

**A Carnivorous Water-Plant.**  
That strange water-weed, the bladderwort is carnivorous, like some of those sinister tropical plants which seek what meat they may devour. The tiny bladders attached to the leaves and leaf-stalks are each furnished with a door, the whole acting on the self-trap principle. Any small water creature that ventures to peep in is seized in the clutches of the murderous plant, and straightway is swallowed and assimilated.

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**An Ancient if Convivial Tune.**  
Which is the oldest tune in the world? Most people would guess the Delphic hymn to Apollo, which was dug up the other day. But they would be wrong. It is the tune which is now wedded to the words, "We won't go home till morning." Napoleon's soldiers played it in the shadow of the pyramids in 1799, and the Bedouins who heard it wept for joy. It was found among the children of the desert by the crusaders.

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For nausea scorch some rice, pour boiling water over it and drink as hot as possible.

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For a cold in the head it will be found that a few drops of camphor on one's handkerchief held to the nose will soon give relief.

A capital drink in fevers is made of citric acid, 1 dram; glycerine, 1 ounce, and water, 6 ounces. The dose is one or two tablespoonfuls every hour for an adult.

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of people who visit the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., are many who are sent there by their physicians, from personal experience, learned of the great **Triumph in Conservative Surgery** achieved by the surgeons of that famed institution. Little heroes, or cutting surgery is found necessary. For instance:  
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**PILE TUMORS**, however large, fistula, hemorrhoids, and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.  
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# KORONG.

## A Tale of the Sandwich-Islands.

By GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.  
Scarcely were the words well out of his mouth when from the recesses of the hut a rollicking French voice was heard, thrilling out merrily:

"Without waiting for more, the Shadow seized Felix's arm in an agony of terror, 'Come away!' he cried, hurriedly, 'come away!' What will become of us? This is horrible, terrible. We have broken taboo. We have heard the god's voice. The sky will fall on us. If his Shadow were to find it out and tell my people, my people would tear us limb from limb, quick, quick! Hide away. Let us run fast through the forest before any man discover it."

The Shadow's voice rang deep with alarm. Felix felt he dare not trifle with this superstition. Proceeding as Frenchman, he was compelled to believe up his eagerness and anxiety for the moment, and patiently wait till the Mouth of Birds had run its course, and taken its convenient taboo along with it. These limitations were terrible. Yet he counted much upon the information the Frenchman could give him. The man had been some time on the island. It was clear, and doubtless he understood its ways thoroughly; he might cast some light at last upon the Korong mystery.

So he went back through the woods with a heart somewhat lighter. Not far from their own huts he met Muriel and Mali. As they walked home together, Felix told his companion in a very few words the strange discovery about the Frenchman, and the impenetrable taboo by which he was at present surrounded. Muriel drew a deep sigh. "Oh, Felix," she said—for they were naturally by this time very much at home with one another, "did you ever know anything so dreadful as the mystery of these taboos? It seems as if we should never get really to the bottom of them. Mali always springing some new one upon me. I don't believe we shall ever be able to leave the island—we're so hedged round with taboos. Even if we were to see a ship to-day, I don't believe they'd allow us to signal it."

There was a red sunset; a lurid, tropical, red-and-green sunset. It boded mischief. They were passing by some huts at the moment, and over the stocks of them a tree was hanging with small yellow fruits, which Felix knew well in Felix as wholesome and agreeable. He broke a small bunch as he passed, and offered a couple thoughtlessly to Muriel. She took them in her fingers, and tasted them gingerly. "They're not so bad," she said, taking another from the bunch. "They're very much like gooseberries."

At the same moment, Felix popped one into his own mouth, and swallowed it without thinking. Almost before they knew what had happened, with the same extraordinary rapidity as in the case of the wedding, the people in the cottages ran out, with every sign of fear and apprehension, and, seizing the branch from Felix's hands, began upbraiding the two Shadows for their want of attention. "We couldn't help it," Toko exclaimed, with every appearance of guilt and horror on his face. "They were much too sharp for us. Their hearts are black. How could we two interfere? These gods are so quick! They had picked and eaten them before we ever saw them."

One of the men raised his hand with a threatening air—but against the Shadow, not against the sacred person of Felix. "He will be ill," he said angrily, pointing toward the white man; "and she will too. Their hearts are indeed black. They have sown the seed of the wind. They have both of them eaten of it. They will both be ill. You deserve to die! And what will come now to our trees and plantations?"

The crowd gathered round them, cursing low and horribly. The two terrified Europeans sunk off to their backs, unaware of their exact crime, and closely followed by a scowling but dependent mob of natives. As they crossed their sacred boundary, Muriel cried, with a sudden outburst of tears, "Oh, Felix, what on earth shall we ever do to get rid of this terrible, unendurable godship!"

The natives without set up a great shout of horror. "See, see she cries," they exclaimed, in indescribable panic. "She has eaten the storm-fruit, and already she cries! Oh, gods, restrain yourselves! Oh, great Queen, mercy! Whatever will become of us and our poor huts and gardens!"

And for hours they crouched around, beating their breasts and shrieking. That evening, Muriel sat up late in Felix's hut, with Mali by her side, too frightened to go back into her own alone before those angry people. And all the time, just beyond the barrier line, they could hear above the whistle of the wind, around the hut, the droning voices of dozens of natives, cowering low on the ground, they seemed to be going through some litany or chant, as if to deprecate the result of this imprudent action.

"What are they doing outside?" Felix asked of the Shadow at last, after a peculiarly long wail of misery. And the Shadow made answer, in very solemn tones. "They are trying to propitiate your mightiness, and to avert the omen, lest the rain should fall, and the wind should blow, and the storm-loud should burst over the island to destroy them."

Then Felix remembered suddenly of himself that the season when this storm-fruit, or storm-apple, as they called it was ripe in Fiji, was also the season when the great Pacific cyclones most often swept over the land in full fury—storms unexampled on any other sea, like that famous one which wrecked so many European men-of-war

By and by, above even the fierce roar of the mingled thunder and cyclone, a wild orgy of noise burst upon them all from without the hut. It was a sound as of numberless drums and tom-toms, all beaten in unison with the mad energy of fear; a hideous sound, suggestive of some hateful heathen devil-worship. Muriel clasped her hands to her ears in horror. "Oh, what's that?" she cried to Felix, at this new addition to their endless alarms. "Are the savages out there rising in a body? Have they come to murder us?"

"Perhaps," Felix said, smoothing her hair with his hand, as a mother might soothe her terrified child, "perhaps they're angry with us for having caused this storm, as they think by our foolish action. I believe they'll set it down to our having unluckily eaten that unfortunate fruit. I'll go out to the door myself and speak to them."

Muriel clung to his arm with a passionate clinging. "Oh, Felix," she cried, "no! Don't leave me here alone. My darling, I love you. You're all the world there is left to me now, Felix. Don't go out to those wretches and leave me here alone. They'll murder you, they'll murder you. Don't go out, I'll place you. If they mean to kill us, let them kill us both together in each other's arms. Oh, Felix, I am yours, and you are mine, my darling!"

It was the first time either of them had acknowledged the fact; but there, before the face of that awful convulsion of nature, all the little deceptions and veils of life seemed rent asunder forever as by a flash of lightning. They stood face to face with each other's souls, and forgot all else in the agony of the moment. Felix clasped the trembling girl in his arms like a lover. The two Shadows looked on and shook with silent terror. If the King of the Rain thus embraced the Queen of the Clouds before their very eyes, amid so awful a storm, what unspeakable effects might not follow at once from it? But they had no much respect for those supernatural creatures to attempt to interfere in their action at such a moment. They accepted their masters almost as passively as they accepted the wind and the thunder, which they believed to arise from them.

Felix laid his poor Muriel tenderly down on the mud floor again. "I must go out, my child," he said. "For the very love of you, I must play the man, and find out what these savages mean by their drumming."

He crept to the door of the hut (for no man could walk upright before that awful storm), and peered out into the darkness once more, awaiting one of the frequent flashes of lightning. He had not long to wait. In a moment the sky was ablaze again from end to end, and continued so for many seconds consecutively. By the light of the continuous zigzags of fire, Felix could see for himself that hundreds and hundreds of natives—men, women, and children, naked, or nearly so, with their hair loose and wet about their cheeks—lay flat on their faces, many courses deep, just outside the taboo line. The wind swept over them with extraordinary force, and the tropical rain descended in great loads upon their bare backs and shoulders. But the savages, as if entranced, seemed to take no heed of all these earthly things. They lay groveling in the mud before some unseen power; and beating their tom-toms in unison, with barbaric concord, they cried aloud once more as Felix appeared, in a weird litany that overtopped the tumultuous noise of the tempest. "Oh, Storm God, hear us! Oh, great spirit, deliver us! King of the Rain and Queen of the Clouds, befriend us! Be angry no more! Hide your wrath from your people! Take away your hurricane, and we will bring you many gifts. Eat no longer of the storm-apple, the seed of the wind—and we will feed you with yam and turtle, and much choice bread-fruit. Great King, we are yours; you shall choose which you will of our children for your meat and drink; you shall sup on our blood. But take your storm away; do not utterly drown and submerge our island!"

As they spoke they crawled nearer and nearer, with gliding serpentine motion, till their heads almost touched the white line of coral. But no man or them all went one inch beyond it. They stooped there and gazed at him. Felix pointed to them with his hand, and signed vaguely to the sky, as much as to say he was not responsible. At the gesture the whole assembly burst into one loud shout of gratitude. "He has heard us, he has heard us," they exclaimed, with a perfect wail of joy. "He will not utterly destroy us. He will take away his storm. He will bring the sun and the moon back to us."

Felix returned into the hut, somewhat reassured so far as the attitude of the savages went. "Don't be afraid of them, Muriel," he cried, taking her passionately once more in a tender embrace. "They aren't cross the taboo. They won't come near; they're too frightened themselves to dream of hurting us."

**Elimination of the Cubic Root.**  
A council of pedagogues has decided that the cubic root must be eliminated from rudimentary instruction in arithmetic. In the early days the schoolmaster explained the problem very lucidly by the use of wooden blocks and birch switches. But there has been a great decrease in the timber supply, and hence the study may have increased in cost. Anyway, it is of very little use in ordinary business, and the modern student can find something more engaging in the study of "puts" and "calls."—Troy Times.

**The Bat.**  
There is a very strong dislike to the bat among the peasants of South Germany. A feeling of disgust and fear takes possession of the farmer who finds bats in his chimney, not only because he believes the creature will feed upon his pork that hangs in the smoke, but because bats are regarded as unlucky, and bring poverty and misfortune.

**LADY at the menagerie**—That seal always looks as if he were shedding tears. Keeper—Yes. A lady came in here a minute ago wearing his longest brother.

## Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

**Ammonia for the Mouth.**  
Persons who are troubled with acidity of the stomach, that disagreeable state of affairs when "one's teeth are all on edge," will find it an excellent thing to rinse the mouth and wash the teeth in water containing a few drops of ammonia. This is an alkali and therefore neutralizing the acid, removing by this means one of the most prolific sources of disease and putting the mouth in an agreeable and wholesome condition.—New York Ledger.

**How to Clean Windows.**  
Simple as the operation may seem there is a way to clean windows and a way not to clean them. The following suggestions may be of use to some, as they save both time and labor: Choose a time when the sun does not shine on the window, else it will dry streaked, and no amount of rubbing can prevent it. Brush off all the dust inside and out; clean the woodwork around the glass first. Use for this warm water and ammonia; do not use soap. Wipe dry with cotton cloth. Do not use linen, as it leaves lint on the glass when dry. Polish with tissue or old newspaper.

**The Lesson of Independence Day.**  
Our nation's national day should ever be held sacred in the memories and the patriotic lessons it teaches treasured in the hearts of all our people, its observance should be kept alive, and to that end the blessings of liberty and the advantages of a free government should be continually instilled into the minds of all citizens, both by birth and by adoption, and especially impressed upon the youth of the land, who are soon to take their part in exercising the elective franchise.—Exchange.

Bath slippers are appreciated more and more. They are made of cotton or linen terry, with leather soles and no heels. Bath mitts made of cotton or linen terry on one side, are useful in their way. They are quite inexpensive and last a long time.

**Winter Wheat, 100 Bush, per Acre.**  
Wonderful reports come in on Salzer's new winter wheat and monster winter rye. Over 2,000 farmers planted these grains last fall, and now report yields of 50 to 70 bushels wheat and over 10 bushels rye per acre. The way it looks, 100 bushels will be reached. Send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for postage stamps for samples of this wheat and rye and fall catalogue. C

**Simple Altra.**  
Court plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound.  
No one is perfectly well, but those who are habitually clean come nearer being so than the unwashed element.  
In fevers and in other states when there is great parching of the tongue purifying it with glycerine gives great relief.  
Licorice powder is a safe and mild aperient. Take a desert spoonful at night mixed with warm water when occasion requires.

**Easily Made and Useful.**  
To make a convenient bag for paper and twine, double a yard of creponne, joining the edges with a puff of cambrick of solid and harmonizing color. At the top turn in each of the four edges for several inches, so that the two sides end in a point. Fasten these together with button and buttonhole and sew here ribbon loops and ends by which to hang up the bag. To one side sew a triangular outside pocket, with a box-plate in the middle of it. Make deep rather than broad; this is for the twine. It forms a very handy receptacle for wrappings and one to which the family will be apt to often repair if hung in one accustomed place.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.  
"You don't have monarchs in this country?" said a visitor to the United States, musingly. "Not by that name," replied the native. "We have servant girls, however."—Tid-Bits.  
Women cannot get excuses enough to wear buckles. Paste, jet, enamel, silver gilt and old silver are desired. An antique buckle which looked as if made with opals, but wasn't, was seen.

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