# HOUSEHOLD.

## Dress for the Little Ones.

Fashion occasionally issues a decree for a reform in dress. One of the best of these is the one of plain garments for children. Tucks and ruffles have largely given place to plain home for the skirts of little girls' dresses; while the much-trimmed basques, small copies of their mothers, are now little used, the child's dress having an individuality of its own, as well as being plainly made. To this class belong the popular Gretchen waists, and those made with guimpes. Their underclothing is also less elaborately trimmed, often simply finished with a narrow lace, real hand made, or real machine made, as the purse will allow.

Lest fashion become too sensible and much time be gained for use outside of dress, one of her late decrees is, that ladies' and children's under-clothing be made by hand. It is a question whether this be good sense, or even wise use of time when such beautiful work may so easily be done on the machine. Heretofore even, being closely imitated, by folding pieces several times and putting between the linen or cotton cloth, to be torn out after the stitching has been done, taking care to have the stitch loose.

The little maid of five, if there be older children, may be largely clad from their outgrown garments. Often a little change will make them suit the outside world; dress children from five to ten in much the same manner; the older miss looking the prettier for her childish garments and having the pleasure of a change, when of age to make that change.

I often see a pity to see a little girl of ten or twelve furnished with such an abundant and extensive wardrobe, so closely copied after her young lady sister's, that when she reaches young ladyhood there will be nothing new in either mode or material to mark that epoch.

Under five, if the mother pleases, her little girl may be a Kate Greenaway figure, or a picture of her grandmother at the same age, but over five she may dress much like her sisters of eight or nine. What is said of five may be as well said of four, remembering the younger the child the longer should be the skirts of the dresses. This is a convenience, obviating the necessity of tucks, as the skirt of a child of five will be sufficiently long for the same child when six or ten seven years of age.

For winter wear the first garment required is a combination suit of all or part wool, as the mother thinks best. In either case it should be fine and soft enough to be comfortable to the tender flesh. Better a fine undergarment and a print dress, than a coarse one next the flesh and a cashmere dress outside. These suits may be made from the mother's partly-worn ones, or they may be longer in shirts and drawers, and made into combination suits, at less expense than they can be purchased as such.

For the latter purpose, buy two suits in shirts and drawers. Cut the shirts the right length for a long waist, close the opening in front and open the back if you wish to sew the front of the drawers on the waist. Some prefer to keep them separate and button the drawers on the waist both front and back. Bind the button side, facing that to be used for the buttonholes, that there be no gap when buttoned. Either bind or fold over the lower part of the waist with strong cotton cloth. With the addition of buttons and buttonholes in proper places the garment is complete.

## Cooking Hints.

Before beginning to make cake be sure that the oven is ready and the utensils and materials collected.

If deep pans are to be used and you are afraid the cake will stick, paper it and butter the paper; otherwise butter the pan, line it on flat, and shake out all that is superfluous.

The white of eggs are better if well chilled and the whole set in an ice-box or in the refrigerator a little while before using. Never beat the white of eggs and let them stand while putting together of the mixture to gether. It is always safest to break eggs one at a time.

For pastry or St. Louis flour in cake making. Measure flour for cake after sifting and do not dip the cup into the flour, thereby taking more than an amount than is called for in the rule.

When a cake is baked do not take it to an open window or into a draft but let it remain in the pan a few minutes where it is warm.

If you want a loaf of even thickness do not fill the pan.

In baking cake divide the time in four quarters. In the first half the cake is generally in the oven, the second half it is usually in the third quarter it is turned and brown and usually in the last quarter it settles and shrinks from the pan and the holders should begin to cease in their hold and heat and gently expand the moisture is and be entirely extracted.

Do not be afraid of looking at the cake in the oven, turn it if it needs turning, but do not open and close the oven with a bang, throwing a current of cool air across the cake. Every housekeeper must learn the temperature of her own oven.

Confectioners' sugar for frosting, fine as flour, is sold.

CAKE SO GOOD EASTER CAKE.—Beat two eggs until thick and light; add one cupful of granulated sugar and beat again. Add of melted butter one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of milk and one cupful flour to which has been added one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a slow oven 20 minutes. Cool and put the following mixture between and on top of the cakes. For the filling, put a heaping cup of fresh whole strawberries, one cup of powdered sugar and the white of one egg in a bowl and beat with a wooden spoon until stiff enough to hold its shape. It takes a long continued beating to make this filling, but it well repays the trouble. Too cries could be served in small glasses with cake.

FRENCH CREAM CAKES.—Boil one cup of water and a scant one-half cup of butter, add a cup of flour all at once and beat until the mixture leaves the pan. Remove from the fire and add four eggs, one at a time, beating altogether vigorously. When smooth drop by spoonfuls on a buttered pan, shaping them a little oblong; bake in a moderate oven. Some times eggs are so small that a pint of flour or a whole dozen must be added. Cool the cakes, split and fill with whipped cream sweetened and flavored. Use a pint of heavy cream, one cup of milk, one half cupful powdered sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until stiff with a wire beater.

COFFEE ECLAIRS AND IICING.—Shape the cream cake mixture with a pastry bag, bake, cool and fill with coffee cream. Mix a cup of sugar, a generous third of a cup of flour and two slightly beaten eggs. Pour on one pint of hot milk and cook in the double boiler. Ten minutes. Cool and flavor with one teaspoonful of coffee extract.

Ice the tops with coffee icing made by boiling together a cup of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water until it becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. Pour this syrup over the slightly-beaten whites of two eggs, beat well and boil again. Set the pan in ice water, then add a tablespoonful of coffee extract; beat with the egg beater until the icing is thick and cold. Dip the eclairs in this. This is a satisfactory icing to use on cake.

JELLY MERINGUES.—Line little patty pans with puff paste rolled very thin. Put a cube of jelly in the bottom of the pan and cover with a tablespoonful of cake mixture. Bake, in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cool and cover with a meringue.

For the meringue beat four eggs until stiff; add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one at a time and beat until stiff enough to hold its shape. Spread this on top of the little cakes and sprinkle with shredded almonds, then bake in a slow oven until brown.

WHITE CAKE.—Cream one half cup of butter, add a cup of sugar gradually and beat well. Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cupsful flour and add this alternately with one-half cup of milk. Add the beaten whites of four eggs and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla; then beat for ten minutes. This extra beating gives a fine grain to the cake. Bake this cake in a shallow pan about 20 minutes.

ORANGE LOAF.—To the grated yellow rind of one orange add four tablespoonfuls of juice. Let it stand an hour or more; then add one-half saltspoonful of tartaric acid. Stir well and beat in confectioners' sugar until thick enough to spread.

For another convenient frosting use two tablespoonfuls of either cream, milk or fruit juice and add as much confectioners' sugar as it will take; or for a yellow frosting take the yolk of one egg and a tablespoonful of water or wine and add sugar until stiff enough to spread.

Ambition is often overtaken by calamity, because it is not aware of its pursuer and never looks behind.—[Paul Chatfield.

Every tree and shrub is a distaff for holding, and every twig a spindle for spinning, the material with which God invests it.—[J. G. Holland.

## IN THE CORAL SEA.

### An Extraordinary Search for an Eccentric Young Heir.

When David Totten of Birmingham, England, passed away in the 78th year of his age he left £3,000,000 behind him, every pound of which was to go to his son Dick. The wife had been dead many years, and Dick had been in Australia for four or five.

Indeed, for the last year and a half he had not been heard from, directly or indirectly, and the best the Birmingham solicitors could do was to advertise for him in the Sydney and Melbourne papers.

Dick Totten was a queer young man. He was about 24 when he landed in Australia. Nature had not balanced his head just right. He was given to fits and moods, and no one liked him. He left home in a huff, as he had done on several other occasions, and he made things aboard the steamer very uncomfortable for the other passengers on the voyage out. He picked so many rows that the Captain had to threaten him with irons to

TAME HIM DOWN.

He had not been in Sydney four hours when he was arrested for striking a pedestrian who accidentally jostled him on a corner. After a few days he went off up country, and later was lost sight of by every one who knew him.

When the news came out to the colony that Dick Totten was wanted as the heir to £3,000,000 there was something of a stir. When, three months later, it was advertised that a reward of £2,500 would be paid to any one locating him, there was only one man in all Australia who could come near where near it. That man was John Faulkner of Melbourne. He had been a sailor and a ship carpenter, but having lost a leg he had been compelled to "job around" and pick up the best living he could. It was strange information he had to give. It seemed that young Totten became disgusted with Australia after travelling about for a couple of years, and decided to retire from that colony and the world as well. One day he appeared at Melbourne, and began searching for a small sailing craft. In this search he ran across Faulkner, who knew of a small sloop for sale. Totten's first idea was to go off alone, but when he found that no craft which one man could manage would be safe

A MILE OFF THE COAST

he changed his plans. The sloop in question could be handled by a crew of three. He bought her, and engaged Faulkner and a second man named Ross. He gave his own name as White, and his destination as the Coral Sea for a pleasure cruise.

The two men very soon concluded that Totten (White) was a little off, but as he promised good wages and appeared able to manage business matters, they decided to stick by him. In addition to the sloop's regular equipment they should not mention a word to outsiders, and when the sloop left not a man in Melbourne knew anything of her plans. She was well provisioned, and Totten took aboard a stock of garden seeds, a quantity of lumber, hardware, tools, and extra clothing, among his purchases was one of $500 worth of books. He also took with him six goats, six pigs, two dozen hens, a dozen ducks, a couple of rabbits, two dozen pigeons, a couple of dogs and a parrot. The sloop took her departure at night, and several days later was sighted at sea. According to the story told by Faulkner, and everybody believed in his veracity, the sloop stood to the north until she reached the New Guinea Islands. If you have a chart of that sea you will find it more or less composed of islands, great and small. They number at least 500 in all, ranging in size from a few acres to islands inhabited by 2,000 natives.

For many days the sloop was hedging about among the island's to find one to suit Totten. He at length selected one about two miles long by one mile in breadth. A portion of it was

COVERED WITH FOREST,

and the remainder was a fertile plain. There was a large spring of fresh water, no signs of inhabitants, and when he had inspected it he announced his intention of entering upon a Crusoe life. The crew of the sloop was unbeknown, he could find upon a spot which he selected for the site of his house, and the two men were with him for a week or more. When everything was safely landed he gave them their wages for six months, presented Faulkner with the sloop, and ordered them off. That it might not be easy to find him should search be made, he took away the compass. The men hesitated to go without it, but he became so emphatic that they feared violence, and put to sea.

Fortunately when about one hundred miles to the south they came across a trading vessel, which sold them a compass and gave them a chart and too coming, at a great deal of knocking about they reached Melbourne. That is, Faulkner did, for Ross died of sea fever three days before, of some strange fever. Fortunately for the survivor he had spoken a ship, and she was lying by beside him when his mate died. Otherwise it might have been suspected that he had made way with him. Faulkner had nothing to say on his return, and it was only when he became convinced that White was Totten and the missing heir that he came forward and told the whole story.

By the time a Melbourne solicitor had been empowered to send out a searching expedition two years had elapsed. There was a wait to find the right sort of craft and another for the bad weather season to pass, and when the search was finally entered upon Dick Totten had been playing Robinson Crusoe for over two years and a half. The craft chartered for the search was a topsail schooner of 300 tons burden, carrying a crew of seven men, and the solicitor sent one of his clerks along as his legal representative. As I was mate of the craft, I am speaking by the card in giving you all these particulars. The Captain was a man named Munroe, who had long been in the New Zealand trade. Faulkner was taken along as cook, and our departure

CREATED QUITE A STIR

throughout Australia. It is probably the only case on record where a ship had to be chartered to search the ocean for life sole heir to an enormous fortune.

You will figure that it was a very easy thing to steer for the Coral Sea and have Faulkner point out the island on which Totten had taken up his abode, but we found difficulties from the very outset. Totten had a chart of the Coral Sea, but he had not allowed Faulkner to inspect it. The latter, therefore, could not say what islands had been sighted. He could not be certain of the course steered afterward. Our only way was to visit and search every one, unless we happened to fall in with natives or a trader who could give us definite information.

We steered a course for Louisiade Archipelago, which is about opposite and to the east of Cape York on the mainland. Here within an area of thirty square miles are no less than twenty-two small islands. In some cases the channels between them were navigable; in others we had to send in the yawl. Each and every island was explored, but without giving us any tidings. One island looked like another to Faulkner, and we soon found that he was all upside down. When we had finished with the archipelago we steered to the northeast and picked up island after island without scoring a point. At the Woodlark group we came across a trading schooner which gave us a bit of information. Her captain reported that he had attempted to land on a small island about sixty miles to the east to replenish his water casks, but had been fired upon by some one concealed in the bushes and driven off. That was eighteen months previously. His description of the island tallied pretty well with Faulkner's, and we at once set out in search.

The trader's information as to location and distance was indefinite, and while sailing to the east we stopped to examine every unhabited island which

PROMISED US A CLUE.

One day in searching an island which Faulkner was almost sure was the one been left on, I ran across an old camp which had previously been occupied by several men for some days or weeks. They had built rude shelters, cut down many small trees for firewood, and there were many relics of their stay. I found something which at once added a very serious face to our further search. I picked up three books which had doubtless been of the number carried out by Totten, and also found some seeds, three or four pieces of crockery, and a hand mirror. As soon as Faulkner had landed he was sure he had never set foot in that place before. We explored the island from side to side and from end to end, and it was found to be anything but the one the sailor had lived on for a week or ten days.

We now feared the worst. On all the inhabited islands of the Coral Sea is a class of men called "beachcombers." They are sailors, traders, wreckers, thieves, and worse. Anything which can be carried off is their prey, and half a dozen of them often band together and take possession of some small island. If these men had discovered Totten on this island home they would not hesitate at murder in order to secure his possessions. The relics found in the old camp seemed to prove robbery at least. Totten had no boat and could not leave his island. If my one had visited him he would not have presented them with the books, as the uncut leaves proved he had not yet perused them himself. It was almost without hope that we continued the search.

On the fourth day after we struck the right island at last, though Faulkner declared he had never set eyes on it before. This was because he had approached it from the south with the sloop, whereas we now approached it from the northern side. We did not know it to be the right island until some time after landing. The schooner was obliged to cast anchor about half a mile off the beach, and I then went ashore with the men. A heavy growth of trees and bushes came right down to high-water mark. The three of us set out to cross to the south side, and we had made our way for about half a mile when we

CAUGHT SIGHT OF A GOAT.

and also heard a rooster crow. A few minutes later a dog barked, and then we knew for certain that we had at last found the hiding place of the missing heir. The dog presently appeared to view, but he looked wild and half starved, and with all our coaxing we could not bring him nearer.

"If the man was here that dog would not look that way," observed one of the men.

I had the same thought, and believing that we were on the point of making some old discovery I ordered a return to the beach and had the men pull off for the Captain and the lawyer's clerk. There were five of us, and we struck into the forest again. When we reached its southern edge we saw a rude board shanty a few rods before us, the door of which was open and swinging in the breeze. Some fowls were walking about, and we could hear pigs grunting in the bushes. The dog which we had seen before now sainted us from a mass of rocks surrounding the spring. On the lawn around the house were scattered leaves of books, articles of clothing, broken boxes, and many bottles, and as we looked about the Captain said:

"The beachcombers have been here, and we shall find only the bones of the man we seek!"

We first moved down to the house. It contained only one room, and the floor was littered with books, bottles, seeds, and various other things. Boxes had been broken open and their contents emptied, but amid all the confusion it could be seen that nothing of real value was left. In and about the door were a score of bullet holes.

"We shall find it down there," said the Captain, as he pointed to the rocks, and we followed him. The dog made a great fuss as we drew near, and we knew why. He was

GUARDING THE DEAD BODY

of his master. No it was not a dead body but rather a skeleton. The flesh was upon yet all gone, but what was left had shriveled and dried and looked like leather. It lay at full length, and there was a bullet hole through the centre of the forehead.

Twenty rods to the south, in the edge of a thicket, we found two more skeletons. These men had belonged to the party making the attack. We figured it out that Totten had first been attacked in his house. He had a good supply of firearms and ammunition, and he was doubtless unable to return the fire of his assailants from the shanty he had charged out and ensconced himself among the rocks. How long he had stood off no one could say, but he had made a good fight of it before being struck down.

When we left the island we took with us the skeleton and everything bearing on the case. We then spent six weeks cruising about in search of a clue to the murderers. We ran across a trader who had seen six beachcombers in a craft in the neighborhood of the island. We found a native with one of Totten's guns, which he had bought of a whitoman. We found men who had seen the other dog. We found some of the books and a medicine chest, but we failed to lay hands on the guilty parties, and to this day they have gone unpunished for that destardly crime. As near as we could fix it the murder took place at least a year before we reached the island. Our search proved the death of the legal heir, and the millions of money went to the next of kin, who had been old Totten's bitterest enemies for many long years.

## Uncle Sam Badly Worsted.

The temporary settlement of the Bering Sea difficulty, pending the meeting of the commission, furnishes the democratic papers of the States with good campaign thunder. According to this branch of the American press Uncle Sam has got badly worsted in negotiations. Here is what the New York SUN says on the matter:—"The Parliamentary Secretary of the Foreign Office has announced to the British House of Commons the complete accord of his Government with the United States Government in regard to the Behring Sea modus vivendi, called. In the temporary convention, as well as in the treaty of arbitration, our government has been overreached, outwitted, checkmated, put to shame. There will be few more moves, but the checkmate is there. The present situation is one which must be highly satisfactory to England and to Canada. The arbitration is ingeniously confined to points on which a decision adverse to the United States is a foregone conclusion. There is no more doubt that our claim to exclusive jurisdiction will be thrown out at Paris than there is that the sun will rise on the morning of the day, twelve or twenty-four months hence, when the tribunal shall have finished its labors and shall announce its judgment. The same thing will happen to our claim that the Pribylov seal herds, when away from the islands, are not creatures of nature, but the property of this nation, which this nation may follow and protect anywhere in the waste of ocean waters. There will be a show of collecting and arranging evidence, framing arguments, and making and presenting an American case, but the case is foredoomed to failure. No lawyer versed in international law, no intelligent person, has any other expectation. Mr. Blaine seems to have perceived all this clearly from the first. When he was personally in charge of the negotiations he endeavored by every means to avoid the diplomatic cul de sac into which President Harrison has since steered the American case. The settlement of the Behring Sea question is to be credited exclusively to Gen. Harrison and the Republican Senate; and it is a triumph which is good only until after election, and until the decision of the Paris tribunal transforms it into the greatest diplomatic reverse and humiliation which this country has ever experienced. The same thing is true of the temporary arrangement pending the decision of the arbitrators. The modus vivendi is practically the wager of an indefinite sum of money that our case will prevail at Paris. Everything is staked upon a decision which is bound to be against us. It is betting against dead certainty. The millions in the way of consequential damages may not have to be paid for one, two, or three years, but paid they will have to be, not the less surely on account of the postponement. The Canadian pirates can afford to stay ashore and figure up largely the potative gains which they would have made if permitted to pursue their cruises of extermination. For those reasons the phrase now running so glibly on Republican tongues, and flowing so comfortably from Republican pens, is totally and absurdly inapt. So far as concerns the American case and the future of the life of the Alaska fur seal, it is not a modus vivendi. It is a modus moriendi."

## TO CURE A HORSE OF BALKING.

### A Recipe Given as Infallible by a Mounted Policeman.

An officer of the police detail said recently: "When I was a mounted policeman I learned of a most humane and kind method of curing a balky horse. It not only never fails, but it does not give the slightest pain to the animal. When the horse refuses to go take the front foot at the fetlock and bend the leg at the knee joint. Hold it thus for three minutes, and let it down and the horse will go.

"The only way in which I can account for this effective mastery of the horse is, that he can think of only one thing at a time, and having made up his mind not to go, my theory is that the bending of the leg takes his mind from the original thought. There have been some barbarously cruel methods resorted to to make a balky horse go its way, such as filling the mouth with sand, severely beating the horse or, as in one recent case, cutting out his tongue. The humane societies would have their hands full to care for all these cruelties to animals. If they only knew, the owners of horses would adopt my treatment, and there would be no trouble with the erstwhile troublesome balky horses."


# CATARRH

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, effects a permanent cure of catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar


## Der Oak Und Der Vine.

I don'd vas preaching woman's rights,
Or anything like dot,
Und I likes to see all peoples
Shust condent in their lot;
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
Dot made dis little shoke:
"A vomun vas der clinging vine,
Und man, der sturdy oak."

Berhaps, sometimes, dat may be true;
Budt, den dimes oudt of nine,
I find mosodt de man himself
Was pen der clinging vine;
Und ven hees frendts they all vas gone,
Und he vas shust "dead broke,"
Dot's vhen dey vomun shtoms right in
Und peck der sturdy oak.

Shust go out to der pasoball groundts
Und see those "sturdy oaks"
All pitched round mun der seat
Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Then go dhose vomens at der tubs,
Mit clothes oud on der lines;
Which vas der sturdy oaks, mine frendts,
Und which der clinging vines?

Ven sickness finder house oldt comes,
Und weeks und weeks he stays,
Who vas dt fighdt him mitoudt resdt,
Dhose years nights und days?
Who bears und comfort always pings,
Und cools dot fevered prow?
More like dt vas der tender vine
Dot oak he clings to now.

"Man vants budt vedt here below,
Per bore von time said;
Dhere's leedle dot mun hedn't vant,
I think it means, married!
Und ven der year's begin rolling on,
Dheir cares und troubles pringing,
He vants to be der sturdy oak,
Und, also, to dey clinging.

Maybe, vhen oaks stoop cling some more,
I mean dey vedt pretty pen,
Der clinging vine finding her some shade
To help run life's mess;
In bright und sunny weather, dey and pain,
Health or sickness, rain,
'Tvas bedder det dhese oaks und vines
Should always cling togedhher.

We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse.—[Cervantes.

Anger is an expensive luxury in which only men of a certain income can indulge.—[George W. Curtis.


# "German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.


## Evening.

Dear Lord, in spite of all the crowning woods
Always the thoughts will be, we pass sky are gleaming
Of good and ill, and we pass sky are gleaming
Looking up to you and fain, one almost dreams.

The opening gate of Paradise half left
Some time of glory to the living day;
And earth, heard one's, with longing, ling'ring
Would fain rise up and move along that way.

A stillness sweet and solemn all around;
The song of birds is no dead; there falls no
Of rustling leaf, or taken trembling reed,
Upon the fair mind brightness of the river.

The crescent moon gleams coldly, dimly, forth
And in the deepening hue of heaven, afar,
A tender watcher over the troubled world,
Shineth one solitary gilt ring star.

The shadows deepen on the distant hill;
The highest peaks but touched with long'ring
Then, and down their purpling sides, soft misty
Glooms.
Wrapped the valleys in a dusky night.

And far away the murmur of the sea,
And music, as of angels breathing in fanny line,
So Night God's Angel, Night with silvery
Wings,
Fills all the earth with loveliness divine.

—Graham.

## Kissing Good-Eye.

A kiss he took and a backward look,
And her heart grew suddenly lighter;
A trifle, you say, to offer a day,
Yet the dull gray morn seemed brighter;
For heart-aches shall that a tender touch
Many banish a look of sadness;
A small, slight thing can make or sing,
But a frown will check our gladness.

The cheerier ray along our way
Is the little act of kindness;
And the keenest stin, some careless thing
That was done in a moment of blindness.
We can bravely face life in a home where
smile
No foe to hold can discover,
And be lovers still if we only will,
Though youth's bright days are over.

Ah, sharp as swords cut the unkind words
That are far beyond recalling;
When a face lies hid death's cold lid,
And bitter tears are falling,
We fain would give half the lives we live
To undo our life scorning;
Then let us not miss the smile and kiss
When we part in the light of morning.

## Myths Concerning Amputation.

The Chinese, perhaps, show the greatest repugnance of all civilized races of men to the surgical operation of amputation. It is a remarkable fact, however, that all savage and semi-barbaric races exhibit the same dislike of having any member of the body severed. Many of the Sea Island negroes will rather die before they will undergo an operation which involves the loss of a limb. From the most trustworthy data at hand, it does not appear that as if the Chinese show their dislike for having members trimmed off on account of fear or pain, it being well known that, as religious fanatics they will undergo any amount of physical suffering; it seems as if it is an almost insane desire to keep the body intact. If a Chinaman does, as he has been known to in rare instances, submit to the operation, he will not be satisfied unless the limb be preserved and kept where he can see it and have it buried with him at his death. They say that the Supreme Being cannot make a perfect heavenly creature of a maimed man.


ST. JACOBS OIL

St. Jacobs Oil

CONQUERS PAIN.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN


## The Bride's Dress

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

## WAR MESSENGER PIGEONS.

### They are Now Being Trained in France and Germany.

To one not previously acquainted with the facts the amount of scientific study that has been devoted to the birds known as homing pigeons must appear surprising. The true homing pigeon is not a distinct variety of the ordinary carrier pigeons, but are almost all descendents of a specially trained and developed race of birds in Belgium, where they are called passenger pigeons, or travelling pigeons—les pigeons voyageurs. These pigeons have been enrolled, so to speak, in the armies of Europe, of which they form really important members. A map recently published in La Nature shows the many lines of pigeon communication running from the frontier fortresses of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal to the capitals of those countries.

Pigeons are kept trained to fly along these routes, and they could carry news of an invasion when all the telegraph lines and other ordinary means of communication were cut off.

The ability of a pigeon to find its way home across many hundred miles of country is frequently ascribed to instinct. But Mr. W. B. Tegetmeyer, writing on this subject in Nature, points out that the theory has been entirely disproved by the pigeons that have taken place between Rome and Belgium. The distance is 800 or 900 miles. The pigeons used had been trained to fly from the south of France to Belgium, but about half of the country lying between Rome and Belgium was unfamiliar to them. Hundreds were started from Rome, but only a very few got to their homes in Belgium, and they occupied from eleven days to two weeks.

The explanation is that the lofty chain of the Alps cut off their view of the country farther north that was familiar to them, and so they were lost, only those which flew along the coast until they reached southern France being able to find their way.

When fog and mist conceal the face of the country the pigeons make very slow progress. Under ordinarily favorable circumstances pigeons fly from southern France to Brussels, a distance of about 500 miles, between sunrise and early evening. Their average rate of flight varies from twenty-eight to forty-seven miles an hour. Of course they can fly much faster with the wind than against it. They do not fly after 8 o'clock in the evening.

## Emperor William's Mental Condition.

The leading article in the Contemporary Review for April is an estimate of the character and mental condition of William II., King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. We are not surprised to hear that the article has given great offence to the young ruler and has been proscribed in Prussia. The author does not sign his name, but he is evidently a German, and as clearly a man extremely well informed. The opinions which he expresses are virtually identical with those arrived at by disinterested American observers, and he does not hesitate to describe the young Emperor as the victim of that form of cerebral disorder known as fabedes grandiosa or megalomania. It is pointed out that the notion that William II. is a man of superior ability was due partly to the dismissal of Bismarck, an act whose real significance time only could disclose. According to the success or failure of the attempt to improve upon the veteran Chancellor, the act would be pronounced a proof of credit or the contrary, or stupid wilfulness. The question, however, to take the young Kaiser at his own valuation, was due mainly to the newspapers, and the recipe in calling the representatives of journalism "Press Bandits" (press scoundrels), he seems to have been both ungrateful and unwise. The press has a way of making its idols, and it is quite capable of unmaking the young Kaiser. It is certain that ever since Bismarck's dismissal the Kolnische Zeitung, the Munchner Allgemeine Zeitung have announced their former tone of adulation, that such a periodical as the Preussische Jahrbucher allows Prof. Delbruck to say he Mated regretfully, apropos of the Emperor's wild utterance in the Brandenburg Diet, that "for years it will may be regarded as the fundamental sentiment that has prevailed if it is lost forever." There is no danger we serious and thoughtful writer, "that we are not regard the menacing approach of WILLIAM II. as a disaster of extreme and appalling magnitude." The writer in the Contemporary, the Emperor exhibits a "lack of sense of many things. For instance, he has not yet learnt to be a hero in the full sense of the word, possibly after even a great war. The young Kaiser shows many side-lights of the Byzantine emperors and mediæval princes, and is the type of the enthusiastic American, who, after being the Emperor's guest in the immediate, wrote home that Frederick the Great had come. Such a comparison would never be made in Germany. Nobody dares to address the Emperor's own faith in his prescience and omnipotence. His vanity is unbearable, and the mischief of his "pet" on all occasions is superb. According to the writer in the Contemporary, the most ominous point product of the Emperor's vanity and superficiality is the "Cæsaro-mania" (megalomania) which he seems to be developing at an alarming rate. It seems that this specific form of cerebral derangement, the diseased estimate of the relative proportions of things, is, so to speak a German disease, being so common among sedately balanced creatures in Germany as the thing is in England. It is this megalomania on the part of the ruler which causes the deepest anxiety to Germany, because it is feared that it will lead to some irreparable exhibition of want of tact and thence to war. We are told that intelligent onlookers argue in this way: vanity is at the bottom of all the young sovereign's outbursts; but finding that he is unable to gain by peaceful pastimes the premature immortality, the thirst for his restless, nervous irritability will increase and degenerate into reckleness; and then his megalomania may blind him to the dangers he and his unlucky country must encounter on the warpath. The danger is augmented by the fact, that there is a party in Berlin eager for war with Russia, and convinced that the sooner the struggle comes the better.

## The Fickleness of Fortune.

Learn how quickly turns the wheel of fortune; from how high up to how far down went Nebuchadnezzar. Those now in places of position and power, even though they should live, will in a few years be disregarded while some who are this day obscure and poverty-stricken will ride up on the backbone of the people to take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, how quickly the wheel turns! Ballot boxes are the steps on which men come down as often as they go up. Of those who were a few years ago successful in the accumulation of property, how few have not met with reverses of fortune, while many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold the bonds and the bank keys of the nation and win the most bows on the exchange. Of all fickle people in the world Fortune is the most fickle. Every day changes her mind, and woe to that man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes. She cheers when you go up and she laughs when you come down. Oh, trust not a moment your heart's affects in this changeable world. Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's love gather your joy. Then come sorrow or gladness, success or defeat, riches or poverty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all are yours and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's.

[From Modern Truth, London, Eng.]

We recommend this truly wonderful remedy—St. Jacobs Oil—to everyone who is suffering from pain. We are personally acquainted with many marvellous cures effected by its use. While the above is from Modern Truth, it is an ancient fact that for the cure of pain St. Jacobs Oil has no equal.

## To Dispel Gloom.

Headaches and [illegible] clogs the system effectually, when costive or bilious, or when food is impure or sluggish, to prevent habitual constipation, to awaken kidneys and liver to a healthy action without irritating or weakening the system, take a dose of Syrup of Figs.

In the United States there are about 16,000,000 cows—one for every [illegible] persons.

The Montana Mining and Investment Company, President, with main office in Butte City, Montana, U.S.A., advertises in the columns of this paper to loan money on mining securities anywhere in Canada. The Company is authorized by the State of Montana for a period of twenty years, is capitalized at twelve million dollars, and advertisement elsewhere.

A Sacramento tobacco [illegible] just invented, is an iron flume [illegible] for GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM, take no substitute.

It is estimated that [illegible] people in 11,000 live to celebrate their golden wedding.

## Dreamland.

In the dim realm I wandered through,
The shallow land of sleep,
Came many souls of lovers true,
A tryst unknown to keep.

There came the God of Dreams to rule
His phantom kingdom o'er,
And roses white and wonderful,
And ghostly lilies bore.

And as I wandered, loneliest
The spirits free among,
Unto all those whose love was blest,
The fairest flowers he flung.

Then I caught his garment's floating hem,
Murmuring bitterly:
"King all the daylight is for them—
And hast thou naught for me?"

An instant as I stayed him here
He looked upon my face,
Before his garment's fold of air
Melted from my embrace.

Then, swifter than a shadow flies,
He passed, and no flower fell—
But his eyes were as my lost love's eyes,
Looking a last farewell.

—[May Kendall.

## Everybody's Garden.

All a'long the wayside is everybody's garden
There the wild rose blossoms through the
Sunny days,
Rounded by field fences, and ever stretching
onward,
It is God's own garden. For it, give Him
praise.

'Tis gay with golden-rod,
Green blooming grasses and,
And sunflowers small and yellow turn ever un-
to the sun;
Gaudy turkey-heads are there,
And daisies wild and fair.
In everybody's garden, each flower's the love-
liest one.

All a'long the wayside is everybody's garden!
Come and gather posies; the very air is
sweet.
Come on, with hearts of gladness, ye big and
little children,
Into our Father's garden, made for our strolling
feet.

The flitting butterfly,
The fragrant winds that sigh,
The tiny clouds that hover above us in the blue;
The bird's song high and clear,
Make heaven and new more near.
In everybody's garden the world once more is
new!

—[William Zachary (Gladwin.

## Mosses From an old Manse.

BY REV. THOS. DOWLING, D. D.

The minister's wife had just finished her chores,
By calling on all the church people;
And some she'd found open as both the church
doors,
And some she'd found stiff as the steeple.

For while all the deacons had kept on the wall
A committee had come like a flock;
And by giving her husband a generous call,
Had shaken the outworks of Zion.

For years they had paid him who taught them
the Word,
About six hundred dollars or seven;
For they felt that a preacher should "trust in
the Lord,
And grow fat on the "manna from Heaven."

And so the rich question had come to annoy;
Which with so many ministers rankles;
For the lord had sent children; three girls and
a boy,
And the boy—hollow down to his ankles.

Sister Blodgett, the wife of "a pillar," had
cried,
(They supported a carriage and horses),
"Brother dear you sin against God," she had
sighed;
"A rolling stone gathers no mosses."

The preacher looked up from the book which
he read
And his merry eyes twinkled with laughter.
"Why didn't you tell sister Blodgett," he said,
"That moss isn't what we are after?"

[New York Independent.

## Catholic Beads.

A most interesting set of Roman Catholic beads consists of silver bridal beads, two faces to each head like the old coins of Rome. The beads are strung together by tiny chains. There are fifty eight beads and fifty single faces on the cross. The faces are all alike, but the beads are of three different sizes.

## Demonstrated.

Sometimes it costs hundreds of dollars to convince a man; very often less is required, but in the case of Polson's Nervoline, that sovereign remedy for pain, 10 cents foots the bill, and supplies enough Nervoline to convince everyone sufferer that it is the best, most prompt and certain pain remedy in the world. Nervoline is good for all kinds of pain, pleasant to take, and sure to cure cramps and all internal pains. It is also nice to rub outside, for it has an agreeable smell, quite unlike so many other preparations, which are positively disagreeable to use. Try it now. Go to a drug store and buy a 10 or 25 cent bottle. Polson's Nervoline. Take no other.

Four-fifths of the world's supply of cloves come from Zanzibar and Pemba, Africa.

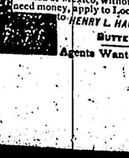
## Nature's Creative Powers Surpass

all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it assists those with Zest that quenches thirst. Also St. Leon soothes, heals, and tones up the nerve and vital forces, is so full of that joy-giving life, enchanting third can be spared. This charming refined feelings that now readily on when St. Leon is imbibed there only can tell Mighty it well.

Pupils in the schools of Japan are taken out, among handling, one day in every season.

Silk long line is one of the most fashionable of the spring materials.

A. P. 107.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.

The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the Emulsion as he would take milk. Palatable as a wonderful flesh builder. Take no other