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ONCE MORE!

Once more along the river-side
Are willow-tassels swinging.
Once more among the woodlands wide
Are robins gaily singing.

Once more the whirring corncrake cries
Amid the dew-wet clover,
O'er woodland green the cuckoo flies,
A merry, careless rover.

The leafy woods are all a-chime,
The skylark's notes are thrilling;
Once more a gladder, better rhyme
The poet's lays are filling.

A CAPE AQUARELLE.

The steamer time-table said, "Passengers can land and have one hour to inspect this typical New England fishing village, with its queer rambling streets, its ancient houses, its old wharfs, once the scene of activity, now silent and deserted," etc.

I stood at the end of the landing-place and looked down the long street with the walk on one side and the harbor on the other, then turned and watched the crowd rush past to take the town by storm, staring at the windows of the houses, overrunning the quiet little grave-yard, intruding everywhere; in fact, doing everything that rude, vandal excursionists do the world over.

I desperately struck into a straggling side street, and in a few short moments, to my astonishment, they were left far behind.

I stopped and looked about.

Behind me the town lay, a narrow fringe of gray, colorless houses bordering the inner harbor. Here and there a thin pencilled column of smoke rose straight up as from a fire in a desert, the air was so still and hot.

A monotonous droning filled the ear, reminding one of the cicadas of Provence. From some ship yard came the dull measured stroke of a caulker's hammer, sounding like the tappingo f a woodpecker; again the "peep! peep!" of a sand bird; these are the only evidences of life. The spell of sleep is over everything, and I stand looking unconsciously right ahead till the sudden noise of the excursion boat blowing off steam arouses me, and I see a low cottage, the last on the lane, surrounded by a meagre yard fenced with drift wood held together by pieces of rigging.

Before the door is a pretentious porch or arbor constructed of the gray, bleaching ribs of a whale. An enterprising morning-glory vine is endeavoring to envelope and clothe its ghastliness, but it protrudes and stands out from the flabby, sun-killed wreaths like a white sepulchre. A cobble stone walk edged with pink conch shells completes the dreary ensemble.

I am about to turn back to the town, for it is not very pleasant paddling about in the shifting sands under the broiling sun, when I see a little crouched-up figure sitting on a block of wood in the shadow of an old dory, and so much the color of the surroundings as to be almost unnoticed.

It is a woman, gray and bent with years, looking fixedly at me with queer, canny eyes, her lips moving as she counts the stitches of the knitting in her hands.

I push open the gate on its rope hinges and enter, asking politely for a drink of water. Never stopping, she nods toward the well. I help myself and then sit down near her remarking.

"This is a beautiful day."

"Sun draw water in the mornin'
Sailors take warnin',

she answers, never taking her eyes off me. It was so unexpected I started, but rallying said,

"Well, a nice fresh breeze won't hurt us."

In sad, monotonous tone, she replied,

"When winds blow fresh across the main
And mists scads up from the lea,
There's apt to be some rain
And a choppy sea east sea."

"Well, well," I laughed pleasantly, though I didn't feel a mite that way; "you're quite a rhymster, mother; got verses for all kinds of weather."

The laugh seemed to please the old sybil for an instant, then the small eyes grew sad again and she said, nodding toward the village:

"Stayin' below?"

"No, just came down and going right back."

"Then nobody sent you here?" leaning forward.

"No; I just strayed this way to avoid the crowd. Why do you ask?"

"They send people here to bother me. They say I'm crazy, crazy Nell, you know; ever hear tell of her?"

"No; but tell me, mother, how do you live in this wilderness?"

"All the day I knit stockin's an' mits an' lots of nippers for the fishermen to wear when they're fishin'. They're not ail bad. They give me food and things for them, sometimes a little tea; but it's a poor life, lad, a poor an' sorrowful life for old crazy Nell, with only her thoughts and the sea's moans for company; an' death passes me, that only longs to go, and takes the young an' strong, that wants to live; but the day is nigh at hand now; soon I will see my Malcolm, my bonny boy, my husband—gone, lad, gone, gone, and only married one day; think of it; me all alone, alone for forty weary winters, and forty wearier summers, waitin' to die an' go to him. Do you think he has forgiven me?"

"Suppose you tell me your story," I said, gently, rather touched by her plaintiveness.

"My story? aye; and what joy would ye find in the vagaries and mumblin's of an old crazy woman like me. I canna tell."

"He built this house for me, his bride. Oh, but I was a happy girl then; yes, an' one of the tidiest and prettiest of the village, and often I was told of it, and he was the smartest and bravest of all the fisher lads that went out to the banks; every one loved him, myself most of all, tho' I was a bit pert and liked my own way; well, well, the day of rest is nigh to me now. Hearken then, sir, an' I'll tell ye a tale of the sad, sad sea; a tale of its cruelty to one I loved; a tale that's brimful with pain, an' woes an' griefs; an, God, that he should go! wild an' awful the tempest raged when he dared an' perished!" After a few moments of weeping and muttering to herself she began her disjointed narrative anew.

"Softly the gray mists hung far o'er the smiling bay, an' the sun sparkled on the little ripples that were so weak they hardly broke on the shore that fair September morn we two were married. But as night came on, great, dark, towerin' storm clouds, leaden hued, scurried across the heavens, an' the fierce red lightnings glowed an' flashed on a roarin' sea. From the dark south came up the gale, drivin' before it straight unbroken rows of mountainous billows, crowned on top same as with white yeast; then, like a fiend turned loose with shriekin' yells an' bellowin's, down swooped the storm an' whipped big clots of foam from off the waves, an' hurled the heavy swell far up the groanin' shore. Truly, the earth seemed frightened with the madness of the seas.

"But in the house here we were havin' a merry time. We had a lot of the women and children from town and a couple of the young men who were just in from a trip and stopped over to see us married. Old Cap'n Thomas and the minister had each just said a grace, and we were about to fall to and eat when suddenly some one heard a faint signal gun. In a minute feast and everything was forgotten; off rushed the whole company, men, women and children, Malcolm and me with them, to the beach. What did we see in the darkening evening light? A vessel way out seaward, pounding on the bar! Not a stick nor spar did she have standing; shorn of everything by the force of the shock when she struck, and the big waves dashin' and lashin' clean over her.

"Not a minute do we waste, but all hands help drag the life boat down to the edge of the surf and then quick call for volunteers, brave fellows who count themselves nothing if they can only save some one else's life. My Malcolm felt no fear; he was the first to spring forward and, though I clung to him and beseeched and sobbed, would not heed me. He gave one last embrace to me, his new-made wife, and turned to the boat.

"Vainly I begged him to remain with me that first day of our wedded life, but no, he counted his duty before all else. Oh, that I had died then! My heart was filled with a dark terror; 'twas torn and rent apart with anguish that he would go; my head was swimmin' and reelin,' and crazed with the cruel smart of his first refusal I mocked and cursed him there. Aye, cursed him for what was only right, for the boat was but poorly manned, there were so few men at the beach, and of them some were old and almost crippled; but in my selfish ravings I felt no pity for the poor ship in distress, screaming again and again that I wished it would break up before they got started, and that if they went I hoped never to see any of them again.

"Slowly my Malcolm left his place at the bow of the boat; if I live 'till I'm a hundred, which God pity me, I hope I won't, never can I forget the look I saw on his face in the wan light.

"'Nell, darling, kiss me goodby. Won't? Ah well, God bless you!' and he was gone!

"Down on the sand I fell in a dead faint. What then? Ah, yes. I lay there but a moment; the wet sand on my face brought me to. I stared about me; none were left but a little knot of women and children huddled together, crying and peering through the gloom at the struggling boat, and a couple of old men still standing waist deep in the water where they had helped shove off.

"Now the surf is passed; they are tossed on the great waves; down, down they go far from sight in the mad sea; then they come again up, up, 'gainst wind and tide, now toppling on the point of some monster billow, only to go plunging down to meet the next, and pulling with might and main to reach the wreck that labored and strained on the bar and threatened to go to pieces every second.

"Now they work round under her stern and are hidden from us by the hulk, but soon we see them again carefully approaching from the lee side; but even there it seems too rough to try to board her. Then we know from the motions that they have cast a line, which must be caught, as now we see a dark shape suspended over the boat for an instant; the next, a vast, mountainous wall of foam overwhelms them, the gale bursts out afresh, and when we can get our breaths and look again they are gone! Nothing is left but the raging line of breakers black with wreckage! Ship and boat are no more!"

Calmly she wiped her streaming eyes and concluded:

"At daybreak eight bodies had washed ashore; four our own men and four strangers; the rest of the ship's company, nobody knows how many, and the fifth of the boat's crew—my own Malcolm, were never recovered!"

The heat which pulsated around us like a draught from a hot furnace, and the dramatic intensity of the old dame's recital, had so worked upon me that I was in a sort of addled comatose condition. The few sounds of life from the village were unnoticed; even the warning whistle had blown some minutes before entirely unheeded; so I had to take the Cape train back to town, but somehow I didn't feel like complaining.—American Cultivator.

The Chinese Chess.

Weichi is the greatest game of the Chinese, especially with the literary class, and is ranked by them superior to chess. Like chess, this game is of a general military and mathematical character, but is on a much more extended scale, the board containing 261 places and employing nearly 200 men on the side. All of the men, however, have the same value and powers. The object is to command as many places on the board as possible. This may be done by inclosing empty spaces, or surrounding the enemy's men. Very close calculation is always essential in order that a loss in one region may be met by gains in another, thus employing skillful strategy when the contestants are evenly matched. The game has come down from great antiquity, being first mentioned in Chinese writing about 625 B. C. It was in all probability introduced by the Babylonian astronomers, who were at that time instructors of all the East.

Armies and Schools.

Italy expends every year $90,000,000 for her soldiers and less than $4,000,000 for schools. In Spain it costs $100,000,000 to maintain the army, and only $1,500 to educate the children, but then it is the exception to find a Spanish farmer who is able to read or write. Germany boasts of being in the foremost rank among the nations in the kulturkampf of the world, yet she expends $185,000,000 on her army, while $10,000,000 is deemed sufficient for the education of her children. France maintains an army at an expense of $151,000,000 and supports her schools with $21,000,000. The United States expends $115,000,000 for public schools, while the army and navy cost only $54,000,000.

The Pope's Seal.

The seal ring worn by the pope, and used by him on official documents to which his signature is attached, has on it the engraving of a fish, with the cipher of the wearer. Since the thirteenth century every pope has worn a ring of this character, and it is shattered with a hammer when the wearer dies, to prevent its use on a forged document.

A THOROUGHBRED PEGASUS.

The Altitudinous Parnassian Flight of a Missourian Who Saw the Moon.

The moon looked so queer and imperfect the other night, something like an egg with one side not properly rounded out, says a writer in the Kansas City Star. She seemed pale and insignificant against the blue in the early evening, and as she floated aimlessly and slowly across the heavens could have been mistaken for a lighted balloon, wandering along in her somewhat ridiculous want of symmetry. But as she climbed higher and met the dark mutinous-looking clouds she gained in glory and seemed to be the power which ruled the night and held in check the clouds and storm. When she was a prisoner behind their sinister darkness all seemed insecure, threatening; the little stars twinkled timidly as if asking; "Is there to be no more light? Have they overthrown our queen?" And other little stars seemed to hurry across the blue space as if charged with messages of encouragement and promises of help to her imprisoned majesty. And she, behind the blackness, tranquilly pursued her heavenly way, sending before her a radiance where the white clouds caught her brightness and were illuminated, while following the glory she herself would step from behind the shadow; yellow, victorious, not pale and frightened, but full of confidence in her right to her kingdom and her power to hold it. There was no trace of the imperfect about her then, the white clouds like a veil covering the outlines, made her seem again a perfect golden globe. As another black mass came hurrying up and obscured her brightness, perhaps a little patch of light would flicker through, marking, where she took her undaunted march, or a narrow golden rim would show for a minute like a scimeter, as if she were trying to cut her way out; or sometimes one would see, dismayed, what looked like her white ghost flying from the all-surrounding blackness.

There was one steady pageant, where the clear blue way cut the clouds apart, and down this path her imperial brightness stepped serenely, disdaining the discordant gloom above and below her. And even in the darkest times, when the blackness spread all around, up in the zenith the clouds were white and clear, showing behind the darkness her light reached out to bless the loyal parts of her kingdom. Once she seemed to tread along the very top of a murderous-looking mass of clouds as if she knew not what fear meant. As the blackness was subdued the white clouds ranged themselves into little mackereled waves, patines of silver turning to gold where she smiled upon them. Sometimes her path seemed lost as if she had been driven out of her course, but the illusion vanished with the falsifying cloud and the moon shone down again from her appointed place. The scientists say she is old and wrinkled; that she has lost all the brightness that once was hers. How dauntless must her spirit be that even after nature has told her that her work is done, she yet refuses to be a useless part of the universe, but still clothes herself in light and beauty and holds her regal sway in the deep blue heavens, and even from black clouds seems to draw an added glory of victory, which makes her still more radiant.

Beautiful queen! Reaching down to the far away sun she stores her heart full of his light and, in order to pour out all the splendor of it on mankind she does continual battle, unwearied and undismayed, with those wandering hosts that in mere wanton sportiveness seek to imprison her in the heavens behind them, leaving her earthly worshipers in darkness.

OUR FROZEN ANCESTORS.

Primeval Man May Yet Be Discovered in a Glacier.

"Was he arboreal, and did he live upon fruit?" It has been suggested that he was driven from these mild ways by the cold of that unpleasant time when glaciers covered the earth. The trees died and the fruits perished, and the ancestor, climbing down, began with rats and mice, and finished with cannibalism, to avoid perishing likewise. Also, he invented fire. Also, the cold made him use language. But this is rather an unsubstantial speculation, since Professor Prestwich, for instance, believes that there were men before the glaciers. At any rate, he tells us that at Sevenoaks, in the very old pre-glacial "plateau drift" above the downs, he has found instruments of flint.

It is not impossible that those beetle-browed persons, the paleolithic men, the remote men who chipped out weapons of unpolished stone and knew the uses of neither cattle, clay, nor corn, were less human looking than their skeletons would lead us to fancy. There is a hint in one rude scratching on a bone that they were thickly hairy. There is a remote chance yet—at least it is a pleasant fancy to entertain—that we with our own eyes may yet see this hairy ancestor of ours in the flesh. Every one has heard of the entire mammoth, skin and flesh complete, frozen up inside of a Siberian river and enduring to our days. The flesh was so fresh that the dogs fell upon it and ate it without ill results.

Now, these preglacial men of Professor Prestwich must have been contemporaries with those mammoths and they may have ventured, too since they hunted the mammoth, into high latitudes. The discovery of a refrigerated ancestor is by no means impossible.

It is necessary for any one who has read "The Frozen Pirate" to curb his imagination here. In all humanity we must hope the ancestor, when thawed, will be dead. Fancy the shock of Rip Van Winkle intensified by 10,000 generations. If he is dead he must, of course, be promptly stuffed by all the best taxidermists in council, and placed in a commanding position in the museum; a relic and true portrait combined.

Alive With Snakes.

The Isles of Shoals, mere rocks standing ten miles from the New Hampshire coast in a cold sea, are alive with snakes. On a warm day one will see dozens of them running in and out of the boggy places or sunning themselves on the bare ridges. They are nothing to be afraid of, however, for they are only of one variety—the common little green snake that seldom grows to a length of two feet.

Paste Diamonds.

The mosaic copies in the vatican of large pictures by Raphael, Domenichino and others occupied from twelve to twenty-five years to execute and required from 15,000 to 20,000 different shades of color.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

GOOD WOOL AND HOW IT CAN BE PRODUCED.

Fine Wool is Growing in Demand—About Eggs—No Reflow of Sap—Tariff on Animals—Horticultural Hints and Household Helps.

To Make Wool More Profitable.

There has been a steadily increasing demand of late years for fine grades of wool, and while foreign growths have had a tendency to compete successfully with our home grown poorer grades of wool, they have practically had no effect upon the sale of the finer grades. it is to this point that farmers should have their attention drawn frequently, for very many who go into the sheep business think that wool is just the same, no matter how grown. They secure good blooded stock, and naturally expect that these high priced animals produce good, salable wool. They are somewhat astonished when they find that after all more depends upon the proper care of the sheep than upon the breed. Poor and common grade wools in this country are not in great demand. They are not profitable to the sheep grower, and it is the class of sheep raisers that grow this wool whom we always hear complaints from.

Fine, home-made woolen clothes are daily growing in popular demand here, says the American Cultivator, and the large mills are absorbing such grades of wool rapidly. People who wear these clothes are willing to pay fair prices for them, and the mills consequently offer a premium for the fine grades of wool. We can depend upon this demand a great deal better than we can on any short-lived fad for an inferior article.

There are a few points about wool that even the old experienced flockmaster, as well as the beginner might think about. The fine grade of wool that takes well to-day is the one that has a good fine staple, but not too silky in fiber. The wool is graded often according to the even development of it.

If developed evenly it will resist tension equally. This wool can be woven freely and easily by the mills, and it makes good cloth that will be equally strong in all parts. No breed alone will produce such wool. The finest breed in this world, unless attended to properly will not give an evenly developed wool fiber. The strength and development of the fiber depends upon the uniform good health and vigor of the animals, and if these are checked in any way the fiber will be long and strong in some places and weak and short in others.

This production of inferior wool is caused by every neglect to feed the animals regularly, by starvation and by exposure to inclement weather. They all combine to injure the fiber so that it cannot pass muster as a fine grade. If treated in this way continually, the patches of poor fiber will increase in number so that the wool will degenerate annually, and finally become so poor that it does not pay to keep the sheep.

Good staple should also be evenly lubricated along in its whole length, and this can only be accomplished by having the animals in perfect health. If growers would stop to think of how much this neglect injures the fiber of their wool when placed upon the markets they would give more attention to their animals. We must have good stock, but more than that, we must have the time and patience to grow good wool by attending to the sheep.

Something About Eggs.

Authorities on scientific cooking tell us many things that are well worth remembering. A writer in Food tells us something about eggs. Eggs should never be cooked before they are twenty-four hours old, and they are much better if kept forty-eight hours or until their whites are set. The white in a freshly laid egg cannot be beaten stiff until it has laid on ice for some time. The old way of testing eggs—that of putting them in water—is one of the best. If they are fresh enough for cooking they will sink. On the contrary, if the eggs rise to the surface air enough has penetrated the shell to make the egg unfit for use, although its yolk may look perfect and no odor can be detected. Decomposition begins when the contents of the shell are exposed to the external air, and the fact of the egg floating in water is proof positive that it has been lightened by air. The digestibility of the hard-boiled egg is a favorite theme. Eggs should never be actually boiled, as the extremely high temperature of the water hardens and toughens the whites at once, rendering them indigestible. If they are submerged in water just below the boiling point and kept at that temperature for one half hour they will be almost as digestible as raw eggs.

A good rule to cook eggs for invalids is to pour boiling water in a tin pail having a tight cover; put the eggs in the pail carefully, cover it tightly and let it stand entirely away from the fire for five minutes. The whites of the eggs cooked in this manner will be perfectly coagulated, soft, tender and easily assimilated.—Journal of Agriculture.

There Is No Reflow of Sap.

Mr. Charles R. Barnes, professor of botany in the university of Wisconsin, in an address to the state Horticultural society, thus gives the latest accepted conclusion of science:

"Before passing from this topic of the movement of water which supplies evaporation, I must allude to a very common and widespread idea—at least I judge it to be widespread, because it is so frequently propounded by my students—that the "sap goes down in winter and up in spring." Just where the sap is supposed to go in winter is not exactly clear, since, if the roots are absorbing water in the fall when the evaporation is diminished, they are likely to have quite as much water as they can hold already. The conception, apparently, is that all of the water lodged in the trunk and spreading branches goes down into the roots. It needs, however, only the most casual examination of trees in winter to discover that at this time they are almost saturated with water. The twigs of the hickory tree, for example, will be frozen on a cold day in winter so that they are brittle almost as glass, and one can snap off a twig half an inch in diameter as though it were an icicle. The same twig, when not frozen, on a mild day will be so tough that there will be no possibility of breaking it.

"Again, if one cuts off a branch from a tree in winter and brings it into a warm room, he will quickly discover that water is oozing from the cut end, showing that the twigs are almost saturated with it. As a matter of fact, the water in trees increases from midsummer or early fall to the beginning of growth in early spring. There is thus no necessity for any "going up" of the sap in spring until the leaves are expanded and the water with which the tree is already saturated begins to be evaporated from the foliage."—Florida Despatch.

Tariff on Animals.

We are asked to give the tariff on imported animals. On horses and mules, $30 per head, provided, that horses valued at $150 and over shall pay duty of thirty per centum ad valorem. On cattle, more than one year old, $10 per head; one year old or less, $2 per head. On hogs, $1.50 per head. On sheep, one year old or more, $1.50 per head; less than one year old, seventy-five cents per head. All other live animals, not specially provided for, twenty per centum ad valorem. Any animal imported specially for breeding purposes shall be admitted free, proved that no such animal shall be admitted free unless pure bred of a recognized breed, and duly registered in the book or record established for that breed; and, provided further, that certificate of such record and of the pedigree of such animal shall be provided and submitted to the custom officer, duly authenticated by the proper custodian of such book of record, together with the affidavit of the owner, agent or importer that such animal is the identical animal described in said certificate of record and pedigree. Animals brought into the United States temporarily, for a period not exceeding six months, for the purpose of exhibition or competition for prizes offered by any agricultural or racing association are admitted free.—Farmers' Voice.

Decrease in Bumble Bees.

There are, at least in the older sections of the country, not nearly so many bumble bees as there were soon after its settlement. We grow as much clover as ever, but it is cut earlier, and the men and boys engaged in haying have more time to fight bumble bees than they did when all grass was cut with the scythe. There are not so many good places for the female bumble bees to lay their eggs in spring as there used to be. The soil is firmer from longer cultivation, and there are fewer rotten stumps. In our boyhood, pretty much all the fun we found in haying and harvesting time was in fighting bumble bees whose nests were in danger whenever we cut near where they were.—American Cultivator.

Horticultural Hints.

Rubbish around trees harbors mice.

Plums naturally grow in clumps, and the seed will therefore bear thick planting.

An experienced gardner says that tile drainage must precede the manure for successin gardening or fruit growing.

Some one has said that when the farm breaks out into smiles of fruits and flowers it becomes the most charming spot on earth.

It is not worth while to have an orchard unless it is given proper care. The orchard cannot prune itself or defend itself against insects.

The director of the Oklahoma experiment station recommends as a remedy for various squash bugs, spraying the vines with soap suds in which is enough Paris green to give a decided tinge of color.

It pays to sort fruits before offering for sale. Frequently the second-class by being uniform, will bring as much or more than the mixed lot, while the first-class will bring much better prices than when mixed with inferior fruit.

An orchardist says that he plants his vegetables in the young orchard so that one cultivation will do for both. He says his rows of trees are thirty-three feet apart which admits seven rows of strawberries, nine rows of corn, or eleven rows of potatoes.

At a meeting in New York a horticulturist said he had always made a sheep pasture of his orchard, and that they were the best insecticides he ever tried. He advised keeping 100 sheep on every ten acres of orchard. Give them plenty of linseed meal and bran which will make them ravenous for apples.

Household Helps.

Vegetables are much more easily cultivated in long rows than in plots.

Thinnest and clearest of "clear soups" are now very much in order.

Lettuce as a cure for insomnia is more and more favored by the doctors.

Those who eat inordinately of radishes soon take a gloomy view of life.

The introduction of grated pineapple into cake is voted a great success.

Modern codfish balls leave that particular kind of fish to the imagination.

To be "intensely fashionable" eat your strawberries with a fork—never with a knife.

No city baker can make cake to compare with the "gentlewoman housekeeper."

The number of courageous people who eat oysters out of season is said by dealers to be increasing every year.

Scotch toast is the best dish ever invented for the pleasant and satisfactory utilization of cold, stale bread."

Flatirons should be kept as far removed from the steam of cooking as possible, as this is what causes them to rust.

Tile that can be purchased for a few pennies each are at once neat and convenient to place between the kitchen table and hot cooking vessels.

A towel rack made with several arms fastened to a half-circular center, which in turn fastens to the wall, is a convenient place for drying dish towels.

Always keep a piece of white muslin in the sewing basket and machine drawer, and when the light is dim place it under the needle when threading it.

Light, breakable pieces of bric-a-brac, as vases, mugs and the like, should be weighted down with tiny bags of shot or sand to guard against carelessness in dusting.

To clean white ostrich plumes dissolve four ounces of white soap in four pints of hot water. Make a lather and plunge the feathers into it, rubbing them well with the hands for five or six minutes. Wash out in clear hot water and shake until dry.

A Practical Man.

Foreign Tourist—Yes. I have just come from Niagara Falls. You have been there frequently, I presume?

American—N-o; but I've seen a draft of the tunnels for utilizing the water-power. Magnificent scheme, isn't it?—New York Weekly.

A Cunning Frog.

A scientific journal tells this story of a frog's cunning: A brood of chickens was fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough soured a little of it attracted large numbers of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he would make his appearance in the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having done which he awaited developements. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarmed around the scheming batrachian and whenever one passed within two inches or so of his nose his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. The plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it.

Choked by a Blacksnake.

George Fraleigh, while working at haying for William Odell in Brookfield, Conn., one morning recently, lifted a fork full of hay to place it on the load, when he fell to the ground with the hay on top of him. When picked up Fraleigh had hold of a blacksnake which was coiled about his neck. The serpent did not bite him, but it left a black mark. Fraleigh was disabled from work for the day. The next morning, and every morning since, at the same hour that the snake wound itself around the man's neck, he has been taken with choking spasms and fits of strangulation, and is growing weaker every day. The case is being watched by local physicians, whose efforts to allay his sufferings have thus far proved futile.

At the Foot of the Palisades.

Perhaps the quaintest and queerest little settlements within a hundred miles of New York are those built at the foot of the Palisades. The fishermen who live there appear to be as far from the madding crowd as though they were alone on the prairie. The tall cliffs and jagged rocks about them cut them off from the rest of the world and they have few visitors. There is not a horse or wagon among them and no road to drive on. Springs of good water are found within a rod or two of the salt Hudson, but beer and groceries are a long way off, unless one takes a boat and crosses the river to the Metropolis that swirls and roars on the other bank.

His Host's Cigars.

The prince of Wales not long ago was one of a large house party, his host being a very well-known peer. After dinner, the royal guest, the host, and the other male visitors repaired to the billiard room. On a table at the side were two or three boxes of cigars, and the prince was helping himself to one, when an ambitious millionaire approached him, and taking from his pocket a cigar case, held it out to the prince, saying: "I think, sir, you will find these better." "Mr. ——," replied the prince, "if a man's dinner is good enough for me, his cigars are good enough for me." The millionaire was unexpectedly called away to town next morning on business.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation. Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Druggists, 25c. DR. SHOOP, Box W., Racine, Wis.

How Many Stars in the Flag.

It is remarked as singular, and possibly an indication of lack of patriotism, that the average American, always excepting school children, cannot tell offhand how many stars there now are in the country's flag. If any reader of this desires to try the question on ten of his friends he will probably find that only three or four can give the correct number even after a minute of hard thought. The ordinary reply will range from forty to forty-two stars instead of the correct forty-four. The admission within four years of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming has brought the list up to the last mentioned number. The shape of the union has been changed from a square to a rectangle, and the stars are arranged in six straight lines, the upper and lower ones containing eight stars and the remaining four having seven stars.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Polishing a rascal's head never makes his heart any whiter.

A Big Thing.

"It is the biggest thing I have ever struck." What? Why the business advertised in another column by B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va. If you are open to an engagement write them. They can show you a good thing.

Folks who are thankful don't have much trouble about being cheerful.

Female Weakness Positively Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. Not a prescription to be filled, but I will send two bottles of my remedy Free of all cost, for the medicine, ready for use, to any lady if they will send their express and P.O. address. I hold correspondence strictly confidential and forward my replies and remedy in plain wrapper. Dr. J. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y.

People who give in earnest soon find out that it is a blessed thing to do.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

It is easier to be brave than it is to be patient.

Attention is called to "A Free Ride to Denver," appearing elsewhere in this paper. Read and take advantage of the liberal offer that is made.

The heart, not the head, is the real master of the man.

Sixty-five Bushels Per Acre.

This remarkable yield was reported to the John A. Salzer Seed company, La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Floss of Iowa, on a field of Salzer's World's Fair Winter Wheat. Speaking of wheats, this new variety takes the cake. Several farmers who tried it during 1893 believe they can raise 100 bushels per acre. His northern grown wheat sorts, as also his grass mixtures, can be sown with success as late as Nov. 10. Salzer will send free a package of World's Fair Winter Wheat and his fall catalogue if you will cut this out and send same to John A. Salzer Seed company, La Crosse, Wis.

The golden calf never grows in a cow that gives milk.

The Gulf Coast of Texas

Has the best and cheapest land in the United States and more even climate than California. Rain enough to raise four crops a year. Plenty timber and prairie. Lumber $6 to $7 per thousand. For further information, write to Gulf Coast Land and Improvement Co., 1324 Farnam, St., Omaha, Neb.

Growlers are never wanted anywhere.

A good way to get help is to be a helper.

Scientists May Differ

As to the causes of rehumatism, but there is no difference of opinion among them as to the danger which attends it, the symptoms by which it manifests itself, and the difficulty of dislodging it in its chronic stage. Several mineral and vegetable poisons are prescribed for it, but none of these has been shown by experience to possess the same efficacy as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This benign specific depurates the blood by promoting vigorous action of the kidneys, which strain from the blood as it passes through them the rheumatic virus when it exists in the system. Physicians of eminence testify to the value of the Bitters in rheumatism, and the professional opinions regarding it are borne out and corroborated by ample popular evidence. The Bitters remedy chills and fever, liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation.

Peculiarities of Speech.

It is a peculiar fact that persons born deaf are usually mute, not from any congenital defect in the organs of speech, but from the fact that, never having heard others speak, they cannot imitate articulate utterance. It is probably true, too, that the source of some current errors among those who are not esteemed deaf lies in a defect of hearing. Many persons who habitually talk on the "r" sound to words ending in "w" say that they are unable to distinguish between "law" and "lor."

THE MODERN BEAUTY

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

Barnacles on Fish.

Speaking of barnacles it is said that besides fastening themselves to ships and piling, they have been known to fasten themselves to a species of fish found in these waters and which are known as bull heads. Specimens of this fish have been found completely encrusted by this little animal, sometimes to such an extent as to cause death. "Sticking like a barnacle" would seem to be an appropriate phrase.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache, disordered liver, and act like mag