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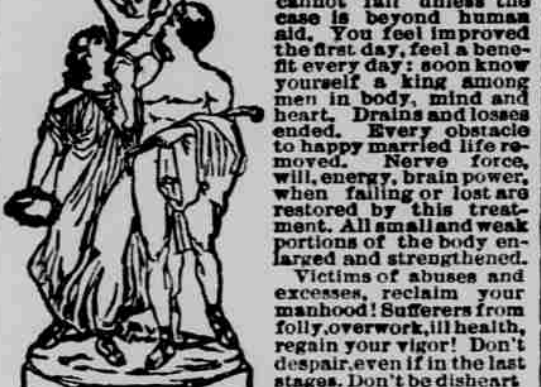
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

GREAT SAURIANS.

Some Truths About the Biggest Reptiles Which Grow in the United States. "Did you ever see an alligator catch flies?" asked a naturalist of a Washington Star writer. "I have watched the performance by the hour. The saurian lies on a muddy bank in the sun with his mouth open. Winged insects, attracted by the saliva of the beast, gather in swarms upon its tongue just as though it were a sheet of fly paper. When a number has collected it closes its jaws suddenly, and with a gulp the little torments have disappeared, affording at once revenge and an agreeable flavor. You have often heard, I dare say, of the crocodile without fear, in order to pluck therefrom certain parasites which the reptiles could not otherwise get rid of. That is a fact, although it failed to be recognized as such by science for a long time.

"On many occasions I have had opportunities of observing alligators in pursuit of prey. They will eat meat in any shape, from water fowl to fishes. Sometimes they moor themselves by their tails to the shore, with mouths agape, and silently absorb shoals of mullet and other comparatively small fry which pass along through the shallows. But a favorite way of theirs is to lie upon the surface of the water and quietly gobble any ducks or other animals that come within reach. Their heads are so constructed that when they are thus floating only their eyes and the tip end of the nose are above the surface. Thus they are able to breathe and to see at the same time, without exposing themselves to any extent. A snap and all is over with the victim.

How He Got the Money.

William S. Walsh says this story was told him by a traveling friend. The friend was in Paris. Presenting a check at the bank he was met with the customary formula: "You must be identified." "Whom shall I get—the American consul?" with a shade of sarcasm in his tone. "No, I don't know the American consul." The traveler objected that it was rather hard to expect of a total stranger that he should have already effected an entree into the society graced by the teller. But the latter was obdurate. Then the traveler had a brilliant idea. He went into a neighboring cafe and called the waiter to him. "Do you know the teller of that bank?" he asked, pointing to the building.

THE INTELLIGENCE GIRL.

She Wasn't Satisfied with the Place to Which She Was Sent.

She ambled into the office, looking like the champion lady performer at a skating-rink, says the Detroit Free Press, and the little man behind the counter hustled forward to wait on her.

"You get places for girls?" she inquired, setting the furry trimmings of her cloak all a-flutter. "Yes, mum! Do you want a second girl or one for general housework, mum? I've some girls coming in this morning. I expect one from the country every minute."

"That's me," said the girl at the counter, giving her furs another flutter. "Land, mum—miss, I thought you was a missus lookin' for a girl," said the surprised man. "I'm a girl lookin' for a place—not much missus in mine, though. Now, you send me to a good place and here's your dollar."

"An' here's your place," said the man, giving her a number. "You'll find them O. K. Their girl got married, so they want a new one." "What kind of a house is it?" asked the girl. "Go an' see for yourself, miss," was the curt answer.

And she went. At noon she rang the bell of a house on Alexandrine avenue, and when the mistress opened the door she announced herself. "I'm the new girl." "Oh, come right in, I'm so glad you've come. We haven't got a loaf of bread in the house." "I'm not expected to do the baking, am I?" asked the girl. "Didn't you do that in your last place?" "I never lived out before." "Oh, you'll soon learn," said the lady encouragingly. "I'll show you myself. You can wash, I suppose?" "You don't expect me to do the washing, do you?" asked the girl, setting her furs in violent motion. "Well, I suppose I can do that myself," answered the lady ironically; "perhaps you wouldn't object to washing the dishes?" "Why, I kin away from home to get rid of washing dishes 'cause the hot water chaps my hands."

"May I ask what you can do?" "Oh, I don't mind sweepin' and helpin' to make the beds and settin' the table. But I don't think I'll suit. There ain't no electric lights in the house, is there?" "No." "The doctor says gas isn't good for me eyes. How many times a week can I go out?" "Just once. There is the door. I won't detain you another minute," answered the lady, indignantly. The little man at the intelligence office had just buried his nose in a newspaper, when a flutter of fur announced the return of the girl from the country. "The ideal!" she exclaimed; "they expected me to wash and bake like a bound slave. Ain't you got a place where the girl won't have to do such things? If ye ain't, you can give me back my dollar." She got the dollar.

The story was told at the Whittier celebration that when the poet asked a farmer to whom he had lent a volume of Plato how he liked it the farmer replied: "First rate; I see he's got some of my ideas."

Tomatoes were not cultivated seventy-five years ago.

BISHOP WILSON.

A Great Man Whose Heart Was in His Lowly Work. In the seventeenth century Bishop Wilson was sent to the Isle of Man—then containing a lawless and ignorant community—with such unlimited power over clergy and people that it is a wonder he succeeded in doing good rather than evil, says the Youth's Companion. A tyrant did he prove, but a loving one, and all Manxmen today bless the good bishop's name. In time of famine he threw open his own house to the needy, and gave without stint, asking no man whether he were saint or sinner, but only if he hungered.

When his own means were gone he begged from England, though he was, as one historian declares, "a man who would not have held out his hat to save his own life."

He never desired preferment, but clung to his own thorny road with the zeal of one who has renounced material good for the love of the highest.

"See, my lords," said Queen Caroline one day, as he approached the crowd of churchmen who surrounded her, "here is a bishop who does not come for translation."

"No, please your majesty," said Wilson, "I will not leave my wife in her old age because she is poor."

His island was, indeed, a poor spot; he had wedded it for life. One day in the market-place a little girl of seven years crossed his path. She was rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, bare of head and feet, and with a rush of love the gray old bishop patted her head, saying, "God bless you, my child!" The little maid courtesied.

"God bless you, too, sir," said she. "Thank you, child, thank you!" said the good old man. "I dare say your blessing is as good as mine."

It was customary in those days to employ journeymen as tailors. One, Danny by name, was making a long walking-coat for the bishop, and in trying it on he made numerous chalk-marks to indicate the place of buttons.

"No, no, Danny," said the bishop. "No more buttons than enough to fasten it. One will do. It would ill become a poor minister like me to go a-glitter with things like these."

Now Danny had already bought the buttons, and had them at that moment in his pocket. Therefore he was sore discomfited, and said, pulling a woful face:

"Mercy on me, my lord! What would happen to the poor button-makers if everybody was of your opinion?" "Button it all over, Danny!" said the bishop. "Button it all over!"

A True Story.

It appears that a bright little fifteenth-century Italian boy, a son of humble and honest parents, was possessed by a strong desire to go to sea; and so, when he was about fourteen years of age, he was allowed to make his first voyage. Of course, there was no such thing as steam navigation in those days, so this boy went on a sailing-ship, and a pretty mean one at that. At the start he was as proud and happy a little mariner as one could wish to see. But trouble came. The ship caught fire, and as this Italian boy never had heard of your old friend Casablanca, and the situation was desperate, he sprang overboard. Fortunately, he caught hold of an oar, and with its assistance he determined to swim all the way to land, wherever it might be.

It was a hard tussle with the waves for a boy of fourteen, but he had grit and resolution, and, in short, there was other work waiting for him somewhere, he knew. So he swam on for a mile, then another—and another—and another—and another—and finally, persevering manfully, he accomplished the sixth mile, and reached the land in safety!

I believe in that boy; and I'd like to know what became of him in later years—what he accomplished; what he suffered; whether he was a benefactor to his race or not. Who can tell me about him?"—St. Nicholas.

His Offending Ligneous Limb.

"A cork leg is no end of a bore," said the man who limped to a Star writer. "Just think of it! I was at a dinner party the other night, and it was my happy lot to have a most charming damsel fall to my share at the feast. We conversed most pleasantly through the oysters and the soup, but when the fish came on she became silent and seemed unaccountably embarrassed. To draw her from this mood I redoubled my efforts to please, but in response she only flushed and looked angry. Finally, interrupting me in the midst of a little mot which I had composed carefully while dressing for the dinner, she said, sotto voce: "I thank you to stop squeezing my foot."

"Imagine my embarrassment! I had been treading upon her toes with my cork foot—of course without knowing it. Could anything have been more innocent? It is an annoying thing to have to explain to a young lady at a social festivity. Nevertheless, I was forced to do so. She accepted my apology, and then proceeded to injure my feelings by giggling."—Washington Star.

The World's Newspapers.

The number of newspapers published in all countries is estimated at 41,000, of which number about 24,000 appear in Europe. Germany heads the European list with 5,000, then comes France with 4,100, England with 4,000, Austria-Hungary with 3,500, Italy with 1,400, Spain with 850, Russia with 800, Switzerland with 450, Belgium and Holland with 300 each, and the rest are published in Portugal, the Scandinavian, and the Balkan countries. The United States has 13,900 newspapers. Canada has 700 and Australia also has 700. The people of the United States, therefore, read and support about as many newspapers as England, France, Germany, and Russia combined.—Paper.

A scientific journal states that a little sugar put on the hands with soap will greatly increase its lather and cleaning power.

King Solomon's Mines.

where we were met by the rattling of arms and the hoarse challenge of a scout. Infadous gave some password that I could not catch, which was met with a salute, and we passed on through the central street of the great grass city. After nearly half an hour's tramp, past endless lines of huts, Infadous at last halted at the gate of a little group of huts which surrounded a small courtyard of powdered limestone, and informed us that these were to be our "poor" quarters.

We entered, and found that a hut had been assigned to each of us. These huts were superior to any which we had yet seen, and in each was a most comfortable bed made of tanned skins spread upon mattresses of aromatic grass. Food, too, was ready for us, and as soon as we had washed ourselves with water, which stood ready in earthenware jars, some young women of handsome appearance brought us roasted meat and meate cobs daintily served on wooden platters and presented to us with deep obeisances.

We ate and drank, and then the beds having by our request been all moved into one hut, a precaution at which the amiable young ladies smiled, we flung ourselves down to sleep, thoroughly wearied out with our long journey.

When we woke, it was to find that the sun was high in the heavens, and that the female attendants who did not seem to be troubled by any false shame, were already standing inside the hut, having been ordered to attend and help us to "make ready."

"Make ready, indeed," growled Good, "when one has a flannel shirt and a pair of boots, that does not take long. I wish you would ask them for my trousers."

I asked accordingly, but was informed that these sacred relics had already been taken to the king, who would see us in the forenoon.

Having, somewhat to their astonishment and disappointment, requested the young ladies to step outside, we proceeded to make the best toilet that the circumstances admitted of. Good even went the length of again shaving the right side of his face; the left, on which now appeared a very fair crop of whiskers, we impressed upon him he must not on account touch. As for ourselves, we were contented with a good wash and combing our hair. Sir Henry's yellow trowsers were now almost down to his shoulders, and he looked more like an ancient Dene than ever, while my grizzled beard was fully an inch long, instead of half an inch, which in a general way I considered my maximum length.

By the time that we had eaten our breakfast, and smoked a pipe a message was brought to us by no less a personage than Infadous himself that Twala, the king, was ready to see us, if we would be pleased to come.

We remarked in reply that we should prefer to wait till the sun was a little higher, we were yet weary with our journey, etc., etc. It is always well, when dealing with uncivilized people, not to be in too great a hurry. They are apt to mistake politeness for awe or servility. So, although we were quite as anxious to see Twala as Twala could be to see us, we sat down and waited for an hour, employing the interval in preparing such presents as our slender stock of goods permitted—namely, the Winchester rifle which had been used by poor Ventvogel, and some beads. The rifle and ammunition we determined to present to his royal highness, and the beads were for his wives and courtiers. We had already given a few to Infadous and Seragga, and found that they were delighted with them, never having seen anything like them before. At length we declared that we were ready, and guided by Infadous, started off to the levee, Umbopa carrying the rifle and beads.

After walking a few hundred yards, we came to an inclosure, something like that which surrounded the huts that had been allotted to us, only fifty times as big. It could not have been less than six or seven acres in extent. All around the outside fence was a row of huts, which were the habitations of the King's wives. Exactly opposite the gateway, on the further side of the open space, was a very large hut, which stood by itself, in which his majesty resided. All the rest was open ground, that is to say, it would have been open had it not been filled by company after company of warriors, who were mustered there to the number of seven or eight thousand. These men stood still as statues as we advanced through them, and it would be impossible to give an idea of the grandeur of the spectacle which they presented in their waving plumes, their glancing spears, and iron-banded ox-hide shields.

The space in front of the large hut was empty, but before it were placed several stools. On three of these, at a sign from Infadous, we seated ourselves, Umbopa standing behind us. As for Infadous, he took up a position by the door of the hut. So we waited for ten minutes or more in the midst of a dead silence, but conscious that we were the object of the concentrated gaze of some eight thousand pairs of eyes. It was a somewhat trying ordeal, but we carried it off as best we could. At length the door of the hut opened, and a gigantic figure, with a splendid tiger-skin karross flung over its shoulders, stepped out, followed by the boy Seragga, and what appeared to us to be a withered old monkey, wrapped in a fur cloak. The figure seated itself upon a stool, Seragga took his stand behind it, and the withered old monkey, crept on all fours into the shade of the hut and squatted down.

The door of the hut opened, and a gigantic figure stepped out.

Still there was silence.

Then the gigantic figure slipped off the karross and stood up before us, a truly startling spectacle. It was that of an enormous.

(Continued.)



The door of the hut opened, and a gigantic figure stepped out.

Still there was silence.