

THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her, I say!
The mother of a soldier who has gone to face the fray;
She gave him to her country with a blessing on his head—
And she found his name this morning in the long list of the dead—
"Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
A Bible in his pocket and a portrait on his breast!"
The mother of a soldier—she gave him to her land;
She saw him on the transport as he waved his sunbrowned hand;
She kissed him through the tear drops and she told him to be brave;
Her prayers went night and morning with her boy upon the wave.
The mother of a soldier—her comfort and her joy,
She gave her dearest treasure when she gave her only boy;
She saw the banner waving, she heard the people cheer;
She clasped her hands and bravely looked away to hide a tear.
The mother of a soldier—Ah! cheer the hero dead,
And cheer the brave who battle 'neath the banner of their creed;
But don't forget the mothers, through all the lonely years,
That fight the bravest battles on the sunless field of tears.
Nay, don't forget the mothers, the mothers of our men,
Who see them go and never know that they'll come back again;
That give them to their country, to battle and to die,
Because the bugles call them and the starry banners fly.
The mother of a soldier—hats off to her, I say!
Whose head is bowed in sorrow with its tender locks of gray.
She gave without regretting, though her old heart sorely bled
When she found his name this morning in the long list of the dead;
"Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
His dear old mother's portrait clasped upon his hero breast!"
—Baltimore News.

He Gave Her Up.

PRETTY and sweet as the maiden looked, Josiah had a natural prejudice against both her and her mother. They were worldly people and the girl was by no means the wife he would have chosen for his adopted son and nephew, John Parr. Even a Quaker maid would have been likely to become demoralized by the perpetual making of fine gowns and furbelows for the ladies of the neighborhood, and Ella Massie—why— Suddenly his train of thought was broken by Ella's gay voice.
"O, Mr. Fry," she said, "I have watched you all day, and I have thought how tired you must be. You are a good bit older than I am and I know I get awfully tired of work and I expect you do, too."
The Quaker drew himself up to his full height and his handsome, middle-aged face, with its fine eyes and gray locks, looked grand to Ella as he replied:
"Work is good, and, thank God, I have plenty of it. It keeps one from sin."
"I am afraid I do love the world very much. It is so beautiful, and every one is so kind to me, but I should like to be better. Won't you teach me? I will try so hard to learn."
Josiah's reply was not very coherent, but whatever he said he certainly thought a good deal of Ella after this, and he decided that, although she did not belong to the Society of Friends—she looked as sweet and good as any young Quaker maid—she might yet be converted, and she had asked him to teach her to be good. "And so I will," he suddenly started himself by exclaiming as he pondered over the matter in the silence of his chamber that night.
"She is only a frail sapling now," he said to himself, "but she will learn and will grow and the mightiest oak was once an acorn."
From this time Josiah made a point of seeing Ella Massie frequently and doing his best to convert her to his ideas and opinions. He found in her a docile, loving nature, and her pretty ways fairly charmed him.
The idea of having her about the house was certainly attractive, and yet—somehow he could not picture her there as John's wife—the girl had fairly twined herself about his heart, and by the time the golden harvest had come Josiah knew the fact only too well.
At first he chided himself and told himself he was an old fool. It was absurd to think that a beautiful girl of 20 would care for an old widower of more than double her age. Still, after all, at even five and forty, a man can love, and love passionately, and Josiah loved Ella with all the strength of his soul. He would not, of course, wish to steal her away from his nephew, but John's had been probably a mere passing fancy, and he was sure—was he, though?—yes, he believed he was quite sure—that Ella loved him.
One beautiful August evening, after the day's work was over, Josiah Fry and Ella stood talking in the gloaming at her mother's gate.
"Ella," he said, "I have come here this evening because I have something important to say to you. Ah, you

smile. You guess what it is, don't you?"

The girl looked down for a moment, and then, though she blushed deeply, she gazed at him with her lovely blue eyes and said:
"Yes, Mr. Fry, I felt sure you would say something soon."
Josiah looked radiant. It was strange how Ella's words pleased him, and yet they were not like those he should have expected from a Quaker maid. Still it was delightful to think how she had understood him, and no one could be more charming or more sweet.
"Then thou art not afraid to trust me? Thou thinkest I shall suit thee?" he said, gayly.
"Yes," she answered. "I know it. They used to tell me you were cold and hard, but I did not believe it then, and now I laugh when I think of it, for I have learned to love you."
She accompanied her words with a little squeeze of his brawny hand, which she then raised to her lips and kissed. Josiah felt his blood coursing madly through his veins. He was delighted to find himself so beloved, and, though he was distinctly being courted by this young maid, it was so sweet to him that his sense of the proprieties was in no way shocked.
"But, my dear, thou knowest I am five and forty and sometimes cross and crabbed."
"That's nothing," laughed Ella. "I love old men, and feel so proud of you with your beautiful gray hair and your straight, tall figure. You will be a lovely old man, and I shall be prouder than ever of you."
"Jack wanted to tell you all about it long ago, though he knew you would disapprove of me for his wife, but I begged him to wait. I told him if you were all he said—and you are—that I was sure I could make you fond of me. I loved you a little already because you were Jack's uncle and had been so good to him, and if I like people I can always make them like me a little." She paused, and then after a moment's silence she went on:
"Only yesterday I told Jack he might speak to you to-day, and now I do believe you must have guessed it, for here you are giving all that we want without our even asking it, and I am so glad, for we could never have married without your consent!"
Darkness seemed to fall over the landscape, and Josiah Fry felt it suddenly turn cold. His face blanched, but he uttered not a sound. He merely turned as if to go home.

"Must you go now?" cried Ella, seeing and suspecting nothing. "Well, perhaps it's time. It's getting dark, and Jack will be in from Birchley fair by this time and will want his supper. Besides I know you want to make him as happy as you have made me. Good night and thank you so much. Jack and I will never forget your goodness."
"Good night!" said Josiah, mechanically, and he made his way across the field to his own home. He staggered somewhat as he walked, and his feet seemed like lead, so that the short distance across the meadow to the farm seemed longer than ever before. For that, however, he was not sorry, for the meeting with his nephew was painful to anticipate.
Josiah, however, was no coward, so he put a brave face on the matter, and entering the parlor, where Jack was waiting for him to come in for supper, he exclaimed:
"Well, John, business first and supper afterward. I want to tell thee that I know all—everything. Ella has just told me, and, had, had, thou hast my blessing. She is a good girl and will make thee a faithful, loving wife, and thou must marry as soon as possible."—Cincinnati Post.

Worth th' Journey.
Doctor McIlrath and wife, of Chicago, who journeyed round the world on their bicycles, consuming three years or more in the trip, by reason of unforeseen delays in inhospitable countries, arrived home last winter.
As on the occasion of their departure a large crowd had seen them off, so upon their return the streets were thronged with people eager to witness their home-coming.
One of a group of persons who watched the scene from an upper window as the globe-trotters, escorted by hundreds of local cyclists, wheeled into view, remarked:
"Well, there they come. And now I'd like to know what they have gained by that long ride, so full of hardships and privations."
"Did you see them when they rode away from here?" asked another.
"Yes."
"Did you notice they had dropped handlebars and rode with a hump?"
"I think I did."
"Well, they're coming back with raised handlebars and are sitting up straight. That was worth the trip, perhaps. They have learned how to ride a bicycle."

Horses and Men.
Study of the relation between the total length of life and the time required to reach maturity has brought out an interesting comparison between men and horses. A horse at 5 years is said to be, comparatively, as old as a man at 20, and may be expected to behave, according to equine standards, after the manner of the average college student following human standards. A 10-year-old horse resembles, so far as age and experience go, a man of 40, while a horse which has attained the ripe age of 35 is comparable with a man of 90 years.

Trees and Lightning.
According to a recent investigation of lightning strokes in trees which a German has carried out, the beech tree is less often struck by the flash than any other. It is unwise to take shelter from a thunderstorm under any trees, but if it is a case of needs must the beech is the best and the oak or poplar among the worst.

GERMAN RIP VAN WINKLE.

Another Version of Our Well-Known and Popular Story.
Washington Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle is only one version of an old legend that often appears in literature. In the German, it is picturesquely set forth in the story of the monk Alfus.

While still very young, Alfus entered a monastery, devoted his life to study and to prayer. As the years passed, he became learned and wise, yet he retained withal his beautiful faith and childlike simplicity, so that, while his fame spread far and wide, his sincerity and his noble life endeared him to the poor.
In time, however, the monk noticed how even the most beautiful things palled on one by continual association. The mountains that had filled him with awe no longer had that effect upon him; perfumes from flowers, which he had thought very sweet, grew distasteful, and he became weary even of dwelling on noble thoughts. Thus a great dread filled him, in spite of many struggles against it, that heaven itself might not satisfy one as everybody claimed it would.

In one of these moods of depression, he left the monastery and wandered in the woods that surrounded it. Here the great trees, the singing birds, and the rushing river, which, when first he beheld and heard them, filled him with yearnings and awe too great for expression, now but reminded him of his doubts.

In agony of soul, he prayed to have this fear removed; and rising from the sward where he had knelt, he looked about him in astonishment. In place of the woods, with every nook of which he was familiar, he stood where everything was strange to him. Unknown trees cast their refreshing shade over him; rare grasses and flowers such as he had never seen, were at his feet; and in a rapture of surprise he sat upon a stone to gaze about him.
Suddenly a beautiful bird appeared, and resting upon a branch above him, began to sing. The bird was a strange one, and its song was stranger still. Its low, clear, thrilling notes touched him as nothing ever had before; but only for an instant, then it disappeared, leaving him sick with desire to hear it again.

The silence remained unbroken, however, and Alfus rose from his seat, and dreamily turned toward home. But what was his amazement to find that his vigorous step of the morning was now feeble; his hair and his beard hung about him in a soft whiteness that was not like snow or anything else except the touch of age on a noble life.
As he approached the well near the monastery he saw strange women, with children clinging to their skirts, none of whom he had ever seen before. And the monastery itself was no longer a small, low building, but a massive structure, with a wide iron gateway.
The porter that opened at his call was a young-faced monk, who looked at him askance. In vain he called for the brothers that he had known; and at last, in despair, he cried:
"Does no one know Alfus? This morning I left the monastery to walk in the wood, and now, on my return, all things are changed!"
An old brother, who was sitting in the sun, answered him:
"Alfus? I heard the brothers, when I was but a small boy, tell how Alfus went into the wood and never returned. They said that as he was good and holy, he must have been taken in a chariot of fire to heaven, like the prophet of old. But that was a hundred years ago, for they heard it from those before them!"
Then the wise Alfus saw the lesson that had been taught him, and falling on his knees, he cried:
"I see now how a thousand years are but as a day in Thy sight, since I, in listening but an instant to the bird that sings without the gate of Paradise, lived a hundred years!"
And when those about him saw the glory that overspread his face they were dumb, for his soul had fled, to listen to that bird forever.

A Scapgrace's Trick.
A good story is told of a young man, who, besides being of the spendthrift order, is a splendid mimic, and can imitate his father's voice to a nicety, says the W.-kly Telegraph. Not long ago the young man wanted without delay some money to pay a bill, and he knew that his father would treat a request for the same with cold contempt. Waiting till he knew that his father would be away, he went to the telephone call room and rang up the office, calling for the cashier. The cashier was forthcoming, and when he was at the other end the young man imitated his sire's voice. "I say, Blank, if that scapgrace of a son of mine comes round and asks for twenty pounds, don't give it to him. Only give him ten pounds." The cashier promised that he would fulfill the commands. Not long after the son called at the office and demanded twenty pounds. He was refused by the conscientious cashier, and, apparently in anger, the young man contented himself with the ten pounds. When the old man reached the office there was a scene.

Transmitting Sound.
Water is an excellent transmitter of sound. A scientist by the name of Calladon made some experiments on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, to demonstrate the power of sound to travel a long way in water. A clock was made to strike under the water, and was heard to a distance of twelve miles. In a second experiment the striking of a clock was heard to a distance of twenty-seven.

Every cloud has a silver lining—so says.

TO GO TO PARIS

Next Year as an Honorary Commissioner to the Exposition.
In selecting Mrs. Artie Goodwin-Cullop, of Vincennes, Ind., as one of the five honorary commissioners to the Paris Exposition next year Gov. Mount has made an excellent choice. Mrs. Cullop is a highly accomplished woman



MRS. ARTIE GOODWIN-CULLOP.

and possesses unusual executive ability. She is a brilliant conversationalist and a splendid linguist, speaking French and English with equal fluency. In securing this appointment she had the endorsement of Federal judges and other men of national reputation, besides the support of her husband, Hon. William Allen Cullop, one of the leading attorneys of Southern Indiana.

CRUSADE AGAINST LYNCHINGS.

Miss Lillian Jewett, of Boston, a New Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Miss Lillian Clayton Jewett of Boston, who has taken up the crusade against the lynching of Southern negroes and has won the love of the colored race for her service, is a very good looking woman. She promises to be a very effective one as well. She is 24 years old, a little taller than the average, and a great deal more pleasing and impressive as a public speaker. In her home city she is referred to as a new Harriet Beecher Stowe. When she stood up in the mass meeting of colored people at St. Paul's



MISS JEWETT.

Baptist Church and offered to bring from Charleston, S. C., the family of murdered Postmaster Baker she created a sentiment which will not soon subside. She believed that the bringing of Mrs. Baker and her orphaned children would arouse the North to take such action as will compel a cessation of lynchings in the South. It is a part of Miss Jewett's plan to take the widow and orphans with her, to have them in lecture rooms where addresses are made in the crusade against Judge Lynch. "When God has some great work to perform," said Rev. Mr. Ferris in introducing her, "He has always touched the heart of a woman and the work has been done." And Miss Jewett herself, in her address, declared: "The black man in this country is free, but he is more destitute than he was thirty years ago. The country freed him, but did nothing else for him."
A Testimonial.
Spelling is not the only difficulty to be encountered by the beginner on a typewriter. Any one who is learning to use the machine will appreciate the following, from Pearson's Weekly:
"How do you like your new typewriter?" inquired the agent.
"It's grand," was the immediate reply. "I wonder how I ever got along without it."
"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"
"Certainly not. Do it gladly." So he rolled up his sleeves, and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:
"After Using the automatic Back-action a type writ, er for three emonths a Over. I unhesstatingly pronounce it prono ce it to be al even more than th e Manufacturers Claim? for it. During the time been in our possession e. I th ree monthz id has more than paid for itself in the saving of time an d labor. John S Gibbs."
"There you are, sir."
"Thanks," said the agent, and moved quickly away.

The Queen's Double.
The Queen's double is an elderly woman who acts as pew-opener at a church in North London, and so exact is the resemblance that it makes all new members of the congregation exclaim. Strangely she is the exact age of the Queen, and became a widow in the same year that the Prince Consort died.

Workwomen in Cuba.
Fitting work for women is scarce in Cuba. Cooking and washing are monopolized by men. American employment of women in the Havana post-office has been received with disapproval by the male Cubans.

A story on a married man isn't really interesting unless his wife caught him at it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

will aid the cook as no other agent will to make

The dainty cake,
The white and flaky tea biscuit,
The sweet and tender hot griddle cake
The light and delicate crust,
The finely flavored waffle and muffin,
The crisp and delicious doughnut,
The white, sweet, nutritious bread and roll,—
Delightful to the taste and always wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder is made from PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR and is absolutely free from lime, alum and ammonia.

There are many imitation baking powders, made from alum, mostly sold cheap. Avoid them, as they make the food unwholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Fuddy—Joggles has moved out to the suburbs. He says he does it for the exercise that working about the place will give him. He bought Shandy's place. Shandy has moved into town.
Daddy—What induced him to sell?
"To get rid of the work about the place."—Boston Transcript.

A Fall River (Mass.) lover has secured a writ from court to compel the parents of his sweetheart to permit the latter to wed him.

Wanted Something Better.
"Is there any place in this town where they telegraph without wires?" he asked of the policeman on the corner.
"That discovery is too new and we haven't got it yet," replied the officer.
"What's the matter with the old way?"
"No good. I've kept five or six wires red hot for half a day trying to get my brother-in-law to send me money to get home on, but I can't even raise him."—Philadelphia Press.

ROBERT DOWNING Tells the Secret of His Great Endurance.



Robert Downing, the Tragedian.

Robert Downing was recently interviewed by the press on the subject of his splendid health. Mr. Downing promptly and emphatically gave the whole credit of his splendid physical condition to Pe-ru-na, saying:
"I find it a preventive against all sudden summer hills that swoop upon one in changing climates and water."
"It is the finest traveling companion and safeguard against malarial influences."
"To sum it up, Pe-ru-na has done me more good than any tonic I have ever taken."
Healthy mucous membranes protect the body against the heat of summer and the cold of winter. Pe-ru-na is sure to bring health to the mucous membranes of the whole body.
Write for a copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book entitled "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Pe-ru-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Pe-ru-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

The Conclusion.
"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?"
"That's what he meant."
"But what did he say?"
"He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a clump as I am."—Indianapolis Journal.

When Captain Coghlan was in command of the Raleigh he was the smallest man in statue on that ship.

No Tobacco for Norwegian Boys.
A law was recently passed in Norway prohibiting the sale of tobacco to any boy under 16 years of age without a signed order from an adult relative or employer. Even tourists who offer cigarettes to boys render themselves liable to prosecution. The police are instructed to confiscate the pipes, cigars and cigarettes of lads who smoke in the public streets. A fine for the offense is also imposed which may be anywhere between 50 cents and \$25.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PORTLAND-CHICAGO SPECIAL.

A Gilt-Edged Train Put on by O. R. & N.—All Modern Equipments, and Run Through Without Change.

Buffet-library cars of the latest build have been placed in service on the O. R. & N. fast mail trains. The library car embraces a spacious smoking saloon, furnished with easy chairs, writing desks, a well-selected library of standard and popular books, guide-books and current periodicals, a well-stocked buffet, a barber shop and an apartment for baggage.
The Oregon Short Line have also inaugurated a modern dining-car service, giving uninterrupted dining-car service via the O. R. & N. and its connections to and from the East. New chair cars of the latest pattern and new baggage and mail cars are to be added to the present through service of new Pullman palace and Pullman tourist sleepers, which have recently been placed in service and just out of the builders' hands. The entire train will be vestibuled, making East and West-bound trains equal if not superior to many of the widely advertised limited trains in the East.

Schilling's Best

money-back tea and baking powder at Your Grocer's

Nothing, perhaps, is so bitter as olives freshly picked, yet after they turn purple and black, hogs soon learn to devour them.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Menlo Park, San Mateo Co., Cal., accredited at the Universities. Location, climate, and careful attention to Mental, Moral and Physical training, places Hoitt's among the foremost Schools for Boys on the Coast.—S. F. Chronicle. Will re-open in the new building August 15th, (9th year.) Ira G. Hoitt, Prin. D., Principal.

A Waldoboro (Me.) bachelor, while watching beside the couch of his sick father last winter, made three as fine quilts as were ever produced at an old-fashioned quilting bee.

A St. Louis woman, after searching for six months for her husband, found his body in an embalmer's office, where it was doing service as an exhibit. The man had been accidentally drowned.