where no hour is known
By a second or minute measure;
Where the night and day come and go away
At our bidding and at our pleasure.

In this restful place of my heart's desire
Not a care would my spirit borrow,
For the day's delight need not know a night
And there'd be no regretful morrow.

Pray give me a place on that silent strand
A land to my tired heart's liking!
Where each watch, unbound, gives no tickling sound,
And the clocks are no longer striking!

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

The Black Jaguar.

By PAUL J. FAIR.

In the hall of mammals of the Museu Goeldi, in Para, there is a glass case containing the mounted form of a great black jaguar—onca preta, the Brazilian guard called it. Crouching low, it grasps a fawn, which lies, with yet unglazed eyes, the delicate prey of the monster, whose jetty black rosettes are only a little darker than the ground color of his coat.

The striking appearance of the brute led me to question the guard. He told me that it had been a captive of the zoological garden connected with the museum, a sullen captive, that confinement speedily told upon, and soon left a candidate for the skill of the museum taxidermist. Captured when fully grown, upon the island of Marajo, that great delta of the Amazon, it seemed never to have forgotten its home among the swamps, whence it had raided the cattle of the rancheros—raided them once too often.

Up in the blue dome the uribus were gathered, black circling dots that settled down and grew larger, and materialized into black vultures. Down they came, alighting, with a ponderous whishing of wings, in a nasty, double black row, on each side of a ravine that gashed the surface of the prairie not far from where the towering wall of swampy forest formed a creper-bound barrier, beyond which the cattle of the great ranchero, Senhor Joao Luiz da Sa, did not or could not penetrate. The vultures jostled and hissed pettishly at one another, and craned their blinking heads expectantly over the edge of the gully.

There, upon the narrow strip of sandy shore bordering the water, and below the overhanging bank, with broken neck, its head twisted backward and sideways and doubled uselessly under its body, lay a range bull, and beside the carcass, feeding from a great bloody hole in its side, crouched a jaguar.

It was not a common jaguar, with tawny, black-rosetted hide, but a black one, the prized and feared onca preta. Not black he was, but dark brown, so dark, indeed, that his black markings seemed only indistinct darker shadows in the satiny sheen that rippled over his coat as the muscles played beneath it. A young male, supple and just arrived in his prime, he was a beautiful, powerful brute, with thick, heavy forequarters, a great broad head set on a short neck scarcely less heavy than the shoulders from which it arose. As he tore and crunched his food, the lighter hind legs and feet gripped at the sand, and the tail jerked and slatted about nervously.

It was easy to mark the story of the bull's death in the sand. Some long, plowed furrows told of the force of the jaguar's leap from the bank above, which had knocked the bull to his knees and into the water, where he had been drinking. Truly the oncas were becoming very bold. If only they could be killed, as the crocodiles were killed, with axes, the cattle would not have to suffer from them. But to compare a jaguar to a stupid crocodile!

Just yesterday a vaquero had seen an onca slinging away from a cow's carcass, one of the many that lay at all too frequent intervals about the ranges. And this in broad daylight!

Thus Alfredo, the principal vaquero, was thinking. He was a big fellow, Alfredo, bigger than the average Brazilian cowboy, and with a pleasant, open face, far more intelligent than the ordinary. He rode easily, the riata of plaited rawhide swishing against the saddle-bow, grotesquely big spurs bucked on his bare heels, and his great toes thrust through little brass stirrups so small that the openings in them were quite filled. The little horse loped along, impatiently fighting the bit, for Alfredo was going to a distant part of the range, and held him in that he might not tire himself. The rider swayed as if a wave of the motion of his mount flowed through his frame. His eyes swept about, noting the little bunches of cattle that grazed, wild-eyed and with tails half-lifted, ready to bolt at the slightest hostile sign. One or two vaqueros he passed and greeted with a little hand wave.

Overhead the uribus were sailing and wheeling, and out ahead their numbers seemed to be concentrating. That meant there was food, and food would in all probability only be another cow fallen prey to the oncas. Pressing the rein lightly upon the horse's neck, Alfredo changed his course toward the spot. Nearing it,

he was surprised to see a black line of vultures along the rim of a deep ravine. No carcass in sight, but more uribus constantly alighting, always along the edge. That was strange.

Suddenly the thought flashed upon his mind—the onca was still feeding—and slipping from his horse, he hobbled its fore legs, and then ran toward the ravine at a point a couple of hundred yards below the black line of scavengers. Hardly had he started when some excitement seized the birds, and they began to spread their wings and drop clumsily into the gully.

Alfredo cautiously raised his head to look down into the watercourse, and saw there, already covered with a black mass of vultures, the carcass, and beyond it the leisurely retreating form of a black jaguar.

He turned and ran swiftly back to his horse. Jerking off the hobbles, he rode down into a side ravine out of sight. The jaguar, he reasoned, would return to the swampy forest a mile beyond to sleep during the day. This distance the animal must go in full view upon the open prairie. If only the onca had eaten heavily, so that it would be dull and slow! The vaquero loosed the coils of his riata, arranged them carefully and adjusted the noose.

Then out of a side gully an eighth of a mile away lumbered the jaguar, his great bullet-head moving from side to side as he walked. Waiting only to make sure that the cat was headed for the forest, Alfredo pressed the spurs in. With a vicious little squeal and head toss, the stallion bounded out of the gully, and responding to the pressure on his neck, struck out for the jaguar.

Twenty, fifty, a hundred yards he went before the cat heard the hoofs, and seeing the man, broke into a clumsy gallop straight for the forest. That it was a labored effort was very evident, and with a whoop, half-joy, half-challenge, the vaquero drove his spurs into the horse's flanks.

Faster and faster flew the whistling rope in his right hand, in an ever-enlarging circle as the interval between horse and cat diminished. It was a hopeless race, the fiery little horse against a cat, none too swift at any time for a run of any length, and slowed down now by a heavy meal.

As he drew nearer, the horse began to fight for his head, and it was only by a merciless use of bit and spurs that the man kept him going directly toward the jaguar.

Finally, rising high in the saddle, he sent the noose in a snaky line straight at the jaguar's head. With a snarl, the brute bounded sidewise, and the noose fell harmlessly in the grass. Hardly checking speed, Alfredo jerked it in, and hastily coiling, sent the circle out again, higher this time, and farther over. Out, out it sailed, over the great black head, and—dropped!

Chock! came the strain upon the saddle-horn, and the snorting little horse squatted fairly back upon his haunches, head down and forefeet far out and apart. The jerk of the taut rope just back of the angle of his jaws whirled the jaguar in a complete somersault.

Up he was in a flash, tearing frantically at the slim something that ate into his neck and choked him, and that his claws would not catch, reaching, tumbling, his jaws working spas-

modically in one awful, continual snarl of demoniac rage. But all the time the horse kept backing, backing, its nostrils wide with terror and excitement, and keeping taut the slender rope—now seemingly turned to a vibrant steel bar.

Surely and not very slowly, the choking torture was subduing the animal. Its struggles lessened, the jaws ceased their spasmodic working but remained in a fixed snarl, the tongue protruded, and the deep-set, pale eyes assumed a glassy, bursting glare, accentuated by the blackness of the fur round them. Then it simply fought to hold its ground, clawing deep into the soil and rank grasses, but always losing, until at last its strength seemed all to give way, and it dropped limply, with its breathing reduced to a few raspy little gasps.

Securing the end of the riata to the saddle-horn and allowing the horse to keep it taut, Alfredo took a coil of rawhide thongs from the saddle-bags, and noosing each forefoot separately at the wrist-joint, he hauled them up and tied the two cords over the back. Other nooses fastened the hind legs and feet together, and a heavy stick bound with them prevented bending the joints. Then, seizing a short stick, he thrust it crosswise into the creature's mouth, where the teeth instantly closed on it. A noose promptly lashed the jaws to the stick, and a few turns round them before and behind it effectually prevented any danger from that source.

This done, he slipped the end of the riata loose from the saddle-horn and pulled the noose from the jaguar's neck. Even the little breathing seemed to have ceased, and the great sleek monster lay as if dead. Alfredo gave a little cry of dismay. Had he not worked fast enough?

Then a long inspiration shook the form, and the eyelids trembled. Another and another, and suddenly, as if aware of his foe, but not realizing his plight, the jaguar made a convulsive effort to get upon his feet. The cords tightened and creaked, but did not give. With breathing now free and his strength returned, he writhed and twisted like some great caterpillar. After a while these struggles, too, ceased, as if to denote the breaking of the fierce spirit. The man watched him for some moments and then, laughing, patted him on the head and queried, humorously, "Pronto?"

Blindfolding the horse with his handkerchief, he led him over and dexterously threw him near the jaguar. With the aid of his riata, he dragged the latter into the saddle, and after the horse had struggled to his feet beneath the load, lashed it firmly in place. Patting the great head again, he started back toward the hacienda, leading the horse, and thinking of what a splendid appearance his captive would make safely installed in the Jardin Zoologico in Para.—Youth's Companion.

Getting Rid of the News.

The rapid increase in the price of white paper has resulted in many efforts to utilize old newspapers and other forms of printed white paper in the making of new paper. Up to date, however, no practical commercial process for removing the greasy printers' ink has been devised. The Scientific American notes the filing recently of a German patent, describing a method for ridding old newspapers of their ink. The paper pulp is treated with peroxides of the alkalies and alkaline earths. This breaks the grip of the grease on the lamblack or other pigment in the ink, and the two are then easily removed from the pulp by "emulsifying it with gelatinous silica."—"Tip," in the New York Press.

Closed For Keeper's Marriage.

For an hour and a half Tuesday the tollgate on the Persimmon Grove pike was closed. In that time forty farmers and teamsters drove up to the gate and wondered why nobody was within. They tried to force an entrance past the gate, but found it securely locked. They went into the yard of the house near by to look for Miss Louisa Paul, the keeper of the aforesaid tollgate.

But Miss Paul was gone. So they sat about and smoked and waited. By and by Miss Paul—or rather Mrs. William Baldwin—drove up and opened the gate. She told them the news and they had a regular feast for another hour.—Newport Correspondence Louisville Times.

A Prayer For Children

THOU great Father of the weak, lay Thy hand tenderly on all the little children on earth and bless them. Bless our own children who are the life of our life, and who have become the heart of our heart. Bless every little child friend who has leaned against our knee and refreshed our soul by its smiling truthfulness. Be good to all children who crave in vain for human love, or for flowers and water, and the sweet breast of nature. But bless with a threefold blessing the young lives whose tender shoulders are already bowed beneath the yoke of toil and whose glad growth is being stunted forever. Let not their little bodies be utterly sapped, and their minds given over to stupidity and the vices of an empty soul. We have all jointly deserved the millstone of Thy wrath for making these little ones to stumble and fall. Grant all employes of labor stout hearts to refuse enrichment at such a price. Grant to all the citizens and officers of States which now permit this wrong the grace of holy anger. Help us to realize that every child in our nation is in very truth our child, a member of our great family. By the Holy Child that nestled in Mary's bosom, by the memories of our own childhood joys and sorrows, by the memories of our own childhood joys and sorrows, by the memories of our own childhood joys and sorrows, we beseech Thee to save us from killing the sweetness of young life by the greed of gain.—Walter Rauschenbusch, in the American Magazine.



For the Younger Children...



THE LION TAMER'S LITTLE BOY.

The Lion Tamer's Little Boy
He knows no fear at all,
Chasing the King of Beasts with joy
As kittens chase a ball.

He knows the tricks of Daddy's trade,
He scares the tiger leop,
Or makes the elephant afraid—
(And that is rather mean!)

And often when the show is done,
When animals should rest,
The Lion Tamer's Little Son
Will act as if possessed.

He tries them out with silly stunts
Until it seems a sin
But while the timid beasts he hunts
His Daddy happens in—
And says: "Now I'll give you a chance
To do the self-same thing
That you have asked of them. Now dance
And leap and twist and swing!"

"Five minutes, now, I'll cage you fast,
Your teasing tricks must cease—
These beasts of mine shall have at last
A little rest and peace!"

And when he's looked in by Papa,
The animals grow gay,
And could they speak would say, "Ha!
Ha!
It's now our turn to play."
—R. F. Bunner, in St. Nicholas.

ORIGIN OF SNOW FAIRIES.

Boys and girls, you have heard of the Snow Fairies; but perhaps none of you know of their origin. But why should I say "perhaps," for I am very positive the story of the Snow Fairies' origin has never been told. And that is why I am going to tell it now, and that you may hear something strictly new.

In the very, very long, long ago there dwelt in the Alps a family consisting of the parents and two children, a little boy and a little girl. They were very happy together till one day the father, going out on the icy mountain side, slipped and fell into a deep gorge that was filled with snow. Of course, he was instantly killed, and the good wife, endeavoring to reach him, hoping that she might find him still alive, lost her footing in the snow and ice and was precipitated to the bottom, dying beside the already cold body of her husband.

Now, can anything be sadder than the fate of those dear little children, Dado, the boy, aged nine, and Pinto, the girl, aged seven? There they were, rway up in the mountains, walled in by snow and ice, and surrounded by as wild a country as ever mortal man heard of. There they were, alone, both parents lying dead in the great canyon down the mountain side. And lurking about in the mountain forests were wild beasts whose roars, growls and howls made the night something to be feared by those little orphans. When father and mother were with them they feared nothing. But now that they were alone, and so helpless, their hearts were very, very heavy, and fear stalked about them with every step.

All day long the little Pinto wept and called for the mother she knew could not come to her, and all day long little Dado sat with downcast eyes, his heart too sad to allow of speech. Then as the night came down the little ones crept closer together in a corner by the great fireplace, where the huge logs, placed there the day before by their father still burned brightly, and gave out light and warmth.

"I am so hungry," whispered Pinto, thinking of food for the first time that day. "I am so hungry that my head spins round and round."

"You must eat something, sister," said Dado, rising and going to the cupboard to find some food for his sister. But only a bit of dry bread was there, and Dado remembered that that day was to have been his mother's baking day, and that his father had gone out hunting for meat when he met with the fatal accident.

He gave into the bread, but her sorrow choked her till she could not swallow food, and she put the bread on the table, declaring that her hunger had vanished.

"It's mother and father I want—not food," she whispered heart-brokenly, burying her face in her apron.

At that moment the door opened ever so gently, then closed again. But during the moment's interval between opening and shutting a white-robed figure had entered the room. Dado, who was looking intently into the fire, wondering what he should do on the morrow for food and fuel for his sister and himself, did not hear the slight noise made by the opening and closing of the massive door, nor the gentle footfall of the intruder. But Pinto, her little ears eagerly listening for anything that might happen—and hoping against hope that all this calamity which had befallen her home might prove to be a dream—caught the sounds, and she looked up from the folds of her apron. Then she quickly touched the hand of her brother and pointed toward the newcomer, directing Dado's eyes thither. "See," she whispered, "it must be a fairy."

"Yes, my little ones, I'm a fairy, and I came to earth to see what I might do for you. But how cold it has grown! Ugh, I cannot endure the snow, and it is falling very rapidly outside."

"Snowing?" asked Dado, rising and going close to the fairy.

"Yes, my little one, it is snowing heavily, and I, being a cloud fairy, and always keeping closer to the warmer zones, cannot breast this storm. And here I am, as helpless as

a human being. But while I cannot change myself or my climatic temperament, I have the power to change others. I can wave my little wand and make or mar fortunes. And I came here to help you, my little ones. Now, while I warm me by your cheerful fire, tell me your dearest wish and I shall grant it."

The fairy sat down beside the fire and Dado and Pinto drew close beside her. They told of the sad death of their parents, the particulars of which the fairy did not know.

Then they discussed many things, one of them being the weather, and the fairy said with feeling: "Do you know, my little ones, that the fairies would come to the mountain folk oftener if we could brave the cold weather? But we feel the ice and snow keenly, and have to remain where the temperature is more congenial. But there are so many little folk in need of the fairy's aid in the icebound mountains that it seems a pity that there are no fairies that can brave the elements and stay near to those who need them. Ah, if only we had some hardy fairies among us—fairies who loved the ice and snow!" Hereupon the good little fairy sighed and stretched out her hands to the fire.

For a few minutes not a word was said, and Dado, who had been intently thinking, spoke: "Good fairy, cannot you change my sister and me into fairies—snow fairies? If you can, we will remain here in the mountains and be of help to the poor children who need fairies' help."

"Brave, noble little boy!" exclaimed the fairy. "I shall try to perform the miracle you suggest. But"—and she turned to Pinto, who was listening eagerly to all that was being said—"perhaps the little maid does not wish to become a fairy."

"Yes, yes, I wish to be a fairy, a snow fairy, as brother says. I would not be anything else—if brother is one," Pinto declared enthusiastically. The good fairy smiled and raised her tiny wand. Passing it slowly over the heads of the little orphans, she murmured some strange words; then with a quick turn of the wand, she cried: "Change, lad and maid, from human to superhuman; from boy and girl to Snow Fairies."

A sudden darkness fell in the room, and when again the light of the fire defined the objects there Dado and Pinto had disappeared, and in their place were two beautiful Snow Fairies, with happiness before them. "And now we shall carry you, dear Cloud Fairy, to your own warm clime," said the Snow Fairy (who had been Dado) speaking to the little fairy whose charm had worked so marvelous a miracle. "Yes, we will protect you from the snow—which we love—and see that you reach your own dominion soon," declared the Snow Fairy, who had been little Pinto a few minutes before.

And away flew the three fairies, happy as could be.—Washington Star.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

One afternoon last summer my cousin invited me to go for a short trolley ride with her, as she had two tickets for the ride. I accepted her invitation, and in turn invited my friend, Alice, to go, too. When the car came along, we all got on, laughing and chatting, as schoolgirls will. After a short time the conductor came around for our fares. Marion, my cousin, handed him her tickets, and yet he stood there. "Fare, please," he remarked. "I looked at Marion and said, 'You gave them to him, didn't you?' and she replied, 'Yes, but he is waiting for Alice's.'"

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, rather shamefacedly, feeling for my pocket-book, which I couldn't find, and consequently becoming rather flustered, for besides the girls and the conductor, all the people in the car were watching and beginning to smile.

At length I exclaimed: "I left my pocket-book up at Marion's! What are we to do?" None of us had any money, and we were some distance from home. While these thoughts were going on in my mind Alice turned to the conductor, saying, "If you will stop the car at the next corner I'll get off." Of course I couldn't let her do that, seeing it was my blunder, and so we argued as to who should get off.

At the next corner we both stood up, each one determined to get off, but both of us were disappointed, for the car didn't stop. After a few more corners were passed and the car was still going, we decided to rest comfortably and enjoy the ride. To our joy, moreover, my Aunt Bessie got on the car when it stopped once, and from her we secured the money necessary for poor Alice's fare, thus giving our trip with a poor beginning a happy ending.—Winifred Flatman, in the New York Tribune.

Realized the Danger.

He—"Now that we are married, pet, do you love me enough to cook for me?"

She—"Enough, darling? I love you entirely too much for that."—Boston Transcript.

Unpleasant Prospects.

Irate Creditor—"I shall call every week until you pay this account!" Debtor—"Really. Then there seems every probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship."



Better Health

A Pleasing Sense of Health and Strength Renewed and of Ease and Comfort

follows the use of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, as it acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, when constipated, or bilious, and dispels colds and headaches.

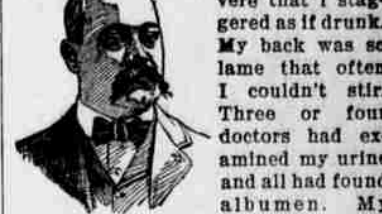
To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Misquoted Lines.
Answering our challenge as to the most constantly misquoted line, a correspondent instances "He who runs may read," which sounds very scriptural, but is in reality a mangled version of the verse in the Prophet Habakkuk: "Write the vision and make it plain upon the table that he may run that readeth it." Another biblical misquotation is concerned: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," the real text in Genesis being "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And when we pour "oil on the troubled waters" thousands search the Scriptures in vain for the metaphor.—London Chronicle.

RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Another Remarkable Cure of Serious Kidney Trouble.

H. W. Solomon, 228 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa., says: "Kidney disease afflicted me for years and dizziness was so severe that I staggered as if drunk. My back was so lame that often I couldn't stir. Three or four doctors had examined me and all had found albumen. My family doctor said I had Bright's disease and could not live three weeks. I had run down from 195 to 135 pounds. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills as a last resort and was cured. I have had no kidney trouble in over two years."



Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Steel Car Wheel.

In the development of the solid steel car wheel as distinguished from the steel-tired wheel, where the tire is fastened to a center made of cast iron or steel, it has been made the goal to produce a metal that should be the equal of the steel tire, and this has been done. By care in the cropping of the ingots to avoid piling and segregation, by close attention to heating, and by the use of very powerful machinery by which the rolling of the tread may be carried on down to a low temperature, the essentials of good tire metal have been obtained. These may be put at a high tensile strength, and limit of elasticity, a high ratio of elongation before rupture under load, and harness with the density of fine grain. The chemical features of low sulphur and phosphorus and high carbon are matters of the furnace and the steel maker, and can, of course, be obtained as well in an ingot intended for a solid wheel as for one that is to be made into tires. It was the mechanical features that gave trouble, added to the necessity of producing a low-priced wheel. All this has been done, and a suitable wheel is available.—Cassier's Magazine.

Trade of the United States with its non-contiguous territories aggregated \$172,000,000 in the year just ended, against about \$44,000,000 a decade ago. In addition to the \$172,000,000 worth of merchandise there was received from Alaska \$18,000,000 worth of gold of domestic production.

Use of tobacco is universal in the Orient, and the word cheroot and its use come from Madras. The first cigars seen by Columbus were wrapped with corn shucks.

Sixty-five hundred inventors were too poor to make the final payments on their papers during the last year, and for this reason forfeited them.

A clear brain and Steady, dependable nerves Can win wealth and fame For their owner.

Clear-headedness and a Strong, healthy body Depend largely on the Right elements in Regular food and drink.

Coffee contains caffeine—A poisonous drug.

Postum is rich in the Gluten and phosphates that Furnish the vital energy That puts "ginger" and "hustle" Into body and brain.

"There's a Reason"