SOME EARLY AND LATER OPERATIONS so strict that it seemed to me they didn't I was greatly interested in this opera-

An Oyster Knife Operation Boosts a Young Doctor-Startling Use of "The Finger of Experience."

any man who has devoted a lifetime to an home doctor, had by this time been suc- One day Dr. Green took me with him on a arduous profession that may stimulate ceeded by Dr. Henry P. Green and at his call to an old house in Watts street, near subject under discussion. others to persevere in the face of difficul- suggestion when I got to New York I sent Canal. There we found the foreman of a ties, the career of a conscientious physician | for his brother, Dr. David Green. He apmust afford them, trifling as these incidents plied blisters all the way down my spine may appear in themselves. After the lapse and drew out a pint of serum, which im-of nearly three-uarters of a century, I must mediately relieved my head. The next confess that my first two patients died im- morning I felt well. I sat down and wrote mediately after an operation I performed on to my uncle in Lexington that Dr. Green them. Wandering into the poultry yard of had cured me in one night, although Dr. my father's old-fashioned farm at Bottle Dudley, who had been treating me, hadn't Hill, N. J., saw two little yellow chickens done me any good in six months. It seemed that had just been born united by a cord to me that Dr. Dudley must have made some like that which fastened the Slamese twins vital mistake in my case and I proposed now together. When one stood up the other fell to go to work and study medicine to find out, down and immediately its struggles upset if I could, what the mistake was. If I ever the first. New Jersey was a slave state did find it out I was going out there to tell then and there were thirty or more negroes. Dr. Dudley all about it and if I didn't learn on the place. Close by me, as usual, was | it I'd go out and apologize and in the mean-Pete, son of black "Mammy Peg," and my time he could read that letter to Dr. Dudley chosen companion and body servant. with my compliments, Prince, another negro, was pruning fruit trees in the garden near by.

Medical History of the Mississippi Valley," and Dr. Dudley, who had operated for stone in the bladder a hundred How a Distinguished American Surgeon school was the pride of Lexington and young provided for the draining of the wound by times without losing a case. The medical medicine as yet, but the Presbyterians were a 6-pence to get into. know the difference between amusement and so I decided I didn't want to be a preacher. Buck and the other surgeons knew me fever, which confused my head so that I could not study, that I was brought back for them and was about the hospital pracall the way from Kentucky and stopped over tically all the time. night in New York at the Astor house on the If there are incidents in the career of way home to Bottle Hill. Dr. Bishop, our

After this saucy epistle I went to Dr. Green's office and told him of my resolu-"Run and get Prince's shears," said I to tion. His office was in his residence, at the Pete, and with that I had cut the living corner of Laight and Hudson streets. When



DR. LEWIS A. SAYRE (HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.)

rope that held the little creatures together | my uncle finally wrote-it took a long time and in a moment or two they bled to death for a letter to come here from Kentucky in at my feet. I put them in my apron-I was 1839-that he wanted me to go to Europe only 4 years of age-and carried them in to and see something of the world before my mother. I am 78 years old, but I remember as if it were yesterday how she study under Dr. Green, and in return for nearly broke my heart with her reproof for what she considered cruelty to animals.

Now it happened that it was just about the time in the morning for Dr. Bishop to drive up. The doctor was in my estimation the second citizen in the community, the clergyman being first. Dr. Bishop always drove in style and this particular morning he came up behind a high-stepper, with new harness and a sleek negro driver. It was 11 when he arrived, generally, and it was just at 11 that my father was in the habit of going to the sideboard and refreshing himself, with much moderation, but great regularity, I may say, from the abundant stores therein. And Dr. Bishop naturally joined him. When my mother took the two little chickens in a preserving jar full of alcohol into Dr. Bishop that day I felt impressed as I never had before by his greatness. And when she came out of the room where he and my father were and found me admiring the bright brass buttons on the driver's coat, and asked me if I would like to be a doctor, I unhesitatingly answered "Yes." I had begun to think for myself, even then

Wavering as to a Profession.

But I was not clearly determined whether I wanted to be a preacher or a doctor until after I was 12 years old. It was then that I went out to Lexington, Ky., to spend some time with my uncle, David A. Sayre, the first banker west of the Mississippi river. The next seven, the best years of my life, I spent in Lexington and attended the Transylvania university, then a famous institution of learning, the only one west of the Alleghenies. There was a fine law school and the ablest medical school in the west, with such men in the faculty as Dr. Caldwell, the first American lecturer on phrenology; Dr. Yandell, Dr. Short, Dr.

Racking Rheumatism

QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED IF YOU GO AT IT RIGHT.

Facts of Absorbing Interest to Those Who Are in the Clutches of Rheumatism.

One cannot be too quickly cured of rheumatism. To get rid of those awful pains that make life a never ending series of tortures, now mild, now excruciating, today in bed tomorrow hobbling around on cruethes—to be relieved of such a condition is always the happiest period of one's life. A remedy happiest period of one's life. A remedy recently introduced, called Gloria Tonic, has effected many wonderful cures of long standing cases of rheumatism, cases that were supposed to be hopeless and beyond the reach of medicine. The cures have been so complete and permanent that Gloria Tonic is un doubtedly the true specific to cure rheuma-

Mr. James C. Atchinson, justice of the peace at Cape Island, N. S., states that swearing in Swedish, entirely unconscious Gloria Tonic cured his son who was to be taken to a hospital for an operation. Mr. Dr. Gurdon Buck picked up the broken bond Dr. Gurdon Buck picked up the brain than J. T. Carter of Fort Church. N. C., a reader of the Christian Endeavor World, was also quickly cured after having suffered for many the lad began to speak English, asking:

years with this dreadful disease.
Gloria Tonic sells at \$1.00 a package, and is for sale at all druggists. But be sure that you get Gloria Tonic, and not a substitute.
Gloria Tonic is made by John A. Smith, 188 & 190 Summerfield Church Building, Milwaukee, Wis. A book on rheumatism will be mailed free to any reader who will send his name to Mr. Smith.

settled down I had already arranged to his medical instruction, to help his son John along in mathematics and the classics,

That decision, not to go to Europe in

in which I had been well grounded.

luxurious idleness, but to get down to hard work in the profession that of all others seemed to me the most honorable and useful-as well as the hardest, was, I believe, the turning point in my life. And soon afterward there happened an incident which gave me my first professional start, which was the entree to the New York hospital which was then the only hospital in the city of New York. Of so little importance, in comparison to the hospital, was the medical school, the College of Physicians and Surgeons, that when Dr. Green sent me to Barclay street to register my name as a student, and I came back and told him that the college had been moved from Barclay street to Crosby street, neither he nor any of the prominent doctors who happened to be there assembled knew of the change. Among them were Dr. Wilkes, the eminent oculist, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Cameron. They had come to Dr. Green's fine residence on St. John's park-as that part of Hudson street was named, to see him raise the epiglottis, by pulling out the tongue, and sponge out mucous back of it

They didn't believe it could be done. It struck me as very strange that nobody knew or cared where the medical college was in New York. In Lexington it was the pride of the town. But I soon found out that it was the thing to get into the New York hospital. That was the goal of every medical student's hopes. Appointments to 1t were made by the attending surgeons, Dr. Gurdon Buck, Dr. Richard K. Hoffman, Dr. Alfred C. Post, Dr. John C. Cheeseman, Dr. . Kearney Rodgers and Dr. John Watson. Each of these staff physicians had made his own appointment of some young friend or pupil as an interne in the hospital-receivng, incidentally, \$500 for it, and there was no room for anybody else. But we outsiders used to go down from Crosby street to the nospital in Broadway, at Prince street, to see the surgeons operate. The incident which gained me an entree into the hospital

First Operation.

was this.

A hurry call came one day for Dr. Green to go down to the docks. He was too busy to go and sent me. I found a cabin boy ying senseless on the deck of a vessel just about to sail. The lad had been helping to hoist sail and had fallen from the mast, breaking his thigh and staving in his left frontal bone. His face was covered with blood and he presented a terrible sight. I knew instant action was necessary: I seized an oyster knife and pried up the depressed edges of the fracture and declared the boy must be removed to the hospital without loss of time. I went along myself and explained the facts and had no difficulty in getting the lad admitted. Then I was in-What are you doing there?" We all know now that the third convolution of the left side of the brain is the seat of the faculty of speech, but the functions of the brain were not localized in 1839. The next devel-

Bush, Dr. Drake, who wrote "The | Dr. Buck cut from a sheet of thin lead a circular piece large enough to cover the wound and bandaged it over the aperture. As pus formed in all wounds in those times, men came from all over the southwest to cutting a narrow slit in the middle of the attend its lectures. I hadn't studied any piece of lead, large enough for the edge of

tion, which proved entirely successful, and vice-it wasn't right to laugh on Sunday- by the time the lad had recovered Dr.

There was another incident which exer- save my soul." cised a powerful influence on my career. fire company whose knee had been bally injured by his being thrown from his engine. shiny surface. On the cover, rudely carved, Dr. Green concluded that the leg had been evidently with a dull knife, were the letters neglected so long that amputation was the S. S. only remedy. So he asked me, as I had the and explicit explanation, the subject lying on never likely to, while I'm a-living." the operating table all the while and drinking it all in, of the tourniquet, the stoppage and the round ligature and the various voice. Maybe it's empty." kinds of amputations. This was all specially gratifying to me, as I had complained to my preceptor in anatomy at the college, Dr. didn't make clear enough to the students just what they were doing.

A Subject Who Ran Away. Unfortunately, Dr. Post had made himself n an, to my consternation, bounded from the operating table and yelling, "Get me tugged at the cover. breeches, begob, I'll die with me leg on!" "Don't you ever try!" her aunt screamed, disappeared through the door. When I told Dr. Green what had occurred he was so angry at the fireman's behavior that he said he'd have nothing more to with the case. I'd have to attend to it myself.

Before going to find my man I heard a ecture at the college by Dr. Willard Parker, the lecturer on surgery. He told the class all about the tactus eruditus, the touch of experience and how to apply it in listened in a tremor, as the young feet detecting pus. The operation at the hospital echoed over the thin boards of the attic that same day was by Dr. Gurdon Buck, and floor and came down the stairs. he promptly applied the tactus eruditus we and then put in a drainage tube.

With my head full of the morning's lecture and the noonday demonstration, I went of that box. to Tiernan's and bought a new case of surgical instruments-my own baving been fireman. I found the pus by the tactus gently. eruditus, opened the swelling as I had seen and went home and told Dr. Green what I had done. "Heavens, Kentuck," he said to me, "go butt your brains out against a stone something, but what, he and the grave only wall and fill your head with shavings. You know. When he died, 'twas left up in the are the first surgeon in the world who ever attic, way under the eaves, with a hair opened a joint!"

Tow from an Old Sofa.

back to my poor patient, feeling little short everything. of a murderer. I had spent all my money and smoothed it and laid it with many mis- him home. givings in the longitudinal gash I had made attraction, and the man was feeling great deal better.

This success with an operation forbidden discovered that in surgery personal experience was worth all the lectures in the what is more, this accidental use of tow in dressing the fireman's broken knee led me to the discovery that tow dipped in Peruvian balsam, and what I found to be better yet, tarred hemp, or oukum, not only drained but disinfected wounds.

My fireman got well, and for twenty years sold apples from a stand at the corner of Broadway and Prince streets. I had practiced antiseptic surgery on him without knowing it-for antiseptic was not discovered until the '70s, but that very discovery of oakum as a dressing for wounds saved housands of lives in our own civil war, when antisepsis was as yet unknown.

Self-reliance, study, work-these, it seems o me, are the lessons for the young surgeon to learn day in and day out. Always keeping the star of honor bright before his eyes. To be a good doctor he must be a rood man. While it is true I am convinced that a conscientious physician—granted ability and opportunity-does more good in the world than a member of any other profession, yet it is equally true that his temptations are so strong and so constant that without conscience he will shipwreck. LEWIS A. SAYRE, M. D.

RELIGIOUS.

The Mormons are said already to have ,000 followers in the Hawaiian islands. Plymouth church has decided to accept the esignation of Rev. Dr. Abbot, to take effect May 1.

and newspapers of New Japan are either edited by Christians or favorable to Chris-tian ideas. The bishop of the Russian church in

About one-third of the leading magazines

America recently arrived in New York. He has a larger diocese, it is said, than any other bishop in the world. The New York Evangelist says a good

choir is a great blessing and 13 a source of comfort, inspiration and real help to every true preacher. Beecher said that music is the minister's prime minister. The Rev. Dr. John Snyder has resigned the pastorate of the Church of the Messiah, St.

Louis, after having held it for twenty-six years. He is ranked as one of the most scholarly and progressive clergymen in the

Plymouth church, Seattle, the largest in the state of Washington, with a resident membership of over 600, according to the last Year Book, is reported as leading off with a missionary society which includes every member of the church.

When the Chicago City Missionary society began its work, sixteen years ago, there did. were thirteen Congregational churches in the city; now there are seventy-four and of these rches fifty-seven were founded with the assistance of the society.

"The church in America." says the Boston Pilot (Roman Catholic), "has twice had two sons of one family in its episcopate. The squash seeds. I took the first time they were the illustrious brothers, the seeds on the floor." Francis Patrick Kenrick, fourth archbishop of Baltimore, and Peter Richard Kenrick, first archbishop of St. Louis. The second time the first and third bishops of Harrisburg, Pa., the late Right Rev. Jetemiah F. Shanahan and the Right Rev. John W. Shanahan Rev. John ahan, bishop-elect of the same see, are brothers of one blood."

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively opment of interest in the operation was her-nia cerebri, the swelling out of the brain through the wound. So to overcome this

THE PALE GREEN BOX.

Aunt Abigail Simpson Explains Its Mysterious Power. By HARRIET CARYL COX.

"I wouldn't never open it for anything in | Technology). Young Moody's ship yard all this world, not even if you should give occupies the entire top story of his father's fore the exhibitantion of the exercise made To my mind there was nothing left but and saw how willing I was, and by the by, me a thousand dollars right down, the handmedicine. But I became so ill of congestive when the regular internes went away on somest house in all Clinton and a dozen ling Master Moody carved tiny boats from

> cover if the minister told me I'd got to, to In her earnestness Abigail Simpson stopped rocking, and looked askance at the

It was an ordinary old-fashioned, round cheese box, painted a pale green, with a very

"That belonged to my great grandfather," run of the hospital by that time, to take Abigail went on, hitching her chair a little the poor fellow up and see that he was farther away, "and it ain't never brought treated properly. I got him in all right and good luck to nobody, and don't nobody have before operating Dr. Post gave a very full the least idea what's in it, and they ain't

Her niece viewed the box with fresh interest. "What do you suppose is in it?" she of hemorrhage by hot irons, the flat ligature queried, with just a thrill of awe in her

"No-Uncle Gershom shook it once and there was things inside that rattled. He thought it might be money, and he 'most Watts, that the operators at the hospital opened it, but he didn't quite, you see. Nobody ever has."

"But why not?" persisted the young girl. 'There can't be anything dreadful in it. There might be some rare old coins, or deeds or something valuable. It's only a box. 1 only too well understood by the subject. As should think you'd have Uncle Jason pry the he advanced, catlin in hand, the big fire- cover open with a knife. The paint has stuck it fast." She gave the box a shake and

> jumping from her chair with a vehemence that sent it over backward.

Then, as if ashamed of her emotion, she added more calmly, "Put it away Abby, do. It can't do you no good, and I'll tell you why we don't never open it, any of us." The girl arose obediently and taking the box returned it to the dark corner in the attic where she had found it. Her aunt

She breathed a sigh of relief as the girl tected the pus in the subject's groin, opera-ted for the bubo by opening the small of the bubo by opening the small ope ted for the bubo by opening the swelling a-thinking of the box," she confessed. "You sounded so much like Tryphena, when she got took with the notion to see the inside

"Poor Tryphena!" she sighed dismally. "She was the aunt whose lover was stolen-and went eagerly around to see my drowned, wasn't she?" the girl asked

Her aunt nodded assent. "I might as Dr. Buck do, bound up the wound with lint well begin at the beginning," she said,

"and then you'll see why." "Great-grandfather had that box for trunk and lots of old rubbish, and nobody didn't think of disturbing it till one day grandmother had a clearing up fit. She was Next morning Dr. Parker lectured on awful energetic, and she was bound to get chronic abscesses and laid down the law that attic cleared out for once. It had a that no surgeon must ever cut into a terrible lot of old stuff in it, so she began swollen joint. That afternoon I hurried real systematic and was going through

"She'd just got around to the hair trunk, for the instruments, and had none left to and had been reading some of the letters in buy lint with. I was at my wits' end to it, and just took up the box to open it, when know what to do, and seeing tow sticking she heard an awful scream, and went rushout of a rent in the old sofa on which the ing down stairs and found that grandfather fireman lay, I seized some of that, drew out had got hurt bad and they was bringing

"He was dreadful sick and didn't never in the swollen knee. The next day, when I rally, and grandmother never finished cleanwent to dress the wound, it was clean and ing. But after he died she tried it once, healthy looking. Whatever pus had formed and when she came to the green box it all and class, and the Melrose, a first class had been siphoned out by the tow, by capil- come back to her so plain she just couldn't armored cruiser, relatively as well protected

"Then, one day, Aunt Tamar was rummaging 'round and she come across the box by the canons of surgery, without lint, set and thought she'd like it to keep a hat in, me to thinking. I learned to rely on myself. and so she was just going to open it, and there came a dreadful big clap of thunder and a bolt of lightning came right down scot bay and with several of its sister ships vorld, and that every practitioner must the chimney and numbed her so she didn't learn all he can from books and then work get over it for hours. And if you'll believe out its correctness by his own hands. And me that lightning went across the attic and when it got to where the box was it turned right off straight and never touched it. We could tell, 'cause it left a burnt track, with a sharp angle in it where the box was. "How do you account for that?" The girl shook her head.

"It just meant folks nor powers nor nothing was to touch that box. That's what it

meant "Well, your Uncle Gershom tried it once, and he was taking it over to the light, and he run into an old lantern that was hanging under his guiding hand, of course, and much up, and it cut his forehead dreadful and he dropped it and ran off for the doctor, and the next time he went up in the attic the box was back in its place again."

were these mere make-believe engagements. She paused to give emphasis to the The ships were real and so were the guns, phenomenon. and there was much maneuvering and some "And then Tryphena took a notion to crack-a-jack gunnery. In one of these fights

open it. 'N' just then Silas came running over to tell us how Tryphena's beau had got drowned. Mother went up and told her and she just put her head down on the box and didn't say anything for a long time. And when finally she did come down we was all here and we could hear her feet come 'cross the floor, just as quiet and steady, and when she came in she smiled at us. And-and the next morning-the next morning. Tryphena's hair was snow white."

Abigail rocked in silence for a moment. "No one has tried to open it since then, she said, "and I don't think nobody will,

while I can help it." She arose suddenly and went out into he kitchen. Abby looked after her and there were tears in her young eyes. "Say, was Greatgrandfather Simpson an

wfully methodical man?" queried Walter at supper, pausing between muffins. "Very," replied his aunt. "Why?" "And his name wasn't Solomon or Samuel,

r anything that begins with S?" "No! It was Zattu. You don't often near that now.' "Well, then it must be!" he said con-

clusively.

"What?" queried Abby. "Why, the box," he replied. His aunt pushed back her chair.

"I found one up in the attic," he ex-plained, "and it had S. S. on top of it, and I thought it might mean a sign for dollars, o I opened it." There was a sharp exclamation from bigail. She was very pale.

"The cover stuck like fury," Walter conout with gun and snow shoes to hunt for tinued, "and I broke three blades of my rlabchick, a bird very similar to our grouse, jack-knife and cut my finger trying to get but covered with a mass of feathers, even it open, but I was bound to do it, and I down to its very toes. The 10-year-old son of my host, to whom I had taken quite a "What?"-his aunt attempted to say, fancy, begged for the privilege of ac while she looked beseechingly at Abby. companying me. I could not refuse him. "Oh, just an old almanac and some dried notwithstanding my apprehensions on ac-

'That's why he marked it S. S., you seesquash seeds. I took the box and dumped

squash seeds," Walter replied carelessly.

NAVY BUILD BY A BOY.

George Moody's Miniature Ships Are Counterpart of Uncle Sam's. The youngest naval constructor in the United States, if not in the world, George B. Moody of Bangor, Me., a recent graduate of the High school in that city, and now a student of naval architecture ever. I can see him now as he brushed the Massachusetts Institute of along with rapid stride, his little fur coat

their vacations I was allowed to substitute servants to manage it.

for them and was about the hospital prac- "I wouldn't, no, I wouldn't even lift the streams and ponds near his home. Moody blocks of wood and sailed them on the if it be in the attic. It contains a dry nine inches in length, having ten compartmajority being rapid-firers.

and lathes. Upon the walls are models of age, whom I had considered too frait

of battleships, monitors, cruisers and

torpedo boats. Scattered about are anchors,

propellers, smokestacks, searchlights and

military masts. Within reach are pictures

and plans of the principal ships of the lead-

ing navies of the world, and over the main

workbench are suspended finished drawings

of all the craft built in his own yard. These

are the handiwork of the youthful builder Every ship in his fleet has been built on

scientific principles. Their lines were de

signed by him as carefully as if the ships

were expected to do real naval work upon

the high seas, and every ship was ribbed and planked precisely as is done on the

Clyde or the Delaware. Two of the finest

war ships now in the Moody yard are the

Claremont, a battleship of the Oregon type

and as heavily armed as the Brooklyn, bu

of som oat different build. The Melros

had its crial trip on the Penobscot river a

few months ago, its performance proving

in all respects satisfactory. During the

The Claremont has an armor belt of extra

heavy block tin and first and secondary

batteries. These are made of brass and in

accordance with the newest wrinkles in gun-

making. The Melrose carries thirty guns

her broadside guns have been fired simul-

taneously on several occasions and this is

also true of the Claremont. At Ilsesford, on

Penobscot bay, the Moodys have a summer

villa and there the young naval constructor

has been spending the summer months. His

ships have cruised about in the vicinity,

of the time have been anchored in the offing.

Between picked ships of the fleet some

exciting sea fights have taken place. Nor

a well directed shot from the second-class

battleship Farragut pierced the afterdeck of

the second-class cruiser Augusta, the cruise

Milwaukee peppered the Claremont's funnel

with small shot and the battleship Clare-

mont was damaged by the fire of the monitor

Kenduskeag. Young Moody's feet is as sea-

worthy as any affoat. Of the two dozen or

more war ships built by him only one has

been sunk. That was the first one con-

structed and the disaster was due to the

tack of water-tight compartments. She was

a protected cruiser and foundered in a

Bangor mill pond. The battleship Claremont

has outridden a storm on the Penobscot, in

which her bridge was swept away, all of her

wardroom furniture smashed to flinders and

A SNOWSHOE EXPERIENCE.

An American Hunter in Siberia Res-

cued by a Little Boy.

Thomas G. Allen, jr., writes for Decem-

ber St. Nicholas an article on "The Boys of

The pride of knowledge and self-con-

fidence in the Siberian lad was brought

home to me rather forcibly last winter.

was spending some time in a certain gold-

mining camp not far from the Siberian-

Chines borderline. It had been an ex-

ceptionally sever winter and a fall of seven

feet of snow had covered the valley and

surrounding mountains. Wearied, one day,

with the dediousness of camp life, I started

count of his extreme youth, for he as-

sured me that he could stand any hard-

ship, and, as I had seen for myself, was an

The Siberian snowshoe, I will say in pass-

ing, is a strip of thin wood covered with skin, and resembles the Norwegian ski rather than the Canadian snowshoe. Unless

you have had long practice it is a very

We started out to ascend the slope of a

neighboring mountain, where some birds

had been seen the day before. After a very

short time it became evident that my lit-

tle companion had the better of me for his

lightness of body in addition to his snow-

shoeing skill enabled him to glide up over

the deep snow with almost no effort what-

difficult thing to manage in the snow.

adept at snowshoeing.

one of her lifeboats wrecked.

Siberia." Mr. Allen says:

eighteen of which are rapid firers. All of

last summer the Melrose cruised in Penob

engaged a hostile fleet in battle,

flushed with the glow of exercise.

We reached the top, having bagged two very fine birds on the way and there we magnificent, far-reaching view, which it is possible to get only in the extremely clear atmosphere of Siberia. Before starting on the descent I tightened the straps on our snowshoes and cautioned my little companion about going slowly and carefully. We had not gone many yards, however, behim forget himself, and he shot down like the wind. I feared every moment that he would met with some accident-so much so, in fact, that I hastened along at his own first turned his attention to the building pace, to keep near him. In doing this my of war ships eight years ago, and since lack of experience in snowshoeing proved then his efforts as a builder have all been disastrous. In making a sudden turn my bent in that direction. He has built vessels shoes got twisted and over I went headlong. of every type used in the United States to bury myself, head first in the snow. My navy. The equipment of young Moody's gun landed some six feet away, with stock plant is up to date in every particular, even in the air. Any one who has been in a snow drift seven feet deep knows how diffidock large enough to accommodate the first cult it is to extricate one's self from it, esclass battleship Claremont, a monster craft of pecially when standing on one's head. The fifty-seven pounds displacement, four feet | more I struggled the deeper I sank; and had it not been for the timely assistance of my ments, carrying eight boats and having an little companion, who fortunately had seen armament of twenty-nine modern guns, the me fall, it is possible that I should have been there yet. To be outdone and even There is a marine railway, benches, tables rescued by a little fellow scarcely 10 years

covered with snowy spray and his cheeks tical in different lands. One is that the games are borrowed by the younger people from the older; the other, that the games are of independent invention. Some light

stopped to rest for a while, to take in the is shed on this question by passages from "A Corner of Cathay:" "A game called 'the water demon seeking a den' is played by five persons, precisely like 'puss in the corner.' This is a native game, not an imported one, and no one knows whether Chinese and European children invented it independently or whether the knowledge of it was inherited by both

from ancient, common ancestors. "The same may be said of 'the cat's cradle,' which is made with a string and passed from one pair of hands to another, precisely as among children in America and Europe; but the Chinese call it 'sawing wood,' in reference to the final act in the perform-

"A game involving much muscular exercise is called 'the lame chicken.' It is played by jumping on one foot between shoes that have been placed across a road at intervals of about ten inches. When the end of the line of shoes is reached the last shoe in the line is kicked away by the 'lame' foot, and then it is picked up and carried back over the route to the other end of the line, when a second shoe may be likewise kicked away and picked up before returning.

"Only one foot may touch the ground, and it must touch it only once in each interspace. No shoe may be touched except the ones which end the line, and the shoes kicked away must be picked up without putting the 'lame' foot upon the ground. When the chicken violates any of these rules, he must at once give place to another performer.

"The shorter the line the more difficult to is to collect shoes, because each shoe taken involves turning around without using the 'lame' leg. The winner in the game is ha who has at the end of it the greatest number of shoes."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mamma (impatiently)-Charlie, how many times have I told you to keep away from the sideboard? Charlie-I don't know. I can only count to 'leven.

Rich Little Girl-I got a diamond ring, and a big doll, and a gold necklace today. Poor Little Girl-That ain't nothing', I

had meat for dinner! Little girl visitor has been annoying elderly spinster until the latter lost her patience. "I wish you would go home,"

she said, sharply; "I'm tired of you."

Small Visitor—I wish you'd get married. I'm tired of you! Family tableau! "Mamme," pleaded the little boy, "give me 10 cents to be good!"

"I cannot afford to," replied the mother, sadly. "For tomorrow is due another installment upon my fall hat!" "Then," exclaimed the child, tremulously, "I suppose I shall have to be good for

Little 3-year-old Mamie was taking her Christmas dinner with her grandparents and she had no sooner climbed into the high chair provided than she asked for a piece of cake. "What kind do you want, dear?" asked

er grandma. Pointing to a large frosted cake at one There are two theories in regard to those end of the table, she replied: "Zat tind children's games that are found to be iden- wiz ze whitewashin' on.



even to accompany me, was a humiliation

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