

WAS A FAITH CURE.

IT WAS A GENUINE day in May. The sun shone warm on the vivid green grass, on the trees blossoming in the garden, on the red roof of the house, and on the graceful tassels of the birches.

How lovely all nature was, and how joyful it seemed for everything to look so radiant when human hearts were breaking.

At least, thought Stella Wynn, as she lay among the tall green grass, in front of the tiny white house, half hidden by the woodland that clambered over it.

In and out among the honeysuckles, the yellow bees, making the air droning with their humming, and on the green leaves, the dew drops glistening, she lay, her eyes closed, her hands clasped, and her heart beating with a feverish hope.

How long she had been lying there, she did not know. She felt as if she had been there for hours. Her eyes were closed, and she felt as if she had been there for hours. Her eyes were closed, and she felt as if she had been there for hours.

At last the doctor's house came in sight. She walked up the porch and rang the bell with a trembling hand. A servant answered her summons. He looked so tall and grand that she thought it must be the doctor himself. He smiled at her timid question. "No," he replied, "what do you want of him?"

"I want to see him on business," the child replied.

"I'm afraid you can't, he is very busy this morning and is going out soon." "Please let me see him for a moment," "I can't possibly."

Stella hung herself down passionately on the broad steps and burst into tears. "Oh, do let me see him," she walked seven miles, and oh, I want to see him so bad!"

The man had little girls of his own, and the child's distress touched his heart.

"I'll see what I can do," he said. He went up to the doctor's office and told him that there was a little girl here who had walked seven miles to see him.

"She certainly deserves to see me," replied the doctor, "bring her in."

When Stella really stood before him and felt that the haven of her hopes was reached, she courage suddenly left her. "My father is dying, and I want you to come and cure him. Oh, do come, I asked God to let you all the way. We haven't any money, but I'll work and pay you all when I am a woman."

Dr. Reynolds knew very little about poor people, and cared still less for the child who came to him. "Perhaps I couldn't cure him if I went," he said. "Oh, yes, you will, you are so good and so great."

The doctor winced. He had his own private opinion about his goodness. Stella had passed through a great deal that day. She had walked seven miles, and she had been told that she could not cure her father. She had been told that she could not cure her father. She had been told that she could not cure her father.

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RELICS FROM EDEN.

GARDEN OF THE RACE NOW BEING EXPLORED.

The Sacred Spot Referred to in the Book of Genesis May Yet Produce a Connecting Link Between the Past and Present.

HE SPADE OF the explorer has at last been struck into historic soil of the Garden of Eden. At last the scientific and archaeological have begun to study the famous plateau upon which has long been agreed upon as the undoubted location of the Paradise of the Bible.

Perhaps there is no more wonderful spot on earth than the plateau—the real Garden of Eden. As the recognized cradle of the human race, it is of overwhelming interest, too, to the scientist and naturalist for entirely different reasons. From this remote and almost inaccessible corner of the earth, for instance, came originally nearly every one of our domestic animals.

The Bible says, in the Book of Genesis: "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden." And, indeed, if there was a spot which seemed to have been especially created and clothed with marvelous richness of foliage, of climate and of diverse species of birds and beasts, with its verdant valleys and luxuriant plains, framed by an encircling range of snowy mountain peaks, it is the wonderful Vale of Cashmere.

Here it was that Adam was created—the first man. And here, too, Eve was created as his companion. The serpent tempted them and sin entered the world—all in the beautiful earthly garden spot of the Vale of Cashmere.

Little, very little, has been known of the curious people who live on this great plateau. And now that the explorer has begun work among them, the possibilities of the work of research and discovery are almost boundless.

Who can foretell what may be developed in digging in the very ground where Adam and Eve trod? Who can say but that here, in this divine garden, the creature thereof and where Eve was brought into existence, may there not be found proofs of their origin and of the tragedy which drove them forth in shame?

Here, where time has stood still, where a people older than any known on earth are living in patriarchal style, may there not be found something which will bridge the chasm between the present time to that of the first man? The missing link in the history of the human race is here to be found if anywhere.

And already the explorations that have taken place upon the site of the Garden of Eden have disclosed much that goes to corroborate the Biblical story. Nowhere else on earth is there a place so nearly capable of producing all varieties, all species of birds and animals. In no other spot on the habitable globe are the temperate, the cold and the frigid zones brought close together.

TO PEARY'S RELIEF.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION SAILS FOR THE NORTH.

It is Well Equipped To Return Oct. 1.—Mrs. Peary Remains at Home.—Bound for Latitude 77 Degrees and 30 Minutes.

HE little Red Cross Line steamer Portia, which, with her sister ship, the Silvia, makes regular trips between New York and St. John's, Newfoundland, sailed recently for the Peary expedition, which goes to bring home the plucky explorer and investigator after a couple of years' sojourn in Greenland.

The party included Emil Diebitzsch, of Washington, Mrs. Peary's brother, who was in charge; Prof. Rolf D. Salsbury, of Chicago University; Theodore Le. Bouillier, of Philadelphia; Dr. John E. Walsh, of Washington, and Schi-ocha, the little Eskimo girl who resides with Mrs. Peary in Washington last winter.

At St. John's the members of the relief party will board the steam barkentine Kite, Capt. Barriett, and sail for Greenland. The expedition has two principal objects in view: First, to reach Anniversary Lodge, Bowditch Bay, in North Greenland (latitude 77 deg. 48 min.), in order to communicate with Mrs. Peary, his companion, Hugh J. Lee, of Meriden, Conn., and his servant, Matthew Henson, of Philadelphia, and bring them back to the United States. Second, to afford the scientists who accompany the expedition opportunities to study the geology and the flora and fauna.

Mrs. Peary was engaged all winter in raising the funds necessary for the relief expedition, being assisted in her endeavor by the American Geographical Society, the Philadelphia Geographical Club and Chicago University.

After his journey to Independence Bay, on the northern coast of Greenland, in the spring of 1892, Mr. Peary determined to map the entire northern coast from Victoria Inlet to Cape Bismarck. The expedition of 1893-94 was organized for that purpose. Driven back in the spring of 1894, he determined to make another attempt in the spring of 1895.

Scientific instruments, cameras and a full supply of provisions for the Kite were put aboard the Portia, and the little steamer was crowded to the rails with boxes and packages. Mrs. Peary was leaving with Mrs. Peary in Washington. She had become reconciled to her daily bath and eats with relish food that she could not taste when she came here, a year ago. She is on the passenger list as Miss "Bill."

Mrs. Peary did not sail. She wanted to go, but the party dared not take her 2-year-old daughter, and she would leave her at home.

Emil Diebitzsch is a graduate of Lehigh University and a civil engineer by profession. Mr. Salsbury is professor of geographic geology in the University of Chicago. He is about 35 years old. He was for two years lecturer on biology and pathology at the National Medical College, and for some time house surgeon in charge of the Washington Asylum Hospital. Mr. Le. Bouillier is the representative of the Philadelphia Geographical Club. Another member of the expedition, Lewis Lindbergh, is now at Halesite, N. Y. Greenland is professor of zoology, taxidermist and curator of mammals and birds in the State University, at Lawrence, Kan. He went to South Greenland from Gloucester, Mass., on May 15. The expedition will return about October 1.

Gen. Grant and the Circus-Bones.

The following is an extract from a curious Japanese life of Gen. Grant, portions of which are printed in the Century for July:

A year and a half later a circus-rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Gurando Kuen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse, he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus-rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse and executed himself to the lord of the house, saying: "I accidentally broke the window of your honorable house. I have no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell, a new glass window buy, this loss repay. Please excuse this house lord, having been much pleased with this child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excuse his sin. Indeed, Gurando Kuen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but one inch long."

PUNISHMENT WAS SWIFT.

Story of the Kitten-Killing Monkey and a Neeping.

Dick Walker lives at No. 15 Vanday street, and is manager of an uptown glassware emporium, says New York World. Animals of all sorts he feeds of, especially dogs and monkeys. The mate of a Brazilian ship recently brought him a monkey which he named Adam. The animal was very tame, and was allowed the liberty of Mr. Walker's residence and back yard. The fence there was a favorite roosting-place for Adam until Friday.

Mr. Walker was looking out of the window, and in the next yard was a mother cat with three or four kittens. She carried them one by one in her mouth and deposited them on the grass plot. Adam was gravely watching the proceeding, and suddenly descending into the neighbor's yard, he seized a kitten as he had seen the cat do, and with it dangling from his jaws, he scrambled up the fence. He was not slow either, for right behind him was Mrs. Cat, with her back up and her tail as big as a muff. Along the fence to the window Adam ran, and jumped into the room. Mr. Walker took the kitten from him just in time and shut the window. Mrs. Cat knew no stopping, however, and through the glass she dashed, and after Mr. Adam Walker managed to separate them, but not until he was scratched and bitten, too.

Adam was punished severely by the enraged cat, and whenever he sees one he now runs under a sofa and hides. He still owns Mr. Walker the price of a pane of glass.

NEW LAW FOR BUTCHERS.

It Prohibits the Exposure of Meat or Poultry Outside Their Shops.

There is little in the outward appearance of a New York butcher shop nowadays to indicate the nature of the business carried on within, says the World. This is in consequence of the rigid enforcement by the police of a law passed during the late session of the Legislature, prohibiting, under a severe penalty of from \$100 to \$500, the exposure in front or within a store of fish, game and poultry. Strictly enforced, this would require all meats and provisions to be kept in the ice boxes and only brought out as called for. The police are under instructions, however, to permit a reasonable exposure of goods within the store, but the lavish decoration of the exterior with quarters of beef, carcasses of sheep, lambs, calves and pigs and long lines of chickens and turkeys, so large a feature of Second, Third, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth avenue markets, is a thing of the past. A thousand dollars' worth of stock on the outside was not an uncommon thing. Many butchers kept the show unimpaired until the condition that called for condemnation and confiscation. The health authorities were behind the passage of the new law. It is enforced with a vigor and impartiality observed. With housewives it is an especially popular measure.

St. Nicholas of Myra.

All that is known of the certainty of Nicholas is the bare fact that he lived in Asia Minor, somewhere about the beginning of the fourth century. He was a Greek merchant, a Levantine coast town, venerable (of course) for his piety and benevolence, and was revered in the East at least as early as the sixth century. In the Greek church he takes rank immediately after the five great fathers, and under the name of St. Nicholas of Myra he is esteemed the patron of the sea.

Yellowstone Park.

Words cannot describe the fairest conception of the grandeur and magnificence of the Yellowstone National Park, or of her scenery there such scenes view such an abundance of fine game, such myriads of wild fowl, such delightful camping places, and such a magnificent view of the most marvelous scenery that the world contains.

Her English Blood.

The launch returned on the English curate at his boarding house the other day by a pretty Southern girl, who is brimful of life and fun and generally gets on her feet in the best way, enough to cross swords with the curate. The curate secretly admires her, but thinks it his duty to admonish her whenever she is in the house. On this particular occasion all were gathered on the porch after dinner and Miss Fannie was delighting the crowd with her imitation of the four thousand people. The curate stood in the door and watched her in marked disapproval, then he said: "Oh, Miss Fannie, where do you get that wild strain in you which makes you do such things?" "Quick as a flash she turned on him. "That is my English blood," she said.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. Axtell, 511 N. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

How Smokers Won Her.

Indianapolis Journal: "False one," he hissed. "Meaning me?" asked the owner of the stare of eye.

"No, meaning the candy on the table," said the Indian. "I bought you came to \$7.43. Valentine's day I sent you \$14 worth of hot-house roses. In March I blew in \$11 for theatre tickets. And now come along that odious Smithers and takes you to the musical festival, sets up the ice cream, pays for a carriage and carriage livery, at least that's the way you give me the cold shoulder. Well, you see," she said, "Mr. Smithers bunched his hits."

Many a girl who takes "the first man who offers" lives to regret the act.

The day is always too short for the man who loves his work.

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