

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

Keep working on for what is right,
 And God will shed around his light,
 As daylight follows after night;
 Then all, at last, the dawn shall see,
 And know the will of God shall be
 To make our souls sincere and free.
 While only truth and love shall stay,
 To usher in life's glorious day
 And teach mankind the heavenly way,
 To find God's kingdom bright and fair,
 Where souls are free from mortal care
 And find sweet peace, beyond compare.

—MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.
 Moorestown, N. J.

ANOTHER RICHMOND.

Today (April 3) is the thirty-seventh anniversary of the evacuation of Richmond—the most disastrous day in the history of the city, associated as it is with surrender after four years of war, the burning of hundreds of business houses and the collapse of the Confederacy.

For years each recurring anniversary of "evacuation day" was a day of gloom in Richmond. Bitter were the recollections of our people, and their feelings were intensified by the parading and jollifying which the negroes were then accustomed to indulge in. But a new generation has arisen and we live in happier times, and most people have their faces turned to the future rather than to the past.—Richmond Dispatch.

LESSON FROM "BATHHOUSE."

"I'm appreciated," said Alderman John Coughlin, of Chicago, surnamed the "Bathhouse," when he was asked to explain his re-election last Tuesday by an increased majority. The hardest fighting in the whole city had centered on Mr. Coughlin. What are known as the reform forces in Chicago brought all their batteries to bear on him. Every available weapon was used, even to bringing in the college athletes to counterbalance the toughs. And when Mr. Coughlin was asked to tell why he had won, his answer was, "I'm appreciated. Because why? Because whenever any one wants anything done I do it courteously." Perhaps some reformers could learn a lesson from the "Bathhouse" and acquire the art of doing a thing "courteously" when they are asked. The alderman from the First ward of Chicago appears to find that method of doing business profitable.—Philadelphia Press.

JEFFERSON AS A TARGET FOR ATTACK.

The private life of Thomas Jefferson has been a subject of bitter controversy between his admirers and his critics. No man was ever subjected to such a hurricane of slander and abuse; and none ever paid so little attention to it. Only twice, it is claimed, did Mr. Jefferson ever take the trouble to contradict or even notice an attack upon his reputation. Once when a Connecticut clergyman accused him of squandering in dissipation the funds of a widow and her children, left to him in trust, he explained that such a thing could not possibly be true as he had never had any such funds entrusted to his care. Again, when a mulatto named Henings, at Columbus, Ohio, claimed to be his son he showed by his diary that such a thing was impossible. William E. Curtis has been engaged for several years in running down these and other stories of Jefferson's immorality, and in "The True Thomas Jefferson" has collected much interesting information concerning his private life and habits that has never been published.

CELERY CULTURE.

We have received one of the "Farmers' Bulletins" of the department of agriculture on the subject of celery. We have often wondered what there was in the celery business. It is rather a recent affair. Twenty-five years ago celery cut no figure in the grocery trade, nor in the bill of fare of the ordinary family. Today nothing is more common. It seems from this bulletin that there is money in raising it. The department says an acre ought to produce 1,500 dozen bunches, which at only 15 cents per dozen would bring \$225 for the gross return. It seems to be a rather expensive crop to raise, requiring fertilizing of the soil in most cases, and a good deal of care; but \$125 ought to cover rent, labor and all, leaving \$10 for the seasons profit, if the experts' figures are reliable.

There is a good deal of celery raised in Nebraska. We have sometimes feared that the coarse kind, almost as tough as cornstalks, which prevails of late, is the Nebraska product. Maybe our soil is too rich for celery.

ABOUT FICTION.

The libraries in many small towns are troubled because they can't supply their patrons all the novels to read that they could consume. But there is another kind of library that has trouble with novels in a different line. The large libraries of the world, which claim to get and pre-

serve a copy of every printed book that appears anywhere, find it increasingly difficult to accommodate the novels that are poured upon them by the hundred thousand. The state of these libraries is worse than that of the first. For while one may get along with too few novels, since there are other ways of passing time when novels fail, to be confronted with a mountain of new novels every day would tend to make one despair of the usefulness of novels in general. There are good novels, of course; such as deserve a place in any library, and well repay any one's reading; but they are few. For the sake of the small libraries it would be a blessing if Mr. Carnegie's rule, of buying no novel unless it was still talked of at three years old, could be made effective. And for the good of the world at large it would be a fine thing if some such rule could be applied to books before they are printed.

ABOUT BIRDS.

The dear women think they are now entitled to come back at the men on the bird question, because a large number of pigeons were killed at a shooting competition in Kansas City last week. They think the men can't say anything about the dead birds on their hats after that.

There is much reason in this. the writer does not think very highly of the practice of shooting birds for sport; cannot in fact enter at all into the spirit of those who cannot see any pretty wild creature loose in the woods without wanting to destroy it. We even go further, and disapprove of the picking of every wild flower that dares show its head in the spring. Many kinds of wild flowers, once common, have been exterminated in the east by this vicious habit.

But shooting pigeons for a score and killing songbirds for headgear are different in one practical respect. The pigeons are raised by men for that special purpose, and the wild birds are produced by nature for a very different purpose. Shoot ten thousand pigeons, and the breeders will manufacture ten thousand more on short notice. Kill a thrush or cardinal and the world is the poorer, and the breed that much nearer extinction. As far as the future is concerned, the shooting of pigeons at matches is no worse than the killing of pigs at packing houses. That is what they are in the world for.

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