

### STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

Mountaineer Who Highly Appreciated Really Good Cooking.

As a rule the mountaineer of Kentucky is not a gastronomic connoisseur, and the visitor at his table is quite as likely to hear dried apples referred to as "fruit" as he is to find any other kind of fruit on the table. Occasionally, however, one of them is sufficiently fortunate to get away from his fastnesses, and living temporarily down in the blue grass has an opportunity to acquire some virtues not otherwise obtainable. It was such a one I caught up with one morning in June along the ridge of the Cumberland.

"I'm looking for a place," I said after a few preliminaries, "where I can stop for a week or so while I look up some timber I have in this neighborhood. Do you know of any?"

"There ain't much up that sort around here," he replied, "except you go to Mount Pleasant, an I reckon that's too far. But hold on," he broke in with a sudden thought, "thar's the Widger Tackett. She axed me yistiddy to see some uv you folks at the mill and tell 'em she had a place to sleep and eat two or three men of they wuzn't too pertickler."

"Is it a pretty good place?" I inquired thoughtlessly.

"The young man's face flushed," he said with some embarrassment. "She's got to be my mother-in-law come next September."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I hastened to explain. "I only asked to know if she had good eating. Some of that we got in private houses even in the cities, you know, is not the best in the world."

"Cities be derred," he said with a fine feeling. "Yer ain't never tried the Widger Tackett's pie yet, mister, an yer want to keep still till yer do. Ain't nothin like it nowhers, no matter what kind uv a pie she sets afore yer. It's all no pluisius unum, an no mistake. Why, I'm tellin you that I sot down to one uv her pies last week, and I ever knowed, an I was eatin right in it like hot shored gump into a snow pile, an Bill Rogers across the table frum me called me a liar, an I never said a dem word to him tell I had plum e't my pie and got my teeth picked. Dem my buttons of I did, colonel."

I did not like to inquire further into the mystery of what happened to Mr. Rogers after the taste of the pie was safely home by informant, but I made a fair guess as to what happened. The widow Tackett, wearing board and lodging for one in for one week.—Washington Star.

### STORY OF A HAT.

Revealing the Secret of Its Two Trips Around a Table.

A number of literary men were at one time gathered in a well known chop-house in New York. The conversation was of course brilliant, and the repartee sparkled with mirth and wit. During a lull in the talk the door slowly opened, and an old southern dandy, grizzled with age, poked his head in and then slowly drew his body in after him. A waiter started to eject him, when one of the gentlemen cried:

"Wait a moment. Let's see what the old boy wants."

The dandy bobbed up to the table where this gentleman sat and held out his hat. Throwing a wink to his neighbors, the gentleman took the hat and, making a show of placing something into it, passed it on to the next man, who did likewise. The hat made a tour of the room, to the puzzled wonder of the dandy. The last to receive it solemnly handed it back with a polite bow, saying:

"There, sir, don't you think you have something to be thankful for?"

The old dandy looked solemnly around the company and, mechanically taking the hat, he said:

"Gen'men, I'zo indeed glad dat I got eben do hat back!"

The reply was so thoroughly enjoyed by the company that the dandy let the place a much richer man than when he had entered it.—Kansas City World.

### Why He Failed.

A Wellington Chinese trader known as William Joe Gett, formerly a Chinese interpreter, failed some time ago. Here is an extract from his "statement of the causes of bankruptcy," which, written in red ink, covered four pages of foolscap. After detailing his trading experiences the Celestial writes:—

"I see my troubles endless to come. I can't get my money to pay. I am helpless. During last three years over 30 creditors support my business. During last two months not a one let me have a penny on tick. Fish never can live in a dry pond without water. Engine can't move along without well supply of coal. Boy can't fly his kite without tail on it. Housekeeper pour out all tea to the cup no refilled water—how shd give you more tea you require? All empty out just the way like my business."—Sydney Mail.

### Banana Flour.

The next dietetic fad is going to be banana flour. Manufacturers are experimenting in this direction and promise soon a meal that will keep as long as wheat flour and make a much more nutritious bread. As already the craze for whole wheat flour is passing, this new alibum will undoubtedly meet a quick welcome when it comes. The use of the banana has developed its great value as an article of food, and the great army of banana consumers are prepared to accept eagerly its further development.—New York Post.

### Dear.

It is natural for a rich man to become familiar with a professional man he hires and to address his physician as "My dear doctor." But to his solicitor he would not say "My dear lawyer," although the legal man's fee would be quite as good.—New Orleans Picayune.

### The Savage Hatcher.

"What do you regard as the greatest enemy of home happiness?" asked the dear girl in sweet thoughtlessness.

"Matrimony," said the savage hatcher, and all the married women and the youngest young man glared at him.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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### THE GREAT DESERT.

Power of the Winds on That Barren Waste of Sand.

With a feeling that my words will carry little weight with those who think otherwise, I venture to suggest that the Sahara is not exactly what it is commonly assumed to be, and yet in many ways it is not very different. Its first sands, when approached from the side of El-Kantara, are giant rocks, brown and red, under the glow of the southern sun, standing out in wild pinnacles from the gently undulating surface. This is not the desert that is ordinarily pictured by the mind—that flat, endless expanse which fades off unremoved and unbroken to the limits of vision—but it is the desert, nevertheless, just as much as the mountain peaks of the far north are a part of the great arctic "sea of ice." Beyond, however, is the great plain itself, its swellings undulations hardly relieving to the eye the appearance of absolute flatness which the picture offers.

The truth is, the Sahara presents itself in a double aspect, that of the flat and sandy plain and that of the rocky ridges or mountains, the Hamada. It is the Hamada that is more particularly dreaded by the caravans, for among their wind swept crags there are few cases, and only the blowing sands and a relentless sun are the companions of the footsore pilgrim. In many parts of the flat desert traveling is moderately easy, for over long distances the surface has become coated into a hard, slimy crust—a solid basement rock, one may call it. Along our route of travel there were no sand dunes of any magnitude, the highest perhaps scarcely exceeding 15 or 20 feet, but I was informed by the distinguished French explorer, M. Foureau, who was then stopping at Biskra, that beyond Tuggurt they rise to the prodigious height of from 1,300 to 1,400 feet. This speaks even more eloquently for the power of the winds than do the high tossed sands of coral islands.—Popular Science Monthly.

### THE LAST MAN SHAVED.

An Explanation by the Barber That Did Not Quit His Nerves.

There were five of us hunting and fishing in the Queensland bush when one rainy day a stranger appeared. He said he was a tramp barber, and as one of us had been shaved for a fortnight we gave him half a day's work.

About four hours after they were at a hand of six men rode up, and the leader, inquired if we had seen a tall, roughly dressed man pass that way. We told him of the barber, and he looked from man to man and exclaimed:

"Good gracious, but you are all freshly shaved!"

"Yes, we gave the barber a job."

"And he shaved each one of you?"

"He did, and did it well."

"Boys, do you bear that?" shouted the man as he turned to his companions. "What of it?" asked one of our party.

"Why, he went insane yesterday and cut a man's throat in his barber's chair over at Unadilla, and we're after him to put him in an asylum."

They rode away at a gallop, and next morning returned to our camp with the man, who had been captured after a hard fight and was tied on his horse. He seemed to remember us when he was given a drink of water, and as he handed the cup back he quietly observed:

"I say, gentlemen, please excuse me. I meant to finish off the last man who got shaved, but I got to thinking of something else, and it slipped my mind."—Cape Times.

### An Island of Flowers.

The Scilly islands may very justly be termed flower islands, for a large part of their surface is given up to the cultivation of flowers, and the great majority of their people spend their lives in attending to the plants, from which all the wealth of the islands is drawn.

The inhabitants have had other occupations before they settled down to flower growing. At one time they were wreckers, and at a later period they went into a more legitimate business and devoted themselves to the raising of early potatoes. There was money to be made out of them, and the islands prospered until prosperity bore its usual fruit in the shape of competition. The Channel islanders took to growing potatoes, and the potato trade of the Scilly islands was killed. Thereupon the islanders betook themselves to flower growing, giving the greater part of their attention to the narcissus. In St. Mary's alone nearly a quarter of the cultivated area of the island is devoted to flowers.—Youth's Companion.

### The Honeycomb Train.

By such a name does the 6:30 p. m. train from Sydney to the Blue mountains go by. The Blue mountains are to Australia what Switzerland is to England, the place where "the fashionables" go to find "coolth" throughout the summer months.

It is also the haunt of the newly married, and the train hardly leaves one day a week without having several happy couples on board—hence its name.

To railway men it is known as "the fish train," the driver's name being Herring, that of the fireman Pike, while the guard has that of the lowly but honest Oockie.—London Standard.

### Cuban Custom.

In Cuba a bereaved family keep the windows of their house shut and darkened for six months. They destroy the value of the clothing on the dead and back the coffin before burial. This is done that there may be nothing in the grave worth thieves.

### The Sign.

"Ma, the minister is coming."

"What makes you think so? Did you see him?"

"No, but I saw a parrot take the minister and lock it up in the stable."—Estate Traveler.

### PARSONS' TWO FEATS.

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Cut a Man's Head Off With a Saber—Rode Two Hundred Miles in Eighteen Hours—Other Instances of Decapitation in Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmood Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generously admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battleaxes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in "The Talisman," but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Captain John Smith. The doughty captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle, he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword.

A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmood Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and accurs that the Turk's yataghan was "loaded" with quicksilver. The yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword is laid upright, this quicksilver rests at the hilt. As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow.

The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of the world is not borne out by facts. The same feat was performed during the civil war, not with a "loaded" yataghan, but with an ordinary United States army saber. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Colonel E. Bloss Parsons, died recently in Rochester, Colonel Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York state, and though he had never related the story the details were found among his private papers after his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time.

It was in 1864. Colonel Parsons, who was noted as a horse man, was attached to General Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitering one day with a squad of troopers under General Davis they were surprised by a detachment of Confederates. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at General Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his saber above his head, and dashing by just as the officer fired, he made a terrific full arm sweep. The Confederate's head leaped from the shoulders as swiftly as if it had been severed by a guillotine. The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, hairless fellow of 21. In comparison Mahmood Bey's single slash with his yataghan loses much of its importance.

Colonel Parsons was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, but characteristic modesty forbade the use of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought General Meade had an important message to send to General Harding, 100 miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned General Davis to headquarters.

"General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service?" asked Meade.

"Colonel Parsons, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Send him to me at once."

It was 6 o'clock on a Monday night when General Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to General Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer.

The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country.

Exactly at noon on the following day Colonel Parsons entered General Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths.

"Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with General Harding by this time."

"I have just returned from General Harding, sir."

"You lie!" exclaimed the exasperated general.

Parsons' face pale, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. "General Meade," he said in a voice that ill concealed his anger, "if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult."

Without the formality of a salute he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology.

Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.

A Useful Note.

"Tom, that old swag backed mule o' yours ain't no good under a saddle, is he?"

"Nope; too slow an clumsy."

"Ner in th' buggy er waggin'?"

"Nope; too awkward fer that."

"Ner at pullin' up the plow?"

"Nope; wants ter graze too much."

"What you keep him fer, then?"

"Waal, you see, we ain't got no clock at our house, an' that ole brewl brays at dinner time jett ez shore ez the yearth turns over. Yasser, I've been called to dinner by that mule's bray fer the last five years an' I'm alls right plum on time."—Atlanta Journal.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

### HE SAVED THE MILK.

It Required Genius to Do It, but He Was Equal to the Occasion.

"Talking about cows," said Andy Henderson, "I really think that I had one of the most peculiar experiences with the animals in question that ever befell a citizen of west Texas. It was soon after I went to El Paso, some ten years ago, and before I had got familiar with the vagaries of the El Paso climate."

"I had settled on a very pretty ranch some miles out of the progressive frontier city and was doing nicely until I decided to go into the butter business. I sent east for a dozen fine Jersey cows and began operations. Well, the cows came on, and I hustled the butter business for a month, when the weather grew very warm and the atmosphere very dry. The Rio Grande dwindled until a roach could have waded across. Every bit of moisture disappeared, but this did not affect me, because I had a fine artesian well on the ranch and plenty of water. I observed, however, that my cows were losing milk day by day, until at last they were perfectly dry. I was astounded, for they had plenty of feed and lots of water from the well. I couldn't understand it and determined to investigate."

I got up an hour before daylight and examined the cows, and to my astonishment, I found the udders of the cows heavy with milk. I did not milk the animals, but simply watched and waited developments. Day dawned and the cows lazily meandered into the pasture, and I followed. The sun came up, and with the sun came the terrible dryness, but it didn't faze me in the least. What knocked me out was the sight of my cows' udders. They were growing smaller and smaller as I looked until they were as flaccid as a punctured tire. Then I tumbled. The dryness of the atmosphere simply evaporated the milk through the walls of the udder.

"What did I do? Why, I varnished the milking apparatus of the beasts and the milk couldn't ooze through the flesh. That stopped it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### A SENSE OF HUMOR.

It Is a Precious Gift and Helps to Lighten Life's Way.

I regard a sense of humor as one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being. He is not necessarily a better man for having it, but he is a happier one. It renders him indifferent to good or bad fortune. It enables him to enjoy his own discomfort.

Blessed with this sense he is never unduly elated or cast down. No one can ruffle his temper. No abuse disturbs his equanimity. Bored do not bore him. Humblings do not humiliate him. Solemn airs do not impose on him. Sentimental gusts do not influence him. The follies of the moment have no hold on him. Titles and decorations are but childish baubles in his eyes. Prejudices does not warp his judgment. He is never in conflict or out of conceit with himself. He abhors all dogmatism. The world is a stage on which actors strut and fret for his edification and amusement, and he pursues the even current of his way, invulnerable, doing what is right and proper according to his lights, but utterly indifferent whether what he does finds approval or disapproval from others.

If Hamlet had had any sense of humor, he would not have been a nuisance to himself and to all surrounding him.—London Truth.

### Spending Money.

It is an excellent thing to give children as soon as they arrive at about 12 years, or even before, a little allowance for spending money and an account book. Show them how to keep an account of small expenditures and make it a condition that they do so if they wish to receive their allowance. There is no instruction more necessary to children than instruction in the wise management of money. Children should be taught early what true economy is and to exercise their judgment—not their fancy—in making purchases. A little instruction now, and experience if need be, of the genuine discomforts of extravagance may save them from much suffering in after years.—New York Ledger.

### He Had Changed.

A widow once called upon an artist and asked him to paint a portrait of her husband. "When can he sit?" inquired the artist. "He can't sit at all," said the widow. "He's dead." "Then you will have to furnish me with his photograph," said the artist. "He never had his picture taken," said the widow. Nevertheless the artist undertook the job, and when he had finished the work he asked the widow to come and see it. "It's a fine picture," said she, "and you'll please send it to my home—but how the old man has changed."—Boston Herald.

### He Saw the Play.

They were giving "The Stoops to Conquer" in a small provincial town. A penniless individual, anxious to see the play, stalked past the ticket office in a careless, independent sort of way. When stopped and asked why what right he went in without paying, he replied:

"By what right? I am Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the piece they are going to perform!"

"Ah, beg pardon, sir," said the check taker, making a bow.

And Goldsmith walked in to see his play.—London Amusees.

### Why Is It Ever That?

The whole crowd of men raved of her beauty.

She was divine, they said, incomparably divine, and gloriously beautiful.

So she was, just as they had said.

But one man did not think so. Her brother.

### First Elephant in America.

It is not generally known that a former citizen of Owensboro brought across the ocean the first elephant that was ever in America. The name of the gentleman was Moses Smith, who at one time owned a vast body of land from the mouth of Panther creek up the river, embracing nearly all the present farms in the neighborhood of Sorgho. Mr. Smith was at Paris with his brother, and had more money than he knew what to do with. He told his brother that he intended taking something to America that the people had never seen. "You had better buy an elephant," said the junior brother, and that was what Moses did.

He picked out the biggest animal he could find and paid an enormous price for it. He brought it to New York, where it was a nine days' wonder, but the owner soon found that he had something worse than the proverbial white elephant on his hands. He tried to sell it, but could find no buyer and at last undertook to give it away, in which he was equally unsuccessful. Finally he found a man who agreed to pay him \$100 for it, and this individual put it on exhibition. He was so successful that he went into the show business and made a fortune out of Mr. Smith's folly. Colonel Frank McKernan of Adairville is a grandson of Mr. Smith, who lived to a great age at his home in this county.—Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer.

### Satan at Camp Meeting.

We will call him Bishop Simmons. During the afternoon the younger ministers had listened to him with veneration and respect, and when their turn came they found him a dignified and careful listener.

The afternoon was delightful and the camp meeting service was a long one. The good bishop was a keen lover of the weed, and after the meeting had closed he strolled off for a smoke. At a little distance he found an abrupt ledge entirely out of the view of the camp grounds, and going down around to the foot of this he lit his cigar and prepared for a quiet half hour.

As it chanced, soon after one of the younger ministers took a walk from the grounds, and finally came to the top of the same ledge, and, looking down, saw the bishop.

For the space of a moment or two he stood with a gleam in his eye, and then, stooping down, he said in a sort of triumphant tone:

"Ah, Father Simmons, I've caught you burning incense to the devil."

The bishop took out his cigar and turned about till he had swung the speaker fully into view, and then added slowly in a deep voice:

"But I didn't know he was so near."—Current Literature.

### An Example of O'Connell's Wit.

Daniel O'Connell, though brilliant and witty, was darily vulgar when he set out to attack an opponent. At a Dublin election he started to assail Recorder Shaw, who was a very dignified and handsome man, by declaring him a fellow whose visage would frighten a horse from his oats. The lord mayor, who presided, remarked on these amenities and said it might be supposed such a critic, like Hamlet's father, was endowed with Hypertion curls and the front of Jove himself, instead of a wrinkled brow and a scratch wig. As for himself, he would not be unwilling to compete with the demagogue before a jury of ladies if they could only see him as nature made him without the aid of the barber. O'Connell strode to the front of the platform, snatched off his wig and pointing to his naked head covered with a stubble of gray hair, cried, "Ladies, I demand your instant judgment!" Of course he had the laugh and the best of the encounter.—San Francisco Wave.

### An Unexplained Point.

Peter Lombard points a moral in the English Church Times with this story: "Mrs. Proudie, the excellent wife of the bishop of Copeminstor, down in the midlands, does admirable work by going among the poor people and talking to them out of her own experiences and giving them wholesome advice. She did so the other day at Mndbury, near Copeminstor. Next day the rector's daughter at Mndbury said to one of the audience of the previous evening, 'Well, Mrs. Proudie's address?' 'Oh, it was very good; but, you see, she only went half way.' 'Whatever do you mean, Mrs. Toddle?' said the young woman. 'Well, miss, she didn't tell us what she does when Mr. Proudie comes home drunk. We should like a little advice on that 'ere point.'"

### He Wasn't Left.

Biggs—Quite a rivalry between Tom and Fred.

Griggs—Yes, I understand they are both seeking the hand of Miss Triffett.

Biggs—They both called at her house the other evening and at once began the exciting game of trying to outstep each other. Tom had to give it up finally and left Fred in possession.

Griggs—So Fred got the best of it?

Biggs—That's the question. It was a rainy night, and Tom did not take away the poorest umbrella when he left the house.—Boston Transcript.

### Carries His Hatchet in His Boot Leg.

In some places men carry bovie knives and guns in their boot legs. One may meet in Fulton fish market in this city a man carrying a hatchet in his boot leg, but the hatchet is for peaceful purposes. It is an implement much used in the market for opening and for nailing up boxes and barrels in which fish are packed, and the boot leg seems to be the handiest place to carry it.—New York Sun.

Mme. de Pompadour encouraged fan painting and also collected fine specimens of the work. Grouze, Watteau and other great artists did not disdain to lend their talents to the art. These pictures were done mostly on vellum or chicken skin.

### EXERCISE FOR BABY.

A PHYSICIAN'S VIEWS ON THIS VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Influence of Repressed Activity on the Growth and Development of Infants. This Authority Declares Positively For Freedom of Movement.

"Infantile Athletics" was the subject of a paper read at a meeting of the section on pediatrics of the New York Academy of Medicine by Dr. Henry Ling Taylor.

"When one considers the important physiological effects of muscular activity," said Dr. Taylor, "it is apparent that the human organism is imperfectly adapted to a sluggish or sedentary existence. Medical practice, at least in the cities, is largely made up of disorders which are distinctly traceable to the neglect of proper exercise. Primitive man, being obliged to hunt and fight in order to exist, was of necessity athletic, and now that the struggle has in a measure been shifted from brawn to brain, men still find it advantageous to train their muscles in sports and games. When the important relation of muscular activity to nutrition, respiration, circulation and elimination is recalled, this wholesome instinct easily finds its vindication. Every muscular mass is in an important sense a supplementary heart and a supplementary kidney. The lungs are never thoroughly ventilated, except through vigorous exercise. Moreover, the nervous and muscular elements are so intimately related as to form practically but one system. Education and progress come through motor and sensory experience—that is, largely through muscular activity. Growth itself is influenced by exercise.

"Dr. H. G. Beyer of the United States Naval academy has shown that not only do those cadets who take systematic gymnastic training largely exceed those who do not in average gain in weight, lung capacity and strength, but that their average gain in height during the four years is greater by over an inch. The cadets range in age from 16 to 21 years, and it is probable that appropriate exercise would have similar if not greater effect in children.

"It is even more true of the infant than of the adult that the kind and degree of habitual muscular activity will largely determine the structure of the body and the tone of the mind and character. It is more true because the infant is more incomplete and more plastic. The newborn babe is, as it were, but half made. Its organs are immature, its activities restricted, and they will never attain full and harmonious development except by the stimulus of use. It is not only the significance that exercise is begun months or more before birth, and that the infant appears upon the scene with a kick and a cry. Though among the most helpless of nature's children, the infant comes with considerable training and some remarkable muscular endowments, as, for instance, the well known ability to support itself by grasping a horizontal rod. In waking hours the small limbs practice constant and vigorous movements, superficially aimed, but important in producing tissue changes fundamental to nutrition, as well as in furnishing sensory and motor experience necessary to mental and bodily growth, development and power.

"As 3 months of age the baby finds its hands and begins to reach out for and hold objects; at 8 or 9 months it creeps; at 13 or 14 it walks, and so progresses from simple to complex purposive movements and to such adjustments as put it in more comfortable and intimate relation with its surroundings.

"Since the infant has such ample endowments and spontaneous impulses to wholesome activity, our first and most important care must be to avoid undue interference or repression. It is interesting to observe what pains some uncivilized mothers take that the wrappings and appliances needful to protect the baby shall not prevent freedom of movement. In describing infant infancy and the use of the portable cradle Mrs. Fletcher says: 'It is a mistaken notion that the child is kept up all the time. Every day the baby is bathed and placed on a robe or blanket to kick and crawl to its heart's content, but when the family cares call the mother away he is put into the cradle, with his arms free to play with the many bright beads that hang from the hook which encircles the head of this little portable bed.'

"What a refreshing contrast to the insipid experiences of our overpacked, overcuddled youngsters. Still, rough exercises are not required for civilized babies. They will attend to their own gymnastics, if not prevented. It is evident that the movements of the trunk and limbs should not be impeded with wrappings. Baby's activity should have free play. At the start we are confronted with the conventional bellyband; if tightly adjusted, it most exactly injures pressure; if too loosely adjusted, it gets displaced and rolls into a contracting string. When adjusted with a proper degree of snugness, it may be innocuous, but its benefits outweigh its disadvantages? The clothing should be loose and simple, fitting in successive layers, so that all can be put on at once.

"When it comes to artificiality for the baby, there are among us that seem to care for him. Monotonous jarred trotting are undesirable. When the idea is of good, hearty cry it is an expander, there is this form of pressure will usually be trotted for the sake than for its own course undesirable, or other physical should be treated, overindulgence, to be tempered with should not stop with it."

with unbearable torment sensitive-minded women to desirable methods of the leading with diseases of better way than these nations" and "local apathy which some women through thousands are the knowledge. They, Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an infallible remedy which weakness at their very marvellous "Prescription" late health to the internal systems, giving elastic strength, vigor, vitality to the complete womanly vigor.

It is a purifier and regulator of the menstrual period in their from the time when they remain until the "change" is the one medicine which is safe and almost free of cost.

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