IN freedom's land a home did rear
Stanch Puritan and cavalier;
Upon Atlantic's shore they cast
Their lot in life and anchored fast;
The yoke of toil the fathers wore,
The children's children gladly bore
For love of thee,
Fair country, free
From mountain top to boundless sea—
America! America!

With loyal hearts and courage strong
They fought the rising tyrant, wrong,
And freely their red life-blood gave,
The nation's future good to save.
How brightly Independence day
Greets us through them with banners gay,
And clangs its bell,
The note to tell
Of liberty we love so well—
America! America!

For aye shall fond respect be done
Unto our noble Washington
And those brave souls that shared with him
The musket smoke and cannon din.
Truth, freedom, honor, glory, might,
They wrote upon the banner bright
That waved o'er them,
Fair, starry gem,
Our country's matchless diadem—
America! America!

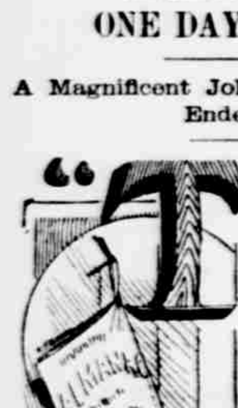
Strong union! whose might overcame
Opposing foes of noble fame,
And on whose face intestine war
Could trace no lasting mark or scar,
We cheer thee and thy glories great
Of valiant navy and of state;
While blue and gray
Proudly obey
Thy powerful and upright sway—
America! America!

Firm union! where sweet peace abides
In valleys green, on broad hillsides;
Where gallant sons and daughters fair
Guard thy renown with tenderest care,
We hail thy future from the past,
Where shadows came but could not last,
And with warm zeal
To God appeal
For thy success and lasting weal—
America! America!

—Grace W. Haight, in Good Housekeeping.

ONE DAY LATE.

A Magnificent Joke, and How It Ended.



"TELL-TALE!" "I'm not a tell-tale," and Beth's eyes filled with tears. "I only said when grandpa asked me that I saw you boys in the pasture. I did not know that you let the calf out and it broke its leg. You must not say I did."

"Let her alone, Jamie," said Will, with a superior air, "you can't expect much from girls, anyway. I think it is a great fuss to make about a calf's leg when it has three more left to walk on."

"She has spoiled our Fourth," growled Jamie, "when grandpa had promised to take us to town. I suppose she will go just the same. What does a girl know about the Fourth, scared at the least bit of noise? Grandpa ought not to take her, just in his busy time, too."

"You would not be so thoughtful about his busy time if you should have an invitation," laughed Will. "Come on, let's go to the creek for minnows."

"May I go?" begged Beth. "I want some minnows for my pond."

"No," said Will, shortly, "we have had all we want of girls."

Beth wandered disconsolately to the end of the porch where Jerry sat dosing a brood of downy chickens with cornmeal and cayenne pepper for the pips, and sitting down by him picked up one of the chicks, holding it close to her cheek, and the great tear that dropped on him made the little fellow think that a sudden shower had come up, and he peeped loudly to tell the others to run in out of the rain.

Meanwhile, Jamie and Will turned their steps to the creek, half ashamed of being so cross with Beth, but they were very sore at the idea of their carelessness having lost them the expected trip to town on the Fourth, and must vent it on some one, and Beth was the only one on whom they could. As they passed the milk house they saw their grandmother busy among her milk-pans, and overheard a few words of her conversation with grandpa, who had stopped for a glass of milk.

"It is a pity, father, that the Fourth does not come on Saturday this year, then you could take in the butter at the same time and save an extra trip this busy season."

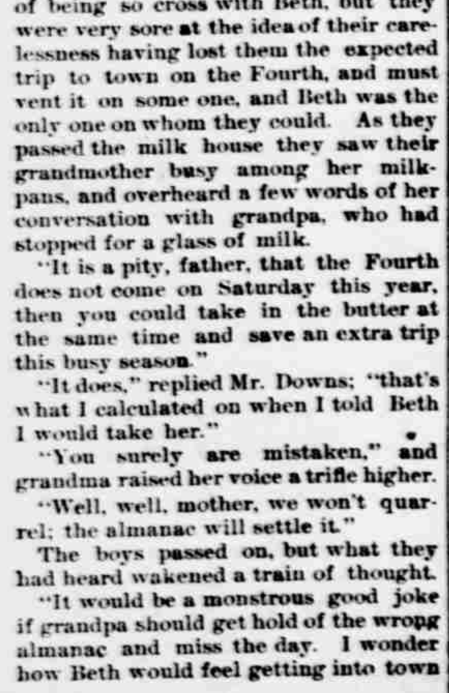
"It does," replied Mr. Downs; "that's what I calculated on when I told Beth I would take her."

"You surely are mistaken," and grandma raised her voice a trifle higher.

"Well, well, mother, we won't quarrel; the almanac will settle it."

The boys passed on, but what they had heard wakened a train of thought.

"It would be a monstrous good joke if grandpa should get hold of the wrong almanac and miss the day. I wonder how Beth would feel getting into town



"SHE HAS SPOILED OUR FOURTH."

a day after the show," and Will rolled over and over on the grass at the thought of Beth's disappointment.

"It wouldn't be much trouble to slip an old almanac in the place of the new one; there is a pile of them in the garret, and ten to one grandpa would never know the difference," said Jamie.

The plan was so brilliant a one that the seining for minnows seemed very tame, and the boys dropped their nets and ran back to the house, consulting as they ran.

A hurried search for an almanac to suit their purpose, and as quickly downstairs again, for it was nearly time for the men to be in to dinner. There was no one in the large, airy kitchen, and it took but a minute to transfer the old almanac to the nail by the door, where the new one had so lately swung to and fro. The boys' hearts beat quickly when they went in to dinner and found grandpa studying the almanac.

"It is just as I said, mother," running his finger down the page, "the Fourth comes on Saturday; you certainly cannot dispute the almanac; who ever knew it to be wrong?"

Will and Jamie bent low over their plates, while grandma brought forth proof after proof to show that the Fourth was on Thursday last year, and consequently must be on Friday now, as it was not leap year. Grandpa listened with a good-natured smile.

"Well, mother, I have followed the almanac for fifty years, and I guess I will abide by it now."

Saturday morning came clear and bright, and Beth, in her fresh white dress and broad-brimmed hat, stood waiting for Jerry to bring around the old chaise which had been in use thirty years, or more.

Will and Jamie could afford to be pleasant after the magnificent joke they had played on her.

"Don't scream when the firecrackers go off, Beth, for people will think you never saw any before."

"Tell us all about everything, Beth, and be sure to bring us a red balloon."

"Oh, don't forget some peanuts," begged Will, "it will be the only Fourth we will have."

"I wish you would go, the Fourth is more for boys than for girls," began

"WHY, OLD MAN, YOU ARE A DAY TOO LATE!"

Beth, but Jamie interrupted her: "You can tell us all you saw, and that will be fun for us," and he gave Will a nudge.

Beth and grandpa rode off in the high old chaise, Beth with her pockets filled with ginger-snaps, while under the seat was a well-filled lunch-basket. She sang little songs of happiness to the nodding clover and daisies along the road as they passed, for a day in town only came once in a long time, and besides, this was the Fourth of July, when all nice things happened. They lived far from neighbors, and the outside world seemed very wonderful to her, so she was glad when the long drive came to an end, and the streets of the village appeared.

But what a deserted look they had! Tired and sleepy—as though after a day of pleasure the whole town had taken a resting-spell. Along the road were scattered burnt firecrackers and empty paper bags.

"It's dreadful quiet for Fourth of July, isn't it, grandpa?" and Beth looked very anxious.

Mr. Downs drew in old Whiteface, and called to a man in a store:

"Where does the celebration take place?"

The man laughed. "Why, old man, you are a day too late for the Fourth, we had all that yesterday. Where have you been, anyway?"

Beth gave a little gasp and her yellow curls mingled with grandpa's white ones as she sobbed on his shoulder.

"The almanac said so," he repeated over and over, "I never knew it to be wrong before. There, little girl, we'll do something else just as nice, we'll go—" then, as his eye caught a flaming poster of a lion and an elephant in a deadly conflict, "yes, we'll go on to Paxton and see the menagerie, it shows there to-day; that will be a great deal better than a lot of noisy firecrackers."

Beth dried her tears. "Oh, how splendid! I wish Will and Jamie were here. We never any of us saw a really, truly lion in our lives."

Old Whiteface was put into a stable for the day, and grandpa and Beth boarded a train for Paxton. What a wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten day it was for her. The crowds of people, the band of music, and cage after cage of new and strange animals. She clung close to grandpa when the lion shook his yellow mane and gave a frightful roar, and when the elephant waved his long trunk high in the air, and clapped her hands with delight at the antics of the monkeys.

"It would be just perfect if the boys were here. I am so glad, grandpa, that we lost the Fourth!"

Will and Jamie spent a restless day. An uneasy conscience is never a comfortable companion, and their magnificent joke looked almost like a falsehood to them, and to do anything to make their little sister shed tears was not manly, look at it in any light they might. They had to watch their chance to replace the almanac, and their laugh at the thought of how mystified grandpa would be when he came to consult it again was a faint one.

They were at the gate, one on each post, to watch for old Whiteface, and when she was seen swinging up the road they called out:

"Tell us all about it, Beth. Did you scream at the firecrackers? Where are the peanuts? Did you see all the celebration?"

The fun of their joke had all returned, and they kicked their heels with delight.

"I didn't see any firecrackers," answered Beth, "but, boys, the lion was splendid! I heard him roar, and the monkeys were so cunning!"

Will and Jamie looked at each other. What did she mean? Where was there any lion?

"Wasn't it queer? The almanac *was* wrong, and we lost the Fourth, so grandpa took me to Paxton to see the animals. I wished every minute you were there, it was so splendid!"

The boys climbed slowly down from the post and went into the house. This was something they had not expected. Beth had seen what they had wanted to see all their lives—a real lion, and heard it roar! This was the result of their joke. There was not even a smile when grandpa walked straight to the almanac and took it down, examining it with a puzzled face. Their punishment seemed greater than they could bear.

It was a quiet family that evening—grandpa, deep in thought, trying to solve the unaccountable behavior of his faithful almanac; Beth, tired and happy, and the boys mute with surprise at the ending of their magnificent joke.—Louise Thrush Brooks, in Chicago Standard.

Why He Felt Big.

Bobby—I shot a bird with my toy pistol.

Little Johnny—That's nothing. Last Fourth I shot my arm full of slugs.—Judge.

Patriotic.

If in love for our country you share
And "The star-spangled banner" are versed in,
You will know, when the "bombs burst in air"
'Twas a national air that they burst in.
—Judge.

TO YOUNG MEN.

Able Appeal to Young Men By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

The Wages of Sin Ever Bad—Christ Always Ready to Receive the Returning Prodigal—The Danger of Delays—Gospel Pardon.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage especially appealed to young men. His subject was "The Homesick Soul," and his text was from the "Parable of the Prodigal Son," Luke xv. 18: "I will arise and go to my father." Dr. Talmage said:

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab. Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he began to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of a business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine; I'll go home, I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims in rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the blood hounds of perdition.

In the time of Mary, the persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "There is no heretic here." "Ah," she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's work to-day, would that instead of seeing the prodigal son of the text, we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say: "I will arise and go to my father."

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money; if he had been able to say: "I have a thousand dollars now of my own; what's the use of my going back to my father's house? Do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man?" Ah! it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the gospel until he realizes he is in a famine struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine than that, and talk about this physician and that physician. After awhile you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor." But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick and I know the medicines that will cure you and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness. O! then you say: "Bring me that balm of the gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ."

"But," says some one in the audience, "how do you prove that we are in a ruined condition of sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say: "Let us have the statement of God." Well, he says in one place: "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place: "What is man that he should be clean, and he which is born of a woman that he should be righteous?" He says in another place: "There is none that doth good; no, not one." He says in another place: "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason: "There is no name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved."

Then there are thousands of voices here ready to say: "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said: "I will arise and go to my father."

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy they said: "You can't get there; if you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about or think of it; you can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups and waving his hand toward the mountains, he said: "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains; I hear him say: "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thy iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child, to have that child ungrateful.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is,
To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible.

Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a father! So loving, so kind. If He had been a stranger, if He had forsaken us, if He had flagellated us, if He had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of him; but He is a father so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I don't know how long this young man, how many months, how many years he had been away from his father's house, but there is something in the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick.

We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on everyday life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be.

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now you had better stay at home; don't go away; we don't want you to go; you will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea he heard his mother praying in the next room and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea and a storm came up and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage, but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he said: "O Lord! what a wretch I have been; what a wretch I am. Help me just now, Lord God."

But I remark concerning this resolution, it was immediately put into execution. The context says: "He arose and came to his father." If I resolve to become a Christian next year that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of reesolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress! if this fever should depart; if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago: "If I could live until the year 1891, by that time I will have my business matters arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian." The year 1891 has come, January, February, March, April, May, June—almost half of the year gone. Where is your broken vow? "O!" says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up; when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it?

I was at East Hampton and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side—the graves of soldiers. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved. The people from Amagansett saw the vessel, and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat and they pulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to the shore the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost, their bodies afterward washed up to the beach. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite. To be only almost saved is not to be saved at all.

In England two young men started from their father's house and went to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth and they are going to take ship, and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion because he was very homesick already. The other young man said: "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal. "No you won't, I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him that a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him: "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "O! yes," said Mr. Griffin, "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die; but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend and I would like to have you pray for me."

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get the young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person, until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry; I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "O!" said the father, "don't mention it; it don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your sin has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment that you take that pardon your Heavenly Father throws His arms about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned." O, there is joy on earth and joy in Heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was a third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her and he sealed his word with a father's kiss. Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned. O, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

A FROZEN WELL.

An Instance of Ground Being Frozen Six Thousand Feet Deep.

Even scientists are not free from perplexities, and nature is constantly revealing something to cause them study and doubt. Perhaps one of the most marked examples of this is found in the phenomenon presented by a well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 a Russian merchant began to sink this noted well, and, after working on it for three years, gave it up as a bad job, having at that time sunk it to a depth of thirty feet without getting through the frozen ground. He communicated these facts to the Russian Academy of Science, which sent men to take charge of the digging operations at the wonderful well. These scientific gentlemen toiled away at their work for several years, but abandoned it when a depth of eight hundred and eighty-two feet had been reached, with the earth still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1843 the academy had the temperature of the soil at the sides of the well taken at various depths. From the data thus obtained they came to the startling conclusion that the ground was frozen to a depth exceeding six thousand feet. Although it is known to meteorologists that the lowest known temperature is in that region of Siberia, it is conceded that not even that rigorous climate could force frost to such a great depth below the surface. After figuring on the subject for over a quarter of a century, geologists have at last come to the conclusion that the great frozen valley of the Lena river was deposited, frozen just as it is found to-day, during the great grinding-up era of the glacial epoch. Eight hundred and eighty-two feet of frozen soil might well stagger the scientific investigator, for it violates all the preconceived ideas of the condition and temperature of the interior of the earth. The conclusion reached is probably the correct one, although the length of time it required to reach it leads to the impression that there may be some uncertainty about it yet.—Manchester Union.

THE BIRD LAUGHED.

A Natural Historian From Texas Tells a Snake Story.

I had been hunting along the Llano river in Texas all the morning for wild turkeys without success, and finally threw myself down under an oak to rest. Very shortly I saw a big rattler, and a large lump about half way down. I suspected was a small jack rabbit. The rabbit kicked now and then as though not enjoying the process of deglutition, but the snake slept on.

A slight rustling at my left caused me to turn and I saw the crested head and twinkling eyes of a chaperal cock peeping around a cactus leaf. Rattlers and chaperal cocks are enemies, as every plainsman knows. A vision of the infant chaperal cocks which had found a living tomb in this same snake doubtless flitted before the bird's eyes. After making sure that his foe slept, the bird picked up a dry cactus spine with his bill, danced out on his long legs and laid it down by the rattler. Then he went back for another, and yet another, until he had built a regular wall of sharp spines around the dormant snake. When he had completed the work to his satisfaction he went back to the cactus shrub and waited.

By and by a last despairing kick of the rabbit caused the snake to raise its head. It came in violent contact with one of the spines. It gave the spine one just for luck, and got pricked by another. This made the snake furious, and it sent out right and left, wriggling and twisting and putting the whole weight of itself and the jack rabbit into its efforts.

The chaperal cock got so excited that he came boldly out and danced around in high glee. But he made no sound. The snake finally got so irritated that it threw itself at full length on the spines, rolled around in agony, and then turned its deadly fangs on itself and died. That was evidently the happiest moment of the bird's life. He danced and cackled and laughed. It was such a contagious laugh that I had to join in, when the bird vanished and I was left alone with the dead snake.—N. Y. Sun.

Awfully Sad.

"How did Charlie Blazer ever happen to propose to Edith Gushley?" asked De Tompkins at the club.

"Haven't you heard? The poor fellow was up there one evening when they were talking about some girls they knew, and he said rashly that she had the true ring."

"Yes?"

"And Edith said she supposed it was an engagement ring, and that is how it happened."—Detroit Free Press.

—Words vs. Hair.—Madge—"Do you like our new minister's preaching?" Millicent—"No, but I think his side whiskers are perfectly thrilling."—Brooklyn Eagle.

ETNA'S CRATER.

A Volcano That Is Constantly Undergoing Changes.

At last we stood on a level, and the boiling vapor was seen seething up from a great yawning pit at our feet. "Behold it!" cried Sebastian, with a salute, bareheaded, to the mountain, and I realized that I was ten thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, and in as convenient a situation for a sensational ending as a man may find anywhere in the world. Etna responded to Sebastian's civilities with a terrific bellow, and an out-throw of ashes and rocks that put me in much doubt of my ability to live through it. The stench of the sulphur, too, was villainous, and though I adopted Sebastian's plan of binding a handkerchief over my mouth and nostrils, it was all I could do to draw one satisfactory breath in ten. Add to this that the ground upon which we stood was composed of burning ashes and hot mud, and it will be apparent that Etna's summit is not altogether fit for the daintily-shod tourists who climb Vesuvius by the funicolare, nor an easy spot for the indulgence of poetical rhapsodies.

Some say the crater of Etna is two miles round; others are satisfied with half the estimate. The truth is that both reckonings may be justified. At one time the crater is two miles in circumference; at other times more or less. The volcano is so terribly active, that it is always revising and reshaping itself. The outcast of ash one week—most of which falls back into the crater obliquely, so as to form an inclined bank—may be so prodigious that the crater itself seems curtailed of a third of its area. But, perhaps, on the eighth day that part of the floor—to speak loosely—of the crater which has to support this growing weight of material gives way, and not only all the newly-formed boundaries, but part of the original environing rim of the crater fall in, and so the circuit of the crater is enlarged. This process is always going on with greater or less rapidity. And the fact that it occurs so constantly makes the traveler's measurements of so little permanent value that he may generally be counseled to spare himself all trouble in the matter.—Chambers' Journal.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

How a Mother Secured Her Daughter When Shopping.

A few days ago a lady presenting a rustic appearance walked into a large retail dry goods store. A little girl, presumably her daughter, followed her. As soon as the door closed on them the lady produced a strap, which was about two feet in length. The piece of leather had a noose on both ends. She then in a methodical manner fastened one noose on the little girl's arm and the other on her own, much to the astonishment of the salesmen. "Madam," asked one of the salesmen, whose curiosity had got the better of him, "may I ask what your object is in securing your daughter with a strap?" "Certainly," replied the woman. "About three months ago my sister went to New York City with her child, and in looking in a store window the child got lost. That made me frightened; so that ever since then when I come to the city and look into store windows or purchase anything I secure my daughter with this piece of leather. I don't intend to lose her if I can help it." She walked all around the store, purchasing articles, dragging the willing child after her in this fashion.—Philadelphia Press.

—"That was a fine coat you made Buster, Mr. Snip. What did he pay for that?" "Nothing," replied Snip, sadly. "So?" said Binks. "I'll take two at the same price."

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, June 29.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$4 25	@	5 65
Butchers' steers	3 70	@	4 75
Native cows	2 40	@	3 75
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	3 85	@	4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	88	@	90
No. 2 hard	84	@	85
CORN—No. 2	51½	@	51¾
OATS—No. 2	34½	@	36
RYE—No. 2	65	@	66
FLOUR—Patents, per sack	2 15	@	2 25
Fancy	2 10	@	2 15
HAY—Baled	5 00	@	10 00
BUTTER—Choice creamery	11	@	16
CHEESE—Full cream	9½	@	10
EGGS—Choice	12	@	12½
BACON—Hams	9	@	10
Shoulders	6	@	6½
Sides	8½	@	9
LARD	7	@	7½
POTATOES	90	@	1 00

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 50	@	6 00
Butchers' steers	3 00	@	4 00
HOGS—Packing	3 90	@	4 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 50	@	4 75
FLOUR—Choice	4 05	@	4 95
WHEAT—No. 2 red	97½	@	98
CORN—No. 2	55½	@	56
OATS—No. 2	35¾	@	36
RYE—No. 2	74	@	74
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@	19
PORK	10 20	@	10 25

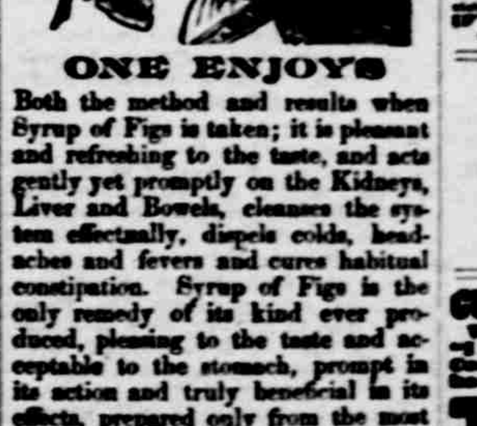
CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 50	@	5 80
HOGS—Packing and shipping	3 90	@	4 55
SHEEP—Fair to choice	4 00	@	5 10
FLOUR—Winter wheat	4 40	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red	94¾	@	96¾
CORN—No. 2	55	@	55¼
OATS—No. 2	34¾	@	34½
RYE—No. 2	77	@	78
BUTTER—Creamery	16	@	19
PORK	9 85	@	9 90

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Common to prime	4 75	@	6 25
HOGS—Good to choice	4 75	@	5 25
FLOUR—Good to choice	4 10	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 06	@	1 07
CORN—No. 2	55½	@	56
OATS—Western mixed	35	@	43
BUTTER—Creamery	18	@	20
PORK	10 50	@	11 00

SYRUP of FIGS



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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Owner of Woodlands.

Aunt Priscilla—So that is an English nobleman?

Penelope (proudly)—Yes, a real one.

Aunt Priscilla—Has he an estate?

Penelope—I suppose he must have. He has never spoken about his mansion, but he is always talking about his family tree.—Munsey's Weekly.

A General Offer.

The only man (who arrived at the hotel the night previous and wishes to make himself generally popular with all the girls by suggesting that he escort the crowd on a walk)—I propose—

Chorus of summer girls—Yes!—Judge.

Toronto and Return.

We call the public's attention, especially school superintendents and teachers, to the fact that on account of the National Educational Association meeting to be held at Toronto, July 14th to 17th, the Jacksonville Southeastern Line and Santa Fe route will sell round trip tickets from St. Louis and all points on its line at ONE FARE, plus $2 membership fee. Tickets will be sold July 8th to 13th, and the limit will be arranged so that those who wish can make a visit or take side trips to points in Canada and the East at reduced rates. Our route is via Chicago and any direct line from Chicago. Don't fail to call on or write to a railroad agent for particulars of the "Red Express" route.

We run the finest chair and compartment Sleeping Cars in the world.
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H. A. SUTTLE, Gen'l Agent Pass'r Dep't, 513 Chestnut Street, St. Louis.
W. W. KENT, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Jacksonville, Ill.

"Now," said the carpenter to his wife, "we'll be off to the party as soon as I get out my clawhammer, brush my nails and clean up a bit."

An Unbidden and Unwelcome Guest

Is pain, and often it abides with us for years, if not for life. When it visits us in the guise of rheumatism or neuralgia, it may be checked before it obtains an abiding foothold in our bodily tenement with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most effective of blood depurents and anodynes. The Bitters also removes liver and kidney complaints, constipation, nervousness, malaria and dyspepsia.

It takes a tramp a long, long time to break up a cord of wood; but it doesn't take long for a cord of wood to break up a tramp.—Yonkers Statesman.

Baling Presses for Hay, Straw, Etc.

No investment will pay farmers better than the purchase of a good Baling Press; a poor one will be money thrown away. The Whitman Agricultural Co. manufacture a full line of presses that have no equal, and are warranted superior in every respect to any in use. They are also headquarters for Cider Mills and other Farm Machinery. Send for free illustrated catalogues, circulars and prices of machine wanted.

The soda water clerk who cannot draw yours without drawing your wife's attention is no expert.—Union County (N. J.) Standard.

DON'T use mercury and iodide of potash for blood diseases. If your blood is bad Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla will quickly restore it to a healthful condition. It is the best vegetable blood purifier in the world, and it never leaves any evil after effects. It is pleasant to take and exhilarating, yet a discontinuance of its use will not cause a craving for more.

WOODEN—"Why do they say when a man is a little intoxicated that he has an edge on?" Wagg—"Why, because he cuts up so."—Boston Courier.

IF you are tired taking the large old fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

THE old woman who "lived in a shoe" evidently had neighbors who kept hens.—Puck.

HALF-CURED eruptions will return. Eradicate them with Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

DON'T rely too much on the man who poohs at superstition; his is often merely a sham-pooh.—Binghamton Republican.

WASTING away, growing thinner every day. Poor child, won't Mama get you a box of Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers?

MONEY spent for adhesive plasters can be charged to payment of a back tax.—N. O. Picayune.

ANY one can take Carter's Little Liver Pills, they are so very small. No trouble to swallow. No pain or griping after taking.

TAKE care of the pennies and you will soon have a larger amount than will be legal tender.—Puck.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

IT is peculiar that the faster a man is the sooner age will overtake him.—N. Y. Herald.

"YOU'RE just the man I'm laying for," as the bricklayer said to the contractor.

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"Golden Medical Discovery" is the *cheapest* blood-purifier sold, through druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

The "Discovery" acts equally well *all the year* round. Made by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, at 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.

Is better than any soap; handier, finer, more effective, more of it, more for the money, and in the form of a powder, for your convenience. Takes, as it were, the fabric in one hand, the dirt in the other, and lays them apart—comparatively speaking, washing with little work.

As it saves the worst of the work, so it saves the worst of the wear. It isn't the use of clothes that makes them old before their time; it is rubbing and straining, getting the dirt out by main strength.

For scrubbing, house-cleaning, washing dishes, windows and glassware, Pearline has no equal.

Beware of imitations, prize packages and peddlers.

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W. D. Edwards, Palmyra, O., writes: I have been a great sufferer from Costiveness and Sick Headache, and have tried many medicines, but

Tutt's Pills

is the only one that gave me relief. I find that one pill acts better than three of any other kind, and does not weaken or gripe. Elegantly sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25 cents.

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