

A Mosquito Excursion.

The other day a small box covered with gauze and labeled "four hundred mosquitoes" was shipped from a small station in South Carolina to the Academy of Natural Science, at Washington. The insects were quite lively when they arrived, and were apparently in as good health as when they started on their journey. The mosquitoes are, of course, to be used in scientific investigations.

Virchow's Queer Injury.

When Professor Virchow was out walking the other day he was blown by a very high wind against a tree and sustained an injury to the head. Happily, assistance was quickly obtained and the professor, who was unable to walk further, was taken home in a carriage and the requisite surgical aid rendered by his medical attendant. Professor Virchow is approaching his 80th anniversary.

Cleveland's "Ankle Bug."

Cleveland is suffering from an "ankle bug," that promises to rival the "kissing bug" in evil notoriety. It is partial to low shoes and open-work hosiery, and its bite is said to be so severe that the swelling sometimes extends to the knee. In some cases the victim has been crippled for a week or more. The local scientists have not yet discovered the insect that causes the mischief.

Johnson at Work Again.

Racine, Wis., July 22nd:—John Johnson of No. 924 Hamilton street, this city, is a happy man.

For years he has suffered with Kidney and Urinary trouble. He was so broken down that he was forced to quit work. Everything he tried failed, till a friend of his recommended a new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Johnson used them, and the result surprised him. He is as well as ever he was, completely cured, and working away every day.

His case is regarded by those who knew how very bad he was, as almost a miracle, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are a much talked of medicine.

Began Climbing at 7.

Sim Martin Conway, the famous mountaineer, who has just been elected Slade professor of fine arts at Cambridge university, England, made his first ascent of a mountain at the age of 7.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

No man ever was glorious who was not laborious.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

God heals and the doctor has the thanks.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

To Keep Their Treasures at Home.

If the precedent established by the Goldsmiths company of London be generally followed by Englishmen, it will not be so easy in the future for American collectors to steal away the English treasures that come under the hammer of the auctioneer. His company paid \$50,000 for the celebrated Foxwell library of economics to prevent it from falling into American hands.

Significance of "Lucile" Purchase.

"See that young fellow buying that handsome edition of 'Lucile'?" asked one of the salesmen in a prominent book store the other morning. "I'll wager anything he has either just become engaged or is just about to propose to some girl. There seems to be an unwritten law that an engaged man must give his fiancée a copy of 'Lucile.' Outside of this trade there is absolutely no demand for the book. I really believe that nobody ever buys it any more except the engaged young man, and nobody ever reads it except the engaged young girl."

Wide Variance in Pupils' Ages.

There are 1,100 Chinese pupils in Queens college, Hong Kong, varying in age from 9 up to 23, and many of them have family cares in the shape of a wife and children at home. Each year sees a decrease in the proportion of married school boys, and the average age becomes less every year. In its early history boys of all ages were to be found in the school, and it was quite possible to find father and son run a dead heat for the first prize.

Gray Frocks Made Them Cross.

Matrons of infant asylums say that a young infant will be cross all day if dressed in a gray frock, but contented and happy if dressed in a bright red frock. Children from 2 to 4 are much less affected by the color of their dress. It is commonly observed in kindergartens that the younger children prefer the red playthings, while the older children prefer the blue.

Clarke Denied It.

The late Milton Clarke of Boston denied shortly before his death the widely circulated story that it was his relation to Mrs. Stowe of his own and his brother's adventures that inspired that author's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Chinese Banknotes 600 Years Old.

The Chinese have on show in London, in an exhibition of early printing from Japan and China, a bank note issued in the course of the reign of Emperor Hungwu, 1368-99. This is 300 years earlier than the establishment at Stockholm of the first European bank which issued notes. This earliest of banknotes measures eighteen inches by nine.

The man who packs water on both shoulders is liable to stand in the mud.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

An agricultural school for women is to be opened in Berlin.



There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers,
Who share love's tender pain.
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way
I sing with a heart o'erflowing,
This minor strain today,

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toll and talent
And love that are wasted here.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago American.



In the Latin Quarter.

BY KILBOURNE COWLES.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) She climbed the five flights of stairs wearily and panted as she drew the big key to her little room from her pocket. It was rather difficult to hold two rolls and a letter in one hand while she unlocked the cumbrous door with the other. She was always tired after her day's work in the "atelier," and tonight she seemed to be more so than usual, but her supper and the letter would revive her. The precious letter! It was late—perhaps the stormy weather had belated the mail steamers.

The concierge had smiled quite humanly when she gave it to her. The concierge had a heart after all hidden underneath her stern manner and somewhat soiled neckerchief. Anne had wondered before if she had any softness about her; she was always so grim and forbidding even in her habitual politeness. Now she knew she had, for she had smiled with actual gentleness when she gave Anne the letter, and poor, lonely little Anne could have kissed her hands in gratitude.

The little room was icy cold and Anne put the letter on the mantel, where she could look at it while she built her fire and prepared her tea—plain tea. At first she had had sugar and milk in her tea; then she found that a thin slice of lemon was much nicer and cheaper. After while she discovered that sugar was a useless luxury, and she had finally come to the conclusion that tea was more strengthening without the lemon.

The letter was in a blue envelope,



She kissed the envelope.

a dear blue envelope, and the writing was firm and showed strength of character. Anne smiled at the French address. She knew that "Mademoiselle" was used for her amusement, so, of course, she was amused. The letter really seemed to smile back at her from the mantel, and she crossed the room to lightly kiss the envelope her lips had sealed. Her pale cheeks filled with color for an instant, and she turned shyly back to the little fire where a copper tea kettle had begun to boil with a semblance of cheerfulness.

She ate her butterless rolls slowly and sipped her tea deliberately. This was Anne's way, to be childishly impatient for her letter, and then when it came to save it and hoard it, putting off the great pleasure of reading it in order to prolong the delight. The arrival of those missives from over the sea had marked the red letter days

in all the months she had lived in her little room in Rue Servandoni. In the summer time she had usually taken the letter into the Jardin du Luxembourg and read it over and over again there in the soft twilight. No one in the garden ever spoke to Anne or disturbed her. Perhaps because her clothes were too shabby and unattractive, or, more probably, because there was a nun-like steadiness in the gaze of her deep gray eyes that disarmed the heedless students who were wont to tease unattended girls. For even the American girl, the most free of all creatures, comes in for her share of good-natured comment in the Quarter Latin.

At last Anne was ready to read her letter. She sank down before the tiny blaze of her open fire and unsealed it with deliberation, commencing slowly and gradually reading faster and faster until she finished it in almost feverish haste, whereupon she



"Edwin Brown?" repeated Anne.

began at the beginning again and read it over carefully, dwelling in particular on one paragraph:

"When I think of the apparent hopelessness of our engagement, I feel that I can't in honor bind you to it. My struggles here in my profession have as yet barely gained me a meager livelihood, and the time when I can offer you even the simplest of homes seems desperately distant. With the ocean stretching between us it is difficult to discuss this vital matter, but, Anne, darling, I want you to know that as dearly as I love you I will not be selfish enough to keep you to a promise that was generously made when hope shone more brightly upon us. If the thought of me interfering with your art or arrests your study in any way put me from your mind, I can't bear to feel that I should be a hindrance or a drag to you—"

Here Anne stopped reading because she could no longer discern the written words through the mist of tears that had gathered over her eyes. She felt blindly about for a handkerchief to bravely dab them away, that she might go on with the letter, which continued in the tenderest phrases to assure her of his constant, unflinching love. She knew that he was sincere; that her welfare was all that actuated the letter.

"How like him," she murmured. "No other man but Edwin could write a love letter like that, and I hope he never will again; I could not stand it."

When at last she fell asleep, the letter was clasped in her hands, which lay folded on the steamer rug, an addition to the scanty bedding on her cot, and her breath came in quick gasps, like the sobs of a little child.

The "atelier" was crowded when she went to her work in the wet clay the next morning, and she hoped to gain her own corner without attracting attention. But her pale cheeks did not escape the notice of the tall American who was perpetrating a sadly misshapen figure near her own well blocked out work.

"Are you not well, Miss Weber?" he asked, with a note in his voice of deeper feeling than the occasion seemed to demand.

"Quite well, thank you," Anne replied wearily, and the young man looked at her reproachfully. He wanted to tell her that she was doing all together wrong, abusing her health, wasting her strength, and worst of all, breaking his heart, but experience had taught him that it was not a safe ground of conversation.

It was the day on which the master, the great Parisian sculptor, was expected to criticize, and Anne applied herself assiduously to her clay, which, under her deft fingers, rapidly grew more and more like the model.

"I am through with this," said the young man at length. "I have tested my artistic ability and found that I can't even mold a snow man." He scornfully chopped off the nose of his clay figure, which only added another deformity to the already maimed-looking creature.

"My old man always said that art was not in our blood, but I wanted to see for myself, and it didn't take me long. Don't think I have not realized how impossible my work is, but I have stayed in the atelier—you know why—and I'll stay yet if you will give me any hope," he added eagerly.

"No, don't stay," Anne replied, softly. He was such a dear boy she could not be anything but gentle to him.

"Well, then," he said, disconsolately, "I'll throw art over and go into the string business with Dad, as he has always wanted me to do."

"That will be better, I am sure," said Anne, smiling at the mutilated torso, for the young man had been carelessly hacking it while he talked.

The old man is certainly dead anxious for the prodigal's return, for I got a fifty-dollar cablegram from him this morning, asking me to pull up stakes and go at once. The dear old chap wants a junior partner, now business looks so bright. He has just won a tremendous lawsuit against a trust; some daring young lawyer carried the thing through, and Dad is crazy over him. He wrote me some time ago that if the suit was won he intended to retain the chap as permanent counsel for the company. It will be the making of Edwin Bowen, whoever he is!"

"Edwin Bowen?" repeated Anne, questioning.

"Yes, Edwin Bowen. My old man even put his name in the cable, saying the suit was won."

"Edwin Bowen!" Anne said again.

"Why, do you know him?"

"Yes, very well, indeed," she answered, and then she fell in a little heap on the damp atelier floor, and the students who rushed to aid the young man in bringing her out of the faint, spoke together of the serious consequences of overwork, and they all determined to be more moderate than ever.

As soon as she felt strong enough to walk she started back to her room in Rue Servandoni, and the concierge met her at the door of the tall, toppling house with a look of alarm, for she knew that cablegrams were serious things, and she had one for the pale little American mademoiselle. Anne's fingers trembled as she tore it open, and her heart bounded as she read:

"Darkest before dawn—success—I am coming, my love!"

"Nine words beside the address, and no code used," said Anne, vaguely. "It must have cost twice as much as a whole week's living," and she laughed a little hysterically, as she quickly mounted the long, narrow stairs, for her light heart had given wings to her feet.

Chinese Mourning.

If a son, on receiving information of the death of his father, or mother, or wife, suppress such intelligence, and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased, such neglect shall be punished with 60 blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but, previous to the expiration of the term, discards the mourning habit, and, forgetful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments and participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offense to 80 blows. Whoever, on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned, suppresses the notice of it, and omits to mourn, shall be punished with 80 blows; if, previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative, any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements, he shall be punished with 60 blows. When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if, in order to avoid such retirement, he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt, or cousin, he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows, be deposed from office, and be rendered incapable of again entering into the public service.

Unexplored Lands Near Philadelphia.

There are parts of New Jersey within a very short distance of Philadelphia, too, which, strange as it may seem, are but little more known today than they were 200 years ago. In fact, there are portions of the "Pine Barrens" which have never known the tread of a white man. It is this wilderness that a party of naturalists—Mr. Stone as chief and Messrs. Rehn and Coggin as assistants, are starting out to explore. Starting from Medford they make a circuitous route, camping as best they can for seven nights, and returning to Medford with their collections. In a certain sense of the word, this expedition is only preliminary to others of a more extended nature which may follow. Work in this region must be done by small parties returning frequently to some base of supplies, as food is nearly unobtainable and transportation of heavy loads of specimens impossible. The expedition will make observation upon the soil and water supply and collect all manner of plants and animals, which will be turned over to eminent specialists for identification.

Old Eggs from Chinese Statesman.

Moy Kee, a Chinese restaurateur of Indianapolis, Ind., received a royal gift a few days ago in the form of 100 eggs that had reached the remarkable age of 100 years. They were still good, in fact, according to the Chinese view, better than they were the day they were laid. They had been cured by some process known only to the cooks of China, who cater to the mandarins and the higher classes exclusively. They had not been cooked, nor had the shell been broken. The eggs came from no less a personage than Li Hung Chang, and the enclosed card, a bit of queer paper, half a foot long, expressed to Moy Kee the compliments of the Chinese statesman and wished the son of the Flowering empire a long and happy journey through life.

Thousands for Catholic Institutions.

An adjudication in the estate of Michael Corr, who died some time ago in Philadelphia, awards \$112,000 to various Catholic charitable institutions in that city.

Conducting Oriental Studies.

Professor H. C. Mitchell of the Boston University School of Theology, has gone to Palestine, where he will spend a year as director of the American School for Oriental Study and Research.

A JUDGE'S WIFE CURED OF PELVIC CATARRH.

She Suffered for Years and Felt Her Case Was Hopeless—Cured by Pe-ru-na.

Mrs. Judge McAllister writes from 1217 West 33rd st., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any."

"Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Peruna and gave it such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged."

"I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured. Words fail to express my gratitude. Perfect health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Peruna enjoy that now."—Minnie E. McAllister.

The great popularity of Peruna as a catarrh remedy has tempted many people to imitate Peruna. A great many so-called catarrh remedies and catarrh tonics are to be found in many drug stores. These remedies can be procured by the druggist much cheaper than Peruna. Peruna can only be obtained at a uniform price, and no druggist can get it a cent cheaper.

Thus it is that druggists are tempted to substitute the cheap imitations of Peruna for Peruna. It is done every day without a doubt.

We would therefore caution all peo-



ple against accepting these substitutes. Insist upon having Peruna. There is no other internal remedy for catarrh that will take the place of Peruna. Allow no one to persuade you to the contrary.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Fisk's Profundity.

In college the late John Fiske took up such unusual courses of study as Gothic, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, Dutch and Roumanian; then he delved in law and was graduated from the law school at the age of 22. Such a list of achievements makes him an admirable Crichton of extraordinary profundity.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Who is in the right fears, who is in the wrong hopes.

Nebraska Business and Shorthand College, Boyd Building, Omaha, Neb.

\$3,000 expended last year in typewriters. \$2,500 in actual business and banking furniture. It is the most thoroughly equipped institution in the west. Send for catalogue. A. C. Ong, A. M., L. L. B., Prest.

The reign of money is here; other events will come with the years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

You cannot take the road without the end, nor the end without the road.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Grecian Prince a Dramatist.

Prince Nicholas of Greece, third son of the king of the Hellenes, was recently designated "laureate" in a dramatic congress organized by the University of Athens. The work which obtained for him this distinction was a comedy entitled "The Reformers," and was judged on its merits, the competitors having to send in their compositions under pseudonyms only.

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for the TEETH and BREATH

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID . . . 25c
New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . . 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER . . . 75c

At the Stores or by Mail, postpaid, for the Price.

A Dentist's Opinion: "As an antiseptic and hygienic mouthwash, and for the care and preservation of the teeth and gums, I cordially recommend Sozodont. I consider it the ideal dentifrice for children's use." [Name of writer upon application.]
HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.



One-third more starch—a better starch—that is the whole story. Defiance Starch, 16 ounces for 10 cents.

Don't forget it—a better quality and one-third more of it.

CORN BUY BOTH WHEAT
Will make good profits. Write for free market information. Orders in 1,000 bu. lots and upwards. Bank references. G. S. Everingham & Co., Commerce Bldg., Chicago.