

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

"Jump-Short" Pie.
From the London Chronicle.
In our catalog of out-of-the-way dishes a feast of Rev. R. H. Barham may be included. The author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," his son relates, on visiting one of his parishioners, was asked to dine and have some "jump-short" pie. He did so, and made a hearty meal. "It's very nice—tastes like lamb; why the odd name?" he asked. "Well, sir," said his host, "it is lamb. You see the young lambs in the mesh try to get over the drains; a good many of 'em jump short, tumble in and get drowned. We hooks 'em out and puts 'em into a pie. Have another help, sir?" Barham declined.

Almost a General.
From the Kansas City Star.
John Macdonald, editor of the Western School of Journalism, relates that he once asked the late J. K. Hudson whether he should call him "major" or "general." Hudson was a major in the civil war and was made a brigadier general in the Spanish war, but in the latter conflict he did not get into active service. "Call me major," said Hudson to Macdonald. In reply to the question, "I was vaccinated for 'general,' but it didn't take."

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. 75c per bottle.
Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Foreign Spring.
The charlock and the hemlock flowers
Have hung their faces o'er the green;
The buttercups are bright and sheen
As though the spring were ours.

But through the poplar-rank there
Hines
The white interminable way;
And down the hill the budding vines
Go softly gloved in gray.

Amid a purer, loftier sky
The foreign sun burns far and bright;
O mistier fields! O tendered light!
I pause awhile to offer One Hundred
—A. M. F. Robinson, "Retrospect and Other Poems."

Or Islander.
From the Washington Star.
"What is the nationality of the janitor of your building?"
"I haven't seen him," answered Mr. Sirius Barker, "but, judging from the temperature, I should say he was an Eskimo."

Safe and Sure.
Among the medicines that are recommended and endorsed by physicians and nurses is Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure. For many years it has been regarded by doctors as the medicine most likely to cure coughs, and it has a strong hold on the esteem of all well-informed people. When Kemp's Balsam cannot cure a cough we shall be at a loss to know what will. At druggists' and dealers', 25c.

Window Gardens in Hotels.
From the New York Herald.
Window boxes of flowers have come to be looked upon almost as necessities in the city hotels, and the hyacinths of Easter have given way to pansies and geraniums or green leaved plants of tropical growth. Among the places that made a new showing of spring in the windows Friday were the Astor, the Knickerbocker, the Plaza, the Cafe Martin and the Hotel Latham, which was brilliant with scarlet geraniums.

Ministers Honor John Calvin.
From the Philadelphia Evening Times.
Two hundred prominent ministers and laymen of the Presbyterian church gathered at the Bellevue-Stratford to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the birth of John Calvin. The banquet took place under the auspices of the Presbyterian Social Union of Philadelphia. The speakers were the Rev. George William Knox and the Rev. Dr. Baxter Fullerton.

The Ruse That Failed.
From Illustrated Bits.
Tomkins has just dropped a halfpenny in front of the blind beggar to see if he would pick it up.
Beggar: "Make it sixpence, guv-nor, an' I'll forget meself."

The wholesale price of a male canary is about 70 cents in Germany, while a female costs only 17 cents.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

Dr. T. Felix Gouard's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Redness, and every blemish on beauty, and restores the complexion to its natural beauty. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is so harmless we take it to be sure it is so. Accept no counterfeits. Name: Dr. T. Felix Gouard. Sayre said to a lady: "I have a patient (a patient) who has used your cream. I recommend 'Gouard's Cream' as the best of all the preparations for the skin." Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York

Inconsistencies of Our Speech.

For the last 30 or 40 years a good many persons have been trying to simplify the accepted spelling of the English language. They say that its irregularity is a stumbling block to foreigners who wish to learn it, and that it is, moreover, in itself illogical. It is rather remarkable that no one has suggested simplifying the grammatical and verbal forms, since these are much more irregular and difficult than the spelling. To say "I am," "I was," "I have been," and to say that these different forms belong to the single verb "be" is strange enough. So in the present tense of the same verb. We say "I am," "You are," "He is." A really scientific language would let the verb run: "I am." "You am." "He am." Twenty centuries ago the Alexandrian Greeks formed a scheme for getting rid of the irregular verbs in their language; but, naturally, the people at large stuck to the old usage. The irregularity of English, however, is more marked than that in any other tongue, because we have drawn upon so many different sources—Anglo-Saxon, Norman-French, Latin, German, Italian, Greek and Spanish, not to mention stray contributions from Turkish and Hindustani. The apparent absurdity of our noun system is very well set forth in the following clever rhymes written by some one who has preferred to remain anonymous:

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes.
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese.
Yet the plural of moose would never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse, or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hices.
If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
Then cow in the plural may sometimes be kine,
But how if repeated is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.
If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot—would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this, and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that, and three would be those.
Yet in the plural would never be hose; And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But though you say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him;
But imagine the famine, she, shis and shin.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the queerest old language you ever did see.

—Author Unknown.
Nothing New.
From the Bohemian.
"I'm introducing a brand new invention combined talking machine, carpet sweeper and letter opener," said the agent, stepping briskly into an office.
"Got one already," answered the proprietor. "I'm married."

Argentina ranks third in the number of cattle, 29,116,625 head. Russia leads with 31,990,000 head, and the United States follows with 29,000,000 head. The value of Argentina's cattle is \$928,685,834. Argentina is also third in horses, with 7,531,376 head, worth \$205,826,834. Russia has 22,000,000 and United States 21,000,000. Sheep numbered 67,211,754, worth \$287,359,075, exceeded only by Australia's 83,000,000.

Even a whispered call to duty can be heard by a deaf man if there's an obese salary attached.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Hecht

Libby's Food Products

LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK

Contains double the Nutriments and None of the Injurious Bacteria so often found in So-called Fresh or Raw Milk.

The use of Libby's Insures Pure, Rich, Wholesome, Healthful Milk that is Superior in Flavor and Economical in Cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the Purest, Freshest, High-grade Milk Obtained from Selected Carefully Fed Cows. It is pasteurized and then Evaporated, (the water taken out) filled into Bright, New Tins, Sterilized and Sealed Air Tight until You Need It.

Try LIBBY'S and tell your friends how good it is.
Libby, McNeill & Libby CHICAGO

The House of the Black Ring

By F. L. Pattee Copyright, 1905

"Come on. Follow me," he shouted. He fell upon the underbrush for dear life. The one cry of his heart, frantic and wild, was to save her—at any cost. "She mustn't burn! My God! she mustn't burn!" poured from his heart like a mad cry.
The girl, her hand linked into the bridle of the horse, staggered on in the path he was crashing down. A few steps and he stopped abruptly. They were walking directly into the fire. They had struck for the more exposed side of the valley, and the wind driven the flames ahead of them. The other side was their last hope.
"Quick! Turn back!" he yelled. "It's our only chance." They wheeled about like frantic creatures into the opposite direction. He was slashing at the tangle like a giant. Right and left flew the axe smiting and crashing and lopping—the very embodiment of destruction. Once he glanced back and saw the slim figure of the girl wrestling with the horse and the thickets. He caught a glimpse of her face, smoke stained and eager, her glossy hair torn and streaming about it, and his whole soul went up the mad cry, "She shan't burn! My God! she shan't burn!" But the flames were racing before him as he spoke.

There seemed not one chance in a thousand for the fugitives.
CHAPTER X.
THE MILL DOWN FOMAING VALLEY.

After a moment they found themselves by the brook in a place where a deep pool stretched for a distance of some rods. Rose, struggling with the frantic horse, saw nothing. She was crashing through the brush just a step behind Jim, with only one impulse. He, too, had but one impulse; he would reach the rocks and save her, if he had to tear her hand from the reins and bear her through the flames in his arms. She shouldn't perish; she mustn't perish. He would fight for her till he died.
As his eye fell upon the pool in the brook he saw that if they could stand in the water to their necks, there might be a chance. He had heard of such escapes. Then something about the ledge caught his eye.
"This way," he yelled, suddenly. "We can make it. I know where we are." He turned sharply to the left, his ax still flying like a steel maul.

"We can make it—Pomp and all," he shouted over his shoulder exultantly. "Come on!"
And she came on, though the horse reared and lunged, lifting her front feet again and again, and swinging her about in the cruel tangle, tearing her clothes and hands and hair. But she clung fast and kept ever close behind Jim, who was slashing and stamping and springing like a Viking in battle. Ten rods more, and they came to the brook again, but at right angles to its former course.
"Foaming Valley stream," he shouted loudly. "We're out of it; we're in Fomaing Valley, and it's high time."
He was right; it was high time. Swept on by the gale, the flames were leaping like wolves from bush to bush, and scurrying in the dead leaves not two rods behind. A minute more and the roaring cauldron would have been all about them, but they had reached now the mouth of the little valley at an angle from the flame swept funnel.

"Here we are in a regular turnpike!" he shouted. "It can't catch us now. It'll slow up this valley."
They were on the little rocky road, which years before had taken the lumber down to the Cherry Run trail. It was plain sailing now. But the panic still on them, the scurried ahead like rats.
The valley grew narrower. A mat of cherry sprouts, all in full blossom, and of raspberry and blackberry tangle, bound in the road on either side. The ties had begun to decay; the iron rails were thick with rust; and there were places where the gullies widened into the roadbed. The smoke became less and less dense until it was possible to see several rods in advance. The wind was blowing toward the fire and sweeping it in the opposite direction. The valley grew narrower; at length the ridge sides, steep and high, a mere mass of torn stone, drew into a sharp V with the dinkey road raised on trestle work on one side. They passed through with difficulty.

"We're all right now," he announced cheerily. "The fire might back up as far as the Narrows here, but it can't jump through."
"Yes, but we're in a trap." She was looking about her critically.
"I don't think there is any outlet to this valley," he said slowly. "We could get over the right there, but Pomp couldn't. I know where we are now. We were up this way fishing last summer, and I caught a 12-inch trout under the rock at the entrance down there. That's the river where we were the minute I saw it."
"That was a close call, Mr. Farthing—an awfully close call." She was looking down at him with solemn eyes. "I don't think we had over a minute's margin."
"It did look close there one time, didn't it—at least for Pomp?"
"Yes, and for us, too." She drew a long breath. "Well, never mind; we got out of this valley. It's not her way to shudder and live over and over the past danger."
"But we are not out of the woods, though, yet," she went on, looking up at the steep ridges on both sides. "I've got much to do about it. I don't know much about it. I could only get Pomp over that ridge. I know a path all right. 'Spose we could get him over?"
"No, I don't. The only way I see is to leave him here today or two and climb out ourselves."
"Hark! What's that—the fire?" She turned her head and listened intently. She was still sitting on the horse, which recovered from its fright, was cropping the bushes contentedly.

"That's thunder. Hear it? I've been looking for a thunder gust all day and I'm afraid it'll be a hard one, it's been so hot."
Father's got an old mill up here a mile or so, she spoke with sudden decision. Come, let's try for it. Come on."
"All right." They started up the dinkey road, he striding stoutly ahead. There was something strong and masterful and self-reliant about this young man that appealed to her. Unconsciously she watched him—his broad shoulders, his firm set neck, his easy muscular swing; it is always good to see a man. They reached the mill just as the first large drops began to patter on the leaves. It was a ramshackle old structure, a mere roof to shelter the engine and the sawing apparatus. A great tangle of cherry trees and brush hemlocks had sprung up about it, and, mingling with the rhododendron by the stream, concealed it until one was right

upon it. The smoke hung on the ridges like a fog, and the air was a mass of flakes of charred leaves. The rain had not quenched the fire; it was burning as fiercely as ever. The dark came on early. It was evident that black clouds had rolled up again. The wind howled about the old structure, and roared on the ridges. Despair had not yet taken its shower it was a dry, sultry wind, the breath of a week of scorching weather. The fire by the brook was almost unbearably warm, but it was needed for cheer and companionship. It was an excellent chaperon, too, and young Jim kept it going steadily. He sat on an old pine block near it, and she perched precariously on the slab-beap near the door.

The conversation centered about the fire and their escape, they wandered to other fires and other escapes.
"Did you ever hear?" she asked solemnly, "of the time when the fire came down in the night through Heller's Gap and threatened the valley?"
"No."
"And you don't know what stopped it?"
"No. I've never heard of it."
"It got as far as the black ring around the old cabin and didn't cross it."
"And the valley people of course thought it supernatural?"
"Some did."
"But it was all perfectly natural; don't you see it was? That short, green stuff that grows around the cabin don't burn easily."
"What makes it grow there?" She was looking over at him half reprovingly.
"Oh, it's some sort of wild grass. I s'pose it was sowed there some time."
"But why don't the snow lie on it?"
"I haven't seen it, but what if tomorrow's possible that the sun comes in onto it in a curious way and melts it quicker. It's on the south slope, you know, and under the rocks."
"But snow never lies there, even on the north side, no matter how deep it may be elsewhere."
"Oh, that's superstition, pure and simple. The stories about that old house are really laughable."
"But Amos isn't superstitious. He's seen it; and you know about what he heard the other night?"
"Pshaw! You don't seriously believe there's anything supernatural about that old house; now, do you?" He looked over at her laughingly. "I didn't suppose that anybody nowadays really believed in ghosts until I came into the valley here. I never dreamed of such a thing."
"Amos don't believe in 'em."
"No; but it makes all the difference in the world who you're with. He and all the rest of you have been thinking about this thing so long that you're nervous, and you actually imagine you see and hear things."
"But Amos isn't nervous."
"Well, I know this—that every region has got a haunted house, and people you wouldn't think of believing in things can be found by the dozen to say they have seen the ghost. Now, do you know Tom and I watched there three nights running after that last scare and never saw or heard a thing out of the way? It's all superstition, you know, and you know for it."
"Perhaps so," she said doubtfully. Then for some reason a silence fell between them. After a time he glanced shyly in her direction. She was leaning far toward the fire, her elbows in her lap, her chin in her hands, gazing demurely into the flames.

The picture thrilled him the dim background of hemlock and rhododendron in which the shadows played fitfully, the tottering old mill faintly outlined, and the girl with the twilight in her hair. He gazed at her rapt and breathless. It was the moment of moments for confession; the man and maiden miles and miles from all other human life, the steep encircling ridges and the bushes and only they two. A wild impulse seized him, but he crushed it instantly. He would make no avowal now. She was with him wholly by accident it had been against her will. He had the advantage, but he would not use it. Not until he had looked over his love to embarrass her now if he could master himself, and he could. He would seek her some other time when she was free to do her whole will, and he would pour out his heart as a man should.

"Homesick?" he asked, with a suspicion of fun in his voice.
"Not a bit," she said, scornfully. "But think how they are worrying down home. They won't sleep a wink, will they?"
"Can't blame them if they don't, but it's nothing we're to blame for."
"I think I'll go in, now," she said solemnly.
"Good night," he said, and she disappeared.
He threw on more wood and took his place again on the log. For an hour he gazed fixedly into the flames. Another hour and he had not changed his position except to pile on fuel.
(Continued Next Week)

The Harnessing of the Nile.
From the New York Financier.
On the 9th of February the khedive of Egypt officially declared open the Esneh barrage, or dam, across the Nile, thus making effective the most gigantic engineering feat of modern times. This dam is some distance north of the Assuan barrage; the construction work of the Esneh was begun after the Nile flood of 1890, and it was carried forward with an energy which required, at intervals below the Assuan before the time limit of the contract. It was an Anglo-Egyptian government enterprise, labor was cheap and unrestricted and hence uninterrupted progress was made.

The first step in this enterprise was the building of the Assuan reservoir, 750 miles from the sea, which reservoir is capable of impounding two and one-third billion tons of water for delivery at the lower reaches of the river when required; at intervals below the Assuan are smaller barrages to control the water level, and the Esneh is the last of such barriers to be completed. In the dam at Assuan are huge gates that open at the touch of a button; daily a stream from Cairo informs the engineer in charge of the barrage how much water will be needed, the gates are opened and the water flows along the hundreds of miles of river and the thousands of miles of irrigation canals, contributing to the nourishment of the earth and to the deposit of rich mud highly fertilizing vegetation.

One result of the completion of this enterprise will be an enormously increased acreage of the hitherto arid and unproductive area, two crops—one of cotton and sugar will be raised in the summer, and grain in the winter. A thousand years ago the Nile valley was rendered fruitful by floods which overflowed the banks and, subsiding, left their fertilizing deposit; when the overflow was liberal the people feasted; when, however, it failed, there were famines, and since Joseph's day there have been periods of fasting and famine due to the absence of the benefit of the Nile flood. The design of the reservoir and the dam construction was to provide such artificial devices as would always make the Nile dependable for the uses which nature intended to provide for the benefit of the earth. The constructors have not alone realized their expectations, but demonstrated the accuracy of their calculations when the vast work was planned.

For every passenger carried the railroads of this country transport two tons of freight.

Wisdom of Jefferson.
We owe gratitude to France, justice to England, good will toward all, subservience to none.
Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap we should soon want bread.
An equilibrium of agriculture, manufactures and commerce is essential to our independence.
The whole body of the nation is the sovereign legislative, executive and judicial power for itself.
Education is the only sure foundation that can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness.
It is better to keep the wolf out of the fold than to trust to drawing his teeth and claws after he has entered.
The press is the best instrument for enlightening the mind of man and improving him as a rational, moral and social being.

A Famous Townsman.
From the Delinquent.
In the town of G— in one of the southern states, a school teacher was holding a public examination of the pupils, and questioning them on general topics.
Among others, he put the following question, referring to Grover Cleveland: "What celebrated man was born in Buffalo, N. Y.?"
A hardy student went up from the class, and upon the teacher's nodding permission to speak, a boy shouted confidently, "Buffalo Bill."

Green Peas and Mint Salad.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.
One-half pint of cooked peas that have been thoroughly cooled. Arrange on a bed of lettuce, sprinkle over it very finely chopped mint leaves and serve with a French dressing, using the mint vinegar as possible. Garnish with thin slices of boiled carrots.

Good for Sore Eyes.
For over 100 years PETTI'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Promise of Stability.
"The new Cuban republic is inaugurated with some promise of stability," said Charles Cassidy Cook, a New York attorney to a Washington Herald reporter.

During the Spanish war Mr. Cook served in Cuba as a captain of volunteers, and has written much on the political and industrial conditions of the island. In the late Cuban insurrection he was legal counsel for the junta in New York.

"President Gomez is able and popular, his cabinet is to be composed of gentlemen of high character, and the new congress will be made up of distinguished lawyers, successful merchants and astute politicians," continued Captain Cook. "The Cubans as a class are patriotic and law-abiding. There are, however, the chronic revolutionists among them, who, unfortunately, can start an insurrection on slight pretext."

"Yes, there are breakers ahead for the Cuban ship of state. The Cuban politician has our own political worker's penchant for government jobs. The island's supply greatly exceeds the demand; the dissipated office seekers will soon create a storm. Foreign capital invested in Cuba is tempted to foment trouble, believing resultant annexation to the United States will enhance trade and values. The Spanish commercial element will see the agita of our flag and closer business relations with the country. The success of the new administration is dependent upon the influx of foreign capital, profitable employment of the enforced idle, the education of the ignorant masses, the suppression of the many forms of public gambling which devour the meager earnings of the working classes, and increased foreign markets for Cuba's products."

"Our country's industrial and commercial prosperity, as well as Cuba's, would be materially enhanced by a more equitable commercial treaty enabling our merchants and manufacturers to enjoy the bulk of Cuba's foreign purchases now had by Germany, France and England."

Two years is the life of the average spider.

LIGHT BOOZE.
Do You Drink It?
A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me and I could keep awake better."

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days."

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee, for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit."

"I began taking Postum and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but I liked the taste of Postum, and that answered for the breakfast beverage all right."

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.