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A WOMAN.
Ah, she is of our thought and time, And we are vaguely loath to trace Through nights of variant age and clime Her birthright to a servile race. Amid the tumult of our days, Thrilled by the fire of hope and dream, She treads in fearless wise the ways That men had sought and trod supreme. With gladdened eyes she fares, and none Shall check her warm, uplifting soul That sees afar some shining goal Like the new glory of a sun. She feels the exultant sense of life, And battles in the blood of strife; Where men have climbed, her hands shall reach; What men have taught, her tongue shall teach; Sexless in struggle, bold in mind, Fertile in fresh expedient, strong To hold her right against the wrong, To seek what others dare to find, She stands uncowed, unbowed, unbent, The mistress of her high intent.
Yet she is but a woman still, Who weeps as only women weep, Who loves as only women will, And reaps her joys as women reap; Whose mystery, in its sacred stir, Is the inviolate part of her; Whose charm is not of man, but blown Like the wild roses, all her own. Sweetheart and flower of fruitful years, Time cannot rob her of the grace Which burns like love light in her face.—George Edgar Montgomery in Frank Leslie's.

A Ventriloquist Aboard.
"There was a very mad conductor on the eastbound train the other night," said John D. Paterson, a Kansas City man. "The car was crowded, and I shared my seat with a St. Louis drummer, who was bent on having a good time at the expense of his fellow passengers. As the conductor came along a dog under our seat began to snarl viciously. The conductor looked hard at the drummer. 'No dogs allowed in the coaches; take him into the baggage car,' he said. 'Not my dog,' replied the drummer, as he made a vicious kick. The car went howling under the seats the full length of the car. The passengers became interested. The conductor, porter and brakeman made search for him. He continued to run and howl. The passengers joined in the search, but no dog could be found, and the train was finally given up.
"Just as the passengers had settled into a doze the dog set up a heart breaking, ear piercing howl. The search was renewed, but without success. As we pulled into Bunker Hill the dog got under the wheels, and his death song was something appalling. The conductor was overjoyed. He got off and looked for fragments of the dog. The drummer had alighted, and as the conductor called all aboard, he put down his grips and filled that train from engine to sleeper with dog fights. He was a ventriloquist. The conductor was so mad that he forgot to take up tickets for forty miles."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Doctored Its Own Tail.
A small boy gave a lesson in natural history the other day. He brought into the office a species of lizard popularly known as the "swift." Holding the little reptile above his head he let it fall to the floor, with the result that a section of its tail was broken off. Noticing that it was minus a part of its prehensile organ, the swift, after discovering the piece of tail lost, backed slowly up to it, and placing the stub against the piece, held it in contact for a few seconds, and then ran swiftly away with his tail glued together, apparently as sound as ever.
The experiment was repeated several times, with the same result. Swift glue could doubtless be used successfully in sticking dismembered limbs, fingers, etc., together, and we throw out this suggestion to local surgeons for what it is worth.—Ontario Observer.

A New Element in a Mineral.
It is reported that a new element has been recognized in a mineral found in Egypt by Johnson Pasha in 1890. This mineral, first called "Johnsonite," but afterward masrit, consists mainly of aluminum, manganese, cobalt and iron, in combination with sulphuric acid. It dissolves in water and yields on treatment with sulphuric hydrogen in an acetic acid solution a white precipitate, from which a pure hydroxide was prepared.—New York Journal.

She Did and She Didn't.
When you save a lady from being killed in a runaway and she says "Thanks," she really means, "The next time you do anything of that sort please don't mess the lace on my dress." If she really felt any sense of gratitude she would exclaim, "Call around and I'll introduce you to my youngest sister."—Detroit Tribune.

It Did Seem Strange.
Excited Lady (on the beach)—Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't you do—
Coast Guard (hurriedly)—We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum.
Excited Lady—Good gracious! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?—New York Observer.

If the Earth Was Frozen.
If this globe were cooled down to 200 degs. below the zero of centigrade it would be covered with a sea of liquefied gas thirty-five feet deep, of which about seven feet would be liquid oxygen.—London Spectator.

The boa and its allies are entirely confined to America, Australia and the tropical Pacific islands. The pythons, on the other hand, are mostly from the Old World.
In Persia the umbrella was of ancient royal distinction. In Hindostan the title of "chattrapati" signifies "lord of the umbrella, or shade of state."
There are about 55,000 tons of soot recovered from the chimneys of London every year, which yield an annual revenue of nearly \$235,000.
There was snow in many parts of Iowa and Illinois on May 11, 1878, and again as late as May 23, 1882.

Why They Beg Newspapers.
Begging newspapers seems to be one of the occupations of Gotham's small boy, and according to one of these trichins a good revenue is derived from the business. The practice is known as "Canada business." A gang of eight or ten boys besiege the entrance to the bridge and elevated road every morning and keep an argus eye on all persons carrying newspapers. They stretch out their arms asking for the newspapers and often pull them out of the hands of passers by.
The "newsies" are very persistent, and occasionally get into little snarls with dyspeptic persons who get down town in bad humor. The temper of these people might be intensified did they know that, according to a confession of one of the boys, a newsdealer of a speculative turn of mind originally put the boys up to the practice they follow. If the newspapers are too much soiled to sell, the boys turn them over to the speculator, who holds them in reserve, paying the boys a pittance and then realizing full value by handing them over to the respective newspapers as "return" and getting copies of the current date for them.
The youngsters have learned his method though, and most of them do their own "returning" as well as "begging" now. The practice is bad every way, as it is fast converting the little hustlers into indolent beggars.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"All's Well That Ends Well."
The Scotch, with unconscious absurdity, sometimes talk of "tempting Providence." In writing "All's Well That Ends Well," Shakespeare was "tempting" the higher criticism. Ever since the days of Zenodotus in Alexandria the higher criticism has revealed in "atheizing," or marking as spurious, this part of an author's work because it is "not in his style," a third portion because it is a repetition of something he has said elsewhere, and so on, till in Homer there are few lines to which some German or some Alexandrian Greek has not urged objections. To similar exercises of idle ingenuity has "All's Well That Ends Well" been exposed.
When Lucian met Homer in the Fortunat islands, he asked the poet which of the rejected passages were really his own. "All and every one of them," answered the shade; and Shakespeare's ghost might have made as inclusive a response to critical inquiries. Yet "All's Well" is certainly a play full of difficulties and enigmas. It was first printed in the folio of 1623, and very badly printed it was. None of the drama contains so many passages that appear to be corrupt; none is so rich in the unimpeachable; none so open to conjectural emendation.—Andrew Lang in Harper's.

Crafty Master Fox.
A fox was one day seen coming out of a pile of stones near the water side. He hid in the heather for awhile and then pushed out something on the water, which proved to be a bunch of moss. The wind took it into the middle of the lake and blew it past some ducks sitting on the surface.
Having watched his venture for perhaps ten minutes with apparent satisfaction, and observed that it neared the ducks without arousing their suspicions, our friend began to collect another and larger bunch of moss, which he allowed to float in the same direction, but this time he swam behind it, taking care to show only his eyes and nose above water.
Just as it was passing the group of ducks he made a sudden dive, pulled down a bird and swam back to shore under water. Arrived there he carried the duck to the pile of stones, where his wife and daughter were no doubt waiting for the fruits of his labors.—"Forty-five Years of Sport."

Immunity for the Fireflies.
Birds do not eat fireflies, and even bats, which seem to eat everything else that they can chew or swallow, never touch a lightning bug. There must be something distasteful in this insect to the feathered world, and thus the species is preserved, for if it were not so lightning bugs would soon become extinct, as the torch they carry would only serve the purpose of attracting their enemies.
It may be that the uncanny appearance of the insect, giving forth as it does a brilliant flash of light every moment or two, deters birds and bats from attacking it, but if a lightning bug were a toothsome morsel to a bird's bill, any number of the feathered world would soon overcome their repugnance to the little living torch and go hunting for lightning bugs.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wild Horses in Russia.
In the steppes of Russia, where wolves abound and the horses lead a wild life and have to shift for themselves, it is said that a young colt will sometimes be made so furious by the persecutions of his enemies that he will rush wildly among a drove of wolves and bite and strike until he has slaughtered a large number of them. These horses are exceptionally fierce, rendered so, it is supposed, by the extreme variations in the climate. At one time of the year they suffer from the intense heat of a tropical sun and at another they live among raging snowstorms and extreme cold.—Washington Star.

He Lets the Tailor Whistle.
Cobble—Widner is the strangest fellow about some things. He wears a twenty-five cent necktie with a fifty dollar suit and thinks he is saving money.
Stone—Well he does, doesn't he?
Cobble—I don't see how.
Stone—He has to pay for the necktie. —Clothing and Furnisher.

Thoughtless Characterization.
Many a man is called a corker by his convivial friends, when, as a matter of fact, he is mainly an uncorker.—Philadelphia Press.

A Drowning Man's Experience.
To prevent any person from interfering with my design I jumped into the river late in the afternoon Friday. No one appeared to be about at the time. When I struck the water I immediately sank, going down and down, and yet being carried forward until I thought I would never again arise. A sound roared through my head; it seemed to me it would burst. I opened my mouth and attempted to breathe, being unable to endure the pressure longer, but the water rushed in and I closed my mouth. I was again compelled to open it. More water entered. The feeling was horrible.
Just when I thought all was over I reached the surface of the water about fifty feet from the shore and 100 feet from where I had jumped in. Near by was a steamboat on which stood a man with a long pole with an iron hook on the end. It took only a second to see those things, and in fact I had just time to get one breath when I again sank with my mouth open. My past life flashed before me, and I was again a child. The picture of my father and mother stood out in bold relief. I reached out my hand to them. The roaring of the water sounded like the sweetest of music. Suddenly I saw light and thought I was in paradise. A large green field covered with roses and other flowers, whose fragrance I could smell, came in view. I felt as if I was being borne up by some winged messenger whom I could not see, but whose presence I could feel.
I remembered nothing more until I felt a rough jerk. My rescuer had succeeded in fastening the boathook in my clothing. As my body was being pulled from out of the water the picture changed; instead of paradise, the place in which the devil dwells, with all its fires and swarming with hideous, red dressed creatures and other things, presented themselves in my mind, only to again quickly disappear and leave me in darkness. When I came to I was surprised to learn I had been unconscious. Every muscle in my body pained me, but my brain was perfectly clear. Drowning, after the first stages are past, is pleasant.—St. Louis Republic.

Andirons as Ornaments.
Genuine antique andirons are comparatively rare in New York, and they are for the most part of simple design, although ornate in detail often. The very earliest andirons were of wrought iron, and few of them have come down to this century, especially in America. One characteristic of early forms was the curved top, ending in a diamond shaped mass of iron, from 1 1/2 to 3 inches in diameter. The goat's foot, not with divided hoof, however, is a common characteristic of early form, in brass as well as iron.
When the andiron was developed as an ornament, small andirons, called creepers, came to be used with the large ones. The latter were for show; the creepers were to hold the logs, and perhaps to prevent them rolling out upon the floor. The creepers were of wrought iron, with front only ten or twelve inches high, curving into a ball. Later they were used alone in small fireplaces and imitated and elaborated in brass. They are not uncommon at the antique shops, and they are exactly imitated in wrought iron by modern manufacturers and sold at from \$1.50 to \$3 a pair. Another comparatively early form is a wrought iron strip with simply wrought iron feet and a brass knob at the top.—New York Sun.

One of Labouchere's Stories.
One of Labouchere's stories about the admiralty and the way "My Lords" conduct their labors at Whitehall is as follows:
A few years ago a gun was lost by bursting in the Sea of Marmora, and upon reading the report of the admiral in command of the fleet "My Lords" were moved to telegraph to ask whether there was any chance of the muzzle of the gun being recovered. The answer was that in view of the fact that the gun had been lost in eighty fathoms of water, nearly out of sight of land, where no cross bearings could have been taken, the likelihood of its recovery was very remote. Thereupon "My Lords" wanted to know why no engineer's accounts had been sent in from the vessel in question, but they replied that the ship had been for ten years a sailing ship!—Cor. New York World.

Athletics in a Theater.
On one occasion during Mrs. Langtry's tenancy of the St. James' theater, athletic sports were held on the stage after the evening performance, in which not only the members of the company, but also Mrs. Langtry and her sister took part. One rather novel event, which was confined to the stage hands, was a race from the stage to the gallery, in the center of which Mrs. Langtry's handkerchief had been suspended. This was awarded to the fortunate winner, together with a substantial monetary addition.—London Tit-Bits.

Snakes That Climb Trees.
Those pit vipers without rattles which belong to the Old World (Trimeresuri) are Indian, and a dozen different species are given and described by Mr. Boulenger. They are robust snakes, with rather short tails, which can strongly grasp, and thus they are enabled to climb about trees which form their natural habitat.—Quarterly Review.

Perfumes Sometimes Injurious.
As a rule whatever perfume is unpleasant to the individual should be avoided, but as exceptions occur to every rule, nervousness or debility which cannot be accounted for may sometimes be explained by the use of a well known perfume.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Charming Tribute.
"Papa," said a little girl who had been getting a great many satisfactory answers to a great many questions, "what's the use of our having a dictionary in the house while you are here?"—Harper's Bazar.

Every Month
many women suffer from Excessive or Scant Menstruation; they don't know who to confide in to get proper advice. Don't confide in anybody but try
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CATHOLIC—St. Paul's Church, 1/2 block between Fifth and Sixth, Father Canney, Pastor. Services: Mass 8 and 10:30 A. M., Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.
CHRISTIAN—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening, Elder A. H. Galloway pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.
EPISCOPAL—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.
GERMAN METHODIST—Corner Sixth St. and Granite. Rev. H. P. Foster, pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Sunday School 10:30 A. M.
PRESBYTERIAN—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 A. M., 5:30 P. M.
The Y. R. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.
FIRST METHODIST—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl. Rev. F. B. Brant, pastor. Services: 11 A. M., 8:00 P. M., Sunday School 9:30 A. M., Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.
GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev. White, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday School 9:30 A. M.
SWEDISH CONGREGATIONAL—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.
COLORED BAPTIST—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Roswell, pastor. Services 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Waterman block, Main St., pastor. Meeting for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE—Rev. J. M. Wood, Pastor. Services: Sunday School 10 A. M.; Preaching, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.