

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report



ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE MORAL OF THE CROW. POETRY BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Some Advice For Secretary Thurber, Who Doesn't Appreciate a Joke.

Mr. Thurber, the president's private secretary, is a young man of great earnestness and of a conscientious reverence for greatness which at times threatens to overpower him.

Let the joker have his joke! Why not? This would be a very becoming world if at times it did not become easier to laugh than to cry.

If men are to live together at all, they must learn to eat crow as gracefully as possible. They may not like it. It may turn their stomachs.

It is right and proper for a man to hitch his wagon to a star if he can reach it. The man who has no principle, who does not love some great truth better than his own comfort or interests, is indeed a contemptible fellow who can never help the world except by leaving it.

When men live together in peace, harmony and politeness, they are constantly waiting rights and suspending conviction for the time being. Were they not they would be constantly gouging at each other's eyes.

It is the moral of that stuffed crow, Mr. Thurber! Bring it back from the cellar and put it on the mantle under a glass case.—New York World.

A JOKE ON THE P. G.

He'd give a week's salary to know who is responsible for a certain story.

The postmaster general is irate. He wants to know who wrote it. About one week ago a correspondent for a western paper sent out a story to the effect that the postoffice department had decided to furnish a proof of each of the postage stamps issued by the department upon application for same.

There is a deluge of this kind of matter, and to save the department from being swamped Postmaster General Bissell has been compelled to order printed a circular setting forth that the department is not distributing proofs of stamps and has also been compelled to transfer some of the clerical force of the department from legitimate work to the work of sending these circulars to the stamp applicants.

The affair is regarded as a practical joke on the department, but General Bissell didn't regard it that way when he said to The Star man, "I'd give a week's salary to know who wrote it."—Washington Star.

Bought His Girl in a Pawnshop.

A funny thing which is just taking out happened at the recent Sherman wedding in Boston. A man who was a prominent guest, in looking over the presents at the house, discovered a valuable old clock, an antique, that he had bought abroad for a big sum and that had been stolen from his home a year or more before in some mysterious way.

He hunted up the donor and found he had bought it from a pawnbroker that had called his attention to it as a rare article. The man wanted to give Miss Sherman something rare and so purchased it. It was not, however, until owner No. 1 insisted upon the right of first proprietorship that owner No. 2 was willing to explain. It was rather a big joke on him to have sought a pawnbroker's shop for his wedding present, and the first man thought it too good a story to keep.—Town Topics.

Discovered a Long Sought For Beetle.

Professor A. D. Hopkins of the agricultural experiment station at Morgantown has just discovered a beetle for many years in vain. It is the beetle from the eggs of which come the worms which have ruined so much chestnut timber in this section of the country.

The worm has long been known, but as long as the beetle which lays the eggs was unknown it was impossible to destroy it. Professor Hopkins has received numbers of the larvae and has carefully noted every phase connected with their development into the pupae and then the beetles. The beetle is one that has never been known before and belongs to a species of which but three families have ever before been discovered.—Martinsburg (W. Va.) Dispatch.

A Holy Ghost Plant.

There has been an exhibition in front of a Chestnut street florist's window for some days past of a very rare specimen of the dove flower, or as it is more familiarly known, the "Holy Ghost plant." The florist claims that this specimen has been some 15 years growing to perfection, and he values it at \$100. It is a small plant, about 10 inches high, and bears some eight or ten of the little white flowers which, from their remarkable resemblance to a dove with wings outstretched give to the plant its name. The flower is the "Espirito Santo" of the Spaniards and was discovered in Panama in 1826.—Philadelphia Record.

GOING ASHORE.

The other shore—the rails to that and leaves me here alone, whereas I wish to sail and sail away. Slip down my cheek. Another dear, however, still I left me at.

The old staid, and I hang my hat by these walls in a shroud of fear. I launch rejoices. But, I fear The other shore.

Ah, me, I talk but through my hat When I begin to talk like that And still I fear. And hope presents but little cheer, Yet if I die I'll take for that The other shore.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE RAY'S WORK.

Of all the beautiful things in this beautiful world there was none that the little ray loved so well as the summer sea. He and his comrades would play by the hour together with the rippling wavelets, darting from one to another in dazzling, mad flashes of light, spreading themselves over the waters, a sheet of molten gold, till a touch of the wind's light lips broke it up into a thousand shimmering fragments.

And the waves loved their playmates, too, and each, as the rays kissed it, became itself a little golden sun, sending forth its light into the radiant air, for the sea, like a fickle, lovable woman, answers back to the rays with smiles and kisses, and because she cannot be trusted, then, where the waves broke on the golden sands or round the clean, dark rocks, the little rays would fill their foam with light till it shone more brightly white than the Jungfrau's crest, and the music of the waves' play was a joy for their own loveliness. Laughing, they ran up the smooth sand and embraced with teasing play the small pink feet which scumpered away before them, while the sun's rays flashed from their surface to meet the light, brighter still, with its own sunbeams and eyes. Oh, those were happy days, and as the little ray danced along over the waters he hoped that they never might end.

Pat a time came when the voice of the wind sounded from afar. The sea heard it and was troubled to its depths at the new life of power and strength which was tearing within it, while the wavelets far and wide raised their tiny crests, and in ripples of white foam whispered the news one to another. The clouds, too, heard the voice and gathered together at its bidding, spread themselves a curtain of gray over the sea and hid from the sun's face the things which were to be. And so the little ray could visit the sea no longer nor join any more in sport with his favorite playmates. At this his heart was very sad, and he took no delight in the other things which his comrades called him. They told him of the wild games they played with the wind shaken leaves of the forest; of the snow cold peaks which they crowned with dazzling splendor of jewels; of the laden valleys filled with dream forms of wood and stone, and of the mystic mysteries of beauty revealed midst the world's most squalid dreariness. But the little ray would never care for none of these things.

As he wandered sadly among the heavy, driving clouds, he looked on in their sullen masses, searching for some crevice through which he might penetrate, one of them cried him, "Since you will it so," said she, "I will let you through, though I fear you will find that dreams that are past can never be recalled, and that you will shrink back from her neighbor, and with one swift word of thanks the little ray darted down through the opening she had made.

Down he went to the sea below and there lay quivering and lost in his black gulf. Oh, what a changed world was above him! The tempest hurried along and shouted to the waves as it went, and the waves threw their white heads up and answered back in crashing thunders. "Death, death, and the end of all things!" passionately yelled the tempest. "Hail!" roared the waves. "Naught is that can withstand us!" a world of darkness and tumult and terrible unrest. The little ray lay where he had lighted, tremulous and afraid, now glimmering, for an instant among catenars of rushing foam and then lost again in the dark depths of the water.

"Hail!" cried the waves when they saw him. "So you are here, little ray. The world is changed since you saw it last." "Changed indeed," said the ray. "Oh, why cannot you be as you were before, my playmates? But those waves laugh and shake spray from their crests all the tempest caught it and whirled it about high in the air. "Give us the winds for playmates," they cried, "and the men's lives for our sport. Talk to us not of the wretched, spiritless days that are past, but of the joy of living in now." "But you were happy then. You rejoiced in the earth's beauty and were happy," said the little ray wistfully. "Because we knew no better," they answered. "We have learned since then that there is something fairer than beauty, more glorious than joy. Oh, the rapture of fury when we raise the ship high in the air to hurl her down on the rocks beneath—the cruel rocks whom we love and linger to kiss and infold in our soft white arms even then in the joy of that moment of power. To crush into pieces the mighty vessel with all its wealth and labor of workmanship; to scatter abroad the heavy fragments, flinging them to and fro in the very scorn of our sovereign strength; to watch men gasp in their death agony as we sweep above their writhing bodies, and then to crash down and dash the life from their lips—this is power, little friend; this is power, and there is no glory in the world like the glory of power."

The ray grew chill and wan and trembled as he listened. "Then, then, left which is fair to look upon in all this waste of waters?" he cried, and he wandered dizzily on. Everywhere the same dark gulfs and white crests, mountains mingling together in tumultuous chaos; everywhere floating fragments of wreck and the stain of earth from its parent shore; ruin and destruction and nothing that was fair to look upon.

Far out to sea a woman, with a child in her arms, floated alone in a small open boat. Alone they had been saved from a wrecked and sunken ship—saved from drowning, as it seemed, but to die of hunger, and for hours they had tossed helplessly at the mercy of the waves. Many a ship had come near them, but the woman's cries were not heard in the howling of the tempest, and beneath the darkened sky the fluttering rag she waved was lost in the spray which enveloped her. So the ships went by, and the woman's voice grew faint, and despair was in her heart. "Let death come quickly," she cried, "and but for my child and for his father awaiting him at home. I have cried. I have prayed in vain. No help is left in earth or in heaven."

But the little ray wandered on toward her over the sea, and the woman, lifting her heavy lids, saw the coming glimmer on the water. Her breath came quicker, her pale lips trembled, her

glance followed swiftly up to the pale blue sky above, while over her death-like face and in her dulled eyes there broke a light such as the ray had never seen before.

"The light of the heavens beyond the clouds!" "Come," he cried to his comrades, "come and see, for there is something fairer than aught that has been before, fairer than the sunlit sea or than the laughter on children's lips." His comrades flocked to his call and poured down through the crevices in the clouds, widening it as they went. Then they stretched themselves, a broad path of light, from the sky above to the lonely boat, which they bathed in their soft radiance.

Across the storm driven sea, cleaving the waves audibly with steady motion, a great ship came. The eyes of those on board her, wearied with gloom, turned gladly to that bright spot on sky and sea, and turning saw the boat, saw the white face of the woman and her child, and soon the mother and her burden stood safe upon the decks.

Evening drew near. The tempest had fled now, and thus left alone the tired, gray waves, their strength failing and their fury spent, were leaving in sullen impotence to rest. The clouds, falling away from the sky, gathered themselves in soft, changing masses of vapor around the edge of the sea. The sun, sinking lower and lower, called to the rays to come. Sadly they heard the call, they glided forward to their beloved earth in a passion of fervid love. Upon the wave and cliff, mountain and cloud, they rained their glowing kisses, and earth's beauty quivered into new glory, as does a maiden's in her lover's embrace. Then they drew together, a road of golden splendor, and the sea as they crowded westward after their errand king. With slow, majestic motion he sank to rest.

But the little ray hung back. He had found the cloud who had stood his friend that morning, and he waited to give her goodby. He was filling his now with his own golden glow of light as he whispered to her of all the beauty which was in the world. Alas, she would stay with it still in the wonder of the night, the great dark peace which he never might know. He thanked her, in a low voice, and kissed her till she blushed red with pleasure, and then with tender, slow reluctance he drew away from her. As he went the flash faded, passing in gentle change through every shade of russet and purple till the cloud was left alone, resting soft and gray on her twilight couch.

But the little ray was thinking of the light of hope which he had seen in the woman's eyes that day. "Ah," said he to himself, "if I could only shine like that!" And with this wish in him he lingered still in the sky beneath, coloring it a green and purple and so tender that the woman watching from the ship's deck it seemed as if heaven's own spring were bursting into blossom in her sight. But the light lessened, and the color faded, and she remembered that it was but a tinted vapor after all. She sighed, but the child laid her lips in a smile, for the child, like her father, had his hands to her face. Lovingly she pressed him closer to her and drew her shawl more warmly round him. "Good night, little one," she whispered. "You must sleep now, for the day is ended. Tomorrow, when the light comes back, you shall walk with me." The child's head bowed toward his face and mingled her smiles with his in a long, soft kiss.

That was the last thing which the little ray saw before he, too, followed the sun to rest.—Full Mail Magazine.

A Big Dog Order.

"Women play odd tricks on one another sometimes," said a smart American woman the other day, "but the queerest I ever heard of was perpetrated by one social leader in a western city. She was a woman of the highest social position, and she had a dog which she loved dearly, and which she was very fond of showing to her friends. One day she was out for a walk, and she saw a man who she thought was a stranger, and she called to him and asked him to come and see her dog. He came, and she showed him the dog, and he was very much interested in it. She then asked him to come and see her dog again, and he came, and she showed him the dog, and he was very much interested in it. She then asked him to come and see her dog again, and he came, and she showed him the dog, and he was very much interested in it."

His Part.

When the Prince de Joinville was at Bathurst many years ago he was received by the Royal African corps, black troops officered by white men. He attended a dinner party wherein mulattoes appeared in full evening dress, low bodices, lace handkerchiefs, and fans. Afterward, dining at Washington with Charles Sumner, the great abolitionist, the prince amused himself by telling about his Bathurst dinner and asked Sumner whether he had ever given his party in full evening dress. The prince asked his answer with some curiosity, to see whether he would dare answer in the affirmative before the American ladies, who were quite sensitive on the color question, but he got out of it very easily. "My dear prince," said he, "in every religion each man has his own share of work. I preach and you practice. Don't let us mix the two things together."—Argonaut.

Cholera in Europe.

The appearance of cholera here and there through Europe is exciting no alarm, although the sanitary authorities are expressing grave forebodings. Russia seems to be getting a general bacillary scare. So much has been said recently about dangers from microbes that in the city of Baku, on the Caspian sea, an anti-shaking hands society has been organized in order to prevent the exchange of bacilli by contact. Members pay 5 rubles a year and wear a button as a sign of membership. They are fined 3 rubles for each handshake. The ladies of the city resent the prohibition and recently sent a large petition to the governor general asking him to suppress the society.—London Letter.

To the North Pole.

To reach the north pole an architect, M. Haunin, has proposed to the Geographical society of Paris the construction of wooden huts one or two days' journey apart. He considers Greenland the most favorable locality for an expedition of this kind. Each of the huts would become in its turn a base of supplies for the construction of the next. As the distance to be covered is about 900 miles, a score of huts would be necessary to carry a party to the pole.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Seventy-five per cent of the enlistments in the regular army last year were of Americans.

CHAMPION PROHIBITION ORATOR.

J. Howard Moore Won That Title at a Recent National Contest.

"The land of the politician and the home of the sea," not the "land of the free and the home of the brave," is what the champion Prohibition orator calls America. His name is J. Howard Moore, and he is as firm in his belief that vegetables are the only things for a man to eat as he is that malt and spirituous liquors are the things a man ought not to drink, or to be permitted to drink.

He is a graduate of Oskaloosa college, Iowa, but is taking graduate work in the University of Chicago and is president of the University Vegetarian club. He won the individual oratorical in the Prohibition club of the University of Chicago and then took first honors in the state contest of Prohibition clubs in Wheaton. Then, having demonstrated that he was the best temperance orator in Illinois, he represented the state's group of Prohibition clubs in the recent national contest in Cleveland and found

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TRUTH ABOUT THE POPE.

His Doctor Corrects Reports Which Are Spread About His Health.

The numerous reports regarding the ill health of the pope which have been in circulation recently have induced Dr. Laponi to make the following statements regarding the condition of his holiness:

"The health of Leo XIII.," says the doctor, "is excellent. Contrary to reports, his nourishment remains the same as formerly, and his appetite never fails him. At 8 o'clock in the morning he takes a cup of chocolate and a bit of bread. At 9 o'clock p. m. his luncheon is served. It consists of soup, one or two courses of meat, fruit and a glass of Bordeaux. In the evening at 9 o'clock Leo XIII. again eats soup, meat, fruit and wine. His stomach acts with marvelous regularity. His sleep is long and quiet. He cannot be said to be losing his powers. The pope has as great powers of resistance as he ever had. During the great heat of the summer he has, of course, been affected somewhat.

To give an idea of the strength preserved by this old man of 84 years let me say that Leo XIII. takes pleasure in going in search of great books in the library, some of them weighing as much as 10 pounds, and carrying them to his working desk. To those who say that the pope cannot hold himself erect and is obliged to allow himself to be carried in a litter we can simply reply that, like all his predecessors, Leo XIII. allows himself to be carried in a litter when he goes to the garden. He gets into the litter in his office. But that is simply a rule of etiquette. Every day, after once reaching the garden, he walks for hours at a time, supported by his cane. He walks more easily than a number of persons of his suit. In short, Leo XIII. walks, or at least stands up, for four or five hours a day. Only recently he confirmed 30 persons without feeling the least fatigue."

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Artificial Eyes

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

MOTIVE POWER! HERCULES GAS AND OIL

NEW WAY EAST

Hood's Sarsaparilla

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

PAIN-KILLER

HERCULES GAS AND OIL

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PAIN-KILLER

HERCULES GAS AND OIL

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