

The Highest Waterfall.
For a long time the highest known waterfall in the world was Cerosola cascade, in the Alps, having a drop of 2,400 feet. But a waterfall in the San Cayatan canyon, in the state of Durango, Mexico, now claims first place. It was discovered by some prospectors ten years ago in the great barranca district which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine, Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With much difficulty the party pushed on and up the mighty chasm until they beheld the superb fall, which is said to be not less than 3,000 feet high.

The Original "Rubberneck."
Giraffes are the most difficult of all animals to take by surprise. No matter from what direction you may approach, the giraffe is sure to discover you. It has been called the original "rubberneck." It is not generally known that nature, because of the height of its eyes from the ground, has supplied it with a talent peculiarly its own for making observations.

Woman's Inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn.

A Farmer Found It.
Mount Pleasant, Utah, May 23.—To find a medicine that will cure every ailment due to diseased or disordered kidneys has been the aim of many physicians and chemists.

Mr. C. E. Peterson, a farmer of this place says he has found such a remedy and that he has tried it with success in his own case. Mr. Peterson says the remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills, a medicine introduced here about seven months ago.

"I am glad to be allowed to testify to what good things Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me. I used this remedy for kidney trouble and it cured me completely.

"I can heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who suffer with any kind of kidney trouble."

Mr. Peterson's case is only one of many just as convincing that have been reported recently. This new remedy seems to have conquered Rheumatism completely, not a single case having been reported where Dodd's Kidney Pills have failed to cure perfectly and permanently.

Even the most angelic of women can't help wondering at times if she would look really swell with wings.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROSSMAN, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Why It is the Best
is because made by an entirely different process. Defiance Starch is unlike any other, better and one-third more for 10 cents.

There was a rather fine bit of sentiment developed the other day when an actor named Maurice Pike was dragged before a New York magistrate charged with vagrancy. The poor old fellow is 65 years of age, and he told the judge that he had often appeared in the support of Edwin Booth. It happened that the judge, who is himself an old man, remembered the actor, and he asked him if he did not play Cassio to Booth's Othello in the year 1872. Poor old Maurice Pike satisfied the court that he was the guilty party, and the magistrate refused to pass sentence. In fact, he told the old actor that he would see that he was provided for until the time when he could communicate with the Actors' Fund Society.

Valuable Clay Deposit Found.
On the Peabody estate in North Tarrytown, N. Y., a clay deposit has been found worth, it is declared, millions of dollars. The land was in the market for two years at \$40,000, with no purchaser. The discovery was made by a civil engineer who was surveying the land. Borings have been made to a depth of seventy-five feet and the bottom of the deposit has not been reached.

Deeds and not distances make the milestones on the heavenly road.

Extravagant speeches are often very economical with the truth.

Only a fool's tomorrow ruins today.

WHAT THE KING EATS.

What's Fit for Him.

A Mass. lady who has been through the mill with the trials of the usual housekeeper and mother relates an interesting incident that occurred not long ago. She says:

"I can with all truthfulness say that Grape-Nuts is the most beneficial of all cereal foods in my family, young as well as old. It is food and medicine both to us. A few mornings ago at breakfast my little boy said:

"Mamma, does the King eat Grape-Nuts every morning?"
"I smiled and told him I did not know, but that I thought Grape-Nuts certainly made a delicious dish, fit for a King." (It's a fact that the King of England and the German Emperor both eat Grape-Nuts.)

"I find that by the constant use of Grape-Nuts not only as a morning cereal but also in puddings, salads, etc., made after the delicious recipes found in the little book in each package it is proving to be a great nerve food for me besides having completely cured a long standing case of indigestion." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is no doubt Grape-Nuts is the most scientific food in the world.

Ten days' trial of this proper food in place of improper food will show in steady, stronger nerves, sharper brain and the power to "go" longer and further and accomplish more. There's a reason.

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

THE BOND OF UNION

A heart—that beats with mine
In tender union;
A hand—whose pressure soft
Is Heaven's benison.
A voice—whose gentle tones,
In speech most requisite,
Mine ear doth greet, as sound
Of music exquisite.
A mind—with whom mine own
Holds full communion,
And finds in this deep joy
Its bond of union.
A soul—in whose rich depths
Of love and truth finite,
I can, as in a glass—
Behold the infinite!
—Martin Burke in New York Herald.

"WHEN THE ALMOND BLOSSOMED"
By L. PARRY TRUETT

She weariet for him all the winter, watched and waited, too. But if he ever chanced to go by, the happy chance of seeing him was not hers.

During the previous spring and summer, and even late into the autumn, it had been different—once or twice in every blessed week he had come to gladden the days, to set them in jeweled frames in her memory's gallery. Or if he had not, strictly speaking, come to her, she had yet seen him; happened to see him; been permitted by kind fate to speak with him.

Not that he failed entirely to seek her out. There was denying the handiness of the small riverside house, where she lived with her widowed mother, as a place to "drop into" for tea or a restful "chat."

The first time he had entered that gate, a humorously dripping object of compassion out of an overturned sailing boat, the almond tree against it was pink with blossom, and he always afterward associated her with the fragile pink flowers, weaving many a dainty compliment for her out of the sweet resemblance which a poetic fancy helped him to keep vividly before him—at least, when she was bodily before him also.

By the time the almond tree was thick with leaf, he had grown in intimacy at the little riverside house to the privileged point of inviting her into his boat whenever, as sometimes happened, he was bound to no special destination.

She was so young, such a child, such an embodiment of April tears and sunshine and all the intangible, mocking gaily of spring, to set against his almost world-wide experience and his ripening years.

So her influence on him was as ephemeral as the flower of the almond tree, delicately sweet while it lasted, but to be overpowered by the next succeeding interest, just as the almond blossoms are overpowered and scattered by every wind that blows. A delight of a day, too unsubstantial to weather the night.

But, if all her charm was insufficient to help her, it served, working mysteriously against itself, to help him and also to help one near to her.

Through her very immaturity of mind, her youthful perfection of body, in some strange way he seemed, after a time, to reach appreciation of the woman who had brought her into the world—a woman who, in spite of her undoubted conversational powers, guarded her personality with a jealous armament of silence and reserve; who seemed to shrink from any friendship which gave a hint of curiosity, or even of interest pressed ever so slightly home.

Yet, for all her care, put her successfully off her guard, there would leap at rare moments into her cultured manner, a manner that he knew, the light-hearted gaily her daughter had inherited, completed, made satisfying, made real, by all that life had taught her.

He grew to longing for those depths eagerly, passionately, that he might gain rest in them, sunned there by her lighter manner, sustained by her truth and steadfastness.

One whom he looked on as a child had led him, with a child's sureness of touch within sight of the world's Greatest Good. He knew now what his life had always lacked; he faced his remedy. He was in love at last and for the first time—but not with the child.

Yet he must have been blind indeed if the long summer had not served to let him into the child's pitiful secret; had not taught him how the mother's love set the welfare of her child before her as a shrine decked for perpetual sacrifice.



An embodiment of April tears and sunshine.

So, for his part, he set the dreary winter months between them and himself—it was his sacrifice. Yet he strewed his flowers, although he realized even in the act that it would better have become him to leave the stones standing bare. "Look out for me," he said, "when the almond is in blossom."

He was not able to decide what the future held for him, or if he decided one thing one hour, he swept it away in favor of its opposition the next; but the moment he saw them again he knew his fate—read it in the girl's quick gladness of welcome, in the mother's glance of alarm, just touching him but settling on her.

The girl's beauty was not quite so radiant; waiting and watching had dimmed it a little, although the havoc was no more than a few days' happiness would mend. The mother looked ill and worn, but no less beautiful to him for that.

He had come not only because the almond tree was in blossom and he had promised, but also because he had reached that point when he could no longer keep away.



"I love you," he said, and, since her eyes hurt him, added quickly, "I must tell you, although I know what you will have to say to me."

"Not all, perhaps," she said. "You cannot know how I love you until I tell you, but it must be only this once."

"She is so young," he pleaded, presently; "she will so soon forget."

"She is too like me," she said, "and I never forget. 'I married thoughtlessly,' she went on, 'without real love. This is my punishment and I must bear it.'"

He nerved himself to a supreme effort, trying to catch her spirit of sacrifice while it brushed round him.

"Would it help you if I took her," he said, "as a gift from you, and tried to make her happy, doing the best I could?"

For a moment she stood stunned, her eyes kindled with the admiration that was his reward.

"No," she said at last; "she would find out enough to spoil the happiness. But how good of you!"

"You would give up all for her?" he questioned.

"That is what this means," she said, "and isn't it her turn? The right of youth?"

"So I must give up hope of you—to please you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "and my love for you has taught me so much about you that I know that you can do it."

"Oh, it is hard," he cried. But in answer, she only turned hopeless eyes to him and robbed him in silence of the power to say more.

Yet, before they parted, he claimed one thing from her while abandoning so much.

"If she calls on you one day for your appreciation of a more suitable lover, will you send for me then?" he urged.

And her promise to this she yielded to his importunity. But she shook her head wearily; the girl seemed so entirely her second self—to her.

But his last sight of the girl was a little figure in pink under the pink-blossomed almond tree. And, seeing her there, turning to wave a hand, another privilege of youth than the one her mother had mentioned flashed across him—the right to change his mind, to love again and love better, to renew its fancy with the wand of time, as the sweet almond blossoms are renewed each spring, coming ever as a surprise, yet ever the same.

So she flung hope, like a perfume, after him—all she could give him that he cared to have.—Sketch.

MOUSE SINGS LIKE A BIRD.

Rarely Accomplished Rodent is Now a Prisoner in Yorkshire, England.
Singing mice are rare, but a correspondent writes from Yorkshire asking whether we can give him any information about a specimen he captured.

He adds: "It has been warbling just like a canary for the last month in our workshop, and although I have it in a cage it still continues to sing."

That mic, do occasionally "sing" is undeniable. Some observers say that their "song" is softer, sweeter and more delicate than that of the canary which one can believe quite easily.

Others go so far as to compare it to that of a warbler or even a piping bullfinch. But the question as to why they lift up their voices in this tuneful manner still remains to be answered.

Three explanations have been suggested:

First, that all mice are potential vocalists and can learn to sing, by imitation, from singing birds.

Second, that many mice possess an exceptional talent for mimicry, together with a keen sense of the ludicrous.

Third, that some mice are subject to bronchitis and that the so-called "song" is only the wheezing of rodents which suffer from the distressing complaint.

A certain amount of color is given to the last theory by the fact that a mouse which was caught by the neck in a wire trap not sufficiently strong to kill it "sang" while its throat was under compression, but never again during its subsequent life as a captive.—London Mail.

For Boys Only.

Sonny, spare the robins and the bluejays. The late spring has been hard enough on them, anyhow.

Yes, they are saucy fellows, all right, but as you well know, that's only a bluff. They are chipper because they know what they are here for, and they are independent because they are good Americans.

Did you ever notice how they go after the worms and grubs that infest leaves and vines and trees? To be sure they will sometimes help themselves to fruit if they can't find worms but they really prefer worms as a steady diet. What if they do occasionally nip a few berries or cherries? Better than you they have earned the right to help themselves by helping to save the crop. Ever think of that?

Few Dentists in South America.

"Philadelphia turns out, on an average, over 300 dentists every year," said a young member of the dental profession. "Of course, a great many of them come here from all over the country, and even from foreign countries, and when they are through with their studies they return to their homes. For my part, I've about made up my mind to migrate to South America, where the opportunities are practically unlimited. Take the city of Buenos Ayres. It has a population of over \$1,000,000, with only about fifty dentists. It is a cosmopolitan community, too, English, Germans and Italians having located there in great numbers. In fact, few of the South American cities have a full quota of dentists."—Philadelphia Record.

The Gift of Growling.

"Yes, sir," said the ancient philosopher, "I have come to the conclusion that growlin' is a gift an' a necessity with some folks, who jest can't git along without it! Why, I knowed a man who had the rheumatism seven year or better, an' when it left him he jest didn't know what to do with himself! Set roun' an' moped all day, like he'd lost the last friend he had in the world; an' one day, when he wuz growlin' mor'n usual, somebody said:

"'Ole man, what air you a-stormin' roun' so fer?"

"'Consarn it!' he says, 'I've done lost my crutches an' my rheumatism!'" —Atlanta Constitution.

Animals Easy to Snapshot.

To penetrate far into the Alaskan interior in the dead of winter would be simply to court starvation. Then the deer have all departed and to depend on finding musk-oxen at the end of the journey would be risky indeed, but there still remains one spot in the great barren northland which is sacred to the musk-ox. Here the animals remain in their primeval state, exhibiting no fear, only curiosity. "I approached several herds within thirty yards," writes an explorer, "photographed them at my leisure, moving them round as I wished, and then retired, leaving them still rapidly staring at me as if in wonder."

In the Tropical Way.

Down in the far south countries
There's much of war and loot;
They're always at each other's throat;
They shoot.

And out and carve and curse the while
(A dog or hound, scoldin')
They're noisy, too; make many sounds,
And loot.

And blow their own cheap horns of tin,
But let outsiders crack
Their whips and threat to rip 'em up
The back.

Down in the far south countries
Where men are wont to loot,
Behold! How fast the fighters scuttie—
They scoot!
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Queen Mourned Over Cuba.

Ex-Queen Isabella used to be phenomenally stout and remained so until the Spanish-American war. She then dwindled into a little shriveled old woman, the shadow of her former self and the image of her cousin, Don Henry, Duke of Saville, and one of her suitors in the '40's. The loss of Cuba broke her down.

PROOF AGAINST PANIC

SENATOR GALLINGER SOUNDS KEY NOTE OF CAMPAIGN.

Events Have Shown That in Time of Financial Disturbance and Speculative Demoralization Protection Operates as a Preventive of Panic and Paralysis.

"Protection is Panic Proof." Under this impressive title Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire has contributed a speech which promises to become as useful in the campaign of 1904 as was his great speech, "Protection is the Issue," in the campaign of 1902. Prosperity is once more the issue which overshadows all others. It is even more true to-day than it was two years ago. In the well chosen language of the New York state Republican platform:

"The greatest national issue is the maintenance of prosperity."

Prosperity we now have and have had in marvelous measure beginning with 1897, when the Republican party regained control of national affairs and reinstated the national policy of protection to American labor and industry. How shall we maintain prosperity? That is the leading question to be considered in the great civic struggle of 1904. Senator Gallinger's speech deals with this question. It has for its text the following senate resolution offered on April 22, 1904:

"Resolved, That our continued prosperity as a nation is the best possible assurance that our fiscal policy is sound and stable, and that its disturbance by legislation is not warranted by the best interests of the people."

Speaking to this resolution, Senator Gallinger drew attention to the fact that, as proclaimed by one of the house leaders of that organization, the Democratic party will go forth to the conflict of this year with Tariff Reduction and Genuine Reciprocity inscribed on its banners. There is the issue. It is plain and unequivocal. There is no mistaking the Democratic purpose. The tariff law of 1897, productive though it has been of the most extraordinary results ever known in the history of the world; productive of the highest degree of prosperity and the greatest sum of human happiness ever known in connection with fiscal legislation; productive of abundance of work at an average wage rate three times that of continental Europe; productive of trade, of commerce, of industry far exceeding in volume the trade, commerce and industry of any other nation on earth; productive of a vast increase in the total and in the per capita wealth of our country, as shown by the mighty increase alike in the bank deposits of the rich and in the savings deposits of the wage earners—this tariff law of 1897, with all its splendid results, is to be attacked and repealed and tinkered and butchered by the double process of direct reduction and wide-open reciprocity in competitive products.

That is the Democratic program for 1904. What is to take the place of the Dingley law in the event of Democratic election? Who can tell? It may be, as Senator Gallinger says, "A Wilson bill, or a Mills bill, or a Morrison bill, or a tariff like that of 1846 and of 1857, both of which tariffs proved disastrous to the best interests of the country." Vigorously and ably Senator Gallinger challenges this destructive propaganda. With an impressive array of facts and figures to support his contention, he avers that the country should stick to the grand old ship protection and not lower her colors to free-trade pirates. The speech bristles with strong argument and fact. It deals fairly and effectively with the trust question, showing conclusively that trusts owe neither their origin nor their continued existence to a protective tariff.

This showing is made the more effective by the plain business facts of the past year. It has been a bad year for the overinflated trusts. Some of them have gone down, while others have had a hard time to weather the storm of their own creation. Shocks and strains have occurred which would surely have wrecked prosperity but for the presence of a protective tariff as a safeguard. What with trust stocks tumbling in values by the billion, and other stocks sharing in the general depression, while great labor strikes were keeping some hundreds of thousands of men in voluntary idleness, the conditions were favorable for a general panic of the worst description. But there was no general panic. The business of the country went on as usual, and there was no damage and no disaster outside the ranks of those who had brought on and participated in the great speculative debauch. Such panic as there was was a rich man's panic. The poor man escaped. What was the reason of this exemption of the general mass? Production did not stop; employment did not cease. Protection took care of that. The country continued to do its own work. It did not, as in 1893-1897, turn over its great market to foreigners because of Democratic tariff making.

This time we had a Republican tariff.

Protection proved panic-proof.

Giving a Dollar for a Dime.

The plith of the whole free-trade business is the assumption that if we throw down the bars in this country and let all sorts of foreign goods in free to compete with American industry and American labor, other countries will make similar laws and per-

mit our goods to enter free. Of course this is a preposterous assumption, but it is not difficult to account for when we recall that it was fastened upon the Democratic party by the South at a time when the South imagined it could do anything but grow cotton which it supposed it would have to send out of that region to be manufactured. This section of course was considering not the interests of the whole country, but merely its own interests. Then, too, it was jealous of the Northern industries, and preferred to patronize the foreigner. Once this was fastened upon the party, this party was true to the tradition, as Mr. Cleveland says it ought to be, and consequently fell a good many years behind the times in this as in other things. Hence the party became committed to this dogma, or a tariff for revenue, which is the nearest approach to free trade that any civilized country has ever had. Of course, the schoolboy knows that other nations will not make such a law because we do it, but assume that they would. Already we have at home the greatest market in the world, and this would mean to throw all of it away for the silly delusion of thus capturing inferior markets. In the first place we don't get the markets in this way, and even if we should get these markets, we should be giving away a gold dollar for a dime in the transaction.—Marion (Ind.) Chronicle.

Where is He?

The Democratic leaders are no nearer agreement as to a candidate than they were three months ago. The Parker movement, launched in New York, has not developed as promised. Hill stock is going down and Gorman stock is not coming up. There is talk of compromise, but neither the Parker nor the Bryan contingent is yielding an inch.

Parker, it is reported from New York and Washington, is losing ground. Hearst has lost prestige and Hill's enemies are coming to the front. The reorganizers who have followed the lead of Cleveland and Olney are divided into envious groups. The Kansas City platform faction is not standing together.

The tendency is downward everywhere. Even those who talk of a compromise candidate dispiritedly mention Mr. Towne as a man who would accept defeat in good spirit. Others talk dejectedly of President Francis of the St. Louis Exposition as a harmonizer.

With the strong men of the party in the background or on the retired list, with the rank and file of the party clamoring for leadership, there is no activity except in intrigue, and no enthusiasm not bounded by state lines.

Basing all their hopes for success in November on carrying New York, the eastern Democrats are haggling over conditions on which they will accept the New York candidate. In the east there is distrust instead of loyalty, and an absence of anything resembling constructive leadership. In the west conditions are no better; in some particulars they are worse because of resentment against any candidate likely to be named by the reorganizers or Cleveland Democrats.

The spectacle of a great party marking time aimlessly on the even of a great contest is a pitiable one. If there is to be the momentum of battle in the loose organization some competent organizer must come to the front in the next two weeks. Has the Democratic party such a man? If so, where is he?

Misdating History.

Congressman Warner said to the members of the Hamilton club last Saturday: "The first purpose of Lincoln and those who elected him was to abolish African slave pauper labor." That was a misstatement calculated to mislead members of the club who are not familiar with the political history of 1860. Col. Warner, who was not old enough to vote in that year, but who was old enough and patriotic enough to volunteer in 1861 and to fight through the war, may have enlisted to root out slavery as well as to save the union, but the abolition of slave labor was not the avowed purpose of the Republican party in 1860. If it had been Mr. Lincoln would not have been elected. Nor did any considerable number of those who voted for him have in mind the freeing of the slaves as the result of his election.

The great purpose of the Republican party was to prevent the extension of slavery to the territories. It said in its platform that their normal condition was that of freedom, and it denied the authority of congress or of a territorial legislature to give legal existence to slavery in any territory. The fourth plank of the platform declared—

"That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the states, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of powers on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends."

The "domestic institutions" included African slavery.

The slaveholders would not accept the pledges of non-interference with slavery in the states made by Republicans in and out of congress. They seceded, and the Republican party finally did what in 1860 it did not dream of doing.—Chicago Tribune.

It May Be a Mistake.

Very likely scientists are mistaken in supposing there is vegetation on the moon's surface. All that is known is that Democratic majorities are found there, and that is the only place where they are found these days.—Philadelphia Press.