

MOUNTAIN TROUT IS BITIN'.

When the mountain trout is bitin', in the
 lazy days o' May,
 Why, the spirit leaves the body, an' goes
 wanderin' away—
 Strayin' by the fields o' clover, whar' the
 golden sunshine seems
 Silenced waves o' song still hoverin' on
 the pastur's an' the streams;
 An' you loil within the shadders nigh
 some blossomin' wild rose,
 Jest a dreamin',
 Dreamin',
 Dreamin',
 Half awake an' half adose!
 All the glory o' creation is compressed in
 one short day,
 When the mountain trout is bitin' in the
 lazy days o' May.

Now an' then across the medders rings
 the tingle o' the bells—
 Like the orchestra o' Nature somewhar'
 hid among the dellas;
 Orioles wing up and over, an'—infloatin'
 from the hills—
 Comes the bluebird's hallalooer in the
 softest thrills an' trills.
 'Tain't unnat'ral fer a feller, ef he's ever
 loved at all,
 To be thinkin',
 Thinkin',
 Thinkin',
 Of some one beyond recall,
 An' to wonder of her spirit ain't still
 with you anyway,
 When the mountain trout is bitin' in the
 lazy days o' May.
 —New York Times.

The Odd Thing About It.

I HAD been poring over a fourteenth century manuscript in the window seat, behind the library curtains. The twilight and the end of the faint, crabbled writing came together, and then I supposed I fell asleep. I woke at the sound of Vera Rutherford's voice.

"The oddest thing about it is that I don't really dislike him at all."
 "You will tell me next that he doesn't really dislike you," said Maud Leslie, with an unbelieving laugh.

"I am afraid," said Vera, "there is no doubt about that. I could have pointed out grave doubts; but I wasn't more than half-awake. Besides I couldn't be quite sure that they referred to me."
 "Did you say 'afraid,' Ve?"
 "You needn't quibble over my words," she answered, impatiently. "There was a pause."
 "Dear old Ve!" said Maud, in a moment. Here again I ought to have pretended that I had just woke up, and announced myself.

"I hate him," Vera observed, inconsistently.

"So," said Maud heartily, "do I!" I could not well proclaim my presence after these remarks.

"At least I think I do."
 "I am sure I do," said Maud, positively. "I consider him horrible."
 "Oh, Maud; you know he isn't."
 "He must be, or he wouldn't be so rude to you."
 "I—I provoke him, you see."
 "That is no excuse at all. Look at the way he contradicted you about those Tuscan vases, or whatever you call them."
 "I contradicted him first."
 "Why shouldn't you?"
 "Because he was right."
 "Which made it all the more annoying."
 "Yes," said Vera, with a sigh. "I wished I had let her have her own way."
 "He is a great deal too 'superior,'" stated Maud. "I felt myself blushing."
 "He really knows a great deal," suggested Vera, timidly. "I made up my mind not to quarrel with her any more."
 "A lot of antiquated rubbish of no use to any one," scoffed Maud. "I could feel that she was tossing her head."
 "Jack calls him the 'lumber-room!'" Jack is a young ass!"
 "I don't agree," said Vera, hotly. "Jack is—"
 "No, he isn't!" He's very nearly engaged to Maud."
 "A charming and intelligent fellow, I was going to say."
 "Nasty little story-teller!" I thought they were going to quarrel, but they didn't.

"Well, I'll admit the learning of your Mr. Norton," said Maud, when they had done laughing, "but—"
 "He isn't my Mr. Norton," Vera objected. "There was a further pause. If Maud had gone I should have felt inclined to come out and place 'Mr. Norton' at pretty Vera's disposal, but Maud didn't go."
 "Do you really like him, old Ve?" she asked.

"Only just a little."
 "Sure?"
 "Yes—almost sure."
 "You are rather hard on him, Maud, I think." So did I. "Would you admit that he has many good points?"
 "Oh—he can talk! He's very amusing when he comes out of the shell. I rather like to talk to him myself." Indeed! "But I don't believe he has a bit of sentiment in him. I'm sure he's never kissed a girl in his life." Hasn't he!
 "Unless—she laughed mischievously—"it's you."
 "You are ridiculous," protested Vera. "He wouldn't dream of such a thing." Obviously Miss Vera understood me no better than her other antiquities.

"Perhaps he—Why don't you leave off squabbling with him?"
 "He won't let me. He generally begins by asking whether I am ready for our usual quarrel."
 "Why don't you say no?"
 "Because he ought to say it." I resolved that he should.

"Then you will find him deadly dull."
 "I—I don't think I should."
 "Whatever would you talk about?"
 "Oh—the usual things!"
 "My dear Ve, he couldn't! Just fancy

him whispering soft nothings in your ear!" Maud laughed. Personally, I didn't see anything to laugh at. "And you blushing and looking down—"
 "Don't be so silly!"
 "Whilst he imprinted a chaste salute!"
 "It is time to dress for dinner," said Vera, frigidly. She walked toward the door.

"He has a ginger mustache," said Maud, as a parting shot. This remark was absolutely untrue; it is golden almost.

"He has not!" Vera departed.

Maud hummed a queer little tune to herself for a minute. Then she sighed twice—presumably for Vera. Then she shrugged her shoulders once—I fear for me! Then she went out also. After a prudent interval I followed.

At dinner Vera and I were neighbors. I avoided antiquities, and told her amusing stories, just to hear her laugh. She looks very pretty when she laughs. She also looks very pretty when she doesn't.

After dinner our host, who is proud of his scenery, suggested that we should go and see the moon rise over Tall hill. I managed to escort Vera and to lose the others.

"Shall we have our usual quarrel?" she asked, when we had perched ourselves upon a big stile at the foot of the hill.

"No," I replied; "I don't want to quarrel, please."
 "Don't you?" she said, brightly.
 "Aren't you afraid we shall be dull?"
 "Not in the least; but if you are—"
 "Oh, no. We can talk about—let me see—"
 "The usual things?" I suggested. She looked swiftly at me, and gave a little start. I took hold of her arm. "I thought you were falling," I explained. "Perhaps it would be safer if I—held you." She didn't seem to mind, so I gathered her arm comfortably in mine.

"I can't imagine you talking 'usual things,' you know," she said, with an uncertain little laugh.

"Everybody says 'usual things' in the moonlight," I explained. "See, it is just rising over the hill."
 We sat a few minutes in silence, watching the yellow rim appearing, and the pale light streaming down the fields, dotted here and there with tall trees.

"It is very, very beautiful," she said softly. "It makes one feel good. I am so glad you didn't want to quarrel tonight."
 "Or any other night. I have been going to tell you so for a long time." She laughed.

"How strange! Do you know, I have been wanting to say the same thing to you?"
 "It was right that the overture should come from me." She started and glanced at me again. The moonlight lighted up her pretty, thoughtful face and glistened in her golden hair. "The prettiest effect of the moonrise is invisible to you," I told her.

"I think," she said, smilingly, "its nicest effect is that it has made two quarrelsome people—"
 She hesitated for the word.

"Good friends?" She nodded. "One of them is very glad."
 "So," she said almost inaudibly, "is the other."
 "Do you know, little Vera, dreadfully as we quarreled, I liked you all the time. Only I thought that you disliked me so much."
 She would certainly have fallen off if I had not had the presence of mind to put my arm around her waist.

"Oh, no!" she cried, quickly. "Indeed I didn't."
 "That," I said, "was the odd thing about it."
 She gave such a jump at the quotation that she would certainly have fallen off the seat—if I had not had the presence of mind to put my arm around her waist!—Mail and Express.

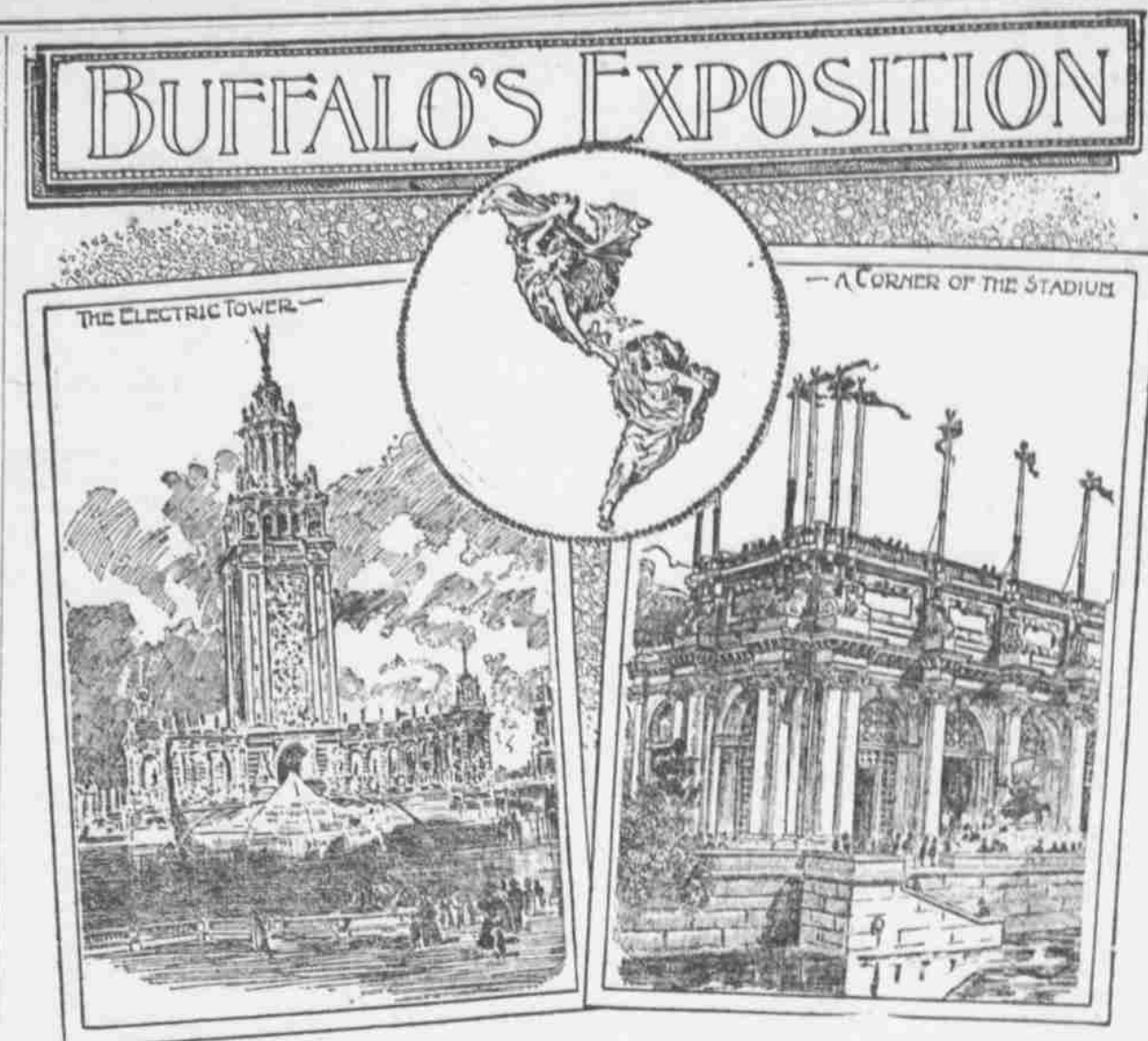
Cotton Manufactures.

"The South," says a Fall River cotton manufacturer, "has gone into the cotton-milling business very extensively. With the cheap labor and long hours of the South a cheap grade of cotton goods can be turned out at much less expense. The Northern manufacturers could not stand this competition. They decided to make a better quality of goods. Heretofore the fine qualities were imported from abroad. Now as good a quality is manufactured by the mills of Fall River, and is for home consumption. New machinery was substituted for the old. The old hands employed in the mills were of sufficient experience to turn out the good quality. This has resulted in a decline of imported goods. I do not mean by this that the South has all the cheap cotton trade. There are ten mills in Fall River and New Bedford which turn out the cheap grade. The other seventy or eighty mills are devoted to the finer grades."—New York Tribune.

Buried with \$500 in His Pocket.
 It is not often that a man is buried with \$500 in his pockets. His relatives generally look to that. But such a case has actually happened.

A few days ago Don Sabino Trujillo died and was buried in Dolores on Monday last. After the funeral the niece of the deceased informed the relatives of the dead man that he had at the time of his death the sum of \$500 in one of his pockets; for he was buried in his ordinary clothes. She had seen him pay the doctor, a short time before his death, some money and put the remainder, \$500, in his breast pocket. As no one had thought of looking for the money, and as the young lady was prostrate with grief at the death of her uncle and so did not remember anything about the matter until after the funeral, the money was buried with the corpse.—Two Republics.

The jolly barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance.



NEXT spring the city of Buffalo will throw open to the world the gates of an exposition which will go far toward making Buffalo famous for something else besides the Niagara Falls. For two years artists, landscape gardeners, architects and public-spirited citizens have labored with but one point of view, to make the Pan-American exposition of 1901 a show notable among the minor expositions of the country. It will not be of a class with the Chicago World's Fair, for to that stupendous exposition all the civilized world contributed its share. Indeed, the very name of the Buffalo exposition signifies that it is not a world's fair, but an exhibition of the products and progress of all America, Canada, Mexico and the States of Central America will vie with manufacturers and producers of the United States in the competition for medals and diplomas, and the exposition will serve to bind still closer together the peoples of this continent.

The aggregate resources of the Pan-American exposition authorities amount to \$3,800,000 and with this sum a splendid exposition should be assured. The government appropriated \$500,000 for the government exhibit, the State of New York added \$300,000 and in addition there is an authorized capital of \$2,500,000 and an authorized bond issue of the same amount.



In June, 1899, the national government, through the Department of State at Washington, issued invitations to the foreign nations of the western hemisphere to participate in the exposition. Official acceptances have already been received from Canada, Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador, Guatemala, Guadalupe, Dutch Guiana, Bolivia, Argentine Republic and Chili. Informal assurances have been received that the other South American countries will accept the invitation as soon as the necessary forms of legislative sanction have been complied with.

General Plan of Exposition.

The exposition grounds include 350 acres, of which 133 acres are improved park lands, a part of Delaware park. The grounds are about one mile from north to south and a half mile from east to west. Their situation is in the northern part of the city, accessible from every direction. The park lands form the southern part of the extensive grounds and are pronounced by expert landscape architects to be among the most beautiful in the world. The trees and shrubbery in wonderful variety, the romantic footpaths leading in all directions among the thick foliage, the loveliest of lakes, on whose surface numberless swans and other water fowl of immaculate plumage are constantly at sport, the wide reaches of lawn and the rich embroidery of flowers everywhere to be seen all combine to refresh and restore the mind of him who tarries within these delectable precincts.

The visitor who approaches the exposition from the south will enter the grounds on Lincoln parkway, a broad, beautiful, shaded boulevard. Crossing the triumphal bridge, which will be one of the artistic beauties of the grounds, the visitor enters the esplanade, an immense open space which will accommodate 250,000 people and in which it is designed to carry out various ceremonies during the exposition, at which a great concourse of people may attend.

The visitor is now fairly within the grand court formed by the main group

of exposition buildings. The court is of the shape of an inverted T. The approach, fore court and bridge are about 1,000 feet in length, 300 feet wide. The main court is 2,000 feet long, 500 feet wide, and the transverse court, across the esplanade, is 1,700 feet from east to west. On either side of the triumphal bridge are the mirror lakes. These are a part of the grand canal, which completely encircles the great group of buildings, and upon which the visitor may ride in one of the many electric launches or take a more leisurely trip in a Venetian gondola. The canal is lined with young trees and banked with grass on its outer edge. Picturesque bridges cross it at many points.

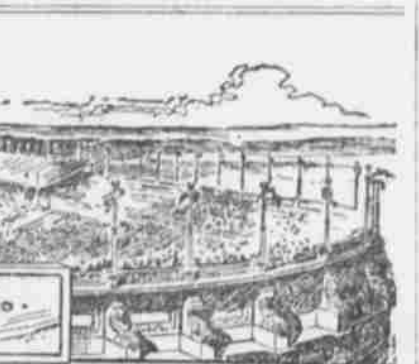
Standing on the esplanade and facing north the great group of buildings at the right, at the extreme east end of the transverse court, are those of the federal government. The main building, in which will be sheltered a greater portion of the government exhibits, is 600 feet long by 130 feet wide. A central dome rises to a height of 250 feet above the main floor and is surmounted by a statue of Victory, twenty feet high. The lesser buildings, each 150 feet square, are west of the main building 150 feet on the north and south lines of the main structure. Curved colonnades connect the smaller buildings with the greater, forming a spacious semi-circular court opening to the west. The government exhibits

the two big buildings of the exposition, the machinery and transportation building on the west and the manufactures building on the east. These are each 500 by 350 feet and each has a beautiful tropical court with an aquatic pool in the center.

Some of the Buildings.
 From here a broad avenue shaded by poplars, called the Mall, extends between the agricultural and electricity buildings and beyond them are the manufacturers building and ten acres devoted to live stock exhibits. Headquarters of all the officials of the exposition will be in the service building, which is close to the machinery and transportation building, one of the most important structures of the exposition.

The massive steel tower divides the court of the fountains from the Plaza. It stands in a large aquatic basin and a picturesque bridge enables the visitor to reach it from the Plaza. In the tower, at the height of seventy feet, is a large restaurant. There are promenade floors at various heights and a balcony near the summit, from which a bird's-eye view of the exposition, the city, Lake Erie, Niagara River, and open country may be obtained. All the floors are reached by means of elevators.

The Plaza is 500 feet by 350 feet. Standing at the tower building, at the right, is the stadium building, 341 feet long by 52 feet wide, with towers 164



feet high. This ornate building forms the entrance to the athletic field or stadium, where 25,000 people may be seated to witness the high-class athletic contests to be provided. The athletic carnival of 1901 is intended to be the greatest ever given in America.

Of course there is a Midway. No exposition would be complete without one after the world-famous "Midway" of the Chicago exposition of 1893. Midway of the Buffalo show will be in the form of an anchor, one rather winding street lined with the principal shows and a cross street at the end for the "overflow." Applications for space on the Midway have poured in from all conceivable sources and for all manner of entertainments and novelties, and the director of concessions will be enabled to choose a splendid lot of "shows" for the street.

The general style of the buildings is that of the Spanish renaissance, modified to suit the character of an exposition. There is a generous use of color, the red roofs and tinted walls giving the completed work a festive aspect. Domes, lanterns, pinnacles and statues, waving flags and streamers make gay the sky line. The facades of the buildings are everywhere broken with elaborate architectural features and arched effects are much used throughout the vast group. There are more than twenty large buildings and massive architectural works, besides the numerous state and foreign buildings, buildings for special exhibits, public comfort and other purposes. The extensive use of trees, shrubs, flowers and aquatic pools relieves the severity that is usually encountered in exposition groups.

"Protection" for Gamblers.
 It is estimated that gamblers in New York have been paying over \$2,000,000 a year for "protection."

Attend to trifles to-day. The more important matters will come in due time.
 The original bunko man probably came over in the steerage.

RAM'S HORN Balm



Warning Notes Calling the World to Repentance.

RAM'S HORN Balm is a L. remedy for all ailments. Doing is the proper end of doctrine. The way of life is the way to death. Loose living and fast living are the same. A life is only when it is lived. Deeds furnish the best answer to doubt.

The truly spiritual man is always practical.

A feeble faith is better than a mighty feeling.

You may oppress truth, but you can not suppress it.

Love, rather than legislation, rules the kingdom of God.

The gospel is the heart of God making the heart of man.

God has not cast the world adrift; it has wandered away.

It is always easier to forget God than it is to remember Him.

No song, or sermon, or sacrament is acceptable without service.

Men need a Bible conscience more than a Bible commentary.

The impartation of righteousness is better than its imputation.

It is the Christian and not the critic who comes to know Christ.

Crooked men cannot expect to agree with the straight truths of the Bible.

The damp fogs of doubt are found only where the sun of love does not shine.

THE NEEDLE

Some of the History of This Useful Implement.

The Roman proverb corresponding with our "To hit the nail on the head" was "To touch the question with the point of the needle," a proverb which indicates not only how highly needlework was esteemed by the ancients, but that with the point of the needle we touch a fundamental industry, and one which rises often to an art, a seam was the first effort to overcome a difficulty. This seam, which appears so commonplace, was the progenitor of constructive industry, the first collar of the race. Where that first seam was made, or by whose hands first fastened, who can tell? The needle was, no doubt, an eyeless bodkin, as the Kaffirs use to-day, and the animal or vegetable fibre, which was a thread, was drawn with difficulty through the skins that were joined to form a garment. Muscle was required for the sewing of those days. The inventor of a needle with an eye had taken a long step, or, more strictly long stitch, forward in the seam which joins so many chapters in the history of the race.

The first needle with an eye of which we have any knowledge is found in the Neolithic caveman's grave. It is made of bone and neatly fashioned. Later came the needles of hammered brass and iron, and in Pompeii have been discovered even surgeon's needles. The venerable implement of industry has shown but small variations in form: long, slim body, its pointed foot, its Cyclops eye in the middle of its head are practically the same, whether made of bone and found in a caveman's grave or of bronze or gold in Scandinavia or of steel to-day.

In these days, when needles may be had at 5 cents a paper, each paper containing two dozen, it is hard to realize the value placed long ago on one of how much the possessor of that one needle was envied. The value of the possession is emphatically set forth by the performance, in 1590, at Christ's College, Cambridge, of a comedy called "Gammer Gurton's Needle," the best of which was the Gammer's lost needle. Time and machinery have changed all that, however, and, with more than 90,000,000 needles made weekly in the Redditch district, England, to say nothing of those turned out each day in other countries, even the poorest woman can have her own needle.—New York Evening Post.

Correct, with an Addition.

On the excursion given by Secretary Langley to the members of the National Academy of Science down the Potomac, Bernard Green of the library of congress is credited with having told the best story of the afternoon. Mr. Green happened to be crossing the ocean a few years ago, on the Fourth of July, which national holiday was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Americans on board.

"I say," asked one of the Englishmen, "what is this the anniversary of anyway? Isn't it to celebrate the battle of Bull Run or something of the kind?"

"No," promptly spoke up an American, "not Bull Run—John Bull Run."—New York Tribune.

Stop Work on Government Buildings.
 The rise in the cost of building materials and in the wages of labor has led to the suspension of work on thirty government buildings which are in various stages of erection in different parts of the United States. The appropriations for these structures were made when materials were cheap, and the amount of money at the command of the government officials is not sufficient to permit the completion of the work without further appropriations to meet the deficiency.

It's too late to spare when all is spent.