THE FAMILY STORY

JUPITER : JENKINS, Schoolmaster.

"Jovi non Placet" wrote the red-headed girl in the back seat of the wide, oblong school-room. Harrison Jenkins, the presiding genius of the place, stood scowling behind his desk, struggling with the class in Latin. These young boys and girls, who looked pityingly up to his dark face, were struggling with the verb "sum."

The lesson had been poorly prepared and the issue of thunderbolts was soon expected to shower from this pedagogical Olympus. At last it came.

Mr. Jenkins brought his fist down upon the plain deal board with a thump that awoke every languid mind in the room. "Is this what you come to school for?" he began, as if addressing a jury. "Is this the way you use one of the most precious gifts that God has given to you? Here you are, a whole class of bright boys and girls, with brains enough to do anything you desire in this great world, throwing away the greatest opportunity of your lives.' If this was an institution for weak-minded children I would have some compassion for you. But your faces are all bright and your eyes are clear, and yet you will come to me with such a lesson as this!" Mr. Jenkins punctuated every sentence with that echoing thump on the desk which carried conviction and mortification to the minds of each boy and girl before him.

It was then that the red-headed girl on the back seat wrote "Jovi non placet" ("It is not pleasing to Jupiter").

Geraldine Coffin was Mr. Jenkins' pride. He had no favorites; at least, such never appealed in the little commonwealth which he held in the hollow of his hand. But in Geraldine he was intensely interested, and he often found in her his greatest irritation. While Mr. Jenkins held the whole of his fifty odd young spirits in the hollow of his hand, the red-headed girl was the one person he was not quite sure of. Geraldine had given him the name of "Jupiter," and it fitted so well that it was at once adopted by all his subjects.

"When he pounds his desk and that great shaggy head shakes so, and his blue eyes flash, all I can think of is Jupiter sending thunderbolts to earth" —and in this remark Geraldine had christened him. Many times he had thought he had heard the name of Jupiter Jenkins, but he had never been able to capture one of these erring mortals. Of course, he knew he was called Jupiter—he had been told so by admiring parents, who knew he would be pleased, and he was.

But it was with the red-headed girl that this story is chiefly concerned. She was the only human problem that Jupiter Jenkins could not solve. Geraldine Coffin had been an inmate of the schoolroom only a few days when Mr. Jenkins discovered that she possessed an unusual mind. He laid his plans to make the most he could of her. He was accustomed to use the parable of the talents in the schoolroom, and to say that to whom much was given much would be required. The getting of lessons was an easy matter to Geraldine Coffin. She not only learned them, but the truths and principles were digested, and sank into her mind, clearly understood and stored away, until the day which would call them into use.

Jupiter Jenkins was accustomed to say that hardly more than one child in twenty really digested knowledge.

II.

He had come to complain to Geraldine's mother that her daughter sometimes failed in her lessons, and that it was inexcusable in one who had such a mind. "I have come to tell you this, Mrs. Coffin, when I would not take the trouble to inform another mother, for this reason and it alone: Geraldine has an unusual mind, and she can make anything she pleases of herself. If she knows you and I are one in this matter, she will not care to trouble us by neglecting to get her lessons."

Geraldine's mother was as much flattered as any other woman would be, and, of course, Jupiter Jenkins was upheld. Thus he dealt with Geraldine, conscious of his power. He endeavored to make her fail, and, whenever she did, she was compelled to remain after school and get her lessons.

But, with a wonderful mind, there was a somewhat wayward nature in the texture of Geraldine Coffin's personality. She was often rough and hoydenish, and she caused no end of trouble. With the deep interest the young master took in her, a sense of power developed. When Mr. Jenkins supposed he had her solidly in his control, there would burst forth a fit of "don't care" in her which astonished and alarmed him.

Then the thunderbolts flew to punctuate the master's fluent words of indignation. "When one has the mighty gift of brains," he thundered, "and life's road lies before to choose what is best and highest, to be lazy and languid, and not to reach the arm to grasp the golden apple of Hesperides, is the greatest wrong."

It was then that Geraldine, her color slightly brighter and her head a trifle higher, would return to her seat and write, "Jovi non placet"—"It is not pleasing to Jupiter."

There were certain rare facts about Geraldine that Jupiter Jenkins, in his teacher's enthusiasm, had not noticed. One of these was that she was a very pretty girl. But if he had been impervious to this fact there were others who had not, and among those were some of the big boys in the school.

Geraldine was growing, and she was now tall and lithe of figure, with her big blue eyes clearer and more expressive, as she looked at people. The true soul of a rather designing maiden was showing forth from them. She was glad to receive attentions, and it smote Jupiter hard when he observed that she walked with one and then with another in the still and balmy spring evenings. Just why it smote him as it did Mr. Jenkins never knew until a few years later.

But it did, and Geraldine's face seemed to have framed itself into the center of his thoughts. She recurred to his consciousness constantly, and when he thought of these big boys he was truly uncomfortable.

He had another conference with Mrs. Coffin, in which he suggested that Geraldine had better be kept in the house and made to give closer attention to her lessons. When he called her in recitations he was also doing his best to make the girl fail. And when she did fail he did his best to make it uncomfortable for her. She had to remain after school and get the whole lesson. Jupiter made her recite it all, "precept upon precept," so to speak.

He had conceived the ambition to make a teacher of the girl. He broached the subject to Mrs. Coffin. "Geraldine," he began, "is cut out to be a teacher." Mrs. Coffin started in astonishment. "Yes she is," he affirmed, with a thunderbolt, "and she ought to be sent to a normal school. I never went to one, and what I know about teaching has been gained by experience. But there is no mistake. The learning of methods means something in these days, and I'm sure that if Geraldine is sent to a normal school she will make a first-rate teacher."

Mrs. Coffin thought it over for a few days, and then came to the conclusion that Mr. Jenkins was right. That was the usual conclusion about Mr. Jenkins in the little village. The idea was placed before Geraldine, and when she heard of Jupiter's proposal she smiled a smile that made her mother look at her twice. But Geraldine had the key to certain kinds of human nature which was far beyond her years. She thought she would like to go, and it was a great joy when she came to Jupiter's throne, and in her sweetest and calmest manner thanked him for his kindness, and said she would do her best to deserve it. That was the happiest day that Jupiter had ever had in the school. He did not understand it, but there was a singing in his heart as homelike as the singing of a tea kettle and as soft as a cat's purr.

Geraldine took new interest in school. She tried no more of her subtle ways to disturb Jupiter, and the boys found a change in her, which at once set their former interest at naught.

"She ain't no more fun," they all agreed, and they troubled her no more.

III.

Geraldine entered the normal school and passed her preliminary examinations with extraordinary success. She was one of the highest three out of a large class. The veteran principal of the school knew human nature at a glance. He wrote to Jupiter a letter which confirmed all that worthy had said about the wild, nomadic Geraldine.

When Geraldine returned at the end of her first year the townspeople began to relent in the hard opinion they had entertained of her, and saw another person in the tall and earnest young woman who had appeared before them. Jupiter Jenkins had ended his work as schoolmaster in the little seaport town. He had been studying law, and was now employing the same forensic talents he had used before his schoolroom in a more lucrative if not a higher court. He was "up in the city," and was making a name.

When Geraldine had finished her course in the normal school she received the highest commendation, and the old principal happened to find a good place for her in the same city where Jupiter was making his way.

When Geraldine had come into his office at the end of the first quarter it was the first intimation that he had received of her presence in the city. She said she had come to make a payment, and while she spoke poor Jupiter was turning all sorts of ruddy colors.

"But I hadn't heard you were here, Geraldine," he said. "I have been thinking of you, too ,and wondering if I should hear from you. Of course, I knew I should. But somehow I cannot get you out of my head, girl." This was punctured with one of the old-time thunderbolts. "Fact is, Geraldine, I've only just found out why I treated you so hard when in school. And it was simply this—I loved you! I want you always; I want you to make me happy, to be my wife!"

Geraldine smiled as she raised her face and received the salute from his lips.

"I knew that was the matter all the time," she said.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

AND IT WAS SIMPLY THIS—I LOVED YOU! I WANT YOU ALWAYS—

PROLIFIC LIFE IN ALASKA.

Full of Fur-bearing Animals and Feathered Songsters.

John Muir, who has summered and wintered in the Alaskan lands, toward which all men's eyes and many men's feet are now turning, says in the Atlantic: Nowhere on my travels so far have I seen such warm-blooded, rejoicing life as in this grand Arctic reservation, by so many regarded as desolate. Not only are there whale in abundance along the shores, and innumerable seals, walruses and white bears, but great herds of fat reindeer on the tundras, and wild sheep, foxes, hares, lemmings, whistling marmots and birds. Perhaps more birds are bora here than in any other region of equal extent on the continent. Not only do strong-winged hawks, eagles and water fowl, to whom the length of the continent is only a pleasant excursion, come up here every summer in great numbers, but also many short-winged warblers, thrushes and finches, to rear their young in safety, re-enforce the plant bloom with their plumage and sweeten the wilderness with song, flying all the way, some of them, from Florida, Mexico and Central America. In thus going so far north they are only going home, for they were born here, and only go south to spend the winter months, as New-Englanders go to Florida. Sweet-voiced troubadours, they sing in orange groves and vine-clad magnolia woods in winter, in thickets of dwarf birch and alder in summer, and sing and chatter more or less all the way back and forth, keeping the whole country glad. Oftentimes in New England, just as the last snow patches are melting and the sap in the maple begins to flow, the blessed wanderers may be heard about orchards and the edges of fields, where they have stopped to glean a scanty meal, not tarrying long, knowing they have far to go. Tracing the footsteps of spring, they arrive in the tundra homes in June or July, and set out on their return journeys in September, or as soon as their families are able to fly well.

SCIENCE VS. BRUTE FORCE.

The Clever Steward Thrashes Six Brawny Firemen.

When the British steamship Ivydene left Dow's stores, Brooklyn, yesterday morning for Marseilles and Mediterranean ports, every member of the crew beneath the officers had profound respect for the steward and the rules of the vessel. The steward's authority and the discipline of the ship had been questioned only a short time before by eight firemen, who were shipped in Brooklyn for the voyage.

The steward proposed to settle the dispute in fistic combat. Six of the men accepted the challenge, and every one of them was either felled to the deck under the skillful blows of the steward or cried "Enough" as his turn was reached.

The steward, whose name is Frank Smith, is an Englishman, hailing from Sussex. Although not very tall, he is powerfully built, and his muscles are like steel. He knows the rules of the ring, too, and when not busy about the vessel is on the lookout for any of the crew who will spar with him.

When the new firemen went aboard yesterday morning they "kicked" because they were not allowed far enough aft, and told the steward in uncomplimentary terms what they thought of the fare.

"You're a lot of duffers," said Smith. "The rules of this craft go, and so does the food. If you think you're going to run things here just put up your dukes, and I'll show you what your class is."

Some of the firemen were big and brawny, and the task of punishing the steward seemed easy. Two were not built on such lines. They didn't like Smith's determined look. Six of the men accepted the challenge, and, stripping to the waist, waited for the encounter. Smith divested himself of unnecessary garments and called for the first man. A ring was made on the deck and a referee chosen from among the crew. The steward's first adversary had more strength than skill. After a few light blows had been exchanged between them Smith had the fireman at his mercy.

One after another the firemen faced the plucky steward. He darted out of the way of their clumsy swings, and landed with telling effect upon their unguarded bodies. They were thoroughly punished and acknowledged they were no match for the county steward. Good feeling was soon restored, however, and in a near-by retreat they toasted one another with cheering glasses.—New York Herald.

The young college man who makes his hair look fluffy, and looks sternly at the audience gathered to see him graduate, thinks he has solved the problem of life.

GOOD ROADS

Broad vs. Narrow Tires.

Early in January, 1896, a series of experiments to determine the influence of width of tire on draught of wagons was begun at the agricultural experiment station of the University of the State of Missouri, at Columbia, Mo. two kinds of wheels were used, one being the ordinary farm wagon wheel with a tire one and a half inches wide, and the other an iron wheel with a tire six inches wide. These wheels were placed alternately on the same wagon, and the load was in all cases 2,000 pounds. With a recording dynamometer to show the strain the load was hauled over macadam, gravel and dirt roads under all varieties of conditions known to the climate and soil of the region; also over meadows and pastures and stubble and plowed lands under the varying conditions due to the difference in seasons. The experiments were continuous until the end of September, 1897, in all a period of about twenty months.

For the first trial a hard, smooth, and nearly level macadam street, free from dirt and loose stone or sand, was chosen. It was probably as good a stretch of that kind of road as can be found in the nation. The load was hauled 400 feet up and back again over the route. For the narrow tire the average strain required was 99.4 pounds. Then the wide tire was used and, "contrary to general expectations, the broad tire pulled lighter on the hard, inelastic, and smooth surface of the rock road. The strain was but 73.4 pounds, or 35.7 per cent in favor of broad tires."

Next came experiments with a gravel road with a hard surface and no ruts, but with some loose stones of the size of black walnuts. The narrow tires required an average power of 218.4 pounds and the broad only 163.8 pounds, or 33.3 per cent in favor of the broad tires. With a large quantity of sand mixed with the gravel, the road being dry and free from ruts, the narrow tires needed a power of 239.1 and the broad only 156.7 pounds, or 45.5 per cent in favor of the broad tires. With new, unused dry gravel road the difference between the two tires was 69.4 pounds, or 26.6 per cent in favor of broad tires.

After this a condition of gravel road was chosen where water covered the surface and loose sand from one to two and a half inches deep was found. Here the wide tire forced the slushy mixture out of the way, and required a power of 268.1 pounds, while the narrow tire cut its way along with a power of 262.3 pounds. Another trial under similar circumstances showed a difference of nine pounds in favor of the narrow tire. But it was noted that the broad tire did no injury to the road, while the narrow tire cut through to hard pan, and so stirred up and destroyed the surface material.

The next experiment was on an ordinary dirt road. Here the broad tires required a pull of 76.2 pounds, while the narrow tires required a pull of 136.6 pounds.

On the whole, taking the roads as they are found the year round in Missouri or in any similar country where dirt roads prevail, the bulletin says it would be greatly to the advantage of any teamster to use six-inch tires regardless of what his neighbors used.

How to Tell the Weather.

Spring is the worst season of the year for changeable weather. Here are some signs that old-fashioned housewives prefer to the barometer:

Blow out the candle, and if the wick smolders a long time look out for bad weather.

When the camphor in the bottle is "riley" a storm is brewing.

If the sun sets in a cloud look out for rain next day.

Three foggy mornings and then rain.

When cattle lie down as soon as they are turned out to pasture it will rain soon.

A ringing in the ears is a sure sign of a change in the weather.

Cobwebs on your lawn, shining with dew, mean that the day will be fair.

If you hear an owl hoot you may conclude that it is going to storm.

Water boiling over from the kettle means bad weather.

The sun shines every Saturday but one in the year.

If it rains while the sun shines it will rain the day following.

If the frogs pipe in the evening calculate on a fair morrow.

Kill a beetle and it will surely bring rain.

It is a sign of rain when flies bite.

Remember that these signs, like all others, fail in dry times.

A Heavy Soul.

A Methodist minister who has a keen sense of humor, and many good stories at his tongue's end, tells one of a prayer-meeting he attended during a revival in a Southern city.

He was standing near a colored man, who joined in the singing of stirring hymns with a fervor not at all lessened by the fact that he knew very few of the words and was unprovided with a book. The chorus of one hymn was:

My soul is heaven bound!
Glory, hallelujah!
My soul is heaven bound!
Praise ye the Lord!

During the singing of the first verse and the chorus of the colored man listened, turning his head from side to side. When the chorus recurred at the end of the second verse, he joined in it with great vigor, singing, to the minister's amusement and confusion:

My soul weighs seven pound!
Glory, hallelujah!
My soul weighs seven pound!
Praise ye the Lord!

Had a White Congregation.

"I saw in the little town of Corydon, Henderson County, the other day, a most unusual sight," said a gentleman just from the Pennyrile district. "It was nothing more nor less than a negro minister delivering an eloquent sermon to a congregation composed entirely of whites. It was a thing I had never seen in the South, and I remarked on it at the time. The minister was an itinerant preacher, a tall mulatto, dressed in a black suit, and with an earnestness of manner I have seldom seen in the colored men of the cloth. The traveling servant of the Lord had announced his intention of speaking on the public square, and he preached to a good-sized crowd of respectful white listeners."—Louisville Post.

The smallest horse in the world is a Shetland pony owned by the Marchese Carcano, in Milan. It is twenty-four inches high, and when standing beside its owner the pony's back is only an inch above his knee.

Experience And Not Experiments

should be your guide in buying medicine. Let others experiment; you should be guided by experience. Experiments are uncertain in result; experience is sure. Experiments may do you harm; experience proves that Hood's Sarsaparilla will do you wonderful good. You may rely upon the experience of those who have been cured by this medicine.

Fulfills a Duty.

"I feel it my duty to let people know how much good Hood's Sarsaparilla did for me. My health was poor and I had doctored and taken medicine but found no relief, so I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking two bottles I felt better and I kept on taking it and now I am well. I think it is the best blood medicine in the world."—C. W. CAREY, Prineville, Or.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

Death Goes With Drouth.

There is a coincidence in a prolonged drought and in an increased mortality among the negroes in Charleston, S. C., as also a connection between the two. The News and Courier, of that city, says there has been little rain in that section for 40 days or more, with the result that many of the water cisterns are empty. The colored people in the city depend largely for their water supply on water caught in barrels from the roofs of their houses. This is vile water under the best conditions, daily becoming worse when the supply is not renewed. With the failure of this the negroes, having no knowledge of hygiene, resort to the surface wells, which, if not worse, are as bad as the depleted cisterns. As a result the health officer's report of the number of deaths among the negroes for the week ended on Saturday last was 25, the deaths among the better situated whites for the same period being only two. An effort to remedy the conditions is being made in the establishment of artesian drinking fountains. Where these have been placed sickness and death rate have been greatly reduced, and the News and Courier calls for their general introduction in the negro quarter.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

The World's Hard Wood Market.

London is the hardwood market of the world. American buyers of Mexican woods go to London to make their purchases instead of Mexico. The woods are shipped to London and then back to the United States, for the reason that London is the exchange of the world.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "Tea Garden Drips" is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine "Tea Garden Drips" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

Electric Tramways in Moscow.

A contract has been entered into between the city authorities of Moscow and a firm in that city for the construction of six lines of electric tramways in the city, the firm to also take charge of the electric lights. The concession is to last for 45 years. The sum of $3,000,000 was demanded for the concession.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

For Bicycle Riders.

Dinner pails are being fitted with bails which will permit their attachment to the top bar of a bicycle frame, the bail having a circular spring formed on either side close to the pail, with spring braces extending to the cover to prevent a sudden jar or swing.

The amount of liquid refreshments taken by a man of 70 years would equal 70,700 pints, and to hold this a pail 12 feet high and more than 2,500 times as large as an ordinary pail would be required.

It is said that a Scotchman planted the first thistle in Australia out of love for his native land, and now millions of that plant afflict the land.

There is an immense garden in China —that embraces an area of 50,000 square miles. It is all meadow land, and is filled with lakes, ponds and canals.

In French trails, a mixture of ten parts of air and one part of acetylene has proven suitable for ordinary gas engines, giving three times the energy of ordinary illuminating gas.

Stop! Women,

And consider that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician, male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man; besides, a man does not understand, simply because he is a man.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read, and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman. Thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

ABOUT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Personalities Culled from the New Book of His Life.

He is five feet six inches high and weighs 180 pounds.

He has light gray eyes, a gray beard, a brown complexion and a bald head.

His hands and feet are small and neat.

He is fifty-seven years old, and has four grandchildren.

His favorite wine is champagne of 1889, and his favorite liquor a cognac forty years old.

He is fond of all kinds of people, especially if they have money.

He is a first-class judge of horses and dogs, and he thinks he knows something about actresses.

He is said to be one of the best shots in England.

He sets the fashions in clothes for the whole world.

He loves to labor for the workingman.

He is a D. C. L. of Oxford, an LL. D. of Cambridge and a barrister.

He has thirteen university degrees.

He has laid seventy-three large and important foundation stones.

He opened part of the Suez Canal.

He has made more speeches than any other man in the world, but mostly short ones.

He owns the deepest mine in England.

He was the first Christian to dine with the Sultan of Turkey.

He never allows a typewriter in his house.

He spends $5,000 a year for telegrams.

He only allows two knives and forks to each guest at his table.

He is a colonel eight times over.

He has one private secretary, two assistant secretaries and a staff of clerks to assist them.

He receives 200 letters a day, and answers most of them.

Every minute of his time in London is spent according to schedule.

He has every order of knighthood in Europe.

His uniforms are worth $75,000.

He is a field marshal and an admiral.

He is the chief horse owner, dog owner and yachtsman in England.

He goes to church every Sunday morning.

He never goes to the races on Sunday.

He started life with an income of $550,000 a year.

He says he has no debts.

He loves to travel incognito in Paris.

He buys hundreds of theater tickets without using them.

His favorite vehicle in London is a hansom cab, yet his stables cost $75,000 a year.

He thinks his nephew, the German emperor, is too sensational.

He has friends in every nation, and speaks German, French, Italian and Russian.

His life was never attempted by an assassin.

He was obliged once to pawn his watch.—New York Journal.

Where the Best Bananas Grow.

"The best bananas grown in the world come from Port Limon, Costa Rica," says Emil de Marlo, of New Orleans. "They are shipped from Port Limon, and the country gets about 30 cents per bunch in gold. He is notified by wire from the seaport to cut, and has two days in which to gather and deliver at the railway. Trains composed of well-ventilated cars take the fruit to a fast steamer, which is waiting to convey it abroad. The bunches will average about fourteen hands each, and each hand has from seventeen to eighteen bananas. When the bunch gets to New Orleans or New York they are worth about $4 each, a tremendous advance over the price paid the Costa Rican producer.

"The planter, however, is surer of a safe profit than any other person handling the fruit. Jamaica negroes do all the labor attendant on the planting, culture and cutting, being better adapted to the work than the native peon. Jamaica bananas often make a finer appearance, but are not so prolific as the Port Limon product. The best plantations of Costa Rica are subject to overflow, and the waters deposit a silt that greatly enriches the soil. Crops are ready for cutting the whole year round."

He Knew How Hay Grew.

Those who have chaperoned a company of city gamins sent into the country by the "Vacation Fund" will perhaps be able to cap this story, told by the London Answers:

Many years ago, when Londoners had not the excursion facilities for getting into the country that they enjoy now, a Cockney friend was staying at a farmhouse, and soon made himself at home.

Charley was wandering round, closely examining the top, ends and sides of a certain trim, well-made object fenced round in the paddock. He stared at it for a little while, then shook his head dubiously.

"What are you looking for now, Charles?"

"Where's the doors and windows, uncle?"

"Doors and windows? Why, that's a haystack!"

"No fear, uncle, you don't humbug me! Hay don't grow in lumps like that!"

Birth Rate of Males and Females.

Nature seems to be able to regulate the births of males and females without the help of German savants. It may be remembered that Buckle found that the average birth rate the world over was 21 boys to 20 girls, thus giving every Jill a chance for a Jack, after allowing for the greater death rate among males. The Springfield Republican is authority for the assertion that in Massachusetts for forty years the male birth rate relative to the female has not noticeably changed, the number of male births to each 1,000 female births in the last twenty years being 1,053 as compared with 1,059 for the preceding twenty years. In Europe observations covering ten years indicate an average of 1,060 males born to every 1,000 females, England being at one extreme, with 1,038, and Italy at the other, with 1,071.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Vagaries of a Bullet.

A sepoy of the thirty-sixth Sikhs when retiring from the Saran Sar pass said he felt something hit his rifle, but, seeing no mark, when he came to clean his rifle, he found a bullet had actually entered the muzzle and penetrated about nine inches down the barrel, a seemingly impossible thing, but for all that true. It was lucky, says a correspondent of the Times of India, that he had no occasion to use his rifle again on his way home, or it would, of course, have burst.—Glasgow Weekly Mail.

Lucky in Both.

She—You're lucky at cards?

He—Very.

"'Lucky at cards, unlucky at love!'"

"I don't believe it. I've been refused three times."—Yonkers Statesman.

Use only *one* heaping teaspoonful of *Schilling's Best* Baking Powder to a quart of flour.

You must use *two* teaspoonfuls of other baking powder.

600

Waterways in Russia.

The Russian government will shortly open a water route into the interior of Russian Turkestan and thus furnish the country with communication, and to some extent with water also. For this purpose advantage will be taken of a line of depressions or valleys extending from a point on the lower course of Amur-Daria river eastward to the Caspian sea. A canal to the Caspian can be built on a comparatively easy line. The Russian experience in Turkestan has shown that the ancient fertility of the country can be restored by irrigation, and large shipments of cotton are now made to Moscow. The promising mineral deposits have also been located and transportation in addition to the present trans-Caspian railroad is much needed.

BILLS OF FARE IN FASHIONABLE RESTAURANTS.

The question has been mooted over and over again whether the engrafting of French and German dishes upon the bills of fare of the better class of American restaurants is or is not an improvement. Many pretend that before their introduction our cooking was coarse, barbaric. This is an open question, but no bill of fare presents attractions to the dyspeptic, but they, like the bilious, malarious and persons with weak kidneys, can be cured by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Shakespeare's Songs in Music.

Shakespeare's songs put in music and sung by single and collected voices was the entertainment furnished the members of the Chicago Woman's Club at Handel hall the other evening.

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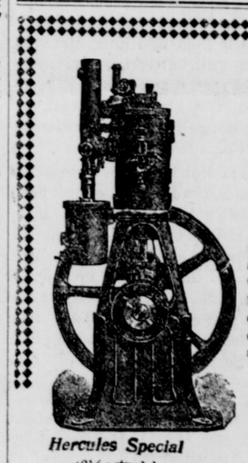

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