

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS OF SCHOOL.



ALWAYS TELL MOTHER.

Always tell mother. She's willing to hear,
Willing to listen to tales of despair,
Tell her when trials and troubles assail;
Seek her for comfort when sorrows prevail.
Take mother's hand when temptations entice;
Ask her for counsel; seek mother's advice.

Always tell mother. In mother confide;
Poster no secrets from mother to hide,
Train your thoughts nobly, nor let your lips speak
Words that would kindle a blush on her cheek.
Mother stands ready her aid to impart,
Open to mother the door of your heart.

Always tell mother. Your joys let her share;
Lift from her shoulders their burdens of care;
Brighten her pathway; be gentle and kind;
Strengthen the ties of affection that bind.
Tell her you love her; look up in her face;
Tell her no other can take mother's place.

Always tell mother. When dangers be-
tide,
Mother, if need be, will die by your side,
Though you be sunken in sin and dis-
grace,
Mother will never turn from you her
face,
Others may shun you, but mother, your
friend,
Stands, ever ready, to shield and defend,
Mother's devotion is always the same,
Softly, with reverence, breathe mother's
name.
—Leslie's Weekly.

THE KING OF HEARTS.

THE bright spring sunshine was pouring in at the window, flecked with gold the hair of a young girl who stood gazing at a photograph in a heart-shaped silver frame, which held the place of honor on the mantel-piece. Her thoughts were evidently far away from her surroundings, as she failed to hear footsteps approaching, and was only recalled to herself by the maid announcing "Captain Stewart." A flush of burning color swept over Elsie's face, and quick as thought she snatched the heart-shaped frame from its place, and holding it in her left hand, advanced to meet a tall, fair man, whose pale face showed signs of recent illness, and who carried his right arm in a sling.

"Why, Jack!" she said, "I had no idea you were in London; did the doctors give you permission to travel?" Her pretty face was still flushed, and after answering her questions as to his health, Jack Stewart felt a difficulty in returning to their old friendly footing; there was a subtle difference in her manner to him that made him vaguely uneasy.

So it was more by way of conversation than a desire for information that Jack asked, laughingly:

"And who is the 'King of Hearts' now? Roberts, Kitchener or Buller?" Then as his glance fell on the vacant place on the mantel-piece, he started and said, more seriously:

"The King of Hearts' not in his accustomed place! What is the meaning of this, Elsie?"

Once more a blush swept from brow to chin, and Elsie, averting her eyes, remained silent. Then it was that caught sight of the frame in her left hand.

"Why, you have it there!" he said in astonishment. "May I not see your new hero?" Then, Elsie remaining silent, with his free hand, gently took the frame from her unresisting clasp, and without looking at it, laid it face downward on a table near, and, resuming his seat by her side, looked at her with troubled eyes.

But three short months had passed since he had sat in that room, and had learned from her lips that though she



CHILDREN RENEW ACQUAINTANCE WITH THEIR TEACHER.

did not love him, she loved no one else; and he had started off to South Africa with his regiment, buoyed up with hopes of ultimately gaining her love. A month ago he had been invalided home, and as soon as his doctors had pronounced it safe for him to travel he had come straight to Elsie, only to find she had a secret from him that bade fair to lessen his hopes. From childhood Elsie had been a hero-worshiper of the most ardent kind, and had a collection of her heroes' photographs that would fill a good-sized album. On her fifteenth birthday Jack had given her a heart-shaped photo frame, which was destined to contain her hero of the moment, who was laughingly dubbed by Jack the "King of Hearts."

Many and various were the faces he had seen in that frame, but now he feared that the real king had come, who would not only retain undisputed possession of the photo frame, but would also reign in Elsie's heart.

With a visible effort Jack Stewart roused himself from his painful thoughts, and turning to Elsie said:

"As I may not see your new hero, perhaps you will tell me about him?" "Anything you ask me, except his name," she replied, meeting his gaze for the first time.

"He is a soldier, of course?"

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"Good-looking?"

"Very good-looking," she said earnestly, but with averted face.

Jack, feeling his fears confirmed by her tone, went on hurriedly:

"Well, we have got this far, at any rate; he is physically perfect."

"I did not quite say that," she said, looking mischievously at him.

"No doubt you mean that. What about his character. Do you know him very well?"

"I have known him a long while," she answered demurely.

"And I have not even heard of him," he exclaimed in astonishment.

"But it is only lately that he—that I—"

"That you have started a mutual admiration society," he interrupted, rather bitterly.

"Not quite that, Jack," she rejoined, giving him a queer little smile. "But what else would you like to know about him?" Her former embarrassment had left her, and she was quietly attentive to his words.

"Is he renowned for his brains, or for oratory only?"

"His intellectual faculties are quite above the average," she returned, flashing a merry look at him.

He was puzzled by her manner, and continued rather lamely:

"It is his bravery then, that has gained him your favor?"

"He is the truest, bravest and best man in the world," she answered, with earnest, shining eyes.

"Elsie!" It was almost a cry. He rose from his seat and turned away from her.

"What is it, Jack?" she asked; and going over to him she made him look at her. Something in his face frightened her, and she said again: "What is it?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered; "only I conclude this to be your way of telling me that all is over between us."

"That depends on you, Jack," she said softly.

"I wish it did," he answered sadly, but incredulously.

"But it does, Jack. Look at that photograph."

It was almost a command, so he, with evident reluctance, took up the frame and looked at the face within it.

"Elsie!" and that one word contained a mingling of relief, wonder and, above all, joy.

For it was his own face that looked up at him out of the heart-shaped frame.—The Penny Pictorial Magazine.

A Royal Editor.

There is at least one newspaper which is edited by a king. In far-away New Zealand there is an interesting little eight-page paper, with three columns to a page, printed in both the English and the native tongue, and called The Pleiades of Seven Stars. Its editor is no less a person than his royal highness, Tawhiao. It is true that this potentate is not an independent sovereign, but when he descends from the royal throne to the editorial chair, then, indeed, he is monarch of all he surveys.

Evaporation from Trees.

Some curious facts concerning trees have been discovered. A single oak of good size is said to lift 123 tons of water during the months it is in leaf. This moisture is evaporated and rises to form rain clouds. From this estimate of the labor of a single oak we can gain some idea of the immense force which the forests exert in equalizing the evaporation and precipitation and preventing periods of inundation and drouth.

Favorite Food for Animals.

Sea lions, seals, walrus and pelicans are fed on fish when in captivity; monkeys, young lions and hippopotami drink milk—a full-grown hippopotamus will absorb fifteen quarts of milk in a day. Polar bears live on bread; monkeys like fruit.

Though men do a share of the world's creditable deeds, when it is said of them "Just like a man," nothing complimentary is intended.

ESCAPED DEATH. FIRE ON THE VELDT.

THE UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE GRANTED LE ROY BOWEN.

Given Up to Die by Four Doctors Because of a Serious Complication of Diseases—How He Saved Himself

From the Enterprise, Mapleton, Minn.

To escape death after being given up by four doctors, and hidden good-bye to family and friends is an experience not granted every man. Yet it happened to Mr. Le Roy Bowen, of Decorah township, Blue Earth county, Minn.

Mr. Bowen is a farmer, but formerly resided in Mapleton, where he was clerk and city marshal for a number of years. He is a well-known member of the Masonic fraternity and enjoys an enviable reputation for his sterling honesty and uprightness of character.

He told his story of miraculous relief and cure to a reporter recently and it is a story of the greatest interest. He said:

"I was suddenly taken sick in the spring of 1895. The pain was intense.

The doctor was hastily summoned. He pronounced my case one of gravel and said that the pain was caused by the passage of a stone from the kidneys to the bladder. I doctored with him for three months, but was not benefited.

Frequently, once a week, I would have a bad spell of two or three days duration, during which I suffered untold agony.

"Finally I went to Mankato and consulted a specialist. He stated that I did not have gravel, but thought it was rheumatism of the stomach. I continued to visit him until the end of August. Then I became completely bedridden and sent for another doctor. He called my complaint inflammation of the bowels and treated me for that.

I became better, but in one week my legs swelled up and I was worse than ever.

"The doctor laid my case before the faculty of Rush Medical College, Chicago, and it was decided that I had neuralgia of the stomach. I was treated for that until December, but continued to grow worse. Then the doctor said, 'I can't do you any good. All the help I know for you is an operation.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'go on and operate if that is left for me.' This was on Sunday. The time of the operation was set for Tuesday. My children were sent for, and I prepared for the worst.

"The appointed time came; the four doctors present examined me for two hours, then they retired and consulted for the same length of time. They concluded that they did not know what ailed me. The head physician asked permission to 'cut,' as he expressed it, 'and find out.' I asked how big a place he wanted to cut. He said he thought four inches far enough. 'I knew enough not to allow any such hide-and-seek game to be played with me, so the operation did not occur. I continued under the doctor's care, but my case was considered hopeless. I made my will, balanced my accounts and made every preparation for death.

"I continued to grow steadily worse. Day after day was passed in intense agony. As a last resort I told my hired man to bring me, the next time he went to town, a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had read considerable about them and thought I would try them. Immediately after beginning the use of these pills I commenced to feel better. At first, I took one pill three times a day, but increased the dose to three pills three times a day. In two weeks I was out of bed and around.

"In five weeks I took a trip to Mankato, but this trip was a little beyond my strength and I came home and had to go to bed. I again began the use of the pills. The effect was as before; in four days I was on my feet, and have been there ever since, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

I hereby certify the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. LE ROY BOWEN.

Witnesses: J. A. Biddeson, Mrs. Le Roy Bowen.

Mr. Bowen's postoffice address is Beauford, Minn. He will gladly answer any inquiries to those enclosing stamp for reply.

It was nature's own remedy that accomplished this cure caused by impure blood, for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are composed of vegetable remedies that exert a powerful influence in purifying and enriching the blood. Many diseases long supposed by the medical profession to be incurable have succumbed to the potent influence of these pills. This universal remedy is sold by all druggists.

Emma Abbott's Father Insane.

Chicago Oct. 1.—A special to the Chronicle from Milwaukee, says. Application has been made to Judge Wallber for the appointment of a guardian for Seth Abbott, father of the late Emma Abbott. Mr. Abbott was adjudged insane in the Chicago courts last Friday, and his commitment ordered to a sanitarium at Wauwatosa. The application for a guardian is made by Frederick Abbott, a son, who asks that he or some suitable person be appointed guardian. Judge Wallber has fixed the hearing for October 22.

SCENE OF TERROR ON SOUTH AFRICAN PLAINS.

Flames Race Through the Tall Grass, Destroying Homes of Whites, Natives and Dumb Beasts—Wreck and Desolation All that is Left Behind.

Far away on our left flank the enemy bled the heights and watch us moving outward, while between them and us, stretching mile after mile in a line with our column, ripples a line of scarlet flame, for the foe has fired the veldt to starve the transit mules, horses and oxen. Like a sword unsheathed in the sunlight, the flames sparkle amid the grass, which grows knee deep right to the kopje's very lips. Birds rise on the wing with harsh, resonant cries, flutter a while above their ravished home, then wheel in midair and seek more peaceful pastures. Hares spring up before the crackling flames quite reach their forms and, like gray streaks in a soldier's beard, flash suddenly into view and as suddenly disappear again. Here and there a graceful springbok dashes through the smoke, with head thrown back and graceful limbs extended, his glossy, mottled hide looking doubly beautiful backed by that red streak of fire. The wind catches the quivering crimson streak and for a while the flames race, as I have seen wild horses neck to neck rush through the saltbush plains at the sound of the stockman's whip. Then, as the wind drops, the flames curl carelessly around the wealth of "growing fodder, biting the grass low down and wrapping it in a mantle of black and red as flame and smoke commingle.

Here and there a pool of water, hidden from view until the fire flend stripped the veldt land bare, leaps to life like a silver shield in the grim setting of the bare and blackened plain. Small mobs of cattle stand stupidly snuffing the smoke-laden air until the breath of the blaze awakens them to a sense of peril; then with horns lowered like bayonets at the charge, with tails stiff and straight behind them as leveled lances, they leap onward, over or through everything in front of them, bellowing frantically their brute protest against the red ruin of war. The flames roll on, they reach the stone walls of a cattle pen and leap it as a hunter takes a brush fence in his stride, onward still until a Kafir kraal is reached. The soft-tipped billows kiss the uncouth mud walls and for a moment transfigure them with a nameless beauty that precedes ruin. Only a moment or two and then the restless destroyer flaunts its pennons amid the reed-thatched roofs, the sparks leap up, the black smoke curls toward the sky, while on the neighboring hills the negro women with their babes in their arms wail woefully, for those rude huts, with all their barbarous trappings, meant home—aye, home and happiness to them. The flames roll onward, now in two long lines, for the Kafir encampment had sundered them, and now they look, with their beautifully rounded curves, sweeping so gracefully out into the unknown. All that they leave behind is desolation, only blackened walls, simmering carcasses, weeping women and wailing children.

Away on our right flank we can just make out the skeletons of what a few hours before had been a cluster of smiling farm houses. They do not smile now; they grin horribly in the sunlight, grin as the fleshless skulls of dead men grin on a battlefield after those sextons of the veldt—the gray-hooded, curved-beaked vultures—have screamed their final farewell to the charnel-houses of war, noble war, splendid war, pastime of potentates and princes, invented in hell and patented in all the temples of sorrow.—London News.

Trade Secrets.



Mr. O'Toole—What is Terrence doing now, Mrs. Flynn?

Mrs. Flynn—He is wurking in Dooch Pete's chaze factory making imytashun schwitzer chaze.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

First to Abolish Slavery.

The Danes were the first to abolish slavery in their West Indian possessions.