SCIATIC TORTURE

PAIN SUFFERED BY MR. MARSTON AS GREAT AS MORTAL CAN STAND.

For Six Months He Could Not Turn in Bed—He Tells of a Remedy Which Has Given Perfect Relief.

The case of Mr. Marston shows that sciatica can be cured, and no one afflicted by it should allow himself to be disheartened. He was first stricken about a year ago, and for six months he suffered pain which he thinks the most intense that any man could possibly stand.

Asked about the details of his remarkable recovery, Mr. Marston gave the following account: "I was attacked by a numbness or dull feeling just back of my right hip. I didn't know what the matter was, but thought it was simply a stiffness that would wear away in a short time. It didn't, however, and soon the pain became so very bad that every step was torture for me. When I finally succeeded in getting home, it was just as much as I could do to get my room and get to bed.

"The doctor was sent for, and when he had examined me he said I had sciatica. He prescribed for me, and advised me not to try to leave my bed. The advice was unnecessary for I couldn't get out of bed if I wanted to. It was impossible for me to turn from one side to the other. The moment I attempted to move any part of my body, the pain became so excruciating that I would have to lie perfectly motionless.

"I suffered this torture for six months without getting any relief. Then I discharged the doctor, and on the advice of a friend I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began to take them, three at a dose, three times a day. I was determined to give them a thorough trial.

"Two months after I began to use them I was able to leave my bed and walk about the house, and a month later I was entirely cured and able to go about my work as usual. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine I ever used, and I heartily recommend them to anyone who suffers from sciatica."

Mr. Marston is a prosperous farmer and may be reached by mail addressed to Charles P. Marston, Hampton P. O., New Hampshire. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many other painful nervous disorders, such as neuralgia, partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. They are sold by all druggists.

Masculine Inconsistency.

Some men, who take the fidgets at the prospect of an hour in a church pew, can sit all night on a nail keg at a card game.—Dallas News.

Shake in Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Easily Explained.

"Why, Mary, how did you break that pretty plate?" exclaimed the mother of a pretty four-year-old to her daughter. "Why, I'll show you, mamma, it was just like this," and she took up another bit of china from the table she gave a practical demonstration by letting it dash into a thousand pieces on the hardwood floor of the dining room.

Child's Appeal to Satan.

Dean Pigou tells in his new book of anecdotes the story of the little girl who was much upset by a maiden aunt, and posted in a hole in the garden a letter in these terms: "Dear Mr. Satan—Will you kindly come and take away Aunt Jane? She is a very fussy person and does worry so. Yours affectionately, Alice."

Fines a Dead Man.

A man arrested in Sinapore, Bengal, died before his case could be heard, but the local magistrate nevertheless tried and convicted and fined the dead man, and then ordered the heirs, his nephews, to pay the fine. The High Court has reversed the judgment.

The Ideal Maid.

Oh, do not paint her charms to me, I know that she is fair; I know her lips might tempt the bee, and her form's beyond compare. Such natural gifts I do not prize, my heart they cannot win; the girl I love has squinty eyes—but her father's got the tin.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Ways That Are Pleasant and Paths That Are Peace.

It is the simple life that gives length of days, serenity of mind and body and tranquility of soul.

Simple hopes and ambitions, bounded by the desire to do good to one's neighbors, simple pleasures, habits, food and drink.

Men die long before their time because they try to crowd too much into their experiences—they climb too high and fall too hard. A wise woman writes of the good that a simple diet has done her:

"I have been using Grape-Nuts for about six months. I began rather sparingly, until I acquired such a liking for it that for the last three months I have depended upon it almost entirely for my diet, eating nothing else whatever, but Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I believe I could eat it for dinner with fruit and be satisfied without other food, and feel much better and have more strength to do my housework.

"When I began the use of Grape-Nuts I was thin and weak, my muscles were so soft that I was not able to do any work. I weighed only 108 pounds. Nothing that I ate did me any good. I was going down hill rapidly, was nervous and miserable, with no ambition for anything. My condition improved rapidly after I began to eat Grape-Nuts food. I am a new woman; my muscles got solid, my figure rounded out, my weight increased to 126 pounds in a few months, my nerves grew steady and my brain clearer. My friends tell me they haven't seen me look so well for years.

"I consider Grape-Nuts the best food on the market, and shall never go back to meats and white bread again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

CHAPTER XXIV.

Zeney, who had little liking for the Spanish beauty, now took herself off, and the two girls soon went down stairs together, to see the Count de Cazeneau, whom, feeble and emaciated, they found lying back among the pillows of his chair.

On the floor, near the count's chair, were two sacks, which both girls saw were the counterparts of those brought to Gen. La Roche's house that same morning, and an old negro—one who seemed trusted in his master's affairs—was on his knees, having just finished tying the mouth of one of them.

His master then, as Lazalie and Rose entered the room, making a motion for him to desist, he had subsided to the floor, apparently waiting for the call to be ended, and Mademoiselle de Cazeneau felt that her grandfather was desirous that his visitors should leave him.

This they did, and were half way across the first field, when Lazalie put an arm about the shoulder of the slight figure beside her.

"Little Rose, when I found you I saw you had been crying, and I've been wondering about it ever since. Will you not tell me what has been troubling you?"

Rose, lifting a pair of earnest eyes to the dark, brilliant face, asked, "Tell me, Lazalie, have you known Capt. Jean long?"

Lazalie came to a halt and her lids narrowed as they dropped over her sparkling eyes, from which all laughter was gone.

"Known him long? Yes, and no. I doubt if any soul, even those nearest him, can claim truthfully to know that man. I lived for many years in my uncle's house, where Capt. Jean also lived; that is, he came and went. But, for the last three years, I've not seen him until this morning."

Something in her tone—something in her face—her manner, caused a suspicion to flash through Mademoiselle

you from the Choctaws?" asked Lazalie, now surprised in turn.

Mademoiselle de Cazeneau nodded, but seemed disinclined to enter into details and fortune favored her in this, for Lazalie said, "There is Capt. Jean now."

He was coming across the fields toward them, apparently on his way to Kanauhana. But, just as they noticed him he took a sharp turn to the left, in the direction of the timber, where, at the edge of the woods, two men stood as if waiting his approach. One of them was Shapira, the other an Indian with a long gun, and his companion was Baptistine.

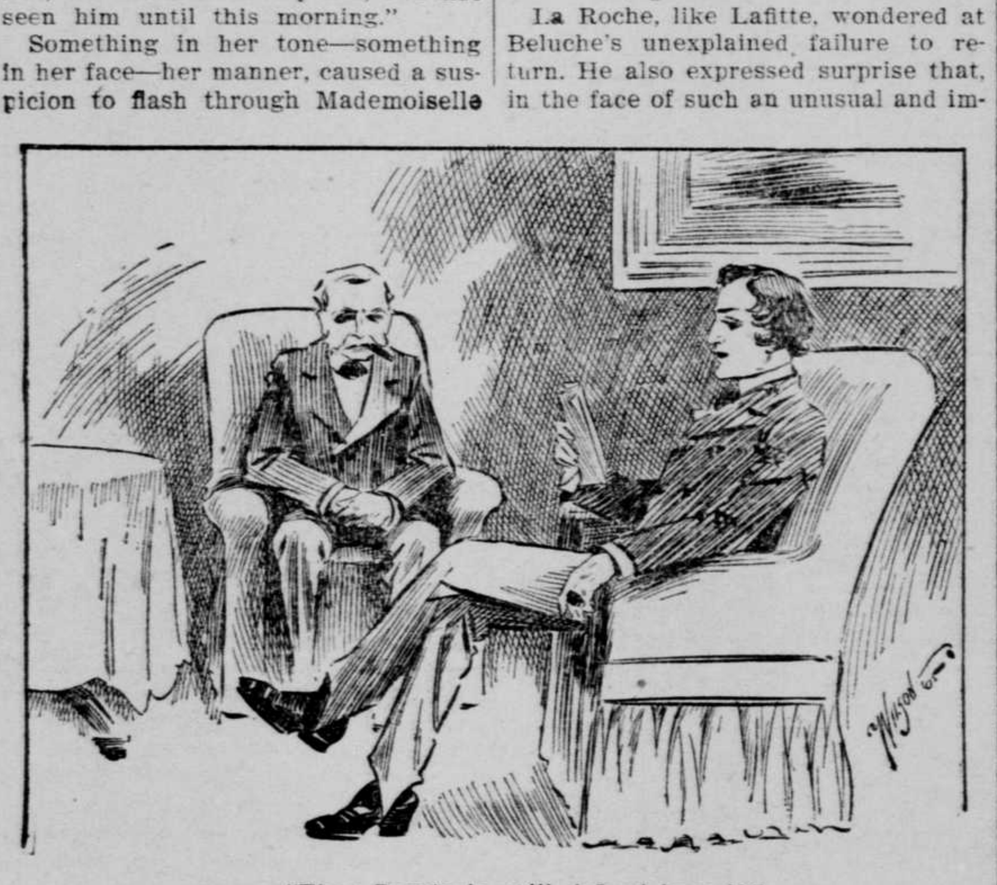
"That man with the gun is the one from whom grandpere rented our new plantation," said Rose, as the two girls, walking slowly, watched Lafitte's tall figure approaching the waiting men. "I wonder where he lives. He is always about the fields and woods, yet there is no house for many miles, except Gen. La Roche's and the one at Kanauhana."

Far in the depths of the wood upon whose edge Shapira and Baptistine stood, and upon the domain of Kanauhana, was the entrance to the so-called "Colonneh."

It was apparently nothing more than a ragged fissure of earth, choked by vines and tangled forest growths, and suggesting only the lair of a wild beast or deadly serpent. But, some years before, an Indian had imparted its secret to Lafitte, and Shapira's deceased uncle, the former owner of Kanauhana, had been one of Barataria's most faithful agents.

Gen. La Roche and Lafitte had held a long consultation, during which the latter had told his host of the recent visit from the English officers; of their proposition and of Beluche's departure for New Orleans for the purpose of laying the Baratarian offer before the governor.

La Roche, like Lafitte, wondered at Beluche's unexplained failure to return. He also expressed surprise that, in the face of such an unusual and im-



"Then Barataria will defend herself."

de Cazeneau's mind, impelling her to say, before realizing that she had uttered the words, "Lazalie, do you love, or hate, Capt. Jean?"

Lazalie turned so fiercely that her small companion was startled and, regretting her query, hastened to say, "You speak kindly of him, yet your eyes seem to hold no kindness for him. I myself—do you know, I really dread him. I cannot tell why to think about the man; for Zeney says it was not Capt. Jean who killed men and burned their ships, and was a wicked pirate, but that these things were done by another man, whom Capt. Jean was with, and who is now dead."

"Did Zeney tell you the name of this other man—this wicked captain, who did such cruel things?" inquired Lazalie, with assumed carelessness, and the red, sullen glow of a sudden fire in the dark eyes now staring straight ahead.

"Oh, yes; he was called Capt. Laro."

Rose was startled by a peculiar laugh from Lazalie, whose face was still turned away. But the hardening curve of the red under lip, to be seen in profile, told her that she had said something to affect the Spanish beauty unpleasantly.

She could not help feeling uneasy, and after a short silence added, with the wish to say something which might give no offense, "Is it not rather odd that it was this very Capt. Laro who brought my mother over from France?"

Lazalie's face had regained much of its usual expression, and Mademoiselle de Cazeneau, feeling somewhat reassured, slipped her hand within the rounded arm of her friend.

"And my mother told me of such a handsome boy who was in the place with them that night—one this Capt. Laro said he was as fond of as an own son."

A curious look was in the black eyes that glanced sidewise as Lazalie asked, "What was the name of this wonderful boy?"

"That I do not know; my mother never thought to mention it."

Lazalie laughed. "Shall I tell you his name?"

"You! How can you possibly know it?"

"I happen to know, because I have heard the same tale from my uncle, who knew this boy at that time. The boy is now known to you as Capt. Jean Lafitte!"

"Capt. Lafitte!" was the amazed, half incredulous exclamation.

"Capt. Jean Lafitte!" repeated Rose de Cazeneau. "And yet," she added, as if trying to grasp the wonderful fact, "he told me, when he brought me to my grandpere, that he had never seen my mother, though he had met her in New Orleans."

Lazalie nodded.

"Was it Capt. Jean who brought

portant event, he had not been sent for by the governor, with whom his relations, both personal and official, were very close, and who, he felt assured, would not decide the matter upon his own responsibility.

"I must go to the city this afternoon or to-morrow morning, at the latest," Lafitte had said, when the consultation was ended, and the clock on the mantel of his study had, by chiming twelve, caused Lafitte to rise, saying that he must go over to Kanauhana, and see Count de Cazeneau.

He was back within an hour, but saw nothing of Mademoiselle de Cazeneau until they all were seated at dinner, when young Stewart was giving a lively account of something that had occurred that forenoon, while he was hunting.

The story created considerable laughter, and Lafitte, noticing the softened look and gracious manner of the Island Rose toward himself, ascribed them, as well as the fearless glances with which she met his eyes, to an entirely wrong cause.

They would have made him very happy, being so like those he had formerly known, had it not been for the belief that love for another man was now tempering her feeling and attitude toward himself, just as the reality of his own hopeless love was giving his bearing toward Lazalie a gentleness he had never before accorded the girl, and which, despite her cool reception of his advances, brought a brighter color to her cheeks, and awakened in her heart a strange thrill of hope.

The effect of Zeney's defense of Lafitte, and Lazalie's surprising information that he was the boy whom her mother knew, had, taken in connection with her own former admiration for him, greatly shaken Rose's recent prejudices, and, with strange inconsistency, she felt hurt because he was unable to realize this alteration in her feelings.

From pain, she soon passed to anger, the exact source or nature of which she could scarcely have analyzed. But its immediate effect was that she entered into a seeming flirtation with the young Kentuckian, who was only too pleased to respond.

All this furnished a new and singular illustration of lovers blindness—these four "playing at cross purposes" and wilfully misunderstanding one another; while, beaming upon them from the head of the table, was Gen. La Roche, his eyes and heart filled with unsuspected admiration and love for the beautiful Spanish girl who—so far as could be inferred from appearances—regarded him simply as her friend and banker.

Just as dinner was over, a mud-bespattered negro and horse appeared before the door, and the former brought a letter from Gov. Claiborne to Gen. La Roche, going his immediate presence in New Orleans.

"Why, you black scoundrel!" thundered the general, his face ablaze with wrath, after he had read the letter and glanced again at its date, "this is five days old and should have reached me four days ago!"

The frightened messenger looked woefully at his left arm, which was in a sling, and explained that, a short distance from New Orleans, down by the little Bayou d'Or, his horse had fallen and broken a leg, while he himself, pitching over the animal's head, had been stunned and lay until found by some negroes living in a cabin near by, who had bandaged his arm and shot his horse.

"Come inside with me, while I make ready to start," said La Roche to Lafitte, after ordering his horse to be saddled; "I want a few words with you."

When in his own room, he handed the letter to Lafitte, and fuming about, lit a cigar, while giving instructions to his valet in a most impatient manner that bespoke mental disturbance.

The governor had written him that, having received, from an unexpected quarter, a proposal promising valuable support for the defense of New Orleans, he had called a meeting of officials and prominent men of the city, at which he—the general—was urged to be present.

"I see," said Lafitte, after perusing the letter, "that the conference was to have taken place two evenings ago."

"Yes—damn it!" replied La Roche, rousing from his abstraction. "But I doubt if Claiborne takes any decisive action before I can get to him."

"You think, then, that there can be no doubt of Barataria's offer meeting with favor?"

"How can there be?" was the dogmatically put question. "Claiborne will not be so foolish—so lacking in foresight, at such a time as this. But," now showing a little anxiety, "even should he refuse, you will not go over to the British?"

The flash of Lafitte's eyes would have been sufficient answer to this. But he said quietly, "In such case I shall remain neutral."

"And if the British attack Barataria?" suggested La Roche.

"Then Barataria will defend herself."

(To be continued.)

FASTEST OF ALL SKATERS.

Nobody Ever Equaled the Speed Shown by Johnson, Tom Eck Declares.

"Without any doubt whatever, the fastest man that ever put on a skate in the world was John S. Johnson of Minneapolis."

Tom Eck, the veteran trainer, made this bold statement.

"Johnson," he continued, "skated a quarter of a mile in twenty-eight seconds at Red Bank, N. J., from a standing start. That is the fastest performance on skates the world has ever seen. Another great performance by Johnson was three-quarters of a mile, on a circular track, in 1:54 from a standing start. Moreover, this was on made ice, which is not as good as lake ice.

"In his quarter in twenty-eight seconds Johnson traveled fifteen and five-sevenths yards a second. I am compiling skating records, and I find that this performance of Johnson's eclipses any other for sustained speed.

"Peter Oustland covered 1,500 metres in 2:22 3-5 on Mount Davos, Switzerland. He had the advantage of rarefied air and fine ice. This and Japeden's 5,000 metres in 8:41 are the fastest skating performances ever done in Europe; but neither represents the speed attained by Johnson."

Depended Upon the Appropriation.

Senator Cullom says there were no weather maps and no weather science when he was a younger man. To these new-fangled notions he ascribes the increased volume of modern talk about the weather. In fact, he thinks we should have much less weather were it not for the government's scientific meteorologists.

"The lack of foundation for weather talk," said he in conversation about the cold wave, "reminds me of a Chicago man who came here years ago in behalf of an appropriation for some health project in that city.

"'Pleuro-pneumonia,' said he, easily, 'is just sweeping through Chicago.'

"'Oh, no,' I answered. 'You can't mean that severe cases of pneumonia are prevalent now in Chicago.'

"'Well,' he explained, 'they will be if we don't secure this appropriation.'"—Washington Post.

All to Be Renounced.

Prof. Duncan Campbell Lee, formerly head of the Cornell department of oratory, is an Adonis in form, a Chesterfield in manner and a Beau Brummell in attire. His one-time colleague, Morse-Stephens, could readily obtain employment as a dime museum fat man did he not find history more lucrative. Finally Prof. Harry Powers of the same institution, though one of the most genial of men, was nothing less than Mephistophelian in appearance. Coming down the compus one day this striking trio passed two ladies, one of whom was evidently a stranger being shown the local sights. Her companion was about to explain, "Those were professors——"

"Professors, indeed!" interrupted the visitor. "I should call them the world, the flesh and the devil."—New York Times.

200 Persons Over 70 Years of Age.

A canvass of the city and township just made by George Phillips, an old resident, to ascertain how many persons were living at the age of seventy years and upward, found 200—viz.: males, 95; females, 105.

The oldest person found was Mrs. Emily Cattlen, colored, aged 99 years. Quite a large number were born in this city and vicinity.—Salem Correspondence Cleveland Leader.

Wheels Used as Alarm Bells.

Locomotive drive wheels can still make a racket, even after having been worn out for traveling purposes. The railroads give them to small towns as fire alarm bells. They are framed and hung up for that purpose—being capable of alarming a wide territory when properly pounded. Most of the smaller towns in New Jersey have them.

Made Social Exile and Outcast by His Umbrella

Sad Plight of Truly Good Man Forced to Seek Refuge in Den of Iniquity on the Sabbath Day.

This is a faithful narration of the adventures of a Newark man who was, for a time, made a social exile, an outcast, by his umbrella. All doors that he approached were closed to him, even those of his home. It happened in this wise:

The man works hard on Saturdays, late into the night, and when he he arises and breakfasts on Sunday he feels the need of out-door air. This air he will have, no matter what the weather.

He was seen two or three weeks ago knee deep in the snow, floundering stolidly along, bent on getting his exercise and driving the fag and cobwebs from his brain. But last Sunday it was raining, an icy sleet filled the air, and the man raised his umbrella and the little pellets pattered on it like the rain on the garret roof.

After he had gone a mile or so he found that the hand that held the umbrella was getting tired. He was a nervous man and he wondered if he was developing rheumatism or if incipient paralysis was upon him.

The lameness soon extended throughout his arm, even unto the shoulder, and at last the man realized that the umbrella was getting very heavy. But he went on with his walk, since no bodily discomfort could divert him from his constitutional.

At last the man could not hold the umbrella in his hand and had to let the shaft rest upon his shoulder. Still he plodded stubbornly on, until he reached the outskirts of the city. Then he thought he would take a car back to his home, and that was when his troubles really began.

He hurried over to a car with his umbrella sagging about his head, his progress much impeded by its weight. He put one foot on the car step and started to let down his umbrella. He wrestled with it until the conductor said some harsh things, gave the motorman the bell and left the man standing in the street wrestling with the umbrella.

It had as complete a roof of ice as any Esquimau's house in the farthest North, or anywhere else. The roof glistened as if made of glass. The man exerted all his strength, but the ribs simply bent under the strain and the coating of ice was not so much as cracked.

The man strode on for a few blocks, thinking. He came to a little notion store where they sell newspapers, and thought he would go inside and thaw out the umbrella, but after an ineffectual struggle to get inside the door he gave it up and walked on.

The situation was getting serious. He tried another place, a harbor of refuge, as it was a Sunday school and the children within were singing joyous hymns that brought him a feeling of comfort, as if here at last he would surely find help out of his odd misfortune.

But here again he could not enter. There was no double door and the umbrella absolutely refused to be crushed through the narrow door space.

Further on down the street he came upon two or three children playing on a stoop and he told them he would give them ten cents for a can of hot water. They looked at him as if they thought he was crazy. He raised the ante to a quarter. Then one of the boys asked him if it wasn't a can of beer he wanted.

This was too much for the man, for he is strictly temperance, and if he had not been, the thought of patronizing a saloon on Sunday would have been utterly abhorrent. So he took up his tramp again.

The umbrella's weight seemed to increase with every step, until the man felt as if he was literally carrying the roof of his house over his head. He got out his jackknife and tried to scale the ice off, but could not accomplish much, so afraid was he of cutting through the cloth.

Once he was on the point of slitting the cover and removing it to throw into the gutter, but a glance at the gold handle deterred him. There was an inscription on the handle, telling how the umbrella had been presented by a body of grateful employes. The man knew that his whole factory looked to him to carry that umbrella on every stormy day and that to appear at the factory on the next rainy day without it would make talk.

He wished the umbrella was anywhere but where it was, and had he been a swearing man he would have cursed the luck that made him take that particular rain shield from the stand in his hallway when he started out.

When he got within a quarter of a mile of his home the umbrella seemed to weigh at least fifteen pounds. He was fairly out of breath and desperate. He knew when he got home he would be no better off than he was out of doors, for he could not get the thing into his house and his house has no areaway along which he might have carried it to the back yard.

Just then he saw a gleam of warm light over the green curtain hung in a saloon window. He hesitated. Then his eyes fell upon the sign "Side Entrance" upon a door.

The door was double. He pushed, in fact half fell against it, and both sides fell open. His qualms of conscience were stilled now, and he marched, dragging his icebound umbrella behind him.

The few men in the saloon looked up in surprise when they saw him enter, and there was a faint attempt to escape, for the men recognized him as a prominent church worker and they feared he was out on a little tour of his own to gather information against violators of the Sunday law. But the man pulled himself together sufficiently to say that he had sought a warm place in which to thaw out his umbrella, and the bartenders and every one else saw that he was much more uneasy than they were, so they let it pass.

In less than three minutes the ice slid from the umbrella in great sheets and the man gave the head bartender a quarter for the muss he had made on the floor. He says that was the most uncomfortable walk he ever took in his life, and that the next time he goes for his Sunday walk in a storm he'll wear a mackintosh and let it go at that.—New York Sun.

Identity Made Very Plain

"You will have to be identified before I can pay you the money on this check," said the paying teller of the bank.

"Ain't the check good?" asked the man on the other side of the window.

"Oh, the check's all right, but I don't know you. You must be identified, that is all."

"What's that?"

"You've got to get someone that knows you and knows me to come here and tell me you're the man this check is made out to."

The man took the check and with a puzzled expression on his face left the bank. Half an hour later the unidentified man returned.

"The man what give me the check," he said, "can't come, but he sent this, and says for you to give me the money."

He held up a large sheet of paper. On it was a pencil tracing of the outline of a man's hand. The chart showed a first finger cut off below the knuckle and the second finger missing, all except a mere stub.

The paying teller eyed the sketch curiously. Below it was written: "This is the best I can do. I can't come over, and the man can't write, so I cannot O K his signature. The man has an anchor tattooed on his right forearm and powder marks on the lobe of his left ear. He smells of whisky and can lick any man in your bank with one hand tied behind him." The note was signed by the writer of the check. The teller was able to recognize the signature.

"Hold up your hand," he said.

The man laid his hand over the tracing on the paper and it fitted perfectly, mutilations and all.

"Show me the anchor," said the teller.

The blue-tinted emblem of hope appeared. The powder marks were in evidence, and the air was burdened with a heavy odor of whisky.

"Here's your money," said the teller. "You needn't try to lick anybody. You're sufficiently identified."—Chicago News.

The World's Medical Heroes

For the "Hall of Fame" twenty-nine names were selected in 1900, none of which was that of a physician, and this year twenty-six more will be named. Among the great men who have influenced American life for good and advanced the cause of civilization there can be no doubt with the considerate that medicine has furnished as many as any other calling or profession. Why, then, were medical men excluded? Simply because of the traditional failure on the part of the world to recognize the value of professional life to the community. This blindness should be done away with. The Western Medical Review proposes to nominate five medical heroes for the honors in the ballotings of 1905 for the Hall of Fame, and gives the names of Rush, Ramsay, Warren, Sims and Holmes. The suggestion occurs that it might be better for the professional voters to limit their ballotings, and choose two, or at most three, physicians to honor. Warren, it seems, should be the first named, as the discovery of anesthesia has lessened human suffering, and at the same time advanced science immeasurably. As the John the Baptist of the gospel of protection against infectious diseases, Holmes deserves the gratitude of Americans and of the world.—American Medicine.

Sighing of the Children

(One million seven hundred and fifty thousand children between the ages of 5 and 15 toil in the mines and factories of this country.)

Have you heard the Cry of the Children,
The pitiful wail of the Little Ones?
Out of the mines and the workshops,
Out of the slums and the alleys,
Where cold and famine and fever,
Where cruel neglect and oppression
Rob life of its joy and sunshine,
And change its bright Spring into Winter.

Oh, the heartrending Cry of the Children,
Rising up in chorus pathetic,
A dirge and a dead march of childhood,
Appealing to men and to angels,
And crying aloud unto heaven
For judgment against the oppressors!
Oh, the sorrow and anguish and heartbreak
In the pitiful wail of the children!

Oh, list to the plea of the children,
The moan and the sigh of the innocent,
Their voiceless yet eloquent prayer,
From the death-breeding slums of the city,
From the danger and dark of the coal mines,
From the hovels of vice and of squalor,
Where blows and chidings and curses
Take the place of love and caresses.

"We hunger in God's land of plenty,
We languish for love and for kindness,
We sicken and die in the darkness
With no one to help or to pity;
We toil in the mills and the coal mines
Like slaves, in the glad days of childhood,
We long for the fields and the flowers
To ramble about in the woodland.
Yet we sicken and die in the alleys!
Oh, merciful God and His angels
Have pity where man has no pity."

—B. F. Austin, in Reason.

Long Time Needed to Roast Bullock.

Although roasted whole for twelve hours over coke fires, a bullock, cut up and distributed among 500 poor people at Sunderland, England was found to be still uncooked.

Really Meant to Die.

During a murder trial at Prague the prisoner became suddenly unwell, and later confessed that he had attempted suicide by swallowing three large needles and twenty boot-buttons.

First Bomb Outrage.

The first bomb outrage occurred on Christmas eve, 1800, when Saint-Najant tried to kill Napoleon. More than 130 people were injured by the explosion.

"Farther of All Devils."

The Fiji islanders discovered in the first motor car to invade their primitive home "the father of all devils."

Hides of Cow and Horse.

A cow's hide produces thirty-five pounds of leather, and that of a horse about eighteen pounds.

More Boys Than Girls.

The average birthrate for Europe shows that for every 100 girls 106 boys are born.

Horse Commits Suicide.

In a lawsuit in Aberdeen, Wash., over a horse, the death of which in a flood the owner attributed to the carelessness of a man who had hired it, the court decided that the animal, which had suffered from melancholia for some time, committed suicide.

Fast Growing Plant.

The quickest growing plant in the world is the kudzu, a species of bean. It is said to have been known to grow sixty feet in three months.

Police Recover Rich Booty.

Half a ton of lace, stolen property, packed in ten sacks, was discovered by London detectives a few days ago on the premises of a tailor.

Good Advice.

Think twice before you speak. And even then, nine times out of ten, the world won't lose anything if you keep still.—Somerville Journal.

Fashion is only the attempt to realize art in living forms and social intercourse.—O. W. Holmes.

The marriage certificate is equally divided between husband and wife in Korea.