

Ventriloquist Birds.
 M. Emile Merwart, Secretary-General of French Guiana, has sent to the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, two pairs of ventriloquist birds. These birds, the "Terns," say, are greatly amusing to visitors to the gardens, who assemble around their cage by their cries, which at once time appear to come from the trees, at others from the sky, and sometimes from the midst of the crowd itself. The flesh of the birds is said to be more savory than that of pheasants or the finest guinea fowls, and their eggs are in great favor among American epicures. The Empress Josephine tried to acclimatize the species in the Malmaison aviary, but without success.

THERE IS JUST ONE SURE WAY.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Build Up Run-Down People - They Make Healthy Kidneys and That Means Healthy People - What Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Duffey Say:
 Nora, Ind., Feb. 6th.—(Special.)—That the sure way of building up run-down men and women is to put their kidneys in good working order is shown by the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Duffey of this place. Both were weak and worn and dispirited. They used Dodd's Kidney Pills and to-day both enjoy the best of health.
 Mr. Duffey says: "I was very weak and almost past going. I tried everything which people said was good but got no benefit till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They helped me in every way and I am strong and well now."
 Mrs. Duffey says: "I was so bad that if anybody would lay down a string I felt I could not step over it. Since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I can run and jump fences."
 Healthy kidneys insure pure blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills insure healthy kidneys.

A COLONIAL VALENTINE.

TO A BELLE IN 1770.
 There's not a damsel in ye town
 By daisies is completed
 By Polly in her prim gray gowne
 That fits her forme so neat.
 I would I were ye golden plume
 That clasps her locks so neat.
 See I might kiss her dimpled chinne
 When downe she looks demurelle.
 Ye little ruffe at her wrist
 I envy for its nearnesse
 To her faire hand, which oft hath kissed
 Those folks of pucker'd shewnesse.
 And when I see her shy browne eyes
 Thro' filmy lashes glance,
 Whinn my sober Quaker guise
 My hearte is set a-dance.
 And when upon ye windy square
 By haple chance I meet her—
 (We thee and thou) each other there—
 Sure language ne'er was sweeter)
 If I beheld her eyedalls faile
 Beneath my gaze so steadie
 I cannot help but hope withal
 Since we are "Friends" already.
 How often have I longed to looke
 Within ye silken Shaker
 That hangs above ye singinge-booke
 Of this moste lovde Quaker;
 But ah, her pietie reproves
 My all-too-ardente passion—
 I feare sometimes ye Spirit moves
 In very woridie fashion.
 For in this citie where ye Penn
 Above ye sword hath honour,
 Ye rascals of King George's name
 Had best not gaze upon her;
 For tho' I am a man of peace,
 And tho' my hearte is tender,
 I'd challenge all ye Colonies
 If need were to defende her.
 See, Polly, if I'm moved to-day
 By Sainte instead of Spirit,
 To tell my tale to thee, I praye
 That thou wilt deign to heare it;
 'Tis oulle that Sainte Valentine
 For thee and me discovers
 That we should walk as thins and mine—
 Not friends alone, but lovers.
 —Jeanie Betts Hartswick, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A FAIR SENORITA.

THE day was a searcher. In the shady courtyard of old Pietro's place, half way up the narrow Mexican street on the hillside, sat the two Americans, dusty, tired and travel-worn generally. They were in bicycle suits, and newly against the wall leaned their wheels. Everything was oppressively quiet. Everything was smoking a cigarette, his hands in his pockets, his cap set well back on his crisp, curly hair, his eyes lazily watching the sunbeams glint through the leaves overhead, and all the time he was wondering what the other had brought him there for.
 "Why don't you say something?" he asked at last.
 Truesdale made an impatient gesture, and the slumbering fires in his deep black eyes seemed to leap to life.
 "Why?" he repeated in a low voice.
 "Do you mean why I have brought you to this dead and alive hole? Because she lives here."
 "Oh," murmured Newell, sympathetically, flicking the ash from the tip of the cigarette lightly. "That's the idea, is it? Fire ahead, old boy, give us the details. Who is she?"
 "I don't know," answered Truesdale gloomily. "I never saw her but once, never spoke to her then, but that's all right. I got it bad, and now I'm going to see her. You know that day on the San Luis road down the mountains, and the old convent?"
 Newell nodded.
 "Well, it was there I saw her. Just a look as she passed with the nuns and a lot of girls."
 "And you don't know a thing about her?"
 "Nothing, save that she lives here at La Cima."
 Newell looked meditatively at Pietro's round brown face in the doorway, and finally he beckoned to him.
 "What is the young lady's name who is so beautiful and goes to the convent beyond San Luis?" he asked, while Truesdale frowned and pocketed his note.
 Pietro's broad visage beamed with kindly interest.
 "There can be but one, senors," he answered genially. "In all La Cima there are many go to the convent, but only one so beautiful as to lead the Americans by the smile in her eyes. 'Tis Senorita Dolores, daughter of old Ruiz, and he keeps her close, senors, oh, yes, for no one knows better than Ruiz of the devil in her eyes. He who seeks her favor must needs be a bold wooer."
 Truesdale bent forward with eager eyes.
 "Where does she live?" he asked.
 "Yonder, near the church."
 Newell tapped idly on the table and puffed thoughtfully.
 "What shall I do?" asked his companion.
 A sudden flash of mischief shone in the other's blue eyes.
 "Send her a valentine."
 "Oh, quit your fooling," said Truesdale sulkily.
 "Not a bit of it," protested Newell, rising. "Send her a valentine to tell your love. Nothing easier. It's St. Valentine's day, don't you know?"
 "But where shall I get one?" and Truesdale's dark, earnest face looked mightily perplexed.
 "Right here," answered Newell, promptly, drawing himself up to his full height. "Don't I make a good confining valentine to tell your true love all the happy news?"
 Truesdale gave a quick glance at the tall, well-knit, stalwart figure in the white sweater and knickerbockers, the handsome boyish face with a dash of recklessness in the sleepy blue eyes.
 "Altogether too convincing," he said.
 "Nonsense," laughed Newell. "Look here, Bob, you're not the only one, you know," and he snapped open the back of his watch. It was a pretty well-used girl who smiled out at Truesdale, and he felt satisfied in a way. "I'm going, and if I don't bring you back a token that will exceed your wildest hopes, then you can make a Mexican mule of me."
 "Honest, are you going, Rex?"
 "Honest, by-by. Won't you even say good luck to your valentine?"
 But Truesdale never answered.
 Rex Newell strode down the hot, steep streets, past the church, and paused.
 "Where is Senor Ruiz's house?" he asked of a soft-eyed girl on the church steps.
 "Yonder," she said. "Yonder where the new trees are."
 When little Tita opened the door, she bowed her heart sank at the splendid bow of the tall young stranger, and his air of deference.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



"No, senor," she said breathlessly. "Senor Ruiz is not at home. He has ridden over to Buena Ventura to see about the suit that old Jose will bring against him, and will not be back till eve."
 "And the senorita?"
 Tita's eyes looked frightened now, and she half closed the door.
 "The senorita is at the convent."
 "No, she isn't by a long shot," replied Newell, smiling down at the little maid. "You trot right off like a good little girl and tell her her valentine is here."
 "Her—her—valentine?" repeated Tita hesitatingly, "what is that, senor?"
 He bent and kissed her with a laugh.
 "That is a part of it, little one," he said, "now run and tell her."
 Out on the wide piazza, with the fragrance of the garden floating up like incense around her, Dolores sat in a broad hammock, and tried to keep her eyes fixed on the book in her lap. Then suddenly, Tita was before her, her cheeks aflame, her voice trembling with excitement, while she told her tale.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

A Playmate Who Saved Him from Death by Drowning.

The child's life during the time the family lived in Kentucky appears to have been entirely uneventful, says St. Nicholas. He helped his mother after he was 3 years old in the simple household duties, went to the district school and played with the children of the neighborhood. The only one of young Lincoln's playmates now living is an old man, nearly 100 years old, named Austin Gollaher, whose mind is bright and clear and who never tires of telling of the days Lincoln and he "were little tikes and played together." This old man, who yet lives in the log house in which he has always lived, a few miles from the old Lincoln place, tells entertaining stories about the President's boyhood.
 Mr. Gollaher says that they were together more than the other boys in school, that he became fond of his little friend, and he believed that Abe thought a great deal of him.

In speaking of various events of minor importance in their boyhood days Mr. Gollaher remarked: "I once saved Lincoln's life." Upon being urged to tell of the occurrence he thus related it: "We had been going to school together one year, but the next year we had no school because there were so few scholars to attend, there being only about twenty in the school the year before. Consequently Abe and I had not much to do, but as we did not go to school and our mothers were strict with us we did not get to see each other very often. One Sunday morning my mother waked me early, saying she was going to see Mrs. Lincoln, and that I could go along. Glad of the chance, I was soon dressed and ready to go. After my mother and I got there Abe and I played all through the day. While we were wandering up and down the little stream called Knob creek Abe said: 'Right up there,' pointing to the east, 'we saw a covey of partridges yesterday. Let's go over and get some of them.' The stream was swollen and was too wide for us to jump across. Finally we saw a narrow footlog and we concluded to try it. It was narrow, but Abe said: 'Let's coon it.'"

"I went first and reached the other side all right. Abe went about half way across, when he got scared and began trembling. I hollered to him: 'Don't look down nor up nor sideways, but look right at me and hold on tight.' But he fell off into the creek and as the water was about seven or eight feet deep and I could not swim and neither could Abe I knew it would do no good for me to go in after him. So I got a stick—a long water sprout—and held it out to him. He came up, grabbing with both hands, and I put the stick into his hands. He clung to it, and I pulled him out on the bank, almost dead. I got him by the arms and shook him well and then rolled him on the ground, when the water poured out of his mouth. He was all right very soon. We promised each other that we would never tell anybody about it, and never did for years. I never told any one of it until after Lincoln was killed."

A hungry man needs no bill of fare.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.



Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.
 But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



The postal service of the United States employs more persons than that of any other government in the world. The chief clerk of the Postoffice Department has prepared a list showing that 267,502 persons are under the orders of the Postmaster General. The army and navy combined does not aggregate more than half of this number. The postal employees are divided as follows: Postmasters, 69,486; rural free delivery carriers, 30,001; city letter carriers, 21,554; star routes and railway mail service, 42,731, of which 12,214 are in the railway mail service; clerks, second class offices, 24,743; assistant postmasters in first and second class postoffices, 1,534; estimated number of clerks in third and fourth class offices, 14,000; estimated number of clerks paid by postmasters, 62,000. In the Postoffice Department there are 1,155 clerks and other employees and 400 inspectors. The figures of Chief Clerk Chance do not include 30,000 substitute rural free delivery carriers and about 3,000 substitute city letter carriers, which would swell the figures to 302,302 employees. It is estimated that the postal employees draw about \$16,000,000 a year in salaries.

By the Panama Canal the distance by water from San Francisco to New York will be reduced from 13,700 to 5,300, and the distance from New York to Yokohama or to Sydney will be reduced from about 13,900 to less than 10,000. On the other hand, the Panama Canal will make it no easier to run over from New York to Hong Kong for a day's fishing than it is now to go by the Suez; the routes east and west are each more than 11,000 miles long, and the route by way of Suez is 100 miles shorter.

Interest in the Department of Agriculture's water sterilizer has been renewed by the success attained in a city of the Middle West. The water supply had become infected with typhoid-fever germs. Dr. Moore of the department sterilized the reservoir with copper sulphate so successfully that although the germs were wholly eradicated and the epidemic checked, no trace of the disinfectant could be detected in the water by sight, smell or taste. The amount was one part of copper sulphate to one hundred thousand parts of water.

Prof. Wiley, of the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, who is conducting the adulterated food experiments, complains that he is utterly unable to procure for his purpose any uncolored butter. He also denounced the use of the coal tar dyes with which butter is colored, saying that they "overburden the kidneys." This is an instructive comment on the United States laws which prohibit the coloring of artificial butter, even with palm oil, which is perfectly wholesome, but permit the coloring of genuine butter with coal tar dyes or anything else.

It is expected that a constitutional amendment will be offered during the present session of Congress prohibiting polygamy in any State or Territory of the Union. It is now agreed that this is the only method by which the condition of affairs in Utah can be remedied. It is impossible to revoke the enabling act by which Utah gained Statehood, and the general opinion seems to be that a constitutional amendment is necessary to give the government sufficient authority over a State in which polygamy is practiced to eradicate the evil.

Fearing the arduous work of the mid-winter maneuvers of the North Atlantic squadron of the United States navy, some 520 men deserted during three months last autumn, a fact which has just leaked out from official sources. The following estimate is made of the numbers of deserters from various vessels: Battleships—Kearsarge, 60; Alabama, 75; Illinois, 65; Massachusetts, 55; Maine, 64; Iowa, 72; Missouri, 100. Converted yachts—Mayflower, 16; Scorpion, 13.

Grover Cleveland, the only living ex-President, will be 72 years old when Roosevelt's term is completed in 1909; yet there can be no addition to the corps of ex-Presidents till then. Mr. Roosevelt, who will then be but little more than 50 years old, ought to have a long membership in the "ex-Presidents' club," which of late years has sadly dwindled in numbers.

Since the Bureau of Plant Industry was organized, three years ago, it has been necessary to increase its force nearly 50 per cent, and it now employs 500 workers, 60 per cent of whom are engaged in scientific investigation, and its application to the farm, the orchard and the garden.

During the past fifteen years the United States government has spent a million and a half dollars on irrigation and geological surveys of the Great American Desert. As a result, it is asserted that a large part of this arid land can be brought under cultivation by irrigation and made to support a population about as great as that of the whole country to-day. With this assurance it is plain that we have not, as yet, even approached the limit of our producing power.

HER BLOOD TOO THIN

GENERAL DEBILITY RESULTS FROM IMPOVERISHED BLOOD.

The Remedy That Makes New Blood Eliminates Weakness, Headache, Indigestion and Nervous Troubles.
 Hundreds of women suffer from headaches, dizziness, restlessness, languor and timidity. Few realize that their misery all comes from the bad state of their blood. They take one thing for their head, another for their stomach, a third for their nerves, and yet all the while it is simply their poor blood that is the cause of their discomfort.

If one sure remedy for making good, rich blood were used every one of their distressing ailments would disappear, as they did in the case of Mrs. Ella F. Stone, who had been ailing for years and was completely run down before she realized the nature of her trouble.
 "For several years," said Mrs. Stone, "I suffered from general debility. It began about 1895 with indigestion, nervousness and steady headaches. Up to 1900 I hadn't been able to find any relief from this condition. I was then very thin and bloodless. An enthusiastic friend, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to give them a trial and I finally bought a box."

"I did not notice any marked change from the use of the first box, but I determined to give them a fair trial and I kept on. When I had finished the second box I could see very decided signs of improvement in my condition. I began to feel better all over and to have hopes of a complete cure."

"I used in all eight or ten boxes, and when I stopped I had got back my regular weight and a good healthy color and the gain has lasted. I can eat what I please without discomfort. My nervousness is entirely gone, and while I had constant headaches before, I very rarely have one now. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to women who suffer as I did."

Mrs. Stone was seen at her pretty home in Lakewood, R. I., where, as the result of her experience, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are very popular. These famous pills are sold by all druggists. A book that every woman needs is published by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Salem, N. Y. It is entitled "Plain Talks to Women," and will be sent free on request.

How to Know a Diamond.
 A small Roadking, Pa., girl, whose love of finery is very pronounced, was tireless in her importunities for a ring. The latter finally brought their complete reward in the form of a pretentious gem-gaw. A crier several days later, with the aid of the little one, noticed the acquisition, and remarked: "What a pretty ring; is it a diamond?"

"Well, I guess it ought to be," replied its possessor, indignantly. "It cost 75 cents."

AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old, Cured of a Terrible Case After Ten Years of Suffering.

Sidney Justus, fruit dealer, of Mentor, Ohio, says: "I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills of a severe case of kidney trouble, of eight or ten years' standing. I suffered the most severe backache and other pains in the region of the kidneys. These were especially severe when stooping to lift anything, and often I could hardly straighten my back. The aching was bad in the daytime, but just as bad at night, and I was always lame in the morning. I was bothered with rheumatic pains and dropsical swelling of the feet. The urinary passages were painful, and the secretions were discolored and so free that often I had to rise at night. I felt tired all day. Mail a box served to relieve me, and three boxes effected a permanent cure."

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cts.

The Woman.
 "Yesterday," said Jabson, "I refused a poor woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Jabson. "Who was the woman?"
 "My wife."

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot Ease, A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Callus, Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Chapping, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Orsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Asked and Answered.
 "Professor," said Miss Giddy, "you've made a study of human nature. Now, at what age would you say the average man of intelligence is most likely to marry?"
 "Datage," promptly replied Professor Oidabache.—Philadelphia Press.

Pigo's Cure for Consumption is the best medicine I have ever found for cough and croup.—Mrs. Oscar Trapp, Big Rock, W. March 20, 1901.

The Difference.
 "These two hats look alike," said the dealer, "but, nevertheless, there is a marked difference in them."
 "Yes," rejoined the prospective customer, "I see one is marked \$2 more than the other."

Mrs. Wingard's Secretina Syrup for Children teething, colic, diarrhoea, worms, flatulence, etc., is sold by all druggists. 25 cents a bottle.
 A new kind of cotton has been brought from Egypt into Texas. Its fiber is larger and it is said to be in every way superior to any species thus far grown in the South.