

A Darling Young Creature. "I sometimes wonder that any child ever lives to reach maturity," said P. C. Wright. "The saying that there is a special providence watching over children, drunken men and fools must be a truism. We hear much of the recklessness of boys, but I believe that girls take fully as many chances with the great hereafter. When my oldest daughter was five years old she did not climb hills nor ride wild horses, but she went bathing in the Mississippi river and had a penchant for exploring old wells. When we traveled we had to label her so the police would know where to return her. At seven years of age she mounted a railway locomotive, during the temporary absence of the engineer and fireman, pulled open the throttle and sent it spinning down the line at a mile a minute until the steam was exhausted. "At ten years she manufactured a hot air balloon and attempted an ascent, but fortunately the flimsy airship was too small to bear her above the earth. I believe that girls are naturally as irresponsible as their brothers, and, with proper culture, would make as good soldiers."

HUMOR
"POSSUM AND WATERMILIN."
The Minister That Cashed Jim Jenkins' Cemetery Death.
"Brodder Johnson, I hearn't seem Jim Jenkins' bout hyar fur sum time."
"An' yo' ain't gwine to see him 'bout hyar fur sum time longer yit, Uncle Rastus."
"Yo' don't tell me. Nuthin wrong, I hope, Brodder Johnson?"
"No, sah. Jim's jus' dead, dat's all, sah."
"Ump, I is sartainly sorry to hear dat. What wuz de cashun of Jim's removal, Brodder Johnson?"
"Well, de doctur gib it out ez confusun dat 'possum and watermilin, sah."
"Confusun of de stummick, Brodder Johnson?"
"Yas, sah. Dat's what de doctur say. An I wuz berry partickler to cognize jus' what he say."
"Confusun uf de stummick, eh? Well, dat beats me, Brodder Johnson. What wuz de 'cashun of dis confusun?"
" 'Possum an watermilin, sah."
"What's dat yo' say, Brodder Johnson? 'Possum and watermilin?"
"Dat's what de doctur 'cided, Uncle Rastus. It seems like he wuz de 'pation dat 'possum and watermilin, taken together, wuz to much for Jim's stummick, sah."
"Uf course dey wuz, Brodder Johnson. Dar ain't no mistice about dat 'clushun, sah. An it ditz seem like folks nowadays is agittin so dat dey ruzes right in de face of Providence. 'Possum an watermilin!"
"Yo' isn't a-runnin down 'possum an watermilin, is yo', Uncle Rastus?"
"Luk hyar, Brodder Johnson, is I cullud or is I white?"
"Cullud, sah."
"Well, den, did yo' ebber heah tell of any cullud pusson runnin down 'possum an watermilin?"
"No, sah. Nebber, sah."
"An yo' ain't likely tu, sah, ez long ez cullud folks don't lere dese ref respect, sah."
"I don't know dat I understans yo' den, Uncle Rastus."
"Den I'll try to explain, Brodder Johnson. Dar ain't no doubt in de wurl but dat 'possum an watermilin wuz made 'clustery fur de cullud folks, is dat?"
"Uf, sah, no, sah. Dat dar ain't."
"Uf course I cognizes de fac' dat de white folks eats 'em, but dat is jus' annuder 'cashun of dere a tramping on de purgatives of de cullud race. But, to presume de subje, dar's a time fur dis, and dar's a time fur dat; an dat's jus' whar Jim Jenkins los' his 'membrance."
"How's dat, Uncle Rastus?"
"Why, sah, a pursumin to tempt de wrath of de Lawd de wny he did. When de good Lawd gib de cullud peoples 'possum an watermilin he neber 'magin'd dat dey'd be eatin together. No, sah, he neber 'tended dat dey shud be."
"Why, Uncle Rastus?"
"Brodder Johnson, tell me dis, is yo' los' all yo' reasonin'?"
"No, sah, dat I isn't."
"Well, den, yo' talks mighty like it, Brodder Johnson. When de Lawd made de 'possum an sot it aside fur de cullud man, an when he made de watermilin an sot it aside fur de cullud man he specially fin de cullud man's stummick fur de blessing of his. But he fit 'em so dat one wuz to be eaten dis time of de 'yar an de udder wuz to be eaten dat time of de 'yar. An so it is, Brodder Johnson, dat when de cullud man fergits tu 'joy dese blessins of de Lawd one at a time in dere particuler season, den it is dat he ruzes, ez I say, intu de very face of Providence an calls down on him de righteous wrath of Gawd."
"Yo' is a-talkin now, Uncle Rastus."
"Yas, sah, dat I is. An glory be tu Gawd, sah, I is got de good book fur my foundashun. Understan me, Brodder Johnson, I durn't say dat yo' fill den dese berry words dar, but I ditz say dis—that de Lawd said unto de cullud man, 'In de time of 'possum eat 'possum, an in de time of watermilin eat watermilin, and four de Lawd dy Gawd.' So, sah, when de cullud man fergits dat of dere season den yo' kin lue fur confusun of de stummick ebber time, Brodder Johnson."—Washington Star.

Over Nineteen Million Lives.
Humanity is continually at war against itself, without any having taken time to reflect and ask the reason why. It opens its veins for the simple pleasure of seeing its noble blood flow—blood that is always young and continually renewed. How many men are destroyed by war in a century? Official reports and documents presented in the best accredited historical treatises enable us easily to calculate the number of soldiers who have been killed or have died during modern wars.
Thus, for example, we know that during the Franco-German war of 1870-1, 250,000 victims were slain on the two sides; that during the Crimean war, 1854-5, 785,000 men were slain; that during the short Italian war of 1859, 63,000 men fell on the field of battle or died in hospitals; that the game of chess between Prussia and Austria in 1866 deprived 400,000 inhabitants of life; that in the United States the strife between the north and south caused the death of 450,000 men in 1860-4.
We know also that the wars of the first Empire poured out the blood of 5,000,000 Europeans, and moreover that France has taken up arms twenty times since 1815. On adding the number of victims of war during the last century a total of 19,840,900 is reached simply in the civilized countries of Europe and in the United States.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Nature's Frank in Old Missouri.
Stories of queer happenings over the country are being reported daily, but it is hardly probable that the record of American country, Mo., during the past two weeks can be beaten in any other country in the union.
Chas. Canada, near Chapel Grove started off with a three legged coon and then a neighbor, Mrs. Green, came in the field with a chicken with two heads and necks, well developed. Near Martinsburg a mare foaled two colts a mule and a horse. Then a farmer near there plowed up a fine pig in his field and when he placed it in a tub of water it revolved and appeared to be as lively as any other fish. A rain of frogs fell on the farm of David Shire, and he saved six of the batrachians and brought them to town to show for the truth of the story.
After this he began to circulate around, and then a man from near Ladonna brought into the city a snake which he had killed on his farm. The reptile had a number of legs, like those of a small alligator. To cap this a hunter living near the same place shot an animal in a tree and brought down a beast that was half rabbit and half squirrel. He has the skin to show for his story.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

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LITERARY LIGHTS.
Mrs. Humphry Ward is the only woman who was ever made one of the examiners at the University of Oxford.
Lord Tennyson is said to have made more money from the sale of his verses than any other poet who has ever lived.
Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the editor of Harper's Bazar, has received the compliment of a degree from the University of Omaha.
Zola's house in Paris is filled with treasures of art and bric-a-brac which he has secured from the auction rooms, which he is very fond of frequenting.
Henrik Ibsen, the poet-dramatist, is growing rich from his royalties, and he recently purchased a handsome home on one of the principal streets of Christiansia.
George W. Cable is at work on a new novel, the scenes of which are laid in the middle south. The story will not deal with creoles, but with southerners of Anglo-Saxon ancestry.

A Cobbler's Well Filled Head.
"I once knew an old Scotch shoemaker living in the little town of Timpson, Tex., who was perfectly familiar with the works of all the great writers and thinkers since the dawn of Greek civilization," said J. T. Bishop. "He worked at the bench with the dramas of Euripides, the philosophy of Kant and kindred works ever before him. There he sat year after year, surrounded by the choicest flowers of Grecian rhetoric and old shoes, keeping time with his hammer to the music of earth's mightiest bards. He had not only read but digested everything that was worth reading.
"There was not a quip of the sage of Ferney, not a sigh in Wilhelm Meister, not a covert sting in Swift's irony, nor a Parthian arrow in Carlyle's remorseless satire that escaped him. Yet he was but a cobbler. His little shop was to him a palace, whose roof touched heaven, whose walls inclosed the intellectual hierarchy of all ages. The blind bard of Chios struck the lyre and sang to him the wondrous tale of Troy; Socrates sat by his side and discoursed to him, and Demosthenes poured out his fervid eloquence for his entertainment and instruction. Why should he not be happy? Life is very much what we make it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Burial Alive for Indian Lepers.
Surgon General Sir William Moore does not think that the terrible disease leprosy is more prevalent in India now than it was in former years, in spite of the impression to the contrary which led to the appointment of the commission now investigating this subject. Railways, it is observed, have enabled lepers to flock to the large centers where they can find better opportunities of living on alms. The only reason which may have increased the number of lepers he, he believes, the suppression by the British government of what is called "sunajah," the burial alive of lepers, which was formerly a common practice. This horrible custom, in spite of the sufferings as we are told, always adopted with the consent of the leper himself, who frequently declaring to his relatives and friends that he was tired of life—would ask them to perform "sunajah." Then a hole was dug and the leper escorted to the grave with flags, drums, "tomtoms" and other native unmusical instruments. The leper was simply placed in the hole in a sitting posture and the earth filled in.—London News.

Disinfection Food for Starving Russians.
Disinfection has been used recently for an unusual, if not novel, purpose in Russia. Owing to the need for food for the starving peasantry, committees were appointed for the purpose of organizing a collection of scraps left after meals in the large cities. Many such scraps were collected from hospitals and leper social gatherings. These scraps of native of conveying contagious diseases to the peasants whom it was intended to benefit, or of destroying the food. In the face of the terrible scarcity in the country, the latter alternative was clearly to be avoided, if possible, so the question was referred to the bacteriological institution of Odessa for solution which came to the rescue with the suggestion that morsels of bread left over by persons infected with contagious diseases should be dried at a temperature of 350 degrees F., or to be submitted to a current of steam of similar temperature for at least one hour, when they would be thoroughly disinfected.—London Hospital.

Berlin's Great Circus Man.
The funeral of the dean among the circus directors of Europe, Ernest Benz, who died a few days ago at Berlin, was like the cortege of a prince. A military band marched in front of the hearse, which was drawn by six horses; the coffin was buried under a pyramid of flowers, among which were wreaths from high official and military dignitaries; all the best known of the German circus directors followed in their carriages, and a deputation, consisting of three members of the troop of the famous Russian Circus, came from Warsaw on purpose to put a floral tribute on the grave of the man who first converted circus riding into a fine art.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Third Assistant Postmaster General.
The issuing of postage stamps, stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers all belong to one of the divisions under the care of the third assistant postmaster general. There is another division of the same bureau which looks after registered letters, and still another which attends to the system for the special delivery of letters. The classification of mail matter belongs to this bureau, and it is with the third assistant postmaster general or his clerks that newspapers and periodicals have to quarrel over their rights to official entry as second class matter.—Kate Field's Washington.

A Wonderful Fish Story.
"When I was fishing on the Kanlikee some fifteen years ago," said the man with the cigarette, "a whirlwind came along and carried off my vest that was hanging on a limb just over my head. It had my watch in it and a tailor's account. Well, the whole outfit sailed out of sight in less than a minute. Seven years afterward a party of us were camped up the same river, only 100 yards farther up. It was my turn to do the cooking, so I started out for some dry wood, stepped on a log which caved in, and lo! as the story books say, there lay my watch, with the same old tailor's bill twisted through the ring. It was still running.
"Oh, come off! You want us to ask you how such a thing could be and then you'll explain that the whirlwind would your watch up to right that it ran for seven years."
"I didn't say the watch was still running," said the story teller, as he lighted another bacillus exterminator. "I had reference to the tailor's bill. It is running yet, in fact."—Indianapolis Journal.

Botanic Garden at Buitenzorg.
The now famous tropical botanic garden at Buitenzorg, Java, is about thirty-six miles from Batavia, on one of the long ridges that extend to the north of the great mountain of Salak. It is most favorably located, the mean average rainfall amounting to 180 inches per year. It was founded in 1817 by Reinwardt, the commissioner general, under the direction of two chief gardeners, one of whom was a pupil of the royal garden at Kew.
The history of the garden has been one of many vicissitudes, but through the devotion of individuals, especially the energetic Teysmann, it has made important contributions to science.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Moons of Saturn.
One of Saturn's moons, called Mimas, about half the size of the earth's satellite, is so close to the planet in its circling that it seems to cross the face of the latter at an astonishing rate of speed. Of the seven others, Titan has a diameter of 3,500 miles; Iapetus, 1,800 miles; Rhea, 1,200 miles; Dione and Thetys each 500 miles, while Enceladus and Hyperion are very little fellows. Several of them in the sky, together with the flaming ring of star dust stretched athwart the heavens, must make a gorgeous spectacle by night on the Saturnian sphere.—Providence Journal.

Frightful and Nothing Less.
Are the ravages in physical systems caused by diseases of the kidneys and bladder? Owing to the fact that the organs are so close together, it is not surprising that with simple laxativity of the organs, renal disease, if neglected, will be followed by death or, worse, by infirmities of the kidneys. This is a terrible to contemplate, dread it to undergo. Anticipate the danger by arousing and regulating the kidneys when inactive, with Hostetter's Kidney and Bladder Pills, as well as a general alterative and tonic of medicinal value. It performs a further good office in the case of nervous debility, in that it restores the vitality of the system, in that it cures the disease which produces the headache and dizziness, the vertigo, the biliousness, the liver troubles, the nervousness, the dyspepsia, all succumb to its beneficial action.

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