SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

A Novel Experience with a Piece of Ordnance-Dare to Do Right; Dare to Be True Aunt Mary's Message The Capybara.



Piccola. COR, sweet Piccola! Did you hear What happened to Piccola, children Tis seldom Fortune such favor grants fell to this little maid of France.

Christmas time, and her parents poor Could hardly drive

the wolf from the door, Striving with poverty's patient pain Only to live till summer again,

No gift for Piccola! sad were they When dawned the morning of Christmas day; Their little darling no joy might stir; St. Nicholas nothing would bring to

But Piccola never doubted at all That something beautiful must befall Every child upon Christmas day, And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she She stole to her shoe as the morning broke

Such sounds of gladness filled all the air, Twas plain St. Nicholas had been there.

In rushed Piccola, sweet, half wild-Never was seen such a joyful child-"See what the good saint brought!" she cried. And mother and father must peep in-Bide.

Now such a story I never heard! There was a little shivering bird! A sparrow that in at the window flew, Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have She cried as happy as any queen, While the starving sparrow she fed

and warmed. And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you, Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true, In the far-off land of France, they say, Still do they live to this very day. -Celia Thaxter.

Dare to Do Right; Dare to Be True.

Dear Boys and Girls: Some of you, I know, like to read, perhaps better than to play, but youth is the playtime of life, so you do not want to spend too much time out of school in | ye the little feller's eyes will shine reading. Keep out in the open air as much as you can so as to grow strong and muscular. What, girls grow girls should play out of doors as well as their brothers and so have strength to accomplish much good bye and bye. Of course you will let your mother know what you read so that she can decide if it will be what is good for you. Never read anything that you would not be willing to show to her. If you are just a little bit ashamed to ty abides. But human affections can have her see the book or paper you may be sure it is not safe to read

I presume some of you boys have read bceks written by J. T. Trowbridge. He is getting to be quite an elderly gentleman, with white hair, but he still writes stories to please the boys. He has a pleasant home in Arlington, Mass., and has a wife and two pretty daughters who make the boys and girls and every one who calls very happy by their kindness. The grammar school class chose him for their favorite author last year, and he wrote this verse for a class motto:

"Encounter every ill. Fces great and small; With courage and good will And conquer all."

This is a good motto for us all, is it not? Yours ever,

> Aunt Mary. The Capybara.

The capybara, which is shown in the accompanying illustration, is about the



largest of all the rodents. The only species which has yet been observed measures three feet in length, and a foot and a half in height. This animal possesses a massive body, a large head. short and rounded ears, moderately long legs, semi-webbed toes, and rough, scanty hair, which is generally of a brown color. It lives gregariously, on the banks of lakes and rivers, feeds on grass, and hollows out burrows to sleep in. At the appeparance of danger they plunge into the water in which they are perfectly at home. Carnivorous animals, such as jaguars. cougars, etc., destroy them in great numbers. They are also hunted by man for the sake of their flesh, which is said to be very good. This rodent | beech, 210 years to the aspen, 200 to is of a very docile disposition, and becomes quite tame if taken young. It is very numerous in Guiana, and most of the tributaries of the Amazon.

A Novel Experiment.

made with a piece of ordnance was at | makes the trip from Jericho to Tibe-Portsmouth, England, says Invention. rias in five hours.

A stage was erected in the harbor within the tide mark; on this an Armstrong gun of the 110 pound pattern was mounted. The gun was then leaded and carefully aimed at a target-all this, of course, during the time of low tide. A few hours later, when the gun and target were both covered with water to a depth of six feet, the gun was fired by means of electricity. We said "aimed at a target," but the facts were that there were two targets, but only one was directed for this special experiment. the other being the hull of an old vessel, the Griper, which lay directly behind the target and in range of the ball. The target itself was placed only twenty-five feet from the muzzle of the gun. It was composed of oak beams and planks, and was twentyone inches thick.

In order to make the old Griper invulnerable a sheet of boiler plates three inches thick was riveted to the water logged hull, in direct range with the course the ball was expected to take if not deflected by the water. On all of these-the oaken target, the boiler plates and the old vessel hullthe effect of the shot from the submerged gun was really startling. The wooden target was pierced through and through, the boiler target iron was broken into pieces and driven into its "backing," the ball passing right on through both sides of the vessel, making a huge hole, through which the water pcured in torrents. Taken altogether the experiment was an entire success, demonstrating, as it did, the feasibility of placing submerged guns in harbors in time of war and doing great damage to vessels which an enemy might dispatch to such points for the purpose of shelling cities.

His "Little Feller."

How the thought of the little ones at home, and the joys their presence brings helps to sweeten many a toil worn life, is effectively told in the following story which we copy from the Watchman:

I was opening a barrel of apples when the big, dust covered and necessarily untidy man came back with the empty ash barrel, I picked up an apple and held it out toward him. saying as I did so:

"Won't you have an apple?" He took it eagerly, saying, as he did

"Thank ye, sir; I've a little feller at home who'll be tickled to death to git it. I most always find something or other in the ash barrels to carry home to 'im at night, but it ain't often I git anything equal to this big apple. I tell when he sees it."

I don't know how many times that day my thoughts were of that big, strong and muscular! Yes, I think rough handed fellow, with that apple put away so carefully in his pocket for that "little feller."

> When evening came I thought of the 'little feller" who was on the lookout for the big, dust covered father, with the calloused and soiled hands.

These "little fellers" glorify and beautify many a home in which poversweetly and patiently endure toil and rags and poverty when there is a "little feller" to meet and greet the father when the long day is done.

Windmill Turned Into a Chapel.

A picturesquely-situated old windmill, which stands on the highest point of Reigate Heath, in the county of Surrey. England, is now known as the chapel of St. Cross. After the ancient mill had stood empty for many years it was turned to a good and useful purpose, and has for the last sixteen years been used as a chapel of ease to the parish church of Relgate. The interior of the mill is no bare room with simply a few chairs and a reading-desk, but has been converted into a perfect little chapel; the walls are artistically decorated, and the altar is furnished with candles and vases, and covered with an embroidered frontal. A full choral service, with surpliced choir, is held here every Sunday, and is chiefly attended by the cottagers living upon the Heath. The chapel seats between thirty and forty people and the first service was held in it on the 14th of September, 1880.

An Ideal Citizen.

The ideal citizen is the man who believes that all men are brothers, and that the nation is merely an extension of his family, to be loved, respected, and cared for accordingly. Such a man attends personally to all civic duties with which he deems himself charged. Those which are within his own control he would no more trust to his inferiors than he would leave the edution of his children to kitchen servants. The public demands upon his time, thought and money come upon him suddenly, and often they find him ill prepared; but he nerves himself to the inevitable, knowing that in the village, state and nation any mistake or neglect upon his part must impose a penalty, sooner or later, upon those whom he loves .- John Habberton.

Ages of Trees.

Some German scientists have recent ly furnished information in regard to the ages of trees. They assign to the pine tree 500 to 700 years as the maximus, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red the birch, 170 to the ash, 145 to the elder, and 130 to the elm.

Steamer on the Jordan.

"Jordan am a hard road to trabble" is no longer true, a steamboat having The most curious experiment ever | recently been placed on the river, which

the sufferer?

SERMON. TALMAGE'S

"A QUEEN'S REIGN" LAST SUN-DAY'S SUBJECT.

Preached at Beatrice, Nebraska, from the Bible Text, "What Wilt Thou Queen Esther?"-Esther, Chapter V. Verse III.-Victoria Has Done Some Good Things.

the Queen of the nineteenth century?"

The seven miles of procession through

the streets of London day after tomor-

row will be a small part of the con-

gratulatory procession whose multi-

tudinous tramp will encircle the earth.

The celebrative anthems that will

sound up from Westminster Abbey and

St. Paul's Cathedral in London will be

less than the vibration of one harp-

string as compared with the doxologies

which this hour roll up from all na-

tions in praise to God for the beauti-



HIS question, a queen thousands civilized "What will thou have of honor, of reward, or reverence, or service, of national and international acclamation? What wilt thou,

ful life and the glorious reign of this oldest Queen amid many centuries. From five o'clock in the morning of 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed the embarrassed and weeping and almost affrighted girl of eighteen years with the startling words, "Your Majesty," until this sixtieth anniversary of her enthronement, the prayer of all good people on all sides of the seas, whether that prayer be offered by the three hundred millicus of her subjects or the larger number of millions who are not her subjects, whether that prayer be solemnized in church, or rolled from great orchestras, or poured forth by military bands from forts and battlements and in front of triumphant armies all around the world, has been and is now, "God save the Queen!" Amid the innumerable columns that have been printed in eulogy of this Queen at the approaching anniversary - columns which, put together, would be literally miles long-it seems to me that the chief cause of congratulation to her and of praise to God has not yet been properly emphasized, and in many cases the chief key-note has not been struck at all. We have been told over and over again what has occurred in the Victorian era. The mightiest thing she has done has been almost ignored, while she has been honored by having her name attached to individuals and events for whom and for which she had no responsibility. We have put before us the names of potent and grandly useful men and women who have lived during her reign, but I do not suppose that she at all helped Thomas Carlyle in twisting his involved and mighty satires, or helped Disraeli in issuance of his epigrammatic wit, or helped Cardinal Newman in his crossing over from religion to religion, or helped to inspire the enchanted sentiments of George Eliot and Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Browning, or helped to invent any of George Cruikshank's healthful cartoons, or helped George Grey in founding a British South African Empire, or kindled the patriotic fervor with which John Bright stirred the masses, or had anything to do with the invention of the telephone or photograph, or the building up of the science of bacteriology, or the directing of the Roentgen rays which have revolutionized surgery, or helped in the inventions for facilitating printing and railroading Goliath, took the crown at Rabbahand ocean voyaging. One is not to be credited or discredited for the virtue or the vice, the brilliance or the stupidity, of his or her contemporaries. While Queen Victoria has been the friend of all art, all literature, all science, all invention, all reform, her reign will be most remembered for all time and all eternity as the reign of a great day when Mark Antony put Christianity. Beginning with that scene at five o'clock in the morning, in Kensington Palace, where she asked the Archbishop of Canterbury to pray for her, and they knelt down, imploring It was a great day when the greatest Divine guidance, until this hour, not only in the sublime Liturgy of her Established church but on all occasions. she has directly or indirectly declared, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son." I declare it, fearless of contradiction, that the mightiest champion of Christianity today is the throne of England. The Queen's book, so much criticised at the time of its appearance, some saving it was not skilfully done, and some saying that the private affairs of a household ought not so to have been exposed, was nevertheless a book of vast usefulness from the fact that it showed that God was acknowledged in all her life and that "Rock of Ages" was not an unusual song in Windsor cept it, he went into ecstacies, and his Castle. Was her son, the Prince of Wales, down with an illness that baffled the greatest doctors of England? Then she proclaimed a day of prayer to Almighty God, and in answer to the prayers of the whole civilized world the Prince got well. Was Sebastopol to be taken and the thousands of bereaved homes of soldiers to be comforted, she called her nation to its knees, and the prayer was answered. See her walking through the hospitals crown of glory that fadeth not away," ever an explosion of fire damp in the says, "Faithful to death, and I will give for these, sir?" mines of Sheffield or Wales and her thee a crown of life," and elsewhere ex-

I believe that no throne since the potent Holy Spirit and a triumphant has declined reception because they were immoral. All the coming centurwhich was asked of lies of time cannot revoke the advantages of having had sixty years of Chrisof years ago, all tian womanhood enthroned in the nations palaces of England. Compare her in the time of Louis XVI., in the time of men and women whose names may not be mentioned in decent society. Alas! for the revelries, and the worse than Herodian dances, and the scenes ciate the purity and virtuous splendor of Victoria's reign to contrast it somewhat with the gehennas and the pandemoniums of many of the throne background of a picture in which I can better present the present septenarian, or soon to be an octogenarian, now all the scandal-mongers in all the nations in six decades have not been able to manufacture an evil suspicion in regard to her that could be made to stick: Maria of Portugal, Isabella and Eleanor and Joanna of Spain, Catha-Tersea of Germany, Marie Antoinette of France, and all the queens of England, as Mrs. Strickland has put them before us in her charming twelve volumes; and while some queen may surpass our modern queen in learning, wife, the Christian mother, the Chriswilt thou. Queen Esther?"

But as all of us will be denied attendance on that sixtieth anniversary coronation, I invite you, not to the anniversary of a coronation, but to a coronation itself-aye, to two coronations. ing on this side of the sea, cannot so easily as those living on the other side of the sea, appreciate the two coronations to which all up and down the Some of you have such morbid ideas of religion that you think of it as go- ness, one overpowering perfume, one ing down into a dark cellar, or out on down flashing, up-rolling, out spreada barren commons, or as a flagellation: ing magnificence-and so on his head when, so far from a dark celler, it is a palace, and instead of a barren commons it is a garden, atoss with the brightest fountains that were ever rainbowed, and instead of flagellation it is coronation, but a coronation utterly eclipsing the one whose sixtieth anniversary is now being celebrated. It was a great day when David, the little king who was large enough to thrash a crown weighing a talent of gold and encircled with precious stones-and the people shouted, "Long live the king!" It was a great day when Petrarch, surrounded by twelve patrician youths clothed in scarlet, received from a senator the laurel crown, and the people shouted, "Long live the poet!" It was upon Caesar the mightiest tiara of all earth, and in honor of divine authority Caesar had it placed afterward on the head of the statue of Jupiter Olympus. | said: of Frenchmen took the diadem of Charlemagne and put it on his own brow. It was a great day when, about an eighth of a mile from the gate of Jerusalem, under a sky pallid with thickest darkness, and on a mountain trammeled of earthquake, and the air on fire with the blasphemies of a mob. a crown of spikes was put upon the pallid and agonized brow of our Jesus. But that particular coronation, amid tears and blood and groans and shivering cataclysms, made your own coronation possible. Paul was not a man to lose his equilibrium, but when that old missionary, with crooked back and inflamed eyes, got a glimpse of the crown coming to him, and coming to you, if you will by repentance and faith acpoor eyes flashed and his crooked back straightened as he cried to Timothy, "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and to the Corinthians, "These athletes run to obtain a corruptible, we an incorruptible crown." And to the Thessalonians he speaks of "the crown of glory," and to the Philippians he says, "My joy and crown." The Apostle Peter catches the inspiration and cries out, "Ye shall receive a telegram was not the first to arrive claims, "Hold fast, that no man take with help and Christian sympathy? Is thy crown." Crowns! crowns! crowns!

President Garfield dying at Long You did not expect, in coming here to-

Branch, and is not the cable under the day, to be invited to a coronation. You

throne of David and the throne of Hez- heaven, I offer each one a crown for ekiah and the throne of Esther has the asking. Crowns! Crowns! How carefully tested by a German chemist. been in such constant touch with the to get the crown? The way Victoria who placed the samples in an artificial throne of heaven as the throne of Vic- got her crown, on her knees. Although toria. From what I know of her habits, eight duchesses and marquises, all in she reads the Bible more than she cloth of silver, carried her train, and does Shakespeare. She admires the the windows and arches and roof of hymns of Horatio Bonar more than the Abbey shook with the Te Deum of she does Byron's "Corsair." She has the organ in full diapason, she had to not knowingly admitted into her pres- kneel, she had to come down. To get ence a corrept man or dissolute we- the crown of pardon and eternal life, man. To very distinguished novelists you will have to kneel, you will have and very celebrated prima donnas she to come down. Yea! History says that at her coronation not only the entire assembly wept with profound emotion, but Victoria was in tears. So you will have to have your dry eyes moistened with tears, in your case tears of repentance, tears of joy, tears are this day asking court surroundings with what were of coronation, and you will feel like of Queen Victoria. the court surroundings in the time of crying out with Jeremiah, "Oh, that Henry VIII., or what were the court my head were waters and mine eyes surroundings in the time of Napoleon, fountains of tears." Yes, she was during the ceremony seated for awhile on a lowly stone called the Lia Fail, which, as I remember it, as I have seen it again and again, was rough and than Belshazzar feasts, and the more not a foot high, a lowly and humble place in which to be seated, and if you from which the veil must not be lifted. are to be crowned king or queen to You need, however, in order to appre- God forever, you must be seated on the Lia Fail of profound humiliation. After all that, she was ready for the throne, and let me say that God is not going to leave your exaltation half rooms of the past and some throne done. There are thrones as well as rooms of the present. I call the roll of crowns awaiting you. St. John shoutthe queens of the earth, not that I ed, "I saw thrones!" and again he would have them come up or come said, "They shall reign forever and back, but that I may make them the ever." Thrones! Thrones! Get ready for the coronation. But I invite you not only to your own coronation, but to a mightier and the mightiest. In on the throne of England, her example all the ages of time no one ever had so thoroughly on the right side that such a hard time as Christ while he was on earth. Brambles for his brow, expectoration for his cheek, whips for his back, spears for his side, spikes for his feet, contumely for his name, and even in our time, how many say he is no Christ at all, and there are rine of Russia, Mary of Scotland, Maria tens of thousands of hands trying to push him back and keep him down. But, oh! the human and satanic impotency! Can a spider stop an albatross? Can the hole which the toy shovel of a child digs in the sand at Cape May swallow the Atlantic? Can the breath and another in attractiveness of fea- of a summer fan drive back the Mediture, and another in gracefulness of terranean euroclydon? Yes, when all form, and another in romance of his- the combined forces of earth and heil tory, Victoria surpasses them all in can keep Christ from ascending the robility and grandeur and thorough- throne of universal dominion. David ness of Christian character. I hail her! | the Psalmist foresaw that coronation, the Christian daughter, the Christian and cried out in regard to the Messiah, "Upon himself shall his crown flourtian Queen! and let the Church of God ish." From the cave of black basait and all benign and gracious institu- St. John foresaw it, and cried, "On his tions the world over cry out, as they head were many crowns." Now do not come with music and bannered host, miss the beauty of that figure. There and million-voiced huzza, and the bene- is no room on any head for more than dictions of earth and heaven, "What one crown of silver, gold or diamond. Then what does the Book mean when it says, "On his head were many crowns?" Well, it means twisted and enwreathed flowers. To prepare a crown for your child and make her the "Queen of the May," you might take the white flowers out of one parterre, and the crimson flowers out of Brought up as we are, to love as no another parterre, and the blue flowers other form of government that which out of another parterre, and the pink is republican and democratic, we, liv- flowers out of another parterre, and gracefully and skillfully work these four or five crowns into one crown of beauty. So all the splendors of earth and heaven are to be enwreathed into Bible you and I are urgently invited. one coronal for our Lord's foreheadone blazing glory, one dazzling bright-

He Was Alive.

shall be many crowns.

The grenadiers of the famous "Old Guard" will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness: One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short waik, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The emperor of France turned, and pointing with pride to the great scar that divided the grenadier's face,

"What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds "And you," answered Alexander,

what do you think of soldiers that can inflict them?" Without stirring an inch from his position, or changing the expression of

his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied gravely: "The man who did it is dead."

He Got the Gold.

Banks are so well able to protect themselves that most readers will enjoy the following account of how an unsophisticated customer secured a slight advantage over one of them. We borrow the story from an English paper. A poor Irishman went to the office of an Irish bank and asked for change in gold for fourteen one pound bank of Ireland notes. The cashier at once replied that the Cavan bank only cashed its own notes.

"Then yould ye gie me Cavan notes for these?" asked the countryman in

his simple way.

"Certainly," said the cashier, handing out the fourteen notes as desired. The Irishman took the Cavan notes, but immediately returned them to the like an angel of mercy! Was there and St. John joins in the rapture and official, saying, "Would yie gie me gold

> And the cashier, caught in his own trap, was obliged to do it.

If the landed surface of the globe were divided and allotted in equal sea, reaching to Balmoral Castle, kept | can scarcely believe your own ears; | shares to each of its human inhabitbusy in announcing the symptoms of but in the name of a pardoning God ants, it would be found that each would and a sacrificing Christ, and an omni- get a plot of 231/2 acres.

Digestibility of Cheese.

The digestibility of cheese has been digestive fluid containing a considerable proportion of gastric juice. Cheshire and Roquefort cheese took four hours to digest, Gorgonzola eight hours, Romadour nine hours, and Brie, Swisa, and ten other varieties ten hours.

NEW DEPARTURE

For the Wabash Railroad.

Commencing Sunday, June 13, the Wabash, by lease of the Grand Trunk (Great Western division), will extend its line from Detroit to Buffalo, running its own trains solid from Chicago. The only line running reclining chair cars free, Chicago to Buffalo and New York; St. Louis to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, with Wagner sleeping cars from Chicago and St. Louis to New York and Boston. All trains run via Niagara Falls, with privilege of stopping over on all classes of tickets. For tickets and further information, or a copy of "To the Lake Resorts and Beyond," call on agent of connecting ine, or at Wabash office, 1415 Farnam street (Paxton hotel block), or write G. N. Clayton, N. W. Pass. Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

Always the Case.

Figg-Yes. I know he took lessons from Liszt; but I never heard that he was Liszt's favorite pupil.

Fogg-Did you ever know any man or woman whom Liszt taught for even a single hour that wasn't Liszt's favorite pupil?

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the Boy Stopped.

Little Boy-While I was ridin' the pony he took the bit between his teeth and ran under a tree that had limbs hangin' way down low. Mother-Did he stop then?

Little Boy-No'm; but I did.

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