

HOW TO MAKE A PANOPTICON

WONDER PICTURES OUT OF ORDINARY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS CAN BE PRODUCED.

SO SURPRISING and marvelous are the results that can be obtained by the panopticon and so easy is it to make that every reader should try hand and skill at the work of constructing one.

If it is possible to get one, a lens of some kind is required. The panopticon sometimes is made without a lens, but a much better effect can be secured by using one. A glass from an old pair of spectacles will answer in default of anything better.

The length of the instrument to be constructed depends upon the focus of the lens used. Let us assume for the sake of simplifying the following description that the focus of the lens is five and a half inches.

In that case make a box of stiff cardboard six inches long, four inches in diameter at the large end and one and a half inches in diameter at the smaller end, as shown in figure one. The sides, top and bottom of the box are made of one piece by bending the cardboard. In order to make the bends clean and straight, the cardboard is first cut to a little depth where it is to be bent. Care must be taken not to bend down on the knife too hard.

The overlapping edges can be glued together or fastened by piercing holes at regular intervals and sewing with coarse thread, well waxed. See figure 2.

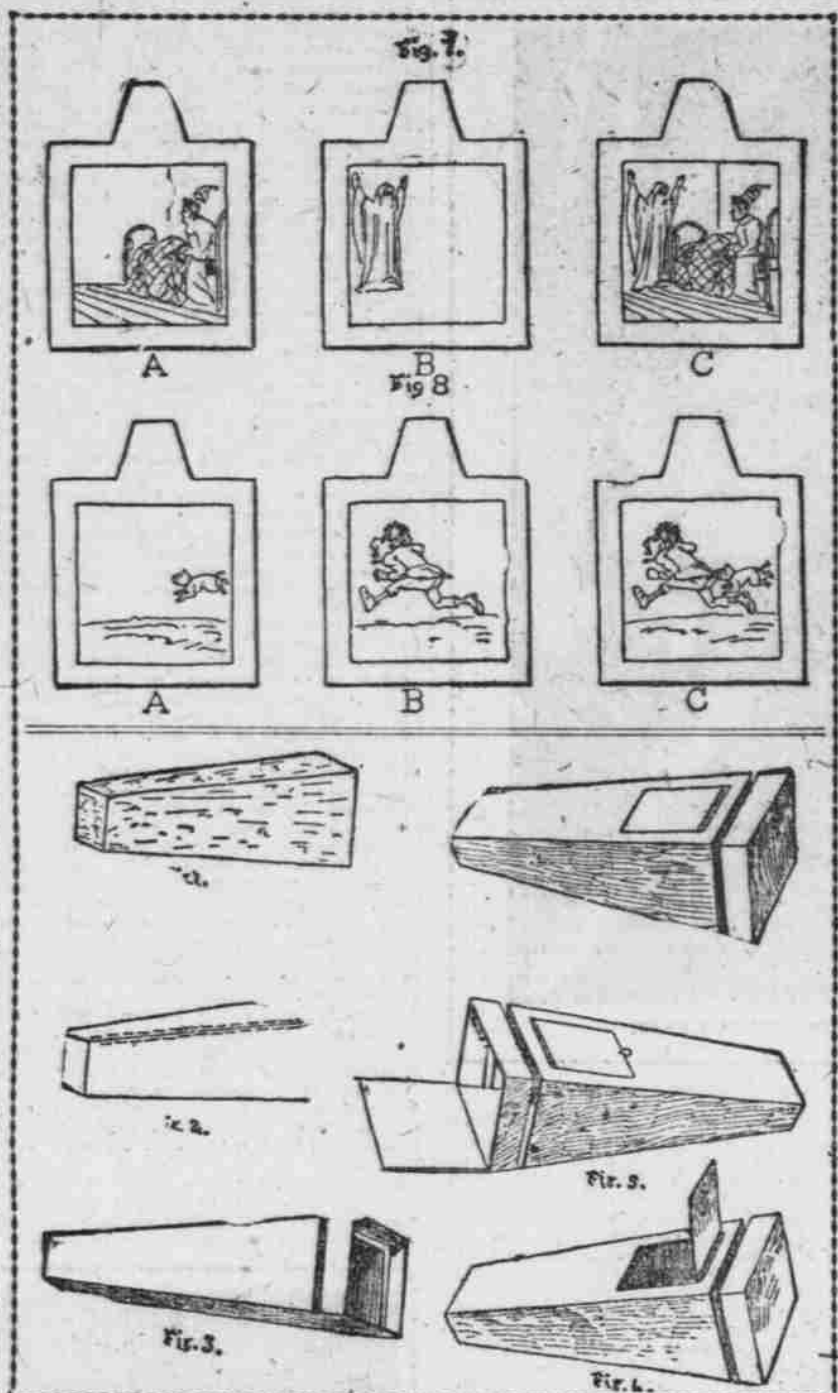
The bottom of the box is next to be reinforced with a strip of the same stiff cardboard, which, when glued and thoroughly dried, can be sandpapered off at the edges so that the surface will be smooth.

A slit about one-eighth of an inch wide is to be cut at about half an inch from the large end of the box, extending across the top and down each side as far as the reinforcing strip of cardboard at the bottom. See figure 3. This should be done in a clean and workmanlike manner with a sharp knife.

Next cut an opening about three inches square in the top of the box half an inch or so from the slit just made, and fit it with a cover hinged to the box at the upper end of this opening by a small strip of cloth glued so as to form a hinge. This is shown in figure 4.

A flap hinged at the lower end with a strip of cloth that secures it to the bottom of the box must be cut to fit the large end of the box. See figure 5. When closed it is to be fastened with a small loop of elastic, caught over a common shirt stud glued to the upper surface of the box.

Cut out a square of cardboard, fitting the smaller end of the box; in this cut a circular hole to fit your lens and set it in. If necessary you can secure it in place with sealing wax. Fasten the square of



cardboard containing the lens into the smaller end of the box and the panopticon is complete. It can be made to look workmanlike by painting with aluminum

or so-called gold paint or with any of the metallic paints sold in the shops.

Now for the pictures: Cut out a square frame like those shown in figures 7 and 8. We will suppose it to be a snap shot at a church. Color this with water color. Give the sky a light wash of blue, and the extreme distance a wash of green. The middle distance greenish blue and the foreground foliage a full yellowish green, with reddish yellow mixed with green for the darker portions. If you are careful not to make the color too strong this will give a very pretty effect, for the photograph itself supplies the light and shade. Be very careful not to have the color too crude or intense. Place the picture against the window pane with the back of the picture toward you. This will enable you to see through the paper. Trace out carefully with a sharp lead pencil the outlines of the church and draw a moon in the sky. Take the picture, place it face down and rub down the paper inside the outlines of the church windows with a bit of ink craser or of fine sandpaper until it is quite thin and transparent. Do the same with the moon you have marked out. Pierce small holes in the sky with a needle or pin for the stars. Paste bits of different colored tissue paper, or better still, of gelatine, over the church windows to look like colored glass and over the moon paste a bit of light yellow tissue paper or of gelatine.

Hold the picture up to the window pane; it can be fastened there temporarily with little pellets of bees' wax at the four corners, and go over the back of it, where the sky appears, with dark blue or bluish mixed with black, and the foliage with blackish green.

If you now put your picture in the slit left in the panopticon, shut the flap at the end and lift the cover on the top, as in figure 7. You now no longer see the church, but a scene, to which the lens gives a sort of stereoscopic effect. Now open the flap and shut the cover on top, as in figure 7. You now no longer see the church, but a scene, to which the lens gives a sort of stereoscopic effect. Now open the flap and shut the cover on top, as in figure 7. You now no longer see the church, but a scene, to which the lens gives a sort of stereoscopic effect.

No intelligent reader will be at a loss for subjects for the panopticon. A winter scene by direct light becomes summer by transmitted light. One picture is taken with snow on the ground and another of the same scene in summer is pasted face down on the first and every part matched as exactly as possible, so that the snowy ground is covered with verdure and the bare branches of the trees with foliage when seen by transmitted light.

A garden party with colored lanterns, ship at sea on fire, and many others will suggest themselves. Another style of subjects introduces objects to be seen by transmitted light but not by direct light. A man is shown sitting up in bed with his head on a pillow, looking toward the camera, though the picture by direct light shows nothing. By transmitted light, however, a ghost appears. A dog seems to be flying without wings, but by transmitted light he is seen to be attached to the coat tails of a flying tramp.

The man in bed is drawn upon one side of the slide, as in A, figure 7, and on the other side the ghost is in B, figure 7. By transmitted light it appears as in C, figure 7.

A similar arrangement of the dog and of the tramp appears in A, B, C, figure 8. J. CARTER BEARD.

STORY OF FAN-FAN THE FAIRY

SHE PUNISHES THE CRUEL MAN AND HIS WICKED WIFE, AND SHE SAVES THE BOY NAMED BABAN.



THE FAIRY WAVED HER WAND, AND THE MAN AND HIS WIFE FELL TO BEATING EACH OTHER WITH THEIR STICKS.

worked harder or was more obedient, but they were a cruel couple, and rejoiced over his miseries. No matter how hard he tried to please them, he was sure to be whipped at least once a day, and he never came near the woman that she did not give him a box on the ear.

This man was not a charcoal burner, but he had a large flock of goats and many pigs, and it was Baban's duty to mind them. One day, when the orphan boy was almost 12 years old, one of the goats fell over a cliff and was killed. It was not at all Baban's fault, but he knew that he would be severely punished for it. He was sitting on a stone crying, when a little girl suddenly appeared before him, and a sweet voice asked:

"Boy, why do you cry? I thought boys were always whistling and laughing."

"One of the goats has fallen over the cliff," replied Baban, "and I shall be tied up and whipped for it. They may even burn my feet with hot coals."

"I have heard of you," said the girl as she sat down beside him. "I am Fan-Fan, the fairy, and I hear about many people. You are an orphan boy, and it was bad that you came here to live. There are scores on your feet, cure on your hands, and it is easy to see that you have been ill-used. Would you like to go away?"

"But where could I go?" asked Baban. "You shall go with me and I will find you a better place. Ah! What have we here?"

It was the man and his wife, who came running, and each had a stick in hand, and the man cried out:

"Vagabond of a boy, but why are you not watching the goats instead of sitting here?"

"There is one goat missing—it has fallen over the cliff," added the woman. "Today we shall give the fairy Baban such a whipping as he never had before. Catch him by the hair and bring him along!"

"It was not Baban's fault, good people," said Fan-Fan as she arose. "So here is a little girl," laughed the woman, "a little girl all dressed up like a doll. Who are you, and where did you come from?"

"I am Fan-Fan, the fairy, and I rode here on the back of a grasshopper."

"I don't care who you are," said the man. "Baban shall be whipped and you would better take yourself off or you may get the switch, too. If you are a fairy, why don't you bring us gold?"

"Because you are cruel, selfish people, and have been unkind to this orphan boy. You shall have something besides gold."

Then the fairy waved her wand in the air and repeated some words they could not understand, and the man and his wife at once fell to beating each other with their sticks. The wife screamed and the husband shouted, and they had beaten each other for a quarter of an hour and were still at it when Fan-Fan blew a note on a silver whistle. Almost at once two ponies, all saddled and bridled, came trotting up, and, holding out her hand to Baban, she smiled and said:

"They have whipped you many times, and now let them feel how good it is. Come with me and I will find you a new and better home, and one where the people will treat you as their own son."

WITCH OF THE WABASH

WORKED MIRACLES WITH PLAIN POP-CORN AND \$100 BILLS

WILLIE JONES had a little boy named Sam, of whom he was very fond. Next to the boy, Willie loved his hounds, long-eared, mild-eyed dogs all woefully thin. When the night was right, that is, when there was a moon and moisture to hold the scent, Willie and little Sam would go a fox hunting up the branch on the other side of the woods.

One night, after the dogs had jumped a fox, and kept it on the run for an hour or more, Willie missed Old Storm's voice when the fox and dogs came close, so he went to find his dog, and Sam started for home alone, through the deadening pasture, across the timber belt and down the hollow along the Edmonston branch.

Sam was a brave little fellow and made nothing of being alone. He heard the big "Boo-oo" call after him, but he gave it little thought. A flock of 20 quail had fixed themselves for the night, tails together like the hub of a wheel, and heads out, like the spokes. He almost stepped on them, but they all got up with a tremendous beating and drumming of wings and scattered in all directions.

He saw a small black object in the path trotting leisurely. Lately he had beheld the bushy tail wave like the danger flag it was, and he stopped, for well he knew that it was best to give a polecat full time to get out of the way. Then he came to a large sycamore stump, and he saw a little old woman, hopping about on one foot. He stopped and stared at this wonderful sight until he heard the little woman say: "Don't stare so, boy! I'm not on exhibition and it's bad manners."

Sam was a polite little fellow, and he turned very red and was shriving off sideways when the old lady said him back. "Come here, Sam," she said.

Sam obeyed, looking foolish and awkward—and so would you, for this little old lady was no taller than a stick of stove wood, which is 25 inches long, and she had a tiny broom in her hand. Her little sharp face was brown and very much wrinkled, and she had only a few wisps of gray hair and no cap. The foot that she held up had no shoe and she was much excited.

"Come here, Sam," said she. "I want you to help me."

But Sam hung back, as well he might. "Oh! I'll pay you," she went on. "I'll pay you better than you expect; if that's what's the matter with you."

"I don't want any pay," said Sam, "unless I was to earn it." And he walked right up to the stump, for he had done nothing he was ashamed of.

"You don't want pay?" said the funny little old woman, apparently much surprised. "Bless my soul! I've been all over this earth and everybody ever I had to do with wanted pay, and most of 'em want it for nothing."

"Well, marm," said Sam, "if I can do anything to help you, like carrying you home, or setting a rabbit, I'd rather do it for nothing."

She looked up at him, her little black eyes glittering sharp as a jay bird's, and made a funny sound, like laughter. "You can just hand me my cap and shoe. I can't get down without my shoe, so it is impossible to get the cap. But you can hand 'em to me," she demanded.

She pointed them out to Sam. He stooped to pick them up with his hands when the little old lady screamed. It sounded like the highest note his father could reach with his little finger when he played the "Devil's Dream" on his fiddle.

"O, dear me! Boy, what a hurry you are in! Break a small twig of hazel, lift my shoe on the end, then hand it here," says she.

This Sam did, and quick as a rabbit she slipped it on her foot and ran around the stump, lively as a squirrel.

"Now the cap," she ordered.

Sam reached for it with the hazel and again the old lady screamed. "Don't rush at things. Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

Sam had heard this before, and he knew it the best thing to do.

"Now," said the Witch (for it was a Witch, sure enough), "get a twig of sumach and one from that red-bud tree, lift the cap with them and place it on my head. Why, I never touch that hat myself. Now I'm all right!" Then she sat sideways on her broom and moved off slowly, drifting like smoke.

"Is that all, ma'am?" said Sam, himself edging away.

"I believe I'll go a short piece with you, Sam," she answered, "if you don't mind." And she floated by Sam's side on her

broom as easy and comfortable as a bus-sard.

"You didn't get your pay, Sam," said she. "How would a dollar strike you?"

"No, ma'am; I don't want no pay for that. Me and pa cut and split two cords of stove wood for a dollar, and that takes all day. I don't want no pay for picking up the things."

The old lady seemed very much amused. She knew of people who expected 50 cents for hanging up a hat, or handling a walking-stick or umbrella; yes, even for answering a question; and lots and lots of people who expected big pay for nothing. But Sam did not know of these people, and thought it nothing to oblige any one, and especially when they were in trouble.

Sam walked briskly, for he wanted to get home and to bed. But, fast as he walked the little woman kept with him, without any effort at all. Finally she said, "You never saw anybody like me before, did you?"

"No, ma'am, I never did."

"And don't you want to know who I am?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I do," said Sam, "leastways, if you've a mind to tell me."

"Well, now! Well, now! Did you ever? I've a mind to tell you!" And she seemed more than a little amused. "Once," said she, "I had an accident. I caught on a telegraph wire in a big city. A crowd gathered in a moment, and not a soul would do a thing but ask questions and worry me into fits. Luckily I got away in time. Two men were for putting a fence about me and actually charging 25 cents for a look."

"Well," said Sam, "I never would have thought of that."

"Of course you wouldn't," said she. Then, speaking very kindly, she said, "It would be useless, Sam, for me to tell you about myself. I will tell you, however, this much. I am the Witch of the Wabash and you have seen the best of me, and you can pray that you never see the worst."

"All right, ma'am, I will," said Sam.

"All right, ma'am, I will," said Sam.

"All right, ma'am, I will," said Sam.

"All right, ma'am, I will," said Sam.

"All right, ma'am, I will," said Sam.

"All right, ma'am, I will," said Sam.

"All right, ma'am, I will," said Sam.

"and good-by, ma'am, take good care of yourself and you must come and see us."

"I will," said she, "I will, indeed; for you've got lots of sense, Sam, though you don't look it."

Then she moved off and Sam went his way and never looked back.

But the Witch of the Wabash was just trying him, to see if he really meant what he said about not taking pay. So she followed and handed him a handful of popcorn. She knew it would make him feel uncomfortable to give him money.

Now Sam had better-looking popcorn hung on the rafters at home, but he did not say so. Instead, he thanked the Witch, as if it were money. There are plenty of boys who would have thrown that corn away; but Sam kept it because it was a gift. He wrapped it carefully in paper and put it behind the picture of George Washington, where he kept all his treasures.

Next evening, when Sam was eating his cornbread and milk he told his mother about the Witch, just as he would tell of a tree falling in a twist and getting lodged, or of a bee tree.

His mother laughed at him, and said he should not tell such tales. But his father listened as seriously as Sam told the story.

"Sam," said he, "let's have a look at the corn."

He held it in his hand and fingered it. He counted the grains, and there were an even 50. Next he put the grains in the skillet, raked hot coals on the hearth and placed the pan on top.

"Crackety crack! Crack! Pop! Rattle! Crack!" went the corn, and when it stopped the popping and the skillet cover was lifted, Sam and his mother nearly fell into the fire with surprise. It was lucky Willie held the skillet instead of Sam's mother; she surely would have dropped it, and some of the paper bills would have fallen into the fire. Yes, sir! Paper money! Every grain had popped into a new \$100 bill! And the skillet was full of them.

Sam's father never acted as if he were

at all surprised, but took one bill at a time and smoothed it on his knee. Then he took the bundle in his left hand, washed the fingers of his right, and counted them. There were 50 \$100 bills.

"How much is that, Sammy?" asked his father.

Sam got his slate and pencil and figured and figured. His mother looked over his shoulder, breathing hard. Sam sucked his pencil and marked off the ciphers as his teacher had shown him.

"Now I have it, pa," said he. "It's \$5000."

"Well! Well!" was all his mother could say.

His father said nothing, but got down an empty shot bag, tied the bills carefully in a roll and dropped them in the bag.

Willie sent Sam to one school after another, but he never learned a thing. He bought him books and books, and also good clothes, and, in fact, Willie spent all of that money on Sam.

"It's his," he used to say, "every last cent of it."

However, he kept enough of it to buy two great grounds. And he called one Tallor (Tallow for his color) and the other Sock.

Gold Helmets of Ancient Americans.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

Greer is responsible for the loss of some priceless objects that were found in ancient shafts in a little island off the coast of Ecuador, that would, no doubt, have cast valuable light on the high stage of civilization reached by the prehistoric inhabitants of Ecuador and Colombia. The objects consisted of many small articles of jewelry and two magnificent solid gold helmets. The latter were fortunately rescued from the melting pot in time, but almost all the rest of the precious ornaments were lost to science. The helmets are beautifully made and richly ornamented, showing not only an advanced condition of industrial art, but a high state of decorative art.

A CHICKEN POLICEMAN

Worried Two Kittens Till Puppy Arrived and Changed Matters.

HE was an orphan, or, rather, he was the only son of a Plymouth Rock hen, who was so exasperated at her ill luck in hatching only one egg out of 13 that she disowned her only chicken as soon as he was out.

None of the other hens would adopt him, it was necessary to feed him by hand.

Naturally, he soon grew very tame and became a great pet—too much of a pet, in fact, for one day he actually decided that he had quite a good right to the dinner table as the rest of the family.

Being particularly fond of mashed potatoes, he would thereafter, if no one was near, jump on the table and help himself, and many a dish had been thrown out because he had pecked it.

A young niece in the family who had not the patience of the older members

rele, and if he found two hot-blooded youngsters engaged in a duel he would "blat" at them from the back of his neck, separating them, leaving the scene with a mouthful (or billful) of feathers.

His particular enemies were two kittens that were forever wrestling or pretending to fight, as kittens will.

The moment he spied them at their antics he would hurry to the fray and vigorously peck each little hard skull.

The kittens would then scurry for dear life to the shelter of the back steps and disappear under the steps, often with the "chicken policeman" in full pursuit.

If he failed to catch the nimble kittens he would sometimes perch on the stoop above their retreat and patiently wait for a furry head to show itself. As one slowly appeared he would balance himself and then bring his beak down on the unsuspecting kitten's head, much to the owner's surprise and fright.

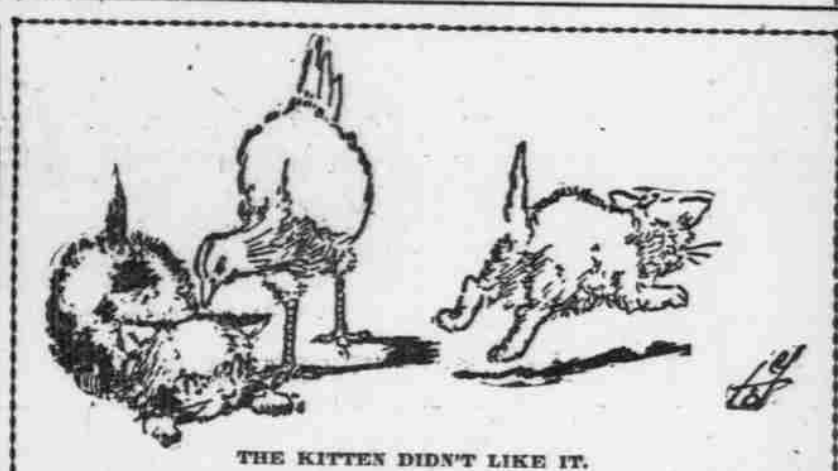
The kittens' lives were made a burden to them until help finally arrived in the shape of an ambitious and active puppy, who was given to a member of the family.

Puppy was rather afraid of the kittens' great, impressive figures—nervous penitents, the Indians call them. They say that these are penitents turned to snow, sinners in life who stand with bowed heads expiating their crimes and wickedness by eternal sorrow in the white solitudes of Patagonia and the Argentine.

Dr. Hauthal, reached the "places of penance" after a long and hard journey through the wilderness. He found the great figures, looking imposing and striking indeed. But he found that they were just ordinary clear ice, and that they took form through the effect of the sun on the fields of perpetual snow.

Glaciers are Getting Smaller.

In Switzerland the studies of many years have determined the fact finally that the glaciers are not only steadily receding, but that their rate of recession



THE KITTEN DIDN'T LIKE IT.

claws, but he had no respect whatever for the "chicken policeman." So one day when that creature was vigorously pecking a kitten the puppy grabbed him and before help arrived had shaken many feathers and all of the self-confidence out of the rooster.

The kittens from that day were never molested, for the "chicken policeman" entire time was taken up in growing new feathers and watching for the puppy.

Chasing Kitty home.

Puppy was rather afraid of the kittens' great, impressive figures—nervous penitents, the Indians call them. They say that these are penitents turned to snow, sinners in life who stand with bowed heads expiating their crimes and wickedness by eternal sorrow in the white solitudes of Patagonia and the Argentine.

Dr. Hauthal, reached the "places of penance" after a long and hard journey through the wilderness. He found the great figures, looking imposing and striking indeed. But he found that they were just ordinary clear ice, and that they took form through the effect of the sun on the fields of perpetual snow.

Glaciers are Getting Smaller.

In Switzerland the studies of many years have determined the fact finally that the glaciers are not only steadily receding, but that their rate of recession

is becoming greater each year. There are only a few glaciers that still grow. The Bovey glacier in Canton Wallis is the only one that has increased steadily since 1882. The famous Rhone glacier has receded almost 500 yards since 1878.

Reindeer in Warm Latitude.

A Russian explorer, P. Ignatov, has found a queer thing in Asia. He was exploring the Telekoke Lake, in the Altai Mountains. This lake is situated in 50 degrees north latitude—that is, south of London and Berlin and almost in the same latitude as Plymouth and Havre. Yet he found many herds of reindeer there.

The Bank of England employs about 1000 people, pays a quarter of a million in wages and \$25,000 a year in pensions.

DAWN-ANTICIPATION.

The physical ills and needs of an expectant mother have been the theme of thought and study for ages, and all physicians know that her peculiar condition requires an additional aid to nature; an elasticiser for the expanding muscles and a strengthener for the sinews upon which is brought the strain of child weight; so that the little one shall have perfect health and symmetry of form; a lubricating balm that will enable her to go about with grace and ease; quiet and steady nerves, and her whole being acting harmoniously for the good of herself and child.

MOTHER'S FRIEND, if used diligently throughout gestation, will soften the breasts, thereby preventing cracked and sore nipples. All tissues, muscles and tendons straining with burden will soften, relax, become soothed, supple and elastic from its continuous application. All fibres in the abdominal region will respond readily to the expanding cover containing the embryo if MOTHER'S FRIEND is administered externally all during pregnancy.

Of draught \$1.00 a bottle. A treatise "Motherhood" by E. C. Wright. THE BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Dorothy's Cat Plays Being the Sick Baby Most Unwillingly

"I really fear," said Dorothy, "the pussy cat is Go hurry, nurse, and get a spoon; we'll give the dear a pill."

The cat seemed much annoyed at this, and she felt a bit amused; indeed, her countenance appeared as if she felt abused.

She mewed, and spat, and even scratched, but she was helpless quail.

For Mary seized a tablecloth and wrapped her up real tight.

And Dorothy, dressed in long skirts, stooped down and felt her paw.

"Why, Baby Pussy, such a pulse!" said she, "I never saw!"

We must prescribe some powders, and some salts and leuca,

Some fannels for her little chest, and lotions for her back.

I would prescribe Peruvian bark, but then, I fear, you see,

That Baby Pussy and the bark would surely disagree.

So