MOONLIGHT ON THE UNCANSONUES. How soft the moonlight fails upon

each crest Of our loved mountains! In a limpid Of silvered gold they lie and seem to

Like tired children on their mother's breast. The kingly pines uplift their emerald

beech leaves rustle in the fitful gale: swaying branches cross each moonlit dale,

And while I muse a fox's shrill bark sounds Within the woods and slowly dies away.

Ah, this is night! and such a night as Thrilled by the rapture of the moon's soft kiss,

It almost seems as glorious as day Our mountains dream; the moonlight's mellow bliss

Fades out and morning streaks the sky with gray.

-Granite Monthly.

## ALLIALA ALLIALA HOW WE SAVED OUR DINNER. ELLILIE TERESTER

transaction.

students. We were, moreover, the closest of chums, and we lodged together in the same room.

It was really too bad, and the more I think it over the more ashamed I feel for my share in the unblushing See, Dick Benson and I were medical his blood to analyze."

faction the scene before us. A large | mental turkey on our hands."

duced my chum and we all sat down. With faint voices they both declined, was something in that line myself, but I must say that it sexed the full extent of our powers to maintain a calm demeaner as we proceeded to convince our innocent victims that the feast before them was prepared for their especial benefit and that the preparation thereof had been a labor of true de-

Of Benson's plan of campaign I han not the faintest idea. The only thing that suggested itself to me was delay. for it was plain that the longer the meal was postponed the less the dam-age done when the time came for their

thirsty after their travels that I really felt pity for them. A glass or two of wine from the decanter would not be missed, anyway. "My dear aunt," I ventured without looking at Dick, "let me give you a glass of claret. Traveling is such dry work that you'really

They said nothing, but there was look of pleasant expectancy in their eyes which read assent. The decanter stood on a side table, and beside it was a confused mass of bottles of all shapes and sizes containing pickled lizards, frogs and such things. There was also a collection of bones and other medical appurtenances.

As I stepped up to this table Dick remarked, "Be careful, Arthur, not to confound the claret with that red stuff I brought home this afternoon. You know Harding's dog died of bydro-

Then coming up to where I stood.

One evening at about 6 o'clock we stood in a corner of our apartment know, but we must begin at the beand surveyed with undisguised satis-



Here's a Pretty Mess! Read That!"

table occupied the center of the room, / and upon it was the prettiest set out we had looked upon for many a day. There was, in the first place, a mag-nificent cold roast turkey flanked with glasses of celery and the like; there were dishes of luscious fruit, several fulcy peach pies, a couple of delicious quivering blanc-manges, and, towering over all, a grand center piece of beautiful flowers. The fact is, we were giving a little cold spread to a few friends of ours, whether male, female, or mixed it is not necessary to tell.

There was a full hour to spare before our guests would arrive, and, everything being in readiness, we sat down to rest a while, and to sum up how much our little affair would tax pocket for an envelope to figure upon, pulled out an unopened letter which had hurriedly thrust there the day before and entirely forgotten.

"Good heavens, Dick!" I exclaimed ful embrace.
as I read it and threw it across to him. "Here's a pretty mess! Read lessly, "just imagine my poor friend

The epistle ran as follows:
My Dear Arthur: My sister and I
will be passing through Boston late tomorrow afternoon, on our way home. We shall have an hour or so to spare in changing trains, and if nothing prevents we shall drop in upon you at your room. Expect us then shortly after 6. Your affectionate aunt.

"Great guns, Arthur," said Dick, "why the dickens can't you read your correspondence when you receive it? If you had we might have arranged things differently. Where are your es-teemed relatives bound?"

'Home to Beverly."

"And the train leaves?"
"At 7:05, I believe."

"Well, the depot is fifteen minutes' ride from here, so we shall get rid of them before our guests arrive, any-way," said Benson.

way," said Benson.
"Hang it, man, I know that, but this spread out. That's what I'm thinking out. You know I don't want our

about. You know I don't want our little orgy to be known at home."
"Egad! I didn't think of that. Hold, I have it! You say you got that letter yesterday. Then, of course, you expected them and prepared this little

dinner as a surprise, see?"
"But heavens and earth, what about our guests? We can't ask them to sit down to a turkey that has undergone leg amputation, to mere fragments of blanc mange, and to peach ples that have lost ninety degrees of their cir-

cumference." Look here, old man," said Dick with exasperating coolness, "you'll spoil your collar if you're not careful. Don't get excited. You just leave the matter with me."

"But what-" "Stience now, I've got an idea and I want to work it out. You must arrange to have me present during your whole interview—that's all."

Dick went into a brown study and I relapsed into moody silence. I fear I almost hoped something had happened to that train, for I couldn't see, for the life of me, how the matter was to brought to a satisfactory conclu-

It had taken us a full hour to decorate that table to our satisfaction, and to undress it and hide the viands was. of course, out of the question. Moreover, as ill luck would have it, there was no spare room in the house to which we might temporarily have

moved our quarters.

Presently the door bell rang, and a minute later my buxom but unwel-come relatives bounced into the room. They looked as hungry as bears.

After the usual salutations I intro-

departure. But the poor creatures looked so

must be famished."

ostensibly to help me to distinguish one from the other, he whispered:



"Ah, yes," he said aloud, this is the one all right. Allow me!" "I don't care for any wine, thank you," said my poor Aunt Helen, al-though really she looked ready to faint from thirst. "Not any for me, either, thank you,"

said her sister; "I rarely take wine. "Oh, do take something,"I urged. "No! Well, sit down to something

Benson was an excellent story teller. and the next ten minutes he employed in relating a number of choice hospital anecdotes and experiences calculated to increase the effect already produced. One yarn, I remember, was contain a large amount of gelatine, that of a fellow student who was one day making an interesting dissection us financially. Fumbling in my inside under the arm of a dead body. He had got his face close to the subject, studying it with intense interest, when suddenly the corpse's arm relaxed and clasped the terrifled student in its fear-



They Both Declined and Our Pre-cious Bird Was Saved. with his face pressed close against that cold and clammy cadaver. But now, let us to the feast.'

With a shudder my aunts arose and moved toward the table. My heart misgave me.

If they could stand that last story, there was surely no hope of saving our turkey. Dick's keener eye saw that they were weakening, however, and so he prepared to pile on the agony. We had hardly taken our seats when he

the way. Arthur, were you in the hall this morning when that Egyppond: the water and the fishes are tian mummy was unrolled? The smell carried aloft—like the hay out of a

Dick was a most artistic liar, and I and our precious bird remained still a thing of beauty and a joy for-our coming guests.

Lest our stock of unappetizing stories should run short, or our victims should somehow conquer their qualus, Dick very calmly arose and removed the piece de resistance from the table.

But so tickled were we at our success that we presently found ourselves off our guard. It was time to broach the pies, and we had not ready a particle of defense.

Doubtless had Benson time to think



My Buxom but Unwelcome Guests. the matter up he would have evolved some tale as destructive of a fruit appetite as of a flesh one. However, it didn't much matter, as there was a bake shop near by, and we could very easily replace that portion of our repast. Both my aunts took a piece of ple, and we two conspirators also, for

appearance cake. As we are and chatted Dick dropped out of the conversation and fell to musing. It was plain to my mind that he was figuring out how to save those beautiful blanc manges. There wasn't another of their genus within five miles, and so they must be saved at any cost. For my part I hadn't the ghost of an idea how it was to be done, but I trusted in Dick and did my best to entertain our guests alone so as to give him full opportunity for thought.

At last their pie was finished and the fateful moment arrived. Glancing at Dick I observed with joy that a gleam of satisfaction held possession

I felt that we were saved.
"Oh, I say, Arthur," said he, "did
you happen to read that article in the Medical Journal about a new and approved stiffening for jellies and such dainties. You know isinglass and those things commonly in use often impart a strong flavor, and so while trying to remedy this defect, a hospital doctor hit upon quite a lucky idea."
"And what did he use?" I asked,

wondering what was coming next. "Nails!" replied Dick, loconically. "Nails!" echoed both my aunts in

chorus, "what, hard iron nails?" "Oh. no," said he, with a polite smile; "you misunderstand me; I mean finger nails."

I really thought my aunts would have fainted on the spot, and I myself could not help giving an involuntary start.

"Disgusting!" murmured Aunt Helen

in an almost inaudible voice.
"Well, yes," replied Dick, nothing abashed, "finger pails are rather dirty perhaps, but I should think they would make a very superior stiffening and if you ask any one who bites his nails he will tell you they have no taste of their own; so you see they have a decided pull over isinglass. Everybody knows of course that they just like a horse's hoof, you know, which they make glue of."

drop from my chair, and as for our unfortunate victims. They looked as if they were going to be sick.

An awkward silence now followed. Presently my aunts remembered that they ought to do a little shopping before train time, and so off they went mentally resolving, I'll be bound, that if they ever dined with medical stu-dents again, they would be careful to wear blinders and plug their ears

tightly with cotton wool.

Of course our little dinner proved a great success, for Dick's inimitable relation of the story (it was really too good to keep) put everybody in the best of spirits, and the merriment did not flag till the "wee sma' hours anent the twa.'

## Fish Storms.

In early times records of the occurrence of showers of fish, corn, etc., were regarded as alarming portents. Then came the time when they were regarded as fictitious-like the Aflean lakes, Albert and Victoria Nyanza, which were erased from the maps for nearly 100 years—to be restored in the present century. So with the fishes. We know that the records of their falling are true, and we know where they come from. A whirlwind sucks up the water of a stream or pond; the water and the fishes are



Dick Tells "How We Saved Our Din ner."

was simply awful. It couldn't have neld-and dropped down a veritable been properly cured or something. One fellow actually fainted from the horri-

"No, I wasn't there," I replied, as I jabbed the fork into the bird before me preparatory to carving. "Now. Aunt Helen, let me give you a nice leg. I remembered you like your game well kept, so I got this especially. For my part I like them when they are

ready to drop apart."

I held aloft the carving knife as I spoke, but it fell harmless. As far as roast turkey was concerned my poor aunts were completely knocked out.

shower of water and fish. Here is the record from our observer, W. C. V. Burton, J. P. of Carrigaholt Castle, ounty Clare, Ireland: "On the 15th June, 1895), a very hot day, some heavy heat drops fell about midday, when a number of small fishes (mostabout 1 1-2 inches or 2 inches long) fell in the picasure grounds where some men were working. I sent a sample to the English and Irish Times,' but I think that no notice was taken of them. I have a large one spirits, and several people saw the

TO REPAIR THE PARTHENON

The condition of the Parthenon, the

Plans Proposed for the Preservation of This Famous Greek Temple.

possible damage done to it by the earthquake of 1894, has already been alluded to. Many experts having examined the Parthenon, as to the best method of preserving this marvel of Greek art, the subject is yet under discussion. Ernest Ziller states that the earthquake did the Parthenon little, if any, barm. The worst accident to it happened when the Morosini laid siege to the Acropolis in 1687. Ziller proposes using a particular cement, and holding together the cracked stones. He wants "no modern patch-work." Ziller represented a minority report. The majority report, headed by Prof. Doerofeld and Theophilus, devoted their attention to the architrave and other injured portions of the Parthenon. They want to remove the broken block of the architrave, to use iron bars to support other parts, and to introduce new stone, but this new stone to be made out of old material, so that no patching can be visible. Nothing having been decided upon, a third expert, Prof. Julius Durm, has been called on. He deems the architrave to be hopelessly ruined, and thinks it ought to be entirely restored. It is future consequences he dreadsnatural distegration brought about by rains and frost. According to the Athenaeum, Durm emphasizes be-tween what "is urgent and not urgent, necessary and desirable, what must done and what might be done. About \$10,000 would be the sum required for the pressing wants of the Parthenon, and \$40,000 would cover all the outlay. There was some difference of opinion when the matter of workmen was entered on, as Durm wanted Germans or Italians in preference to Greeks. And so the matter stands. The last expert is M. Mange. M. Mange is opposed to "stone cement-ing or any similar process of restora-tion." His idea is to rivet in the loose. stones by means of iron or copped hooks. He describes how difficult would be the removal of unsound parts, on account of the old way the Greeks had of mortising their stones, and using lead, which fastened the lower blocks. He dreads that careless repairs or tinkerings might bring down the whole western cornice. There is no question as to M. Mange's superior acquaintance with the methods of the original Greek builders.-New York

## STEAM ENGINE MUST GO.

Electric Power to Be the Propeller

It is only a matter of time when electric roads will be established between all important cities. The substitution of the electric motor and special devices for fast travel may be delayed by the managers of steam railways, whose business will be injured thereby, but the change has got to come. Present methods are not in keeping with the progressive science of the age. The steam roads carry a ton of car weight for every passenger they transport, where only 400 pounds will be required with the new system. The slaughter of people by crossing roads built at grade on the surface must be stopped, and this is one way to avoid it. Why should the mails occupy twenty-four hours in transit between New York and Chicago, when the distance can be covered in eight hours? Why should passengers be hich they make glue of."

Great Caesar! I thought I would dations to make a journey that can be accomplished within the short hours that now constitute a legal working

In the Brott system locomotives are dispensed with. The motors are on the axles, under the cars. Hence it is possible to dispense with the mighty locomotive, that has to be made nearly as heavy as the whole train in order to secure a proper hold upon the track. Now that ocean steamers have so closely approached rallroad speed, it is high time that the land roads forged ahead before the designers of water craft catch up.-Lippincott's.

Atmosphere of the Stars.

The modern astronomical principle on which stars are classified, namely. the resemblance and difference between their spectra, and the revelations characterizing this remarkable phenomenon, have led to various attempts to indicate the stage of advancement attained by each particu-lar orb in its life's history or develop-ment. Remarking upon this, a recent writer cites Dr. Scheiner as putting. in his late work on stellar spectroscopy, those stars whose spectra contain the bright lines of helium and hydrogen in the first subdivision of his first class in evolution, Beta Lyrae and Gamma Cassioplae being two such stars; he regards them as having atmospheres composed of those gases, enormously extensive as compared with those of other stars, and possibly hotter than the gaseous envelopes of their older companions. On the basis of this theory the query is considered since our world was in the condition of Beta Lyrae, whether any helium now floats in our outer atmosphere. how that particular portion which is now imbedded in the earth's crust got there, and other similar questions. New York Sun.

The Elevator Disease Has a Word. One of the elevator men in the city hall, whose contact with all sorts and conditions of men has developed in him a fondness for studying character, has often wondered just what word to apply to a malady which seems to afflict some of his passengers. "Many people get into the elevator." he remarked the other day, "and seem to imagine that I should know just where they want to get off. They never open their lips until I carry them beyond their destination, when they seem to think I am at fault for not being a mind reader. I spoke to Police Surgeon Andrews about it one day, and told him I thought there ought to be some word coined to aptly describe these people. He advised me to call them aphonians, and explained to me that aphonians and explained to me that aphonia was really a temperary loss of speech. So now I'm always on the watch for aphonians."—
Philadelphia Record. him a fondness for studying character,

FOLLOWING FANCY.

How the Up-to-Date People Find Pleas-

ure in Winter. People are fanciful and it is Fancy, after all, that is happiness, and the motive which dictates to the world. Some one fancies that the cozy fire at home and the environment of favorite books is enough to make life worth living durity for years, and is a regular prescription. after all, that is happiness, and the moing the winter months. That will do fied, old fashioned man and woman, but the up to date cavalier and the new for the way worn, weary, easily satiswoman require a change-many changes in fact, and they seek in the dull winter days to find the climate they wearied of in spring and wished would pass away in summer. Sitting behind frosted window panes and gazing on the glistening snow crystals they sigh for the warmth and brightness they love better now than a few short months ago and, in no other country may these whims, these fancies be so easily gratified as in America. Absolute comfort in these days, and in speed and safety, too, instead of the wasted time and discomforts of the not distant past. Ponce de Leon who sought the fountain of Eternal Youth on the shores of Florida consumed many of the preclous days of later life, and died before attaining the great prize. De Soto was lured in the same direction and found at Hot Springs, by the aid of Ulelah, the dusky Indian maiden, the wonderful product of the "Breath of the Great Spirit." but before he could return home and apprise his friends of the great discovery and enjoy the certainty of gold and youth, which he believed he had in his grasp he fell a victim to the miasmi of the Great River and found a grave in its muddy depths. To-day the seeker after health simply boards one of the magnificent trains of the Missouri Pacific System, and after something to eat and a nap, wakes up to find himself in this delightful winter Resort, ready to embrace health which seems to be invariably renewed by the magic of the air and water. In De Soto's time the years before the Christian era. secret of the Fountain of Life was sedulously guarded by the savages, but now a hospitable people opens its arms to receive the tourist whether his quest be his pay. for health or amusement. Fancy sometimes tires of Hot Springs, strange as it may seem, but Fancy says "the fields beyond are greener" and the climate of San Antonio is more desirable and thus another ride in another palace, and new scenes and new faces please the eye and satisfy the restless cravings of this | w master of man. Thus from the Father of Waters to the waves which wash the western shore of this great country the tourist is led by a whim, but most delightedly captive. Mexico has been described as the Egypt of the new world, and the comparison is fitting, and he who dare not face the dangers of the deep, and prefers to retain his meals as well as his life, should make the journey to the land of the Montezumas, and there learn the story of the ages within the faces of a people which change less in the passing years than any other on the Western Continent. This is the land of Sunshine and Color; of history and romance; and, as bright eyes will smile at you from under bewitching head gear as may be found in Castile or Arragon.

Fancy carries one to California of orse, and this tourney, as it once termed, is now so easily performed as to have lost all of its terrors and left only a most emphatically delightful trip to be the subject of many future conversations. The land of fruits and flowers and fair women; Fancy can ask no more after this tour unless it has been satisfied for once; and still it is Fancy which takes the wearied traveler back to the home and the familiar surroundings and the friends and loves of home. There he may contemplate new journeys and new divertisements, but there lingers in his memory a pleasure he would not part with, and he hopes soon to again enjoy the comforts afforded by this Great System of Railway which has taken him safely out and brought him safely home and has not robbed him of the joys which Fancy brings. F. P. BAKER.

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic home with you You will find it to exceed your expectations in abating colus, and many ills, aches and weaknesses.

Honor women; they strew celestial roses on the pathway of our terrestrial life.—

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

Bearing up under trouble and distress is all well enough, but many prefer to beer up.

Catarrh Can Not Be Cured With local applications as they can-not reach the seat of the disease. Ca-tarrh is a blood or constitutional dis-ease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh tion. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood

such wonderful results in curing Ca-tarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
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Toledo, O. Sold by druggists; price, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c. New Form of Blood Poisoning.

A 4-months-old infant, Maria Caregitta del Domino, died at New York recently from convulsions and septicae-mia, a form of blood poisoning. Not long ago the parents of the little one, as is the custom of Italians, had the ears of the child pierced for rings. After the operation a piece of fine green floss was run through the ear and fastened, so that the hole should not grow together. The dye in the piece of floss, it is believed, caused the blood poison-

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Opera in London.

A new house for Italian Opera is to be built in London on the site of Her Majesty's theater in Haymarket, which was torn down some years ago. Marcus Mayer is to be manager and J. H. Mapleson operatic director. Mayer says the new Imperial Opera Company, lim-ited, will have a capital of \$1,700,000, and will produce Italian opera and send their company each year on an American tour from October to April, while the London season will be from May to

August. THE MOST SIMPLE AND SAPE REMEDY for IN Cough or Throat Trouble is "Brown's Bronchial Troches. "They possess real

The oldest perfumes were those recovered from Egyptian tomis, dating 1,500 to 2,000

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If the Baby is Cutting Teetn. se sure and use that old and well-tried remedy. Mas ESLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Toeshing

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especially when occasioned by corns. Honocrooms especially when conductive to pleasure.

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## Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

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