sel thou art near mo, though hidden from Like a beautiful bee on the breast of a the shall lend me ber lamp t' the or sweet love in summer's green

The stars that adorn with flowers of flame
The crystalline steps of the heavenly altar,
Be witness that though I but guess at the ical sound I feelingly falter.

hun come, little Rover, come to thy rest! What is the need that thou further shouldst

A BAG WITH HOLES.

Aunt Pratt sat in the south window of the kitchen, knitting. She had a right to sit there, for she paid her board punctually, having "means," as the neighbors said.

without her board to help them they could not think-now they had it. Yet died they had lived just as many other pror people live. Uncle Ebenezer had navor helped his niece at all since he gave her a modest outfit and a hundred dollars in cash when she married amused."

go to such a place? No, indeed:
"Well, well! everybody to their mind. I like a bit of fun first rate, now and then. We go quite considerable, first and last; a body must be amused."

he had only \$1 a day more wages than when he was married, and there were four children. Lotty, 18 years old, protty, pert and vain, worked in a So at night he came home with four hosiery. Tom. 16, was in a nut and bolt "shop;" Idalla, a girl of 14, was a "cash girl" in Holmes & Harper's great dry-goods store Tom and Lotty paid their board, "Idy" clothed herself, she could get bargains and remnants so cheap; when she should be promoted into a "sales lady," she, too, would pay like the others. The fourth child, fittle Davy, was only 10; he went

When Aunt Pratt was left a widow, children, but she did have rheumatism enough to tire her with its aches and stiffness more than a family of the noisiest boys and girls could have tired her. The farm was a good one, well improved, the house and barns in thorough repair, and there were six cows and two horses, as well as plenty of farming implements. She got \$4,-500 for the whole. The neighbors said it was worth more; the buyer said it was worth less; so shrewd Aunt Pratt

Then there was \$1,500 in the Dalton Bank, the slow accumulation of butter money, egg money, the sale of poultry and calves; \$6,000 in all, and every cent of it her own. Squire Hart, of invested the money in safe ways at 6 per cent, and Mrs. Pratt began to look and the savings bank book in which he had deposited the profits made out of the Friesland hens and the white heifer calf she had left in his hands when she married-a sum amounting

But Louiss and her husband had exected more, and Mrs. Pratt was a ast woman, capable of understanding without any suggestion from them, she proposed to come into H. and board with Louisa. So they gave up to her Lotty's front bed room, and put Lotty in with Ida; and as they cooked and ate in the same room where they sat at evening. Aunt Pratts rocker, her foot-stool, her small round table and her work-basket were established in the sunny south window, where she could look down into the street and up

It was a great change for Aunt Pratt, but she was a woman brought up in the old New England fashion, to to what she perceived to be a duty, however unpleasant and painful, with-out shrinking or complaint; and she had made up her mind that it was her

duty to help the Potters. She missed the fresh air of the farm, the quiet of her own house, the new milk, the sweet butter, the good bread; but she said nothing as she sat, day after day, in her window knitting or mending, her big bible open on the stand, and her thoughts very busy with the things around her, as well as with the things that are above. For Aunt Pratt had made a resolution to leave her money in the way it would do her she could discover what that way was. his mouth. "Ain't you toney? She soon found out that they were always in debt. Potter had good wages. Lotty and Tom were off his hands, Ida had only her board given her, and Davy was inheritor to Tom's old clothes and his father's, too. It seemed to Aunt Pratt that there must be a leak somewhere that she did not discover

She was reading her bible of course, and one day came upon a verse in the phophecy of Haggai that seemed to explain the situation to her, and opened her eyes. The next day Lotty came in shivering; she had caught a severe cold and huddled over the cook-stove wrapped in an old shawl, coughed and sighed and scolded all day, till she was too hoarse to speak.

"Have you got on your winter flan-gels?" asked Aunt Pratt, for it was now

"Flannets" I guess not. I haven got any." "Why, Lotty!"

"Well, poor folks can't have every thing. I'd got to have a winter suit, and there was such a lovely one at the Boston store; a satin petticoat, with

mean, but awfully pretty—and a reached basque, with satin vest and buttons; only \$20. I tell you, Aunt Cratt, it was a swell and no mistake but I couldn't afford soft flannels after "Is it a thick dress?" queried Aunt

"No, not so very; not so thick as this pop dress; but I don't mind that. in't cold-blooded."

"And your shoes, are they thick?" "Oh, they're just cheap boots; thick des do cost so. My best ones are each kid with lovely high hoels. iey can't have thick soles."

And have you got a warm petti-

Mercy! I don't want to be all mped up with things. I've got an felt skirt and a striped cambric for ry day, and four white ones, with family, an' clothes, an' rent, an' vittles, an' light, an' fuel, an' doctors,

med with edging." nt Pratt shook her head. the bag! A hole in the She was so lift that night a noccor was sent for—a young man round the corner, just beginning practice, therefore cheaper than a man of experience. He at once proceeded to blister his patient and give her antimony. Low defirium set in, and for six weeks Lotty was unable to leave her bed, and for a month more she could not go to work. Bills came in to twice the amount of the blue dress's price, and could not

When Lotty was a little better, her father came in one noon with a band-bill given to him in the street—a flaming advertisement of the table. Crook" performance.

"Say, Lou, don't you want to go to this to-night? It's a month o' Sundays since we've had a lark; let's go," he said, tossing the play bill into his wife's lap. "Oh, pa," screamed Idalia, "take me. Oh, do! Now won't you?"

"N'me too," screamed Davy, who had a hourse cold. "Oh, shut up!" snapped Potter. "I don't want two babies taggin' at my heels. Somebody's got to stay with

"Why; there's Aunt Pratt," said Ida. "Why; there's Aunt Pratt," said Ida.
"Maybe she'd like to go; would you had a mind to keep the right side of a woman with 'means."
"Me!" said the disappointed Potter, when the lawyer finished reading.
"Me!" said the disappointed Potter, when the lawyer finished reading.
"Who? Haggai?" politely inquired the form they could not think—now they had it. Yet before Mrs. Potter's Uncle Ebenezer died they had lived just as many other
"Well, well' everybode to their

dred dollars in cash when she married Rowley Potter, a young fellow who was getting good wages in the great rifle factory at H.

Louisa was a pretty, capable, bright girl then; but that was twenty years ago. Now she was a thin, sallow, fretful woman. Potter still worked in the wrifle shop," as they called it, but the "rifle shop," as they called it, but will come fast enough before long.

So at night he came home with four "goin' to take his girl."

Aunt Pratt groaned in spirit. "Another hole in the bag, and a big one!"

ever be paid?
Aunt Pratt had always lived in the she made up her mind to sell the farm country and been honest. She had no and board somewhere; she had no experience of the class who crowd our theaters, minstrel show halis and cireuses, who buy cheap finery and expensive, poor beer and bad butter, but

never pay their rent or lay up one penny in all their lives.

As spring came on Aunt Pratt no-ticed one day that Potter looked disgusted with his dinner, and Lotty left ers untasted. No wonder! Aunt in her footsteps. Pratt could not eat it herself. The potatoes were poor and boiled to a waterv, insipid mass; the calves liver fried to a black, leathery substance; the bread old and dry, and the turnips rank and unsavory.

"I say, pa!" exclaimed Tom, "we're all gettin' spring poor. I don't care a Dalton, who was executor of the will. hang for my vittles. Let's have a dozen of lager, that'll set us all up." So the lager came, was used up, and another dozen ordered, and then anabout her for a home. She knew that Louisa Potter had felt hurt about her Uncle Pratt's will; he only left to her beer seller refused to fetch more, unprove-nor the cooking. At last the beer seller refused to fetch more, unless what he had brought them was paid for.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Aunt Pratt. "What a hole in the bag!" Next day she said to her niece: "Lowisy, will you let me buy and cook the dinner to morrow? I'll make you a present of all the vittles I get,

other people's feelings; so she did not wonder. After much thought, and ket with two pounds of solid beef—a Louisa consented, much astonished, coarse piece, it is true, but cheap and fresh. She bought a few onions, a carrot and one small stalk of celery, the whole cost 36 cents. Then she prepared a stew, and paring the potatoes put them in cold water till it was time to add them; the celery, two onions, half a carrot sliced thin, was put in with the beef, which she had cut into eould look down into the street and up into the sky; for this tenement was on a corner, and the Potters had the third pieces of perhaps two inches square. aorning, adding the sliced potato at 11 o'clock, it was well done by noon.

"George! how good the dinner smells!" ejaculated Tom. "Got roast turkey, Lou?" inquired Potter, sniffling and smelling. Even listless Lou wanted some din-

ner that day; the rest recovered their appetites—without any more lager!
"I wish the land you learn cookin' of Aunt Pratt!" said Potter. "I wonder if I've sewed up that hole?" thought Aunt Pratt.

But she had not. Louisa was too old to learn new tricks, as we say about dogs; she continued to buy the best meat and cook in the worst way, and still the money leaked from that hole in the bag. "Hullo, Tom!" said Potter one Sun-

relatives the most good, and she must day morning, as Tom sauntered into study them and their customs before the room with a half-smoked eigar in that cigar smells like a rose!"

Aunt Pratt wondered what sort of rose had an odor like tobacco. "It had ought to," sententiously remarked Tom. "Them fellers cost me cents apiece by the hundred.'

"Well, I kin put up with my pipe so fur; but you young fellers have got to have your fling, I reckon. By m-by you'll fall back on brier wood and nig-

"Another hole in the bag," murmured Aunt Pratt, who had patiently darned Tom's threadbare socks and patched his worn shirts for him every

week for months. "Well, here I be!" shouted Potter as he came in one Monday morning about 10 o'clock.

"Why, what has fetched you home?" "Oh, our fellows have struck; we're goin' to have less work and more pay; them darned capitalists has overrode us long enough; we're bound to have our share of the dollars we make, now

"For the mercy's sake!" ciaculated "Where are you going to now?" dryly asked Aunt Pratt. "Why, back again as soon as the bosses come to terms."

"But supposin' they shouldn't." "Oh, they've got to, can't lose their contracks, no way; we've got 'em where the hair's short. "But supposin' they hold out for a

month's time or six weeks?" "Oh, we get a'lowance out of the sessments; we ain't goin' to starve.' "Who's paying them assessments?"
"The fellers that have got money laid away; they're taxed for the gen

eral good; so much a week till the strike's over." "Be you assessed?" "Lord! do you think I've got a cent

an' Lord knows what all?" "A bag with holes!" ran through Aunt Pratt's mind as she looked back on the past six months.

the blue dress's price, and could not be paid.

"Oh, what a hole in the bag!" sighed and home for life; and from her retreat

given to him in the street—a flamadvertisement of the "Black
ok" performance.
Say, Lou, don't you want to go to
to-night? It's a month o' Sundays
we've had a lark; let's go," he
tossing the play bill into his
to slap.

The man where she lived, to endow two
free admissions, the three women of
the Potters to have the preference.
"I have lived," said the document,
of the potters to have the preference.
"I have lived," said the document,
of the document,
of the work of the two men.

"I can't waste may pittance on beer
and tobacco!" she said sharply; and
she meant what she said. When she
died, her money was all left to the
free admissions, the three women of
the Potters to have the preference.
"I have lived," said the document,
of the work of the two men.

"I can't waste may pittance on beer
and tobacco!" she said sharply; and
she meant what she said. When she
slowly con
mercial be
tion Comp after the terms of the bequest." to see what the bible meant where it says in Haggai, i. 6. Ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink, ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages

earneth wages to put in a bag with holes; and I will not leave behind me Ida. any dollars to go into that bag."
you "Old crank!" said the disappointed
He Potter, when the lawyer finished read-

FEMININE WONDERS IN KANSAS. Achievments of the Fair Sex on the Farm
—Ripe for Woman Suffrage.

The young Kansas farmer goes out into the fields at daylight and by nightfall has cribbed 150 bushels of corn. The young man's sister can play the piano, do the housework, and in busiest times goes out with the men and does so much work as to astound her best friends. A pretty Dickinson County girl, aged 15, drove a self-binder over 1,200 acres and took care of the four horses hitched to the machine During the spring she helped to plant 120 acres of corn, did the housework for a family of seven, went to ten dances, tried twice to elope, taught the most interesting class in the Sundayschool, and now talks of going to Africa as a missionary, and says if the Lord speaks up loud enough she will go

among the lepers.
A Brown County girl looked after her father's grape patch of ten acres, picked the apples on 1,000 trees, and when her male parent pocketed \$5,000 from the sale of the fruit did not ask for any of the money—because she knew she wouldn't get a penny. She believes in the Alliance principles, can play tennis, row a boat, or ride the

wildest horse in the country.

Another young woman living in Irving Township worked in harvest-field as well as a man, herded cattle and sheep for several summers, and this winter will teach school. She has three young sisters, who are following | ternate layers of plank and cement

The bright daughter of a "squaw" man on the reservation wants a white husband—and she is worthy of one. Her sister married an Indian, and her father gave them a farm and a curse. He thinks the unmarried one is too good for an Indian. She has taught school, driven race-horses and won, has never been beaten in trade, equals any man in the country in fleetness of foot, can shoot with the best of them, and would work her hands off for her parents' sake.

A Lincoln County girl got her father ve her a farm and lives on it. looking after eighty acres without help. and last year cleared \$1,000, besides buying clothes, machinery, and stock. This year she has a girl friend for a companion and a bired man. A woman, 60 years old, has farmed

near Notawaka with continuous success. Her place is small, yet she makes money and gives liberally to the needy. She never leaves her farm except to attend the meetings of a woman's suffrage society. A Hiawatha woman who has a hus-

band helpless from rheumatism has kept him and a large family of children by directing work on an eighty-acre farm. She is a zealous worker in church and Sunday-school, and says she owes no one a cent. Her farm and buildings are in better shape than those of her more fortunate neighbors.

and girls who have taken up claims in the western part of the State and lived on them until they got a deed for the land. There are hundreds of women in the State who manage to keep men great railroad, and in a month their depending on them from going hungry; there are hundreds of women who can do anything a man can do, or has ever done, and there are hundreds of women in Kansas who want equal rights with men. The signs are that what they ask will be conceded them. They have taken charge of the public schools, and no State in the Union has better. They are members of school boards, county and city Superintendents, and teachers. They lead in the educational and prohibition movement.

They are making no noisy or threatening clamor for equal rights. They are simply showing by what they that they are the equal of man and that the ballot in their hands would not only be safe, but wisely used for the betterment of the people and development of a state that is coming to the front with greater strides than any other in the Union.

Bonbons of Courtship.

It is a popular fiction that a girl can marry a man without, as the saying is, narrying his family. It is not true. Sometimes a grape does spring from a thorn, and a pure, temperate son descends from a vile, sinful father. His mother's blood, perhaps, has saved him. Still, in marrying this man you marry the soiled family record, and nust, to some extent, share in the suffering caused by his father's sins, Heredity we may or may not believe in, but we have all seen characteristics pass one generation by, to appear in greater strength in the second. You run the risk then, even if your husband is all that he should be, of being an unhappy, anxious mother. In respect to disease and insanity the same law obtains. I am not speaking in favor of the selfish, mercenary marriage, but I am advocating the intelligent counting of the cost before the contract is signed. Parents who would be shocked at their daughter's choosing as an intimate friend, a girl of whose antecedents they knew nothing, do not always refuse to allow that same daughter to marry a man whose family they meet for the first time at the

It is one thing to entertain an immaculately attired caller who brings bonbons in one hand and roses in the other, and quite another to see him off-guard with his brothers and sisters in his environment, not the one your parents' culture and success have given you. He does not seem like a stranger in your home, and yet you might never be anything but an alien in his.—Helen Jay, in Ladics' Home

A colored man made a reputation as steeplechaser on the farm of Captain F. W. Green, on White's Creek, says the Nashville American. A fox that had been captured in a trap was turned loose in the face of a pack of hounds and a body of horsemen for a chase. The negro joined in the chase and weeks passed on; the "bosses" were not only firm but hired other men in the striker's places and went on with the striker's places and went on which the striker's places and the striker's places and the striker's plac

WIT AND HUMOR.

Siam is to have a \$400,000 electric The man who is always picking a marrel rarely complains of a short rop.—St. Joseph News. Mr. Villard will spend \$1,600,000 in ransforming the street-car lines in Milwaukee so they can run by elec-

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

increasing its plant.

Ship railway projectors have been figuring on a route from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario, which if operated would cut out 428 miles of lake navi-

would be 69 miles long and the esti-mated cost \$12,000,000.

If cloth can be made out of fine spun-

and spinning them into threads from

which cloth can be woven in the usual

Modern methods are changing con-

Fireproof construction of buildings

is slowly growing more and more of an

exact science. Species of porous terra-cotta filling is rapidly coming into use. Sixty thousand dollars' worth of it was

recently put into one building in Chicago. Experts say, however, that as far

as tire-proof floors are concerned al-

form the most impenetrable of con-

Systems for distributing power in

cities from a central station are com-

ing more into use every day. Steam,

electricity and compressed air are the common agents, but Paris has a system

which is the reverse of that employing

compressed air. The motors operate

865; Boston, 329; Brooklyn, 324; Phila-

have elevated roads-New York, 32

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY.

Father Lacombe and His Unavailing Plea

The history of the conquest of the

wilderness contains no more pathetic story than that of how the kind old

priest, Father Lacombe, warned the

Blackfoot Indians against the coming

of the pale-faces. He went to the

reservation and assembled the leaders

workmen would be in that virgin

country. He told the wondering red

be found many bad ulen seeking to sell

whisky, offering money for the ruin of the squaws. Reaching the greatest

eloquence possible for him, because he loved the Indians and doubted their

strength, he assured them that contact

death, in the destruction of the In-

dians, and by the most horrible pro-

cesses of disease and misery. He thun-dered and he pleaded. The Indians smoked and reflected. Then they

"We have listened. We will keep upon our reservation. We will not go

But Father Lacombe doubted still.

and yet more profoundly was he con-vinced of the ruin of the tribe should

the echoes of their sledge-hammer strokes. And one morning the old priest looked out of the window of his bare bedroom and saw curling wisps of

tepees on the hill beside Calgary.

Augry, amazed, he went to his door-

way and opened it, and there upon the

ground sat some of the headmen and the old men, with bowed heads,

ashamed. Fancy the priest's wrath and his questions! Note how wisely

he chose the name of children for them,

when I tell you that their spokesman at

last answered with the excuse that the buffaloes were gone, and food was hard to get, and the white men brought

money which the squaws could get. And what is the end? There are al-

ways tepees on the hills now beside

every settlement near the Blackfoot

reservation. And one old missionary

lifted his trembling forefinger toward the sky, when I was there, and said:

"Mark me. In fifteen years there will not be a full-blooded Indian alive

Through all that revolutionary rail-

these occasions. The Canadian states-

on the Canadian prairie-not one."

spoke through old Crowfoot:

to see the railroad."

en that among these laborers would

has none but electric roads.

delphia, 324. The mileage of different

The fish that has felt a hook knows he danger of taking snap judgment.

New Orleans Picayune. A Hoosier inventive genius has re-cently patented a voting-booth that can be folded up into the smallest possible Marrying rich widows, like drinkng liquor, is often done solely for the effects."-Texas Siftings. space for transportation.

Statistics show that about 13 per cent. of all railway accidents in the United States arising from derailments are caused by defective frogs and are transportations.

A woman has been known to bend a man's will during life and break i It takes a good deal of money to keep rich men's sons going; but it doesn't take them long to get there. -The manufacture of aluminum is

slowly coming down to a practical commercial basis. The Pittsburg Reduction Company turns out 3,000 pounds a week, and sells it for \$2 a pound. The Company is behind its orders, and is increasing its plant. There's a time for everything. Tak-log off your boots after you get in bed indicates a high old time. —Bungh inton

"Hello, old man! Where did you A lasting machine that enables one operator to last 3,000 pairs of shoes a week is one of the latest things in labor-saving machinery. It tackles anything from light feminine foot-gear to the heaviest brogans, and the product is superior to band work. spring from? On pleasure bent, I suppose." 'No, my boy, on pleasure broke." -St. Joseph News. "Your habits will be the death of me," said Mrs. Hirshley. "Well, your costumes are ruining me," retorted Mr. H. -N. F. Herald.

Keep your troubles to yourself; when you tell them you are taking up the time of the man who is waiting to tell his. - Atchison Globe

gation and 28 miles of canal between Chicago and Montreal. The railway "You don't catch me ever getting drunk again." "Why not?" "Be-cause while on my last sprace I paid all my debts."—Fitegende Blatter. glass, it would seem a simple matter to make it out of wood, and this is done by boiling strips of fine grained timber, crushing them between rolls, caring the filaments into parallel lines, as with ordinary textile material, When a wise man said: "Discretion is the better part of valor," all the cowards in the world found a motto for their caps. - Atchison Globe.

There never was a man's prayer that did not have himself in it, nor a woman's that did not refer to either a man or a child .- Atchison Glot Mr. N. Peck-"In all the years we

have been man and wife—" Mrs. N. Peck—"Husband and wife. Nathan; husband and wife."—Atchison Globe. Electricity has not been practically applied in the art of music heretofore, except, perhaps, in the operating mechanism of church organs. George Breed, of the United States Navy, has It has been binted that the touching ballad. "Here Lies an Actor," was dedicated to the man who is constantly talking about his salary. — Washington devised a method by which the passage of a broken current over a conductor in a magnetic field produces tones of Post.

New York is being treated to a German play called "Die Wilde Jagd." An adaptation of "Ten Nights in a tinually towards simplicity and rapid-ity in the smallest things. The Penn-sylvania Railroad has introduced the Barroom," probably. - Indianapolis Journal.

measurement of oil by weight in its supply department. An odd number of quarts can be run off more quickly by weight than by ladling. Oil averages about seven pounds to the gallon. "Do you not feel the eloquence of nature here on this glorious crag?" she murmured. "Yes," he answered. "I do. The mountain's peak."—-Philadel-

Snooks -- There were very few peo-Skuggs-"No wonder; hardly any of his patients have survived him."-

Most people seem to think a rumor is like a subscription list. Every time it comes to them they add something to it and pass it along to the next .-Daughter-"Why is it, ma. that a

honeymoon is supposed to last only three months?" Ma-"At the end of three months the quarterly bills come in."-N. Y. Weekly. Husband (gloomily)—"I lost \$50 last night playing poker." Wife—
"And yet you can't afford to buy me a bonnet?" Husband—"Well, I should

by a vacuum created by immense air pumps at the central station. The cost per horse power per hour is 23 cents, about the same as with the ordinary gas engine when illuminating gas is used.

You can't peel the bark off the hongest watch-dog that bays deep-mouthed welcome as you draw near home at 3 The track mileage of street railways a. m. however much you may desire in the five leading cities of the United to .- Washington Stars States is: New York, 368, Chicago, "I love to sit before

"I love to sit before a blazing fire and watch the figures in the flame." "Vhell," said Isaacs, "Dher bleasure motive powers is: For horses, 2.351; ohf dot depends larchly on dher in-electric, city, 260; cable, 255; steam, elevated, 51; surface, 221. Three cities Giles-"How is it you didn't send

that borrowed money you promised when you knew I was sick?" De Jinks—"You see, I heard you were likely to die.",—Munse'ys Weekly. miles; Brooklyn, 24 miles, and Kansas City, 5 miles. Baltimore uses nothing but horse power motors, and Scranton Teacher-"Now, children, which state produces the most corn?" Pupil— "Kentucky." Teacher—"Wrong. Why do you say Kentucky?" Pupil—"Ken-

tucky produces the most kernels."-Proud Mamma-"Look, Uncle John; isn't baby the perfect image of his papa?" Uncle John—"Yes, yes, my dear, but never mind. He may outgrow it as he gets older."—Journal of

First Band Leader-"I'm going to give a series of sacred concerts Sun-days." Second B. L.—"What will be the special sacred feature of them?" First B. L.—"O, I'll omit the usual in-

Wanderer-"Kind dame, can you give me a place to lay me down to die?" The Kind Dame— Certainly. Just go up to the barn. My husband is the county coroner an' he hain't had with these white men would result in a case for a month."-Brooklyn Life. Mrs. Nutgall—"What are you writing, John?" Nutgall—"A purely business letter, my dear. By the way, how do you spell 'inamorata?" Mrs. N. (rising)—"With a — Fil show you, you wretch!"—Boston Traveller.

One Matron-"No: I do not allow my husband to address me by my Christian name." Another Matron—"I shouldn't mind that at all. It is the unchristian names he breaks out with every once in a while that I object to."

the "children," as he sagely calls all Indians, disobey him. So once again Mrs. Jinks (meaningly)-"I asked he went to the reserve, and gathered the chief and the headmen, and warned Dr. Aquapura if whisky was good for colds and he said 'No." Mr. Jinksthem of the soulless, diabolical, self-ish instincts of the white men. Again the grave warriors promised to obey "Well, I don't believe I've got a cold anyhow. It's something else. Did the doctor mention what disease whis-The railroad laborers came with camps and money and liquors and numbers, and the prairie thundered

Watts-"Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of socialism is to divide with your brother man." Potts-"Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of socialism is to make your brother divide gray smoke ascending from a score of | with you."-Indianapolis Journal. P. T. Barnum says that the press,

pulpit and circus have worked tothe moral standard of the world. The press, however, doesn't wait until the okes are forty years old before it springs them upon the public .- Noristown Herald. "Now, children, I tell you, you must a price for poor folks to eat 'em.'

Dashaway-"Cigar?" Cleverton-"Thanks (puff, puff)—that's a good weed. Aren't (puff) you going to smoke too?" Dashaway—(examining the remaining one closely)-"No; I think not." Cleverton-"You must

road building and the rush of new (puff) have given (puff) me (puff, settlers, Father Lacombe and Crow- puff) the wrong one."—Harper's Bazar. foot kept the Indians from war, and even from depredations and from mur-Young Husband (meeting his wife on the street) - "Horrors! is the baby der. When the half-breeds arose under | dead?" Young Wife-"What non Riel, and every Indian looked to his rifle and his knife, and when the mutsense! Of course not. I just this mo ment left him as well as ever. terings that preface the war-ery sounded in every lodge. Father Lacombe made Crowfoot pledge his word that the Indians should not rise. The did you think anything had happened?"
Young Husband (with a gasp of relief)
—"Why, here I am only two blocks
from home and I don't hear him." priest represented the government on Good News.

Foreigners in the Russian Army. men recognize the value of his services. He is the great authority on Indian matters beyond our border; the am-

HUMAN SOAP GOURDS. PECULIAR SPECIMENT FOUND IN THE

Their Fand a. I Drick Combine to Make Sonp Pactures at Tiefe Stomachs... Turk y Kill up by Whatesale.

He was a tall, lank individual, with homespun shirt, open at the throat, jean trousers, stuffed in his boots, a roadbrim slonen bat, a gun neross his arm and the queerest complexion of any mortal I ever saw. He was the color of a frost-bitten pumpkin, and his skin was as wrinkled and wretchedlooking as a side of russet leather that had lain in the rain for many

I met him down in the flatwoods of Florida, on the road between Tallahas-see and Crawfordville. I afterwards saw others with the same peculiar com plexion, but that fellow's image haunts me still. Seeing how intently I was south Bend traveling companion asked. traveling companion asked:
"Well, what do you think of him?"

"What is he?" "Why, my friend, that is nothing more nor less than an animated soap

You don't mean to say that he is soap eater?" Not exactly that, but he eats the ingredients and the soap is made in his

"You don't say! Explain."
"Well, you see, this section is underlaid by a wonderful strata of limerock. As a matter of course the well water is thoroughly impregnated with rotten lime, and it is the only drinking water the people hereabouts have—quite different from the pure water among the 55 & 57 FIRST ST., SAN FRANCISCO clay hills close around Tallahassee. What has that to do with it?"

Hold on; I haven't made the nection yet. These people eat very fat hog meat, their bread is made to rise by using great quantities of carbonate of soda, and when they get all this mess in their stomachs the work of soap making begins. Lime water, alkali of the soda, grease of the hog meat, beat of the stomach. See?"

"Ugh! I don't wonder at their hav-

see that spread of soap-making ingr As we rode up to the door of the log

cabin a pack of some dozen or more curs, of every conceivable size and color, came rushing, snarling and soapping at our horses' heels. A tow-headed girl, of about fourteen summers, peeped around the corner of the but and yelled:

"What yer want?" Call off your dogs, Sallie, we are going to stay for dinner," said my com-

friend.

and dad, he's a huntin'. They'll be those in the front row bowing do between each beat. Sadie then went to the back door and placing a cow-horn to her lips blew several loud blasts.

came back into the room.
In a few minutes the old lady, with her homespun skirts gathered up and tied around her waist with a string. came in, her rough hands full of mud and a tired look on her careworn face. Howdy, Dick, and you too, strang-

We returned her salutation, and she began to scrub the dirt from her hands,

talking of the weather, of crops and va-vious other subjects the while. Sallie was spreading the bare table with tin plates and getting ready for the noonday meal. While these preparations were going on the man of the house came in and cordially greeted us. He brought with him four or five wild turkeys which he had shot during the morning and turned them over to Sallie, with instructions to dress them and make ready for him to

carry to the Tallahassee market next The dinner! I tried hard to eat, but wild visions of human soap factories flitted before my agonized mental eyes and I could not swallow to save me. However, the other all ate with seem-

The spread consisted of great gobs of fat pork, roasted sweet potatoes, boiled long-leaf collards, syrup black coffee without sugar and cornbread. "You had good luck with your gun this morning," I said to the host.
"No, nothin' extra. I snapped a twig and they jerked their heads up so suddint thet I only got them four fellers. I often picks up six or seven at a

"You don't mean to say that you rought down these four turkeys at one "Oh, yes; the way I shoots it's easy."
"How is that?"

"Wa'll, yer see, I finds whar the tur-keys use; then I digs a straight trench bout four or five inches deep) and twenty or thirty paces long, and right at ther end of it I piles a brush heap to hide behind; then I baits ther trench with corn and keeps baitin' it fresh ev'ry mornin' till I gets ther turkeys to eomin' thar in droves; then I goes out soon in ther mornin' and hides behind heads to eat ther corn; they's all in a line; then I takes aim and pop she goes, and over comes a bull bunch of 'emmy meat!"

'That's a novel way to kill turkeys. Keeps your table well supplied, doesn't it?" I asked, thinking of the dinner

"Hog and hom'ny's good 'nough for us," was his reply. "I allus takes what game I shoots to Tallahassee and sells it. Wild turkeys bring too good

never steal. When you want new I wondered what he did with the clothes the way to do is to buy them on money from the sale of so much game. credit. Then you will always be well clothed; you won't have paid out any money for them, and you will always my friend, reading the thought in my be looked on as honest, respectable eye, laughed, and, slapping Tom on the shoulder, said in way of reply to my thoughts: "Tom, it would be better for you if

> a fresh supply of ammunition."
>
> As we rode back through the woods did anything but hunt and drink corn-juice whisky.-N. Y. World.

you are your game at home, instead of

Clarence Phillips, a boy residing in Tampa, Fla., has been presented with a handsome medal of gold and silver Tampa. Fla., has been presented with a handsome medal of gold and silver by Mrs. J. C. Williams, from bravery in putting out in a leaky boat to the rescue of a party of ladies in a disabled yacht, and succeeding in getting burg have decreed that in future for-

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Dance of His Satanic Majesty. A fantastic orgy was witnessed at the town of Loongi, the capital of Bul-lom, west coast of Africa, by a party of officers from the West India regiment quartered at Sierre Leone. The

"Call off your dogs, Sallie, we are going to stay for dinner," said my companion.

"Wa'll why don't yer 'light. Yer know them purps won't bite. Yer've bin here before, Dick. Who's that chap?"

"He's all right, Sailie, he wants your dad to tell him about the hunting in these parts."

We hitched our horses to pine-saplings and had almost reached the door when a swarm of half-naked, tallow-faced, frowsly - headed urchins surrounded us. Miss Sallie had come from the corner and was waiting to receive us, cordially inviting us to enreceive us, cordially inviting us to en-ter. swaying as he moves, leaps, beating time with his feet to the beat of the Where are the old folks?" asked my drums; while the women, two deep, wail a chant and strike their palms "Mam, she's a sottin' out 'tater vines, together in slow, rhythmical measure,

The young men in long robes and caps wall with the women. Both are under vows, the dance being one of That'll fotch 'em," she said, as she ame back into the room.
In a few minutes the old lady, with monotonous, walling cry, the thrum-ming of the drums, the rattle of the lacters, and the beat of the devil's feet as he springs up, crouches down, and swings about, make a scene to shock the quiet moon and stars and gladden Gebenna. North of Sierra Leone Africa is Mohammedan, south

pagan, and the southern people have this devil. When peace is declared between two native tribes, the peace devil, who is fetish, comes leaping into the town; but if he stumbles or falls it is considered a bad omen and he is put to death for his pains. His dress is sacred, but

his person is of no consequence. A Novel Method of Taxation.

Almost the first difficulty that besets a people trying to govern for themselves is the question of revenue. Where is the money to come from? Taxes, the bugbear of all nations, also puzzle the Swiss. His method of Puzzle the Swiss. His method of puzzle the Swiss. His method of raising them in some of the cantons is alike interesting and novel: No of-call assessment is made of property.

Keystone Quoins, Page's Wood Type, Inks and Rollers, Tablet Composition, Etc. system is known as the "progressive" tax scale.

A, who owns \$4,000 worth of property, pays taxes only on half of it; B, who owns \$25,000 worth, pays taxes on eight-tenths of it, while C, with his \$100,000 worth of property, pays taxes on the whole. The result is that C pays not the proportional twenty-five times the amount of A's taxes, but fifty times as much. The income-tax is managed after a similar fashion. The managed atter a similar fashion. The rich pay out of all proportion to the poorer classes. They probably would not change places with the poor however, even to save what they decry as unjust taxation. The plan is not always a popular one. Leaving every man to assess himself has the disadvantage that the rich, with stocks and hands sometimes do not make setting. bonds, sometimes do not make return of them. When a rich Swiss dies, however, the government control of his estate quickly makes amends for all his past misdeeds in the way of assessments, and every penny of taxes held back is now deducted, together with compound interest and fines.
-S. H. M. Byers, in Harper's Maga-

Gough's Temptations.

Speaking of Gough, Mr. Bosworth "He was a great orator and a grand, noble man, but he was not a master of himself. I remember one time when a man put some whisky a glass of soda water he was about to drink. Just that taste was enough to set the appetite afire within him, and he went off on a protracted spree. Very few people ever knew of this, but the fact is related in one of his biographies. When he came out of it I never saw a man feel so in all my life. He cried like a baby and vowed that he would never speak before an audience again, and, if I remember rightly, he spending the proceeds in a big drunk, never saving more than enough to buy of that year. He has told me many As we rode back through the woods to Tallahassee, my friend told me that little Sallie and her mother did all the work about the place, raising what crops they could, and that Tom never

According to medical protest agains damp or cold beds, warming pan should come into fashion again. On medical writer says: "Not only the guests, but the family, often suffer the

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On our way back we stopped at Tom's house for dinner, so that I might

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