

Drama in Iceland.
In its march to the Pole the drama has reached Iceland. It is a recent graft upon the intellectual life of the island, according to the London Globe. The first theater was founded so recently as 1897, and there is only one in the island—at Reykjavik—but it has taken firm root. The dramatic season opens in October and closes at the end of April, when the good folk go fishing, and the theater is open about three evenings a week. Bjornson and Ibsen are mostly drawn upon, but during the last season one or two native poets have received their own compositions, which promise well. The municipality and the Diet each subsidize the theater to the extent of 500 crowns.

WORN TO A SKELETON.

A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Revolution in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles M. Preston of Elkland Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tried easily had no ambition and was falling fat. My complexion got yellow and I lost over fifty pounds. My thighs were terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions. My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was no helping me I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SPIDERS THAT CATCH BIRDS.

Native of Ceylon Moustaians Snare Prey of Some Size.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright, yellowish silk, the central eye of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet. The spider seldom bites or stings, but should any one try to catch him bite he will and though no venomous his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak.

The bodies of these spiders are handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur.

So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the spider—measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive.

He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Fact.

The tenth question in the history examination paper was:

"What was the fate of Rameses II.?" The candidate for graduation honor was not stumped for a minute. Getting a fresh grip on her pen, she wrote:

"Varied and interesting as was the career of this remarkable potentate, he could not escape the common fate of humanity. He died many years ago."—Cleveland Leader.

Chip of the Old Block.

"Thomas," said the minister to his 5-year-old son and heir, "I trust you will not misbehave in church this morning, as you did last Sabbath. Such conduct is very mortifying to me."

"But, papa," rejoined the incorrigible Thomas, "ain't we taught to mortify the flesh?"

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of **Dr. Wood**

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

YOU CANNOT

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all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions of the mucous membrane such as nasal catarrh, uterine catarrh, caused by feminine ill, sore throat, sore mouth or inflamed eyes by simply dosing the stomach.

But you surely can cure these stubborn affections by local treatment with **Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic** which destroys the disease germs, checks discharges, stops pain, and heals the inflammation and soreness.

Paxtine represents the most successful local treatment for feminine ill ever produced. Thousands of women testify to this fact. 50 cents at druggists.

Send for Free Trial Box THE R. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass.

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERRIMAN

CHAPTER XIII.

Easton laughed reassuringly. He was not afraid of clever women. Miss Winter must almost have heard the laugh, while there was still a smile on his face as he bowed before her.

"I have never," he said, as he seated himself, "been at an entertainment of this description before. I am only a beginner. In our country we manage things differently; and I cannot yet understand how much talking and so little action can benefit any cause."

"But," said Miss Winter, "you are not new to England. There is nothing about you to lead me to that conclusion."

"Thank you," he replied, gravely. "My clav-hammer coat was made in Piccadilly, so I suppose it is all right."

He looked down at the garment in question, and dusted the sleeves lightly with a perfectly gloved hand.

"Do you like it?" he inquired simply.

Miss Winter was becoming interested. She therefore quelled a sudden desire to laugh, and answered:

"Yes; it is a very nice coat."

"I am not," he said, after a pause, "new to England, but I have not moved much in London society. I suppose the men do all the moving in your society?—they seem so. The women sit mostly still and wait till the men come to them. With us it is different."

"The women," replied this womanly lady, "are beginning to move with us, and from what I have seen of the result, I rather incline toward the old policy of sitting still."

He turned and looked at her with a little nod. There was in his gaze, restlessness and a distinct glance of approval.

"Yes," he said, "yes. So I should surmise. Our ladies are very fascinating, and very clever, and all that, but—the young men do not seem to make such a pretty show of loving them as we read of in older times. At all events, they do not continue to show them that regard which, I remember, my father showed toward my mother."

"I myself am an humble admirer of the womanly school."

"And I," added Easton, "now," he continued, after a pause, "do tell me, what do all these good people think they are doing here to-night?"

"They think firstly," replied Miss Winter, "that they are getting their names into the fashionable society papers. Secondly, that their natural or artificial adornment is creating a distinct impression. Thirdly, and lastly, that they are assisting in an indefinite way toward the solution of a problem of which the rudiments are entirely unknown."

"Then in England, as well as in my own country, charity is a recognized play-thing of society," suggested Easton.

"Yes. We take it up in late autumn and winter, when there are no races, no regattas, nor lawn tennis parties."

"Ah! then," said the American, "society is very much the same here as elsewhere."

At this moment Oswin Grace passed within earshot of them. He heard the words, and recognized the voice. When he turned, his surprise at seeing Miss Winter and Easton together was so marked as to cause a little frown to pass across the queer, wistful face of the American. He returned the young Englishman's comprehensive bow, however, with perfect equanimity.

"You know Oswin Grace?" inquired Miss Winter.

"Oh, yes," was the cool reply; "Tyars brought him to my rooms one evening."

Miss Winter skillfully concealed eagerness.

"They are great friends," she said, lightly. Yes, Tyars constantly talks of him."

"I suppose," continued Miss Winter, in the same indifferently conversational way, "that they have many interests in common; both being sailors. At least, I believe Claud Tyars considers himself a sailor now."

"You are a clever, and the wary little Miss Winter knew less of the past life of Tyars than she would have him believe. Moreover, she suspected that she had never been implicated in a trap, womanly, clever and subtle; but Easton avoided it with equal skill. He maintained an easy silence. Immediately afterward, however, he made a blunder.

"Oswin," said Miss Winter, "is a great friend of mine, and I think Helen is my greatest friend."

"A sister?" inquired Easton, rashly.

"Yes, Mr. Tyars has not spoken of her, then?"

"No. Tyars did not tell me that Grace had a sister."

There was a short pause. Perhaps the American heard the little sigh of relief given by his companion, marking, as it were, the relaxation of an effort; such a sigh as a child gives when he has secured a success and his weary muscles fall into repose. He became instantly conscious of his blunder. He had been outwitted by this pleasant woman. He—Matthew Mark Easton—a born intriguer, a man with real genius for conspiracy.

"Ah!" reflected Miss Winter, "why has Mr. Tyars omitted to make mention of Helen's existence? And with feminine intuition she made a handy mental note of this important item."

CHAPTER XIV.

Miss Winter sometimes fell a victim to a longing for labor. She sometimes felt useless, and looked beyond the dock that lay at hand for heavier labor. When she heard of good work done by women, she longed to do something also.

But it was only at times that Miss Winter gave way to this weakness, and she was very quiet about it. When the paroxysm was upon her, she put on a thick veil, her quietest dress, and took the omnibus to Tower Hill.

She was too well acquainted with the world to go empty-handed and to make those trivial mistakes by which many well-meaning women reduce charity to the ludicrous. She had an old bag specially devoted to this secret vice, for one cannot carry half pounds of butter, packets of tea, and pounds of raw sausages in one's best handbag.

The recipients of her charity were a race of men overlooked by charity organizations, ignored by those bland dissemblers of laudatory literature who call themselves the Sailors' Friends. Very few people find themselves by accident in the London Dock or the St. Katherine's Dock; in fact, both these basins are rather difficult to find.

The shipkeeper is a strange, amphibious creature. His calling is, in fact, his business on the water, and yet he is no sailor. In busier times he rarely spent more than two months on board of one ship; now there are men living week after week, month after month, year after year on the same vessel. Many of them never set foot outside the dock gates; some there are who remain aloft always.

Miss Winter did not know of this, and from different sources she gradually learned that there were men living on board of them; men whose lives were almost as solitary as that of a sailor cast upon some desert island. It seems strange that within the roar of the crowded streets, there should be men living day after day without speaking a word to their fellow creatures. For if they do not choose to come ashore, certainly no one will trouble to go on board and see them.

In course of time she evolved the idea of going to the docks to see if it was difficult to get on board these ships, and there she discovered that there was really nothing so difficult as to get on board. It was merely a matter of paying, as it is in every other part of the world.

At first her advances caused consternation, but woman like, she gradually made her way, never being guilty of one retrograde step. A few days later, when her motives, some thought she was merely seeking a resting place, she had "got religion."

These latter were the first to welcome her. The explanation was so simple, and it had served to account for stranger conduct than this.

One of them appreciated the butter and the sausages. She made him a soap, and a few read the newspapers she brought them.

Soon Miss Winter found that her advent was looked for. The responsibilities of benevolence began to make themselves felt. She commenced to know personally these quiet, unassuming men, and found that there were sincere and sincere shipkeepers—shipkeepers who were interesting and others who were mere nonentities.

On the whole, she gave preference to those who took the butter and the sausages and left the soap. These latter were old fellows, who had never washed, and did not see the good of changing their feet, old age, this conservatism indicated a character worthy of admiration, and superior to that of such as asked for more soap and hinted at tracts.

She became more and more interested in this work, and lapsed into the habit of going to the docks a week, at least. As Claud Tyars frequented the same spot with an equal regularity, their meeting was only a question of time.

They had missed each other several times by the merest chance, but at last they came face to face in a most undesirable manner. The morning was rather foggy, and in consequence the fog was more silent and sleepier than usual. Miss Winter having just left a boat, when a tall man, emerging from the fog, came to the top of the stairs and halted the boat.

"Wait a minute," he said; "I want you."

He came down a step or two and stood on one side to let Miss Winter pass. In doing so, he looked at her, and she, glancing up to thank him, gave a little start.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "You—here—Mr. Tyars?"

He raised his hat without betraying any surprise.

"Yes," he answered, "of course. The docks have a natural attraction for me—a sailor."

"I forgot," she said, looking calmly at him, "that you were a sailor."

She had been betrayed into surprise, but in a moment her usual alertness returned to her. She passed on, and he followed her.

"Are you alone?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she replied, lightly. "I am quite at home here, and come near every week and interrupt the meditation of the ship keepers. I look after their temporary welfare. It is quite my own idea, I assure you, that I have no connection with any philanthropic society."

"Tracts?" he inquired, shortly.

"No, no tracts," she replied. "Sausages, butter and soap—essentially of this world."

He was walking beside her, sulking his step with an implied sense of protection, almost of approbation, which annoyed her.

"There may be," he suggested, half ironically, "a hidden motive in the soap."

"But there is not," she replied, sharply. "I advocate tracts only. Personally, I prefer the dirty ones."

"Probably," he said, "you do a great deal of good. These poor fellows lead a very lonely life. You must seem to them like a being from another world."

"So I am, Mr. Tyars," she said, still upholding her work. "Quite another world."

Then she suddenly laid aside her gravity with that strange inconsequence which is one of the many important differences between the male and female mind.

"You speak feelingly," she continued, in a thinly veiled mockery. "Perhaps you have been a ship keeper yourself. I don't seem to have been a good many times. Yes," was the calm reply. "I have. I was once a ship keeper in the Southern Atlantic."

Suddenly this cheerful little lady had realized the pettiness of her own existence, the futility of her own small career. She glanced up at him, almost meditating an apology. Observant and analytical as she was, she had not yet noticed the fact of which Tyars was fully aware; she had not noticed that in her intercourse with Claud Tyars she invariably began in an antagonistic vein, and that with equal monotony this antagonism melted after a few moments.

In one respect Tyars was a commonplace man. He possessed the genius of command, which is the genius most often encountered in the world. It is merely a genius of adaptation, not of creation. Its chief characteristic is a close but unconscious observation of human nature. He understood all who came in contact with him much better than any one of them understood him. Miss Winter was conscious of this reserve in Tyars's mind which was irrevocably closed to her. He casually glanced into her character in passing; if there was an inner motive beyond his fathom, he remained indifferent to its presence. When their paths crossed he was pleased to meet her, but she never flattered herself that he would go far out of his way to hear her opinion upon any subject.

"If," she said, "I cared for horrors, I should ask you some day to tell me about—about those days—your ship-keeping days; but I hate horrors."

"I am glad," he said, with evident relief. "I hate horrors, too, and should not make a picturesque story of it."

They walked on in silence, feeling rather more friendly toward each other every moment. It was necessary to pass beneath a crane of which the greasy chain hung loosely right across their path. Tyars stepped forward, and with a quick turn of the winch-handle, drew the chain taut, and consequently out of her way.

It was a mere incident, trivial in its way; but women note these trivialities and piece them together with a skill and sequence which men cannot rival or even imitate. Tyars's action showed an intimate knowledge with the smallest details of the calling he had chosen to follow.

(To be continued.)

POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.

Destitute in America Said to Number Ten Millions.

Poverty and pauperism have been studied by a host of sociologists and there is an immense literature upon the subject. The most recent book, and in many respects, the most noteworthy, is the one written by Robert Hunter, who for many years has been a practical worker among the submerged tenth, says American Medicine. He defines poverty as the condition in which it is not possible to obtain those necessities which will permit the maintenance of a state of physical efficiency.

He also makes the astounding statement that there are 10,000,000 people in poverty in the United States alone—one in every eight. Charles Booth calculates that 30 per cent of London's population, or 1,300,000 people, are in poverty, and that the rate in smaller towns is nearly the same ("Life and Labor in London"), so that the phenomenon is apparently universal, the lower the civilization the greater the percentage of the poor.

For many reasons the whole matter is of vital interest to the medical profession. In the first place, such a condition of affairs is a serious objection to the new idea of our national dietary is too big—one-eighth of us never get enough. The racial deterioration and individual degeneration which must result in such condition of growth of children is a matter for serious thought. In the next place, when any of the poor people become ill, the burden of work falls on the doctor, who, more than any other person in the world, is expected to give assistance without money and without price.

Hunter makes a great distinction between these poor and the paupers, who expect and depend upon more or less assistance even when they are well. He estimates that there are 4,000,000 paupers in the country; 2,000,000 men are unemployed four to six months every 1,700,000 children must work to help support the family, and about 5,000,000 women must work, of whom 2,000,000 are employed in factories. Over one-fourth of New York's people get some kind of public or private relief every year, and yet it is often impossible to get domestics for love or money.

PRAIRIE DOG MEAT IS GOOD.

Oklahoma Farmer Says It Makes Fine Eating.

Prairie dogs make good eating. This is not generally known, and even where it is known civilized people do not care to be called ignorantes because they eat dog meat. "The other day I met a man," said a prominent farmer of the Faxon neighborhood, "who eats prairie dogs, and if we had a few more of his kind we would soon get rid of the little pests on our prairies."

"I had gone to Nelms," he continued, "to attend to some business, and on the road met a couple of wagons containing a man and woman and about ten children. They stopped to make some inquiries about the road to Chattanooga, and in the course of our conversation the man remarked: 'There is plenty of meat in these parts.' By questioning him I learned that he referred to prairie dogs and then he told me that he and his family had been living on prairie dog meat for about ten days and avowed they had never in their lives eaten better meat."

"And the fellow was right. I have eaten them, too, and they are fine, especially the young ones. The hind quarters are a little heavier than a squirrel, but the fore quarters and other parts are better than squirrel. When we hunted buffaloes over this country a number of years ago we carried prairie dog tallow with which to grease our guns, and there is none better. At that time we ate lots of prairie dogs."

"The only reason why people haven't learned to eat prairie dogs is because of the name. The little animals feed strictly on vegetation and are clean. Their meat is better than that of any other animal that lives in the ground, better than rabbits and better than squirrels. We could get rid of the prairie dogs if our people would learn to eat their meat."—Lawton News-Republican.

Why Father Fainted.

"If you marry him," said her papa, who was exhibiting symptoms of violent displeasure, "I shall not only have to support him, but I will have to pay his debts, too?"

But the pretty and petulant young thing who was laughing to his coat lapels was not moved by the argument.

"Now, papa," she said, "you know well enough that George has to live, just the same as other men. And as to his debts, I've heard you say hundreds of times that a man's debts ought to be paid."—Brooklyn Life.

Guileless Johnnie.

"How old is your sister, Johnnie?"

"Sister gives me 25 cents a week not to tell—that's a cent for each year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Any man can attract attention in a small town by riding home in a hack.



Wenry Willie—Can yer swipe a ride under an auto? Dusty Rhodes—Naw, that's where the owner stays.—Clipped.

Truthful—"How do you take your steak?" asked the charitable housewife. "I takes it mighty rare," replied the tramp.

"So you feel that your automobile is perfectly safe?" "Most of the time—when it is in the repair shop."—Washington Star.

Toast—"Father, why do they call a speech made at a banquet a toast?" "My son," was the answer, "it is probably because it is so dry."

Caution—Mrs. Newry—Bridget, I don't want you to build a fire in the new stove until you try the oven, so if it doesn't bake I can send it back.

"Does he believe in the survival of the fittest?" "He does." "On what ground?" "Why, he says he's here and that proves it."—San Francisco Call.

Mrs. X.—You used to call me an angel. Mr. X.—Well, I used to think you were one. Mrs. X.—And now? Mr. X.—And now I wish you were.—Cleveland Leader.

Reporter—Why is it that so many people commit suicide in the spring? Dr. Thinktank—I don't know. I think myself that a well or a river would be better.—Flashlight.

"Step lively!" said the conductor. "Not on your life," responded the grumpy passenger. "If I felt like doing that I'd walk and beat your old car."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ethel—I showed papa one of your poems and he was delighted. Scribbler—Indeed! Ethel—Yes; said it was so bad he thought you'd probably be able to earn a living at something else.—Judge.

Somewhat Mixed—A young man who was about to be married was very nervous, and, while asking for information as to how he must act, put the question: "Is it kissatory to cuss the bride?"

"Isn't it splendid out here all alone?" began Mr. Borein, who had found her musing beside the quiet lake. "Yes," replied Miss Bright, "I was thinking that very thing as you came along."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Widder (at the door)—I thought I told you never to call again. Mr. Loster—I didn't come to see you, madam. I came to collect a little bill. "Ah—I see—call again, won't you?"—Cleveland Leader.

It was a thankful Alma wife that sent the following recommendation to a patent medicine firm: "Gentlemen, before taking your medicine I was too weak to spank my baby, but now I can lick my husband."—Clipped.

Patient—Well, doctor, do you think I'm getting well all right? Doctor—Oh, yes; you still have a good deal of fever, but that doesn't trouble me. "Of course not. If you had a fever it wouldn't trouble me."—Scissors.

"I think my speech on this question will have some effect." "It has already had an effect," answered Senator Sorghum. "You have caused two or more questions to grow where there was but one before."—Washington Star.

Young Lady to Clerk in Bookstore—I am looking for something suitable for an old gentleman who has been married fifty years. Can you suggest something? Clerk (promptly)—"A Half Century of Conflict."—Life.

Missus—I am sorry to trouble you, Bridget, but my husband wants his breakfast to-morrow at 5:30. Cook—Oh, it won't be no trouble at all, mum, if he don't knock nothin' over whole cookin' it an' wake me up.—Judge.

Bishop—Never again preach against or reject so-called tainted money. Curate—Yes, sir; but—Bishop—No buts; if we intend to successfully compete with the devil on modern lines we must first ruin him financially.—Life.

Young Husband—I told the governor I thought it would be wise if we started housekeeping at once. Young Wife—And did he endorse the opinion? Young Husband—Oh, yes, he endorsed the opinion all right.—Town and Country.

"And then," said Miss Passy, "he asked me if I wouldn't marry the first man that came along. Think of it!" "Yes!" replied Miss Peppery. "The idea! Don't those obviously unnecessary questions make you tired?"—Philadelphia Press.

Algerian Strike Discipline.

They have an original way of making a strike effective in Algiers. The shoe-makers are striking. They are Jews, Moslems and Spaniards, and lack cohesion of race and language, so that their leaders felt something was needed to keep them in hand. It was therefore decided by general vote that no man should be allowed to leave the central offices—which are, fortunately, roomy in old Algiers—even for food or sleep, so long as the strike lasts. If a man gets away by any chance there is a hue and cry until he is recaptured and led back.—New York Tribune.

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Man's Enemy.—Nature is the enemy of man; it takes a long while and much wisdom to make her our friend.—Rev. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Marriage.—This is no time for the American people to wink at the sanctity of marriage. Let us safeguard the home.—Rev. F. M. Bristol, Methodist, Washington, D. C.

The Golden Calf.—When God is forgotten, it is not long before men begin to dance before the golden calf and to cry: "These be thy gods, O America!"—Rev. C. A. Crane, Independent, Boston.

The Great Healer.—How often does the Lord lead a soul away from the crowd and the world by placing it in the solitude of a sick chamber, or in lowliness of spirit in order that He may speak to it and heal it?—Rev. U. S. Bertolet, Lutheran, Philadelphia.

Watchwords.—Life is not speculative. It has to do with stern things. Its great watchwords are Love, Duty, Service, and the humblest have opportunities for these, and with these is the character attained that God approves.—Rev. M. A. Breed, Congregationalist, Monticello, Ia.

Building.—It is the business of the church to build men. We do not fall so much in molding those we have as in providing new material on which to work. The question of supply is the one that needs careful study.—Rev. L. L. Looftorow, Congregationalist, Charlestown, Mass.

Woman.—The Anglo-Saxon race has treated woman better than any other. So long as it continues to do so it will continue to rule the world. It is only in the Germanic races that woman has occupied anything like the exalted position that belongs to her.—Rev. H. G. Weston, Baptist, Chester, Pa.

The Mind.—The human mind is like a flute which can play but one note at a time. God's mind must be like an organ which plays chords. The human mind is so infinite in its questions that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one.—Rev. Frank Crane, Independent, Worcester, Mass.

Temptation.—Temptation is not sin. Temptation is outward solicitation striking hands with internal desire. The will, the judiciary of the heart, decides whether temptation shall become sin. If the will casts temptation out victory is gained.—Rev. C. L. Laws, Congregationalist, Baltimore, Md.

Science and the Bible.—The Bible is from God and so is science, and there is no conflict between them. Jesus Christ was the Supreme scientist. Man and nature were perfectly known to Him. His gospels, miracles and present power prove that.—Rev. J. S. Thompson, Independent, Los Angeles.

Future Progress.—Our future progress must be spiritual. Physically we have done the best, and intellectually we have done our giants. Man is as yet being made, and he has the tools of his perfection. Psychological power is aiding man to see his sphere and real power.—Rev. C. J. Harris, Universalist, Atlanta.

Effort.—Nothing is accomplished without effort in the physical world and the same holds true in