SENSATIONS OF STARVING.

Observations Made by a Man Who Had Gone a Week Without Food.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which he felt in the earlier stages.

Should he chance to obtain a morsel or two of food, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body emaciated, his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalistic. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes giddy; the ghosts of well remembered dinners pass in hideous processions through the mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be bought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grevious to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion.

The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

Literature and Pedagogy.

There are really only two things the successful teacher needs to have—knowledge of his subject-matter and knowledge of his pupils. The first of these can be gained only by study, the second only by experience. The man who has never been a real child himself cannot effectively teach children; and he who does not know by experience the warm-hearted, exuberant gaiety of school and college boys cannot successfully teach them. Furthermore, the teacher who spends more time on the method of teaching literature than on literature itself is sure to come to grief. Greatest of all forces is the personality of the instructor; nothing in the teaching is so effective as this; nothing is so instantly recognized and responded to by pupils; and nothing is more neglected by those who insist that teaching is a science rather than an art. After hearing a convention of very serious pedagogues discuss educational methods, in which they use all sorts of technical phraseology, one feels like applying Gladstone's cablegram, "Only common sense required."—The Century.

Labrador Seals.

The young seals fatten so rapidly that sealers say you can actually see them grow while you are looking at them. The poor creatures are easily killed, a blow with the butt end of a gaff finishing them. The hunter then "sculps," or skins, them, inserting a sharp knife under the fat, and with marvelous dexterity taking off the "pelt"—skin and fat together—in about a minute and a half. A party of men will "pan" their pelts—pile them up to the number of about 1,000—and thrust a gaff with the ship's flag into the pan. When there are pans enough, the steamer breaks into the ice and hauls them aboard with a donkey winch, or the men drag them to the vessel's side.

The Newfoundland seal hunters always speak of seals as "swiles," and for our word carry they say "spell." A schoolmaster, who had been listening to a seal hunter's story, said, sneeringly:

"Swiles! How do you spell swiles?"

"We don't spell 'em," replied the hunter; "we most generally hauls 'em!"—St. Nicholas.

BOTH SIDES THE LINE

The sound of drums, and a fife's shrill cry,
Float in with the breath of the soft May breeze;
Watching the bright groups hurrying by
In the sunlight, breaking through branching trees,
These college maidens march two by two—
I can catch the gleam of their garments light—
While above them droops the red and blue
Of the half-mast flag, with its colors bright.

This is to the young a festal day,
Just shadowed, perhaps, by a minor strain
In the gathering tears that will have way,
From some black-robed woman's bitterest pain.
Why should I go with the crowds who fling
O'er the sleepers their blossoming sweets?
For how could I make a public thing
Of the cry which each hour my soul repeats?

How could I weep for the boys in blue,
While sheddding no tears for the boys in gray?
I—who have fought every battle through,
With my heart watching both sides all the way!
For Philip was here, my husband true,
And my brother, Ned, was across the line;
It seemed that my heart was torn in two,
Since they both were precious and both were mine.

O brave hearts these, in that last deep sleep,
From which no bugle shall wake to strife,
Memorial Day, I ever keep,
While my heart beats on with its loyal life.
You were my country! I mourn for you!
Your colors I wear in my life alway;
In Philip's young eyes I find the blue,
And here, in my tresses, I wear the gray.
—Cora Stuart Wheeler.

BILLY'S HERO.

It was the morning of Memorial day. Billy was covering a grave with wild flowers.

The grave was over in a corner, by itself, and new made.

"What hero lies here, my boy?"

Billy turned about at sound of the pleasant voice.

"'Tain't no hero. It's only Steenie!"

"Oh, I thought you must be decorating some brave soldier's grave!"

"No, Steenie wa'n't no soger. But ev'ryone else was puttin' posies onto their graves, 'n I didn't want mine to be the on'y one 'thout any. 'Sides Steenie liked 'em so!"

"Who was Steenie?"

"Steenie! W'y, he was my pard. We tramped it out here together."

"You thought a good deal of him?"

"Guess I did, 'n' he o' me," rubbing his eyes very hard.

"Your brother?"

"No; no 'lation. We 'as jes' pards, 'n' I was the littlest, 'n' Steenie was awful good to me allers.

A ragged sleeve wiped away some tears from the boy's eyes.

"Steenie was good to you, was he?"

"Yes, he'd give me the bigges' share, 'n' th' warmes' place allers. Steenie would," and with a sob Billy added:

"That's how he came to die!"

Then he smothered his sobs, and buried his face in the wild flowers on Steenie's grave.

"Tell me how it was, my boy."

"Ye see," Billy began, trying to choke back his tears, "I didn't hev no one 'n' he, Steenie didn't, neither, 'n' so, one day, w'en a big chap were a chaffin' o' me, Steenie he takes my part agin th' big feller.

"'N' then he sez, 'come on, Smallbones, 'n' I'll take ye home.'

"'I ain't got no home,' sez I, 'n' I was a cryin', cos the bully knocked me down 'n' hurt me.

"Steenie took a-hold my hand, 'n' sez: 'Come on 'ith me, then.'

"'N' after that we was allers pards, we was, me 'n' Steenie.

"'N', oh, we aed sech good times, we did; Steenie 'n' me! 'N' now, oh——"

"But how was it—what ailed him when he died?"

But Billy did not hear, with his head down again among the wild flowers on Steenie's grave.

So a hand was laid kindly on the bowed head, and the question was repeated:

"What made Steenie die? How was it?"

Billy lifted his tear-stained face.

"It was all 'long o' me. He took off his piece o' carpet 'n' put it over me, 'n' slep' on th' side o' the' barrel towards th' wind, a' nawful cold night, the wust we had all winter!

"He took a' nawful cold, 'n' he'd jes' cough 'n' cough, 'nough to kill 'im.

"I sez to 'im, 'Steenie, w'at did ever make you go to do that?

"'I wouldn't 'a' let ye, 'f I'd been awake, Steenie!'

"'N' he'd jes' kin' o' smile, 'n' say ez pleasant:

"''Course you 'a' wouldn't, Billy.' But he didn't get no better, on'y worse, the whole time.

"So one day he said:

"'Billy, let's you 'n' me jes' tramp out in the country. I feel 'sif it'd kin' o' res' me to see all the green things a-growin', an' the posies a-blowin'. I were out to the country onct, Billy; 'n' oh! Billy, it were nice, I c n tell ye!'

"So we tramped 'n' tramped, 'n' the folks was good to us, 'n' we got 'nough to eat.

"A woman, she giv' Steenie som'thin' for his cou n, 'n' we slep' in barns. But Steenie didn't get well. One mornin' he didn't get up no more a-tall—oh, Steenie, Steenie!

"They found us in th' barn, 'n' then they brough Steenie here."

"Where do you stay nowadays?"

"The man that found us took me."

"Is he good to you?"

"Yes, pretty good. But it's awful 'thout Steenie no more!"

The veterans had marched with the crowd to the cemetery on the hill, and when the Memorial day exercises there were all through with, their gray-haired commander turned to the soldiers near him and said:

"Yonder, in that corner, lies a hero. Let us do his memory honor. Right about, face! March! Halt!"

STEENIE'S GRAVE.

At the grave without monument, headstone or name, the commander told the story Billy had told to him that morning, and said:

"Comrades, a hero lies there. Salute!"

The band of veterans gave the military salute and silently and gravely marched away from Steenie's grave, decorated only with the wild flowers he loved, gathered and laid there by his faithful "pard" and friend.

My Friend.

No matter how intimate you are with a man, how closely related to him, don't talk against his friends while he is present if you would not win his contempt. Can you expect him to stand by quietly and hear his friends assailed—unless, perchance, he should consider the source a sufficient apology for the offense, and that would be far from flattering yourself—and not defend him? He would defend himself under a like provocation, and would he do less for his friend? My friend! How much the words convey! We have chosen each other from among our many acquaintances, from a similarity of tastes, a congeniality in many things, and our friendship only grows stronger and stronger as time passes, till even death, himself, cannot break the tie, for our friends are as much ours in eternity as in time, we doubt not, else love were not immortal. Friendship is a holy sentiment, ennobling and enlarging all who feel its influence, and if you would not be despised—and few can afford the loss such a sentiment entails upon the offender—be very careful how you talk to a man against his friend.

A Smart Salesman.

Hamburg and Seersucker advertised for a smart boy, and they got him. They put the smart boy behind the counter. The following is the conversation that passed between him and his first customer:

"What are these?" asked the customer, picking up a pair of gloves.

"Gloves," said the smart boy.

"Yes, yes! But what do you ask for them?"

"We don't ask for 'em at all. Customers do that."

"You don't understand me. How do they come?"

"Why, they come in pairs, of course."

"No! no! How high do they come?"

"Just above the wrist, I believe."

"But what do get for them?"

"Me? I don't get nothing for 'em. Boss pockets all the money."

"What is the price of these gloves per pair?" asked the customer, losing patience.

"Oh, that's yer lay, is it? Why didn't you say so afore? One dollar."

Luxuries for Prisoners.

It costs $600 a year to keep the prisoners in the Denver jail in slippers.

ALL GOOD REPUBLICANS

should make a point of attending the National Convention, to be held at St. Louis, Tuesday, June 16th. The expense is not great—if you take the Burlington. On the 13th, 14th and 15th of June you can purchase a round trip ticket to St. Louis at the one way rate. Think—isn't it worth a few dollars—a few days' time—to see the next president nominated? Full information on application to any agent of the B & M. R. R. R. or by addressing J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

And now asparagus lovers enjoy visiting their friends' suburban residences.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

The latest calling glove is cream colored with narrow black stitching.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov 8, '95

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

A bicycle with a parasol attachment is a seasonable and novel arrangement.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

White is to be very much worn this season. Short white capes of silk lace or chiffon will be a desirable possession at the fashionable summer resorts, and the only permissable black cape is elaborately trimmed with white.

FATE!

Here in the grassy realm of sighs and tears;
Here in the twilight of the fading years;
Here where the living comrade comes to mourn
The traveler to the silent bourne,
Silence meets silence; only thoughts intrude
Upon the sadness of the solitude;
And these in conflict with emotion roll
An added grief upon the troubled soul;
The glorious past, the fading present, seem
As but the phantoms of a troubled dream.

The emerald is the May birthstone.

N. N. U. No. 339—98. York, Neb.