ever praised in rhyme; hers the farms grow rank with everything that's fitten fer to eat, om the apples in the orehard to the wayin' fields o' wheat; here peace an' plenty sets around a singin' where peace an plenty sets around a-singin' of a hymn, in early spring a cuss called Big-

sunk in; was like a dagger an' his nose was long

He went to work at Thomas', just down the southwest road, An' no one ever saw a chap so willin' fer to



one; An' then he'd milk an' do the chores with hunger

spurred.

An' made to do three times as much as him 'at jest hangs back
An stid of pullin' steddy lets the tugs git sorter slack? Slack?
Well, that's the way it was with Jim; young Thomas seemed to think
He needed slathers of hard work an' little eat or drink;
So Jim worked mighty late at night an' in the mornin' clim. Out of his bunk afore the rest, did Big-Mouth

no fusu
Nor kicked fer bigher wages as was 10 nor kicked fer bigher wages as was 10 nor kicked fer bigher wages as was 10 nor kicked for kicked for his own full at 10 nor kicked for his formation for his format a lick;
An' then we sneaked his Sunday shoes an' spiked
'em to the floor
An' spoiled 'em so they wouldn't keep out water
any more. An' spoiled 'em so they wouldn' vace.
An' spoiled 'em so they wouldn' vace.
Any more.
Wa sprinkled sand-burrs in his bed—his sleep
Wa sprinkled sand-burrs in his bed—his sleep

word;

He seemed as sunny-tempered as a chirpin'
woodland bird;

But when we grabbed his Sunday hat an' jabbed
it full of below On mean let up on him, but Thomas didn't
He hunted up some smellin' stuff that wouldn't
take a dare
From any skunk 'at ever lived an' amuseled it d up some smellin' stuff that wouldn't e a dare y skunk 'at ever lived an' smuggled it to Tim. Who spilled it accidentally on Big-Mouth Jim. took a sneak;
The clothes was buried by the barn an' Jim went
bout his work,
Which all this time kep' growin', but he never
was no shirk,?
An' took it jest as cheerful as the measley jokes An' took it jest as entertus as an object.
An' the' never was an instance of a single kick he made.
He was full of ripe good nature an' of kindness to the brim,
An' he couldn' parently git mad, this Big-Mouth Jim.



An the world begin to brighten up for Big-Mouth Jim.

Then one day of Mis' Thomas, who was watchin' things quits sly,
Give Jim a kind o' gentle hint—a twinkle in her Give Jim a kind o' gentle hint—a twinkle in her and yen.

An' Jennie-well, if you're a man, you know how womer are;
When love's weigned in the balance they ain't.
Per fancy togs an' beauty-what they want's a good plain man;
They ain't a holdin hary fault with Nature's
The rest of it all happened like a story or a play;
The weddin' was all reg'lar in the good old-fashfonced way. oned way.

An' when the teast was over an' the lamps was burnin' dim,
Old Thomas sprung a big surprise on Big-Mouth
Jim,

Jim,

Ho told how Jennie's parents had both died
when she was small.

An'how they left to him in trust for her their
farm an' all;
An'how she was of age that day an'he allowed
at allo
World better the need the title deeds to all her
world better the need the title deeds to all her Well, Jim was all kerflummuxed like, but Jen-nie simply took
The deeds an give 'em to him with a mighty
meltin look.

They settled down quite cozy like, their cup filled to the brim. An' love has showered blessings down on Big-Mouth Jim.



Keep Cool.

EEP cool. And by that I mean, don't that I mean to be getting angry and losing your temper and head at that work that work with the same time. I have figured it out that work with the same time. I have figured it out that work with the same time. I have figured it out that work with the same time. I have figured it out the same time. I have figured it out the same time. I have so men's faces than base-ball, taxes, and politics.

Life is too short and people should be too busy to get angry. If a man calls me a liar I naturally would be inclined to fight, but my philosophy comes to my rescue. In the first place, if I deny his statement he may be inclined to back it up with his fists, and I may be whipped. In the second place, I am a liar and it is poor policy to be averse to having the truth told to be averse to having the truth told to he was pleased to call me. Engaging in brawl will not determine the truth of the matter, no difference whether I am the victor or not. Then, as I said, there is always the possibility that I may be whipped.

It is hard on your clothes, your eyes, and so we allow the said the said

is always the possibility that I may be whipped.

It is hard on your clothes, your eyes, and your religion to be ill-tempered. You lose half the enjoyment of life, and go hunting around to find something you would be better off without. The history of the world shows that few really great men were in the habit of getting mad and smashing things, and those few would have been greater men if they had been more smooth-tempered.

I admire the man who can knock the rufflan down, or kick at being imposed on, and still maintain an unruffled exterior. Such a man impresses one as being truly great, and at the same time one who thoroughly enjoys life. He gets the best of everything, and has more friends than he can count. His wife and children are like him, and nothing disturbs the even tenor of his life.

When a man is mad he will do more

white and elimited are him, and nothing disturbs the even tenor of his life.

When a man is mad he will do more damage in a minute than he can repair in a month, and will make his friends and relatives see what a weak and silly fellow he is after all. He fumes and frets, is always busy, and is exceptionally likely to be mad at meal time. He would be provoked at receiving a pension, and the greeting of Saint Peter will not suit him. It is a habit, and completely controls him.

But the habit of being provoked at trifles can be overcome, and thrice blessed is the man who never gets mad.—Chicago Ledger.

The Indians.

The Indians.

The Indians.

A writer in the Century, who has no faith in the Indian schools, and who ignores facts well known to persons who have taken an interest in the Indian question, says:

If anything is done to relieve the condition of the Indian tribes it must be a scheme which begins at the bottom and takes the "whole outfit," as a Western man would say, in its scope. If these measures of relief are at all tardy, before we realize it the wild Indian tribes will be, as some writer has said, "loafers and outcasts contending with the dogs for kitchen scraps in Western villages." They have all raised stock successfully when not interfered with or not forced by insufficient rations to eat up their stock cattle to appease their hunger, and I have never heard that Indians were not made of soldier stuff.

A great many Western garrisons

heard that Indians were not made of soldier stuff.

A great many Western garrisons have their corps of Indian scouts. In every case they prove efficient. They are naturally the finest irregular cavalry on the face of this globe, and with an organization similar to the Russian Cossacks, they would do the United States great good and become gradually civilized. An irregular cavalry is every year a more and more important branch of the service. Any good cavalry different could, I believe, take a command of Indians and ride around the world without having a piece of bacon, or a cartridge, or a horse issued by his Government. So far as effective police work in the West is concerned, the corps of Indian sconts do nearly all of that service now. They all like to be enlisted into the service, universally obey orders, and are never dislaval

A Wearisome Subject.

People who are completely absorbed in their own own personality make the grave error of supposing that the subject of which they never tire is subject of which they never tire is subject of which they never tire is qually interesting to others; hence, if they "enjoy poor health," it is their did to give effusive descriptions of numerous aches and pains to whomsoever they meet. Now, illness, of all things in the world, is the least interesting, and even in one's own family called upon too often becomes to a certain depresent of the company people who make bodily ills the stock subject for conversation in and out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their did yet of the conversation in the conversation in the conversation in an and out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their interesting the conversation in an and out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their interesting to the conversation in an and out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their interesting the conversation in an and out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their interesting the conversation in an an out of season, and a feeling of depression inevitably follows their respected does not be conversation in the con

How the Arabs Make Tea.

How the Arabs Make Tea.

The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near the boiling point she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream was then poured, the ladle put in requisition again, and after a time the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed around and the tea ladle* into them, this tea forming meat and drink and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler.

The destruction or the rempte of Heaven by fire at Pekin was an un-looked for event. It was probably not insured, as fire in that direction is not dreaded.

STUFF AND NONSENSE.

THE proprietor of a crematory is de-pendent upon his urnings.

LANDLADY—How do you like your ggs? New boarder—Fresh. eggs? New boarder—Fresh.

"Azure cure for the blues" sounds
rather cerulean as well as paradoxical.

Who can give us the name and address of the shoemaker that first tried to cobble stones?

REPUBLICS were ever ungrateful.
We put our great men on postage stamps, and then punch their heads.
An old maid said she wished she was an auctioneer, for then it would be perfectly proper to say, "Make me an offer."

A WRITER takes a whole column in a newspaper to tell "What We Drink," while another has simply to wink at the bartender.

ED-My grandfather died to night.

Al-And I suppose you will have to
pay for the funeral? Ed-Oh, no, the
city pays the expenses; grandpa was
hung.

hung.

Mrs. Shaw, the whistler, separated from her husband a few years ago and earns her own living. We suppose she asked him for money and he said she might whistle for it, so she did.

might whistle for it, so she did.

An old man of our acquaintance says he was born at the wrong time. "When I was young," he says, "young men were of no account, and now that I am old, old men are of no account."

"YES, sah," said Maj. Riffle, "the Kentuckians are a courageous set of men, sah. Brave and self-reliant in any peril." "That's very true," replied Billy Bliven. "I never knew one of them to take water."

WOMM, (to tramp)—Want some-

WOMAN (to tramp)—Want something to eat, ch? Well, here's some cold hash. Tramp—But I haven't got anything to eat it with. Woman—Just keep on a little further and you'll find a fork in the road.

ac fork in the road.

JINSON—Great heavens! old man, what have you been doing with yourself? Why, you're covered with mud from head to foot! Wilson—I dined in a Bowery restaurant, and a waiter upset a cup of coffee on me.

NEPHEW (trying to make a good impression)—Uncle, this port is excellent. Unclo—Well I should think so; it is fifty years old. Nephew—By Jove, you don't say so! What a superb wine it must have been once!

MR. GALL—I wonder what you were

it must have been once!

Mr. Gall—I wonder what you were dreaming about last night? You reached out and patted the marble top of the table and smiled. Mrs. Gall—Oh, I remember now. I dreamed I was patting you on the cheek.

of the thole and smired. Arrs. OathOh, I remember now. I dreamed I was
patting you on the check.

GILDED youth (to charming young
lady whom he meets on the cars)—Aw,
good morning. Miss Dasher. Glad to
meet you. We do not see as much of
you now as we did when we were at
the beach for the bathing.

"WHAT's the matter, Eddie?" "Willie
Thomas has gone and moved out of this
street, boo-hoo." "Well, don't cry;
there are plenty of other little boys in
the neighborhood to play with." "Y-e-s,
b-u-the's the o-n-l-y one I could 1-i-c-k."

DISENCHANYMEET.

Who we gase in admirations.
And think only sweetest music
"Through those coral lips can pass.
We're swully shocked to see her.
And hear her cry. "Say, Johnniceone in,
Or mother will tan your hide!"

MRS. WICKWILE—If woman were
given the credit she deserves, I don't
think man would be quite as prominent
in the world's hisrory. Mr. Wickwire
—I guess you are right. If she could
get all the credit she wanted, he'd be
in the poorhouse.

WIERE he put his faith: Longsuffering Wife—How do you expect a
woman to provide vittals and drink
when you don't bring home no cash
Saturday night? Husband—Why,
M'rier, the grocer and the butener ain't
moved, has they?

NERVOUS Gentleman—Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slow-

moved, has they?

Nenvous Gentleman—Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones. for I hate to be shaken. And mind you pull up at the right house, and look out for those dreadful steam cars. Cabby—Never fear, sir, I'll do my best. And which 'orspital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?



Miss Boston—"You will please excuse me, Mr. Schraubstader; I believe mother is calling me." Mr. Schraubstader—"Why certainly, with pleasure."—Chicago Ledger.

The Calendar We Are Living Under.

The Calendar We Are Living Under.

In the Blank Grammar School yesterday the divisions of time were under consideration in the class. The teacher had explained the origin of the Gregorian calendar and recounted the difficulties which arose from the Augustan calendar, and noted the reluctance of the Greek church to adopt the reformed arrangement of time. Then he turned to the class and said:

"Under what calendar are we living now?"

now?"
Silence on the part of the class. But presently the smallest boy of the lot piped out shrflly:
"Under the life insurance calendar."
—Boston Transcript.

A Professional Hitch.

A Professional HIGH.

A middle-aged farmer came to a
young Vermont minister the other day
and said: "Parson, I don't want to
trouble ye too much, but I wish ye'd
tie the knot for me and 'Lizebeth over
again."

tie the knot for me and 'Lizebeth over again."

"Why so?" asked the young man.
"Weren't you legally married before?"

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply,
"but 'twas done by a justice of the
peace and was a kinder cheap job. I'd
be willin' to pay two dollars for a
gincoine perfeshional hitch." — Burlington Free Press.

The childish miss resents a kiss and runs the other way, but when at last some years have passed, it's different they say.

Ir is much better to have your gold in the hand than in the heart.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

pouring kerosene upon hun, firing if, and thus burning him to death. Yet it seems that in his ashes live her wonted fires, for now she is saing the Catholic Order of Foresters, of which her departed lord was a member, for two thansand dollars, principal and interest, on a death benefit which she c'aims as the beneficiary of the dead ran's es ale. It is a principal of law that no nan can take advantage of his own crime or laches, but possibly Mrs. Schreiner thinks that, being a woman, she is entitled to better things. As she looks at her cass it must seem much like that of the two French brothers who tried out their fat old father for the oil he would yield and who, when beought in guilty of murder, were excommended to judicial elemency on the ground that the ewere extenuating circumstances. The extenuating circumstances were that they "we or or hans."

ATTENTION has been directed to the banana s'alk and leaf as sources of fibre supply. It is said that fibres of the stalk of a silky finen-s: can be obtained of a length varying from five to nine feet, "We remember," says the Mannfacturers' Record, "seeing transcord this fibre in the Florida exhibit at the Atlanta Cotton Exposition in 1881, The atlanta Cotton Exposition in 1881, the atlanta Cotton Exposition in 1881, and the tame ation of the banana is increasing in that State, and its consequent opportunity for producing a long fibre must be in the same natio. If the banana fibre has all the qualities its advocates ascribe to it, it would be well for mengaged in textile industries, in twine and in small rope manufactures to get samples of it and submit it to such tests as will determine its practical value. Should it prove to be all that is claimed for it, then our Central American and West Indian neighbors, as well a sour Florida friends, would have a new article added to their already valuable list of native products."

The islands of the Pacific bays here.

native products."

The islands of the Pacific have been the sphere of some of the greatest transformations in history. Among these the story of New Zealand is by no means least exciting. It is a land 1,500 miles long from north to south, full of great resources, agricultural and otherwise, enriched with some of the most romantic scenery on the face of the globe, lofty waterfalls, towering snowled as southern Alps rising 12,000 feet, and beautiful stateches of coast. The change has been most wonderful. New Zealand has 606,000 happy, prosperous inhabitants, poverty is little known, the cities are full of confort and task, and the whole people are worthy and intelligent. Business is thriving, improvements are of vast extent, and a solid basis for the life of the colony is assured. There is room for ten times as many inhabitants, and the next fifty years will find a great increase in the population. population.

THE Minister of National Defense of the Minister of Mi

There is no apparent limit to the feats of instantaneous photography. It has caught tall players in the act of pitchin, running bases, striking a ball and catching a fly. It has photographed running and trotting horses, and it has taken a successful picture of a flash of lightn ng. Until lately it has stopped at a bullet shot from a ritle, but by an ingenious use of electricity even that swift and diminutive object has been photographed. The camera is provided with an extremely sensitive plate, and the bullet is fired in a dark room. Astit pases the camera it breaks an electric current by which it is illuminated for an instant, when its image is transfixed on the sensitive plate.

One of the youngest monarchs in the world is King Trantai, potentaty of Annam. He is nine years of ag, very precocious and fully conscious of the importance of his position. He is solemn and thoughtful, disadains chirdish sports, and a sends all his time in the seclusion of his palace, stulying, conversing with aged coun-clores and poring over books and manuscrip's. He is learning Chinese and French, and shows remarkakle aptitude in the acquisition of foreign t nguest. He is very arbitary and exacting, and his teachers stand in great awe of him.

WHILE the world at large has been interested of late in vario, a matters of international importance, a change of admin stration has taken place in a European State which has been left almost unnoticed. The new legents of the Republic of San Marino-Damenico Battwi and Marino Nicolino—have entered upon the dischage of their difficult duties. In their opening address they declared it a fund or ental principle of their p ogramme to live in pace with the States of Europe and the rest of the world.

Horn in appearance and in manner the Czar of Hussi; has become a Museovite of Sassas, type, Ho is a cooseal figure, being a gint both in fact in the cooping mere, and as immouse sweeping mensulations, and a studendous beard, white flows ever his close,

The area of the unreclaimed swamp and marsh land in the United States which can be drained and brought under cultivation is equal to that of all the cultivated lands, or nearly 300,000,000 acres. Much of this land could be reclaimed without great difficulty or expense, and would make farm-land of great value.

An Old Slave's Return.

John Hardin (colored), of Ottawa, Canada, who ran away a slave from Flemingsburg, Ky., in 1840, went back the other day to gather up his family. He has prospered since his flight. He found one son whom he left a pratting child, a grandfather. The rest of the family were dispersed in some slave sale, and all trace is lost.— (Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Patient Entomologist.

Be to say so humble, there's no place new Be to say so humble, there's no place hours especially followed with a wife whose hours are not spent in misery caused by those draging-down plans a rising from weaknesses pering down plans a rising from weaknesses pering the rise of the say of the result of the say The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequaled.

The church organ ought to be able to read

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for as taken as of Catarra that cannot be curel by taken as of Catarra that cannot be curel by taken as the second of th

Eves Ears Nose

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100 Doses One Dollar

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY
Time, Pain, Trouble
and will CURE
CATARRH
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fagood house-wife, who uses SAPOLIO, it is well said. The mouse is muzzled in her house." Try it and keep your house clean+All grocers keep it-

SAPOLIO is the house-wife's best friend. With it she conquers dirt and adds to the appearance of her house by keeping it clean. Don't be foolish and try to clean house without SAPOLIO. Quick work can be done with SAPOLIO. Common soap and elbow service belong to the past generation, Be in fashion and use SAPOLIO.