

Now that it is demonstrated that our yachts don't run well and we don't know how to play cricket, all desire to be annexed to the United States will be utterly quenched in Canada.

Generosity, sympathy and brotherly affection will teach us more of the real character of a man than all the sifting and weighing that we can do, for it will bring out the best that a man is capable of.

Though there are 10,500 civilian members of the Legion of Honor, the French Government proposes to increase their number to 12,000 knights, 2,000 officers, 300 commanders, and 50 grand officers. When it was found, in 1873, that there were over 29,000 civilians in the order, a law was passed that there should be only one new appointment for every two deaths.

However hard and wearisome the path of life may be, no one yet finds it easier or smoother by worry. Worry means nothing more or less than paralysis of all the brighter side of many natures. Of course those who worry do so because they are very unhappy and concerned about somebody; but it may be easily questioned whether those who are worried about are not made quite as unhappy as the worriers themselves.

The Matabele war in South Africa is practically at an end. The trouble arose more than a year ago, by friction between the Matabele and the native police. Undoubtedly the natives were cruelly treated in some cases, and in revenge they rose in revolt, besieged Bulawayo and for a time threatened serious trouble for the English. Cecil Rhodes, however, who possesses great influence among the native tribes, has succeeded in persuading them to lay down their arms and return peacefully to their homes, on condition that abuses in the government of the district shall be corrected.

When the Chicago health department offered \$10 apiece for all the dead horses delivered at the Union Rendering Company's platform during the recent hot spell there was a decided boom in the business. Some enterprising traders went into the business of buying all the plug horses they could get at \$2 and \$5 per head, dispatching them and receiving \$10 for the carcass. Under this impetus the dead horse trade grew to wonderful proportions. This is similar to the case where the man in Montana went to raising coyotes to get the bounty; likewise the thoughtful individual who bred sparrows to secure the two cents offered by the State.

With all our boasted civilization, our progress in art, in science and literature, are we civilized? In Japan rare and costly works of art may be displayed by the roadside for years without being defaced except, possibly, by a wandering American tourist. Here an empty house would be carried away for kindling wood were it not that the vandals were afraid of the law, and that is often no deterrent. Vandals in Japan is unknown, yet we send missionaries there at great expense to Christianize these people so that they may be made as good as ourselves and be "saved." It would be better by far if Japan would send some of her people over here to teach us in this year of political lies and public slander truth, justice and humanity.

Before the advent of the trolley car the farmer not only found a brisk demand for oats and other products that enter into the feed and bedding for horses, but also found a steady and a firm market for good draft horses. Thousands of miles of electric street railway are being constructed each year, and every mile that supplants a mile over which horse cars were formerly operated cuts down the market for corn and oats. The sudden growth in popularity of the bicycle as both a pleasure and utilitarian vehicle has also reduced the use of horses in nearly every city, town and village. The horse and carriage business has suffered as much as the grain-producing business. The livery stable keeper, who was once a heavy purchaser of the farmers' products, has been compelled in many instances to close his doors.

The Sultan is having trouble with many of his outlying provinces. Not only do Crete and the Armenian districts disturb his peace of mind, but the Macedonians are in revolt. The extent of the uprising has not been generally appreciated until the receipt of recent dispatches. The cruelties and outrages of the Turkish troops equal in degree, though not in number, those in Armenia. Those acquainted with the Eastern question in all its bearings appear to think that the partition of the Ottoman Empire, so long postponed, is now no far distant. But there will be a sharp contest over the spoils when the division comes. Greece and Bulgaria both claim Macedonia, and neither is likely to surrender her claim without a struggle. As to Crete, reports are being circulated to the effect that practical autonomy is to be granted to the island, but how much foundation for the statements there is it is not possible to say.

Two stories come from Spain, one that public sentiment in Spain demands war with the United States, and the other that public sentiment in Spain demands the cessation of the war with

Cuba, and urges the Spanish soldiers to refuse to be shipped off to die in a useless and hopeless warfare. Of the two stories the latter is the more probable. Not long ago, it will be remembered, the Italian people rose against the continuance of the war in Africa and protested against the departure of any more troops, and while there was no formal declaration of a cessation of hostilities, there has not been a shot fired in Africa since the rising. Why should not the same action be taken by the Spanish people, who furnish the men and money to keep up the war in Cuba? That the war will be ended by the exhaustion of the Spanish forces and the unwillingness of the mass of the people to longer bear the burden is certainly a more reasonable prediction than that Spain should engage in a war with the United States, which would mean the loss of Cuba in a week.

The situation in Turkey, as depicted in later reports corroborating the first rumors of the horrors there, is utterly intolerable and an affront to every Christian power in the world. Putting the best face possible upon the Turkish story that the riots in Constantinople were begun by desperate Armenians, there is nothing in palliation of the crimes or in excuse of the Turkish government. When, in a country which is supposed to be a responsible government and not an anarchy, two sects, without organization or any semblance of standing as belligerents, take to murdering one another, with the most horrible brutality following in consequence, it ought to be time for humanity to intervene. At present it is not quite clear whether the riots were aroused by fanatic Armenians, crazed with indignation, or whether the "Armenians" were merely the hirelings of the palace sent forth to give the Turk a pretext for miscellaneous massacre. Whichever is the true explanation of the occurrence, the fact of the massacre itself is enough to show either that the government is willingly shielding and abetting their crimes or is utterly incapable of affording anything like protection to its various subjects. The past history of the Turk amply justifies the suspicion that no very effective efforts will be made to prevent such outrages as have been dyed the Constantinople streets red with Armenian blood. Where is that vaunted European "agreement" by which the sultan was to be held within the bounds of decency? Where is England's boasted activity on behalf of the Christian civilization of the orient? It would seem that the European powers have decided that the saving of life and suffering is not worth while, since it may imperil their chance claims to a little of the coveted lands of the Ottoman.

Talk of a steamboat line for the reaches of the Missouri River above Sioux City serves to accentuate the fact that this river—one of the greatest on the globe—is virtually deserted of all craft adapted to the transportation of grain. Flowing for hundreds of miles through one of the greatest grain belts of the world, its muddy current carries little save its own sediment. It would be hard to say why so little use has been made of this stream. It is true that it has a shifting channel and that at seasons of low water this channel is narrowed to a thread. But this is true of other rivers of one-tenth the size of the Missouri, and yet in a hundred such streams little flat-bottomed steamers go nosing among the sandbars, picking up lucrative trade and proving of great benefit to the agricultural sections in the cheap transportation afforded for all manner of farm produce. In scarcely more likely sections of country than in this Missouri valley canals have been cut to form an artificial waterway for the very smallest of water transports. At various times efforts have been made to build up a river traffic down the Missouri, but for some reason they have failed more or less completely. Now, if ever, it seems as if the Sioux City venture should succeed. Granaries in the upper Missouri valley are bursting, and, in many cases, railroads are so far removed that grain cannot be delivered at stations at a profit. Along the main river and its tributaries hundreds of thousands of bushels of grain might be picked up by grain boats and floated to a convenient railroad market. The river has been exceptionally full of water this season; there is the grain in abundance and the waterway is invitingly convenient.

The Doctor and His Caller. A lady recently called at the office of a prominent Washington physician, who is small and boyish in appearance. "Boy," she said, addressing him, "is the doctor in? But I can see he is not." "He is in," began the physician, but the visitor interrupted him. "Oh, he's in, is he? Then he's engaged. I'll wait. Does he allow you to sit at his desk that way?" "Madam!" "Oh, of course you would say he does, but I'll warrant you'll catch it if he sees you there. You look sort of pale. I should think the doctor would give you something to make you stronger. Your ma ought to send you into the country. That would make you grow. How soon do you think the doctor will be disengaged?" "Madam, I tried to tell you before—I do not think you can see the doctor to-day." "Well, I'll come next time I'm in town. But you ought to quit staying in this office and go into the country. Not that it is any of my business, but I do hate to see boys look so pale and puny." She disappeared, and the doctor is wondering what she will say when she calls the next time she comes into the city.

Every man seems to be trying to work less himself, and work others more.

It is very easy to overdo the good business.

EGYPTIAN SNAKE-CHARMER.

Fascinating and Possibly True Story of Eastern Cunning.

The following story of a "snake charmer" is borrowed from the New York Sun, which in turn borrows it from a Paris paper. The reader is expected to use his own discretion as to believing or explaining it. The incident is said to have taken place in Cairo, where the narrator, Monsieur Vigouroux, while walking the streets with a friend, fell in with a "mild-looking young man" who professed to be a snake charmer. The two visitors engaged him to come to their hotel the next day, and give them an exhibition of his powers. Guards were stationed around the building to prevent the charmer from getting into it before the appointed time. When he arrived he was led into the first courtyard. He was asked if there were any snakes there.

"Yes," he replied, "a great many."

As a precautionary measure he was conducted into an interior court in the center of the palace. There he was asked if he could catch a snake. The charmer whistled for a few seconds, and then listened attentively.

"Yes," said he, "there is a snake on this side," pointing to the wall. A bargain was then made with him, the rate being a shilling a snake. He immediately went to work with the air of a man who understood his business and was perfectly sure of the result.

Standing in the center of the court, gazing at the wall where he said the reptile was concealed, he began to recite a prayer or conjuration in Arabic, in which he addressed the serpent, saying in substance that everything and every creature must yield to the power of God. He also invoked Solomon and some celebrated Mussulman personages.

While he was reciting this formula he sometimes stood perfectly straight, sometimes he leaned forward, and lastly he fell on his knees. When he had finished he picked up a little rod that lay beside him, and scratched the wall with it, advancing toward the door of the building leading to the court. At the door he stopped and said:

"Here he is; come and look at him!" The party advanced, and on a line with his arm at the place where he had directed the rod, they distinctly saw the head of a snake protruding from a hole in the wall. The snake charmer grabbed the head and pulled out a long, thin and wriggling reptile. He made it fasten its fangs in his garment. Then he pulled violently and showed the snake's teeth in the stuff. At last he threw the reptile on the ground, excited it, and tossed it into his leather bag.

"How did you know," he was asked, "that there was a snake in that wall?" "I smelt him," was the answer.

And certainly there seemed to be no room to suspect a trick. One of the party remarked that the charmer might possibly have snakes concealed in his clothes. The fellow immediately threw off his blue blouse, which was his only covering, and shook it in the presence of the assemblage. He was asked if there were any more snakes in that coat. After a moment's inspection he replied:

"In this wall there is a big one and a little one."

He was told to catch the little one first. He recited his prayer, and added to it a command to the big snake to lie still while he captured the little one. Then he proceeded with his wand along the wall, as before. When he reached the door he called us, saying, "Here he is!"

The head was sticking out of the hole. He grabbed it, pulled out the snake, and broke its fangs in the manner described above. But the reptile bit him in the arm and drew blood. The bite didn't bother him. He threw the snake on the ground among the spectators, who stood in utter amazement. Then he went to work again.

It was the big snake's turn now. He was yanked out like the other two. Notwithstanding the apparent impossibility of fraud, the thing was so surprising that doubts were still expressed.

"Let him come into the garden," said one of the spectators, "and catch snakes there; then we will be convinced."

The charmer was led out into the garden. Near a heap of rubbish and weeds he began to whistle; then he announced a snake.

"Yes, there are two," said he. Then stooping down he pulled one out, and, as he had left his leather bag in the courtyard, he put the head of the reptile into his mouth and held it there while he secured the second.

Kipling's Snake. A writer in McClure's Magazine tells how he edited a paper in India with the help of Rudyard Kipling, and he mentions as a side issue a peril from snakes which Kipling once underwent.

The danger of snakes in Lahore was real enough, and the place was rich in scorpions. The person who tells the story had been stung by a scorpion in bed one morning, and Kipling asked him in the afternoon in a scorpion hunt. They found twenty-six under the matting in the veranda outside the bedroom door, besides a few centipedes, and put the lot into a large tumbler, and filled it up with whisky.

deavoring to ascertain by the sense of touch whether it was the head he was grasping, he had discovered that it did not really feel like any part of a snake at all. In fact, it had a huckle, and he realized that his braces had been dangling inside the garment when he put it on.

Passion of Labor.

Vasari says of the manner in which the great master of sculpture worked: "I have seen Michael Angelo make more chips of marble fly about in a quarter of an hour than three of the strongest young sculptors would in as many hours, a thing almost incredible to anyone who has not witnessed it. He went to work with such impetuosity and fury of manner that I feared almost every minute to see the block split in pieces. It seemed as if, inflamed by the great idea that inspired him, this great man attacked with a species of fury the marble in which his statue lay concealed."

One instance of such frenzy of labor came when Michael Angelo was a boy but fourteen years old. He had carved a faun, one of those strange woodland creatures, half goat, half man, of which the Romans were so fond, with fresh faces, tossing hair, sprouting horns and goat's legs. Lorenzo de Medici saw the work, and was amazed at its delicacy and the richness of fancy displayed; but he began bantering the young sculptor in the easy, gracious fashion of a great prince.

"Look you," said he, "these wonderful monsters are not always good, as you would have it; they get wrinkled brows, they are unsteady on their legs, they lose their teeth."

He indicated, as he spoke, the beautiful row of teeth which adorned the smiling lips of the creature, and passed on. Then occurred a scene full of passion and pathos, and a somewhat characteristic of Michael Angelo. As the curtains closed upon the prince, the young sculptor flew upon his faun, mallet in hand. Round about the jaw and brow he made telltale lines. He puckered the eyes with crow's feet, and last of all, he placed his chisel against the creature's upper jaw, and smote a tooth away, by that one act giving the face an indescribable look of age.

Lorenzo was amazed at the marvelous transformation. It was an effective introduction to the power of the young artist, and he took him into his household and brought him up with his own children.

Misplaced Admiration.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gives, in McClure's Magazine, some reminiscences of Whittier, the humorous side of his nature as well as the serious one. He was full of frolic, in a gentle way; no one of the world's people ever had a keener sense of humor. From every interview with him one carried away a good story or a sense of having had a good time. He never darkened the day or shadowed the heart. He inspired and invigorated.

"I like," he wrote to a friend, "the wise Chinese proverb: 'You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair!'"

A certain story with which Lucy Larcom is connected made one of the amusing incidents in his life. A caller, one of the "innumerable throng that moves" to the doors of the distinguished, there to indulge the weak curiosity of an ignorance too pitiable to resent, made himself troublesome one day in the poet's home at Amesbury.

"I have come, sir," he said pompously, "to take you by the hand. I have long wished to know the author of 'Hannah Blinding Shoes.'"

Now, Lucy Larcom happened to be sitting in her serene fashion, silently by the window at that time, and Mr. Whittier turned toward her with the courtesy low into which the Quaker poet's simple manner could bend so finely when he chose.

"I am happy," he replied, waving his hand toward the lady in the window, "to have the opportunity to present thee to the author of that admirable poem—'Lucy Larcom!'"

Tale of a Peasant.

When Gustavus of Sweden was besieging Prague, a boor of extraordinary aspect gained admittance to his tent, and offered, by way of amusing his majesty, to devour a large hog in his presence. Old Gen. Kongemarek, who was in attendance, at once suggested that the man with the Garzantuan appetite should be burnt as a witch; whereupon the boor, whose feelings were hurt by this observation, exclaimed: "If your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig." This was accompanied by such a "hideous expansion of the jaws and mouth" that the general, though he had given his "proofs" on many a field, turned pale, and fled incontinently to his tent.

A Baby-Carriage.

Mr. Frederick Locker-Sampson mentions in his autobiographical sketch, "My Confidences," that walking in Greenwich Park one day, the only mortal he met was a slumbering lass, reading a comic paper, and pushing her charge in a baby carriage. He thus comments on the meeting:

There is nothing more beautiful in nature than a "woman with a child in her arms. An experienced nurse dandling a baby is a pretty sight. Conceive if Raphael had had to deal with the perambulator!"

Thought She Was a Witch. In a French village near Clermont an old woman has been nearly stoned to death by peasants, who declared that she was a witch with an evil eye and had caused the death of several cows.

TEMPERANCE TOPICS

HOMES ARE RUINED BY STRONG DRINK.

Thousands of Lives, Characters and Fortunes Are Annually Wrecked Along the Gilded Pathway Having Its Beginning in the Wine Room.

The Check Old Tom Signed. "I'll fill out this check for you, Tom. If you wait a moment, it is signed, and father told me to fill it out for the amount if he wasn't here. Two and a half, isn't it?"

Old Tom took up the check in his trembling fingers and looked at the straight, business-like signature. "Just to think that his name is good for thousands of dollars," he muttered half to himself, and half to the bright-faced boy who stood beside the desk with his pen in his hand, ready to fill out the check. "And yet, when we were boys together, I was as good as he was, any day; and my chances in life were just as good. It is drink that has made all the difference. Well, it's too late to help it now."

"No, it isn't too late, Tom," said Hugh Evans, earnestly. He knew the sad story of this man's gradual descent from an honorable, respected life to the level of a common drunkard, and he felt an intense desire to help him, boy though he was. "I heard father say, only to-day, that if you would sign the pledge he would trust you to keep it, and he would give you steady work and good pay. Do sign it, Tom. I have a blank one here. It will make such a difference, not only to you, but to your wife and children, if you will."

A gleam of hope lighted up the dim eyes, but it died out in an instant and Tom shook his head.

"Some other day, Hugh; some other day, Some day I will, but not now."

"Don't put it off," pleaded Hugh, putting the pledge before the man, and offering him the pen. "Why, don't you see, it's as good as a check? Sign it, and it means health, comfort, and a good living, which you would make well enough if you would let drink alone, and also respect from every one that knows you. Why, my father's signature could not mean more than that."

Old Tom was won by the boy's enthusiasm.

"I'll see what my signature is good for," he cried with sudden resolution; and grasping the pen firmly, he wrote his name on the pledge.

"There, I've done it, and God helping me, I'll keep it," he said solemnly. "Low as I've fallen, I never broke my word yet."

An hour later he entered his home, with the check in one pocket and the pledge in the other. The check was a proof to the poor wife of his intention to keep the pledge, for she knew it must have been hard work to come home sober with money in his pocket.

Need I tell you that the signature on the pledge was never dishonored? It brought a happy home, new hope for the despairing wife, respect, prosperity and God's blessing.

And Hugh, he felt as if he had done the grandest temperance work of his life (though he lived to be a successful temperance worker) when he persuaded old Tom to sign that pledge.—Sunday School Times.

An Unerring Marksmen.

Whiskey never misses fire. No, it never does. It is sure to bring down its victim sooner or later, whether he be high or low, in the social or intellectual scale. And fluttering all about him will always be the wounded hearts of mother, father, wife, sister, children, sisters, brothers and friends, while beyond and behind all this is too often a trail of ruined virtue and contaminating influences. At least six hearts on an average carry a lifelong, overshadowing, dreary sorrow for every victim alcohol brings down. The undertow of all family and social life is largely silent sorrow and dreary heartache over the victims of alcohol. No, whiskey never misses fire, never.

Snap Shots.

The devil might have thought out some more effectual plan than the running of bar rooms for destroying souls, but the bar room is doing so much for him that he has not put any new plan in motion.

Bishop Goodsell says: "The world has come to understand that whenever a Methodist preacher comes to town—whether he comes afoot or on horseback, in a palace car or on a freight train, in a stage coach or by a bicycle—an enemy of the rum power has arrived."

The extent to which brewers control the retail liquor business of New York was manifested under the Raines liquor tax law, May 1, when one brewer filed applications for 700 certificates, another for 300, and another for 150, a total of 1,150, aggregating in money \$920,000.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Mrs. Mary Noren, Wife of a Well-Known Farmer Near Valparaiso, Brought Back to Health and Strength by a Popular Remedy—Her Statement of the Cure.

The attention of the Star having been called to several cases of radical cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, it was determined to investigate some of the more notable of these cases, with a view to disseminating exact information on the subject and benefiting others who were suffering. Prominent among those who had experienced benefits from the use of this remedy was mentioned Mrs. Mary Noren, wife of John Noren, a prosperous farmer, living northeast of Valparaiso, Ind., and to her a reporter was accordingly dispatched.

Mrs. Noren was found busily engaged in household duties, but she found time to detail her case, and was willing and even anxious that the benefits she had felt should be told for the benefit of those who had suffered as she did.

"I had been ill since girlhood with a complication of complaints," said Mrs. Noren, "never so much as to be confined long in bed, but I suffered intense misery. My chief trouble was with my stomach. I felt a constant gnawing pain that was at times almost distracting and which had been diagnosed by different physicians as dyspepsia and sympathetic derangement dependent on the condition of the generative organs—I had pains in the back, sometimes so great as to make me unable to work, and frequent bilious attacks. I also suffered greatly from constipation, from which I never could find permanent relief. Then these symptoms were aggravated by rheumatic pains between the shoulder blades, which were most excruciating in damp or cold weather. After my marriage, about five years ago, and when my baby was born, the trouble seemed to increase, and so my household was so sick that I could not do my household work. I tried different physicians and used numerous remedies, but all in vain until one day last fall I happened to read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband got three boxes from Mr. C. D. Rushton, the druggist, and I began to use them. From the first I began to feel relief, and before three boxes were gone I was nearly well. The constipation was cured and the other troubles were so much relieved that I felt better than I had felt for years. As I continued in the use of the pills I grew better and stronger, my appetite was more natural, and my flesh increased until I am in the condition you see me now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 1000, by addressing Dr. Wm. C. C. Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.)

Sore heads on chicks may be cured by an ointment made of lard and vaseline, with enough sulphur added to make a paste. Apply to the affected parts from one to three times, say two days apart. It will work a cure.—Farmer's Voice.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

American ice cream is advertised in the City of Mexico at "only one dollar for an American quart."

The trolley wires on the streets of Chemnitz, Saxony, are not suspended from poles. They are attached to hooks fixed in the houses that line the streets through which the cars pass.

Wheat's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1861—J. R. Madison, 2409-491 Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. H. J. ... "You say your wife is at Surflands-by-the-sea. Are there any men there?" Mr. Tomdick: "There must be." She writes that she will stay another fortnight.—Life.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or grip.

Fresh air, clean water, varied food, with plenty of range, are essential to the health of thrifty fowls.

Pump-rinck's latest baby opera "The King's Children," will be one of the earliest novelties at Munich.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

A fresh egg has a lime-like surface to its shell. It is not essential to keep growing chickens fat. Clean the nests regularly to keep them free from vermin. If the hens lay soft-shelled eggs give them plenty of gravel. To make most profitable fowls, they should be fattened rapidly. The food must always be varied enough to keep the chickens with a good appetite. Overfeeding is expensive. It not only costs more for the feed but the hens get too fat and lay no eggs.

A Household Necessity. Cascarets, Gandy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cures head-ache, constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Book Notes.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has almost finished a dashing story of adventure for boys. The scene of the tale is laid in old California in the days before the gringo came. Miss Katharine Resnon Woods allowed herself nearly five years for the completion of John: A Tale of King Messiah, which is about to appear. The volume is the first of a trilogy dealing with the social message of Christianity to the first century.