

RING OUT THE BELLS.

Ring out, ring out, ye merry bells,
And let the deep-mouthed cannon roar,
Each patriot boom swells,
The glorious Fourth is here once more.
When night descends what joys are his!
The hissing rocket cleaves the skies.
Hark! hear the roman candles rise,
Behold the red and blue lights rise.
Now, watch! 2-21 bang, torpedoes crash
And split the forest of night;
Fire-crackers jump, toy-platoons flash,
Mid exclamations of delight,
Now blow the barrel smother! with ear,
Slow matches pass from hand to hand,
And alive and sticking-plasters are
At druggists' stores in great demand.

HOW WE CELEBRATED.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY.

JUST look out for Lute Carson, boys. You'll likely find him campin' somewhere below here. If he hails you, bid him the time of day and pass on."

"And who is Lute Carson?" said Mark, dropping the paddle. He had picked up, and balancing himself on the side of his canoe.

"Our friend the farmer wiped his perspiring brow and hid his jovial features behind a mask of gravity."

"Now that a mor'n I can tell," he replied. "He's a reckless, good for nothin' kind of a chap, with two barum scarum sons as big as he is, an' there are some as say he wouldn't stop at no crime ter git what he wanted. 'Bout ten years ago he served a term for highway robbery, an' since that he's been livin' away back at Redfield's Clearin', among the mountains. How he lives, I don't know, but this time of the year he generally comes down to the river an' camps for a month or so in a shanty at the mouth of Montongo Creek. He catches fish, I believe, an' sells 'em down at Laceyville. I don't s'pose he'd molest you, though. Goin', are yet? Waal, good by. Stop next year if you come this way."

We sprang into our canoes, waved a farewell to the friendly farmer on whose land we had camped the previous night, and paddled swiftly down the river in the bracing air of the beautiful July morning.

With my companions, Mark Mayne and Jim Dale, I was making a canoe cruise down the Susquehanna. We were approaching the border of Bradford County, after two weeks of intermittent paddling from Otsego Lake, and this was the first warning we had received of peril ahead.

We paddled along several hours and then the river narrowed, and we could hear some distance below us the roar of the rapids. As we came nearer we saw that the channel ran close to the shore. The river made a sharp rocky promontory just into the water.

We swung into the rapids, Mark taking the lead, and plunged through the foaming spray and the half concealed knots of stone. We passed in safety through the worst part, and as we rounded the point of rocks at a terrific speed, and glided swiftly into the smoother reach of water beyond, we saw before us, submerged to his waist in the very centre of the channel, a man intently engaged in fishing.

We shouted with all our might, but the roar of the rapids drowned our voices, and the man continued to toss his lines, unconscious of his peril. Mark made a desperate effort to turn aside, and he struck the unfortunate fisherman broadside, and before he could find time to cry out the latter went head foremost into the river, while Mark glided gracefully over him.

I uttered a cry of horror, and then, to make matters worse, just as the poor fellow struggled to the surface and got his head and shoulders out of water, I banged into him sideways and down he went again, vainly trying to obtain a foothold on the slippery stones.

Dale followed close behind, and just as we all floated into the still, deep water below, the man came to the surface and waded bravely to the shore, choking and spluttering up the water that he had swallowed.

He reached the bank and danced about for an instant, shaking his dripping clothes and gasping for breath. He was a big, burly looking fellow, with a heavy black beard. We hesitated for a moment, not knowing what to do, for the man was certainly mad, very mad.

"Then Mark called out: 'I beg your pardon; we really could not help it, you know. It was an accident.'"

But the man still continued his wild dance; and then, recovering all at once the use of his voice, he began to swear fearfully.

"You young wretches!" he cried. "I'll break every bone in your bodies! I'll learn you a lesson! Just here a fit of coughing shut him off, and, seizing a couple of big stones, he made for us on a run.

We grabbed our paddles and struck out for the middle of the river.

As soon as the man saw that we were out of reach he changed his tactics and ran back up stream. We could not imagine what he was about at first, and then the startling truth flashed upon us.

"That's Lute Carson," said Dale, "and there is the shanty he lives in," and he pointed to a rude cabin that was built close under the cliff, and had entirely escaped our notice.

"And down here is the mouth of Montongo Creek," added Mark.

"My gracious, look what he's doing!" cried Dale, suddenly.

We now observed for the first time a boat tumbled bottom up on the shore. Carson, for it was undoubtedly he, had seized the chain, and was dragging it toward the water. It resisted his efforts, and, letting go of it, he gave a couple of loud shouts.

"I think it is time to leave," suggested Mark; he is evidently calling his sons.

Dale was a ready some yards ahead, and, without losing any time, we paddled swiftly down stream.

Carson still continued to shout, and we fancied we could hear a faint reply. Then, as he saw us moving swiftly, cut to reach, he ran into the hut, and before we could see what he was about, he

rushed out again with a gun, and fired directly at us.

The shot actually splattered about our canoes, and setting our teeth firmly, we paddled as we had never paddled before. Another bead was before us, and just as we neared the turn Mark wheeled round in his canoe and leveled a pair of field glasses up the river. He took a long survey and then picked up his paddle.

"There are three of them now," he said, slowly. "They have launched the boat and are coming in pursuit."

We bent to our paddles without a word. Our canoes were light runners, and we stood a good chance of escaping. But as we rounded the bend we encountered an obstacle that doomed us to certain capture.

A stiff breeze blew up the river, and the rolling waves instantly checked our progress. We knew it was useless to think of making speed in the teeth of such a gale.

Mark scanned the shores closely; on both sides were the mountains.

"No landing place anywhere. Stop! I have it," he cried. "You see that ledge of rocks over there? Paddle you best for it," and as we shot across the water he explained his idea. It's our only chance. We must get our canoe to the top of that cliff before they get near enough to the boat to see us. I think we had a hiding place up there, and it's the last place they will look for us."

Mark's plan seemed impossible of accomplishment, for a granite wall rose abruptly to a height of twenty feet, and beyond it, dense with pines and undergrowth, towered the mountain.

Our canoes bumped the shore, and Mark leaped out.

"Quick now!" he cried. "Get to the top of the cliff and let down that rope of yours."

We clambered up a little to the right of the ledge, and by the aid of its bushes reached the top safely. The rope was a long one, and, cutting it in half, we made a running noose in each piece, as Mark directed, and dropped them down to him. Springing into the water waist deep, he slipped a noose under each end of his canoe, and then, with a tremendous effort, he heaved it up.

It was a heavy load, but we brought it up safely, and dragged it back under the pines. Dale's canoe came next, and then Mark put the ropes on his own and hurried up to help us.

We had barely dragged it over the edge and pulled it back into the shadow when we heard the sharp click of oars, and, peeping out through the trees, we saw Carson and his two boys rowing swiftly round the bend. In great suspense we watched them shoot past the cliff and pull on down the river.

An hour later they came slowly back, Carson and one son moving the boat close along the mountain, while the other boy traveled the opposite shore, vainly searching for our hiding place.

We hastily dragged our canoes to the bank, and, with a gasp, saw the boat passing directly under the bend.

I wanted to start at once, but Mark would not hear of it.

"No," he said, "we must wait till dark. Carson is doubtless on the lookout for us."

Toward sundown the wind fell and the river grew calm as a mirror. We ate a hastily prepared cold supper, and when the twilight made the opposite mountain only a blurred dark mass, we prepared to resume our voyage.

We were just going to lower the first canoe, and Mark was looking down over the brink, when he suddenly sprang back.

"Great Scott, Dale!" he cried. "You have left your paddle standing up against the cliff!"

Dale looked down, "So I did," he replied. "It's a wonder they didn't see it."

"See it?" Mark echoed, angrily. "Of course they saw it. How could they help it? We're in a fix now. I'll bet a dollar they have been watching all afternoon for us to come down. Now, here it's dark, and ten to one they are planning to attack us. All through your carelessness, too."

Dale attempted to explain, but Mark no longer paid any attention to him. He was listening intently.

Suddenly he turned and held up his hand.

"Tush! Not a sound," he said, softly. "I hear a boat coming, but it's still some distance up the river. Pull that canoe back again and get ready for an attack."

There were but few preparations to be made though, for Mark's rifle and a revolver of mine constituted our whole arsenal.

Mark stretched himself on the edge of the cliff and motioned us back. Ten minutes passed in silence. Then we heard the faint croaking of our locks. I could feel the cold perspiration starting on my forehead as the next five minutes passed in oppressive stillness. Dale had crept back behind the shelter of his canoe. I was wishing most earnestly that something would happen to put an end to this terrible suspense, when Mark suddenly cried out, in a clear, ringing voice:

"I will shoot the first man that tries to climb this cliff," and instantly came a sharp click as he cocked his rifle.

For a minute not a sound was heard, and then a grave voice responded:

"You tellers up their hand down all yure valleys an' cash, an' eatable stuff, you kin go in peace. If not, we'll come up 'tack 'em, an' give yu a good trouncing in ther bargain."

"That's a moderate demand," replied Mark. "But if you know what's good for you, you will go back up the river and let us alone. We don't intend to be robbed if we can help it."

"Hobbed!" growled out the voice from below. "What did you tellers try to do this mornin'? Did yer leve best ter draw me?"

"Be careful," rejoined Mark. "But take warning, for I know you, Lute Carson."

Instantly a gun was fired, and we heard the shot splattering on the rocks high overhead. Mark hastily drew back.

"I'm afraid I'll have to fire," he said. "I don't see any other way, unless—hold on! I have it, by Joe! Where are those cannon crackers, Charlie?"

To be sure, the next day was the Fourth of July, although in the excitement of our encounter with the Carsons we had for the time being utterly forgotten the fact. We had brought along two packs of big fireworks, and with a view to celebrating the day, we never might chance to be. Here was an

opportunity to knit two drug stores.

I dove down into my canoe, and soon dragged up the two bundles of crackers.

They were of the very largest size, big red fellows, and thick as one's wrist. Mark tore them open.

"I'll bet they will do the work," he whispered excitedly. "Lie flat on the rocks now, and if they fire off fifty shots they can't hit us. I'm going to make it hot for them."

He crept to the edge again, holding the one pack and a box of matches in his hand. Soon I heard the boat scraping on the rocks, and then Carson said, harshly:

"I'm comin' up there now, an' if that's any monkeykin' with firearms, not one of you'll see daylight ag'in. Jake," he added to his son, "if they pull on me, shoot'er kill."

An interval of perfect calm followed, during which, in spite of my deadly fear, I crawled nearer the brink, which had a slight upward ascent. Mark suddenly turned.

"Look sharp now," he whispered, and rubbing a match, he touched off a big cracker close to the head and dropped it over the ledge.

A fearful report followed instantly, a deafening explosion that seemed to shake the mountain, and echoed fearfully up and down the river, while a streak of flame split the darkness, sparks and burning bits of paper flared up everywhere, and then, while still the hills echoed, there came a heavy splash and a cry of agony.

"I'm killed! I'm killed! I'm a dead man! Shoot, Jake, shoot, do you hear?"

"Bang!" Jake blazed into the darkness, and the charge of buckshot hissed about our ears, and elicited a howl of fright from Dale.

Jake mistook this for a cry of pain, and uttered a triumphant shout, but a second crack directed by Mark's own hand, and he blew up fearfully close to his head, and, without breaking the connection, he changed the time to a perfect shriek of terror and fell backward. Then we heard Carson clambering out of the water into the boat.

"The gun! quick!" he cried with a fearful oath.

Jake made no response.

"Do you hear me? Jake—Bill!" the old man howled.

"It's in the river," cried Bill, sullenly.

"Jake let it slip when he fell over."

"In the river?" cried old Carson.

"The blamed fool. Give me your knife, Bill, and I swear I'll go up there an' slit their throats."

"Will you, though?" asked Mark, muttering to himself, and then he touched off the fuse that held the balance of the pack, and, guided by the burning bang—bang—bang! bang! bang! bang! the crackers exploded in thunderous succession, and loud above the hissing roses and expletions, Carson dove from the bow of the boat. Bill plunged headlong from the stern, and Jake, after falling stupidly into the blaze, danced over the sides with an agility that was truly remarkable.

For a short interval all was quiet, and the burning fragments lit up the night with a weird, ghastly light, and began to ignite the woodwork of the boat. Then an arm grasped the chain and the boat shot out from shore. The flames vanished and dark figures climbed into the craft.

"Yur lives ain't worth a cent," Carson hissed at us. "You'll hev half an hour ter say your prayers," and with this gentle farewell the boat moved off, and the creak of the oars grew fainter and fainter.

"Unless we get out of this at once," said Mark, solemnly, "we are lost. Carson thinks we won't dare to leave here in the dark, but he'll soon change his mind when he comes back with another gun. Grab the canoes quick, now; we haven't lost a minute. We must work in the dark, for it won't do to strike a light."

For the next ten minutes we worked as we had never worked in our lives. One after another we lowered, or rather dropped the heavy canoes down to the water, Mark standing below and casting loose the ropes. Then we climbed down over the rocks, and in frantic haste took our seats and grabbed up our paddles.

"Just a second," said Mark; and stepping clear under water—he was already wet all over—the rose, holding in one hand Carson's pistol.

He pulled himself into his canoe, and off we shot in the darkness.

As the current swept us down, a shout rang out from shore, and a responsive hail came from far up the river.

"That was a close shave," said Mark. "They must have landed one of the fellows up above to watch until they came back. Won't old Carson be mad, though?"

We paddled long and swiftly, steering our course by the stars and recklessly plunging through half a dozen rapids, and toward dawn we landed at the little hamlet of Black Walnut, in Wyoming County.

The inhabitants listened in wonder to our tale and shook their heads slowly.

"We were lucky," they said, "to escape so easily. Lute Carson was a hal' a dozen warrents for his arrest, had little desire to meet him."

We continued our cruise on down, and in due course of time arrived home.

Lute Carson's shot gun rests on two hooks in the canoe house, and the sight of it brings vividly to mind our memorable first interview with that renegade "Bambit of the North Branch," and the terrific conflict in which our cannon crackers played so prominent a part, and which resulted in our celebrating the Fourth of July on the Third.—The Argosy.

A Venerable Pedagogue.

Schoolmaster John Friedrich Schulze has just celebrated at Pankow, Germany, the seventieth anniversary of his wedding day. Johann is ninety-two years old and his wife is ninety-one. The happy couple had the good fortune to see around them, participating in the festivities of the day, nine of their children, twenty-six grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.—London News.

Canada has an agricultural society whose express purpose is to collect and diffuse knowledge concerning preparing and feeding ensilage. A more practical reason for existence could hardly be devised.

Life strikes one as such a peaceful sort of an existence that one might think that must be his chief and great attraction, and that which makes the army people, as they call themselves, so well content. It sounds rather absurd to speak of an army post of all places in the world as peaceful; but the times are peaceful now, and there is not much work for the officers to do, and they enjoy that blessing which is only to be found in the army and in the Church of Rome—of having one's life laid for one by others, and in doing what one is told, and in not having to decide things for one's self. You see sure of your home, of your income, and you know exactly what is going to be your work a month or five years later. You are not dependent on the rise of or on the fall of the slave of patients or of clients, nor have more or less responsibility according to your rank, and responsibility is a thing every man loves. If he has that, and his home and children, a number of congenial people around him, and good hunting and fishing, it would seem easy for him to be content. It is different with his wife. She may unconsciously make life very pleasant for her husband or very uncomfortable, in ways that others may not. If she leaves him and visits the East, or her own home, or the new opera, or her own people, she is criticised as not possessing a truly wifely spirit, and her husband is secretly pitted; and he knows it, and resents it for his wife's sake. While, on the other hand, if she remains always at the post, he is called a selfish fellow, and his wife's people at home in the East think all of her for staying at the post, and that wilderness.—Harper's Weekly.

How to Staff Birds.

You may wish to preserve some of the bird skins that you may secure while hunting. In skinning the bird be careful not to cut away the leg bones below the knees, or the wing bones, or to loosen the wing quills. Where it is necessary to remove flesh from wings, a gash may be made from the outside and under the wing, from where the flesh may be cut away.

Stuff the small birds with excelsior, tow, or jute to the natural size. Then arrange the wings and other feathers properly, and insert a paper cone or any other convenient drying form where the skin will be kept a proper shape and dry. Make an artificial body upon a wire. The body should be nearly as long as the natural, and as thick as the bird is wide. Attach an artificial neck which is the same size as the natural, pierce the skull with the sharp pointed wire of the attached neck, then stuff the skin and sew it up. The neck can be bent to any natural curve. Arrange the wings, legs and feathers, then label and put to dry. If you attempt to mount, you had better have a few good specimens than many poor ones; hence it would be well to make a special study of the mounting and do the work well.—New York Times.

Wonderful Insect Vitality.

It is a astounding puzzle to the entomologist how frail little insects of the mosquito and butterfly order can brave the cold of an Arctic winter and yet retain their vitality. The larvae of the milkweed butterfly has been exposed to an artificial blast sixty-eight degrees below zero. Taken out of range of this artificial blizzard and gradually "thawed out" this same worm was able to creep in less than a hour afterwards. Butterflies have been found fitting joyously about in the highest latitude man has ever penetrated, and the mosquitoes of Alaska and Greenland are known to be the healthiest specimens of that race of little pests.—St. Louis Republic.

Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," is firmly opposed to woman's rights.

There are several kind of sailor hats in straw this season for the girl of the period.

Violet, fawn, almond, hyacinth, blues, greens and chocolate are popular street shades.

"Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett and husband" were registered the other day at a Chicago hotel.

There is no European country in which women clerks are more employed than in France.

An entirely new art of giving enlivened to hair has been invented by Miss Emily Healy, of Washington.

Mrs. Abbott, of Cambridge, Mass., aged ninety-four, has kept a daily journal for fifty years.

The material par excellence for elaborate thin dresses for the summer is delicately colored dotted organdie.

The authorities of Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, have forbidden the outdoor wearing of long trains by women.

In fashionable stationery the new shades and tints are very beautiful, although there never will be objection to plain white.

It keeps some women busier to see that their careless husbands are properly attired than to see that their own dresses are in fashion.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of "The Secret Garden," has been the custom has accepted while abroad of holding informal receptions on the Sundays.

Dr. Jennie McDowan has been selected for the third term as Secretary of the Academy of Natural Sciences, at Davenport, Iowa.

As a whole, fashions are much the same as last year, as can be proved when last summer's India silks come out of the trunk and last summer's hat is produced.

Miss Frances Willard, the celebrated advocate of woman's rights, is a slender blue-eyed woman, apparently of delicate physique, but really capable of a great deal of hard work.

A popular glove for the summer will be the pale yellow wash chambray skin. They have been found to wash as well as the white ones, which will be worn quite as much as last year.

The American dress reformers are preparing to renew their crusade at Chautauque this year. They declare that their reformatory ideas are making rapid progress all over the country.

Turkish women, all of whom wear earrings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.

For those who like slender effects the novelty of the season in the Dominican gown. The breadths extend from throat to hem, and the fullness is laid in a broad box plait down the front and back.

A pretty summer fancy is for a lace hat and a parasol of the same material. Valenciennes with a broad brim and three large Prince of Wales feathers erect on the crown is a becoming style.

The American Federation of Women's Clubs now includes 174 societies, representing 15,000 members. The oldest of them all is supposed to be Sorosis, which recently celebrated its twenty-first birthday.

One enormous puff reaching to the elbow, and equally full all the way down, seems to be the present favorite in sleeves, and many of the dresses now being made for the summer will have such sleeves.

Women have been admitted as students at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., since 1879, the pioneer among them having been Miss Christine Ladd, who, by special vote of the faculty, was permitted to study mathematics.

Massage, which used to be taught on wooden dummies, with skeletons as further assistants, is now demonstrated on living subjects, children even doing experimental models. In this way the profession affords a double industry.

Miss Ume Tsuku, now a special student at Bryn Mawr (Penn.) College, is anxious to raise \$5000 to found a scholarship in her honor, and won a four years' training in America, and left them to return home as teachers for Japanese girls.

Hulda Friedrichs, a young German woman, has been engaged by the Pall Mall Gazette to make a tour of the United States for the purpose of writing up the social institutions of the country, especially in their effect on woman's conditions.

The new book written by the Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, is said to be remarkable both for the elegance of style and descriptive talent displayed by its author. These gifts are so rare in the case of royal authors that the Archduchess is to be congratulated.

An excellent innovation to secure the comfort of ladies who travel is the employment on some of the trunk liners of colored maids. These girls are handy with their needles, they know how to comb the hair, wash and dress children, and render innumerable services that make traveling more endurable.

Miss Regina Morphy, of New Orleans, La., a niece of the great chess player, has composed a waltz called "The Paul Morphy Waltz," which she has dedicated to the chess club of the Crescent City. Miss Morphy is said to be a remarkably talented woman. She is accomplished in music and painting, and speaks three languages fluently.

Alpaca is having quite a revival.

The Watteau pleat still flourishes.

Ultra high sleeves are fast disappearing.

Improved crowns are seen on the majority of hats.

The Queen of Greece spends most of her time over needlework.

Cleaned kid gloves may be economical, but they are never satisfactory.

No one ever laid eyes on such a beautiful collection of new fans as are now on sale.

Life at an Army Post.

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German Syrup

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

Rising Sun Stove Polish

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With Patent, Enamel, and Paints which stain the surface, and burn off the enamel. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for its glass package with every purchase.

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W. T. Fitzgerald, 111 Washington St., 40-50-cent books free.

Tuff's Tiny Pills

The first dose often astonishes the inveterate constipated, indigestive, bilious, bloated, and generally unwell. It is a purgative of body, good digestion, regular bowels and solid sleep. Price, 25c.

Syrup of Figs

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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German Syrup

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

Rising Sun Stove Polish

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With Patent, Enamel, and Paints which stain the surface, and burn off the enamel. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for its glass package with every purchase.

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Life at an Army Post.

The life strikes one as such a peaceful sort of an existence that one might think that must be his chief and great attraction, and that which makes the army people, as they call themselves, so well content. It sounds rather absurd to speak of an army post of all places in the world as peaceful; but the times are peaceful now, and there is not much work for the officers to do, and they enjoy that blessing which is only to be found in the army and in the Church of Rome—of having one's life laid for one by others, and in doing what one is told, and in not having to decide things for one's self. You see sure of your home, of your income, and you know exactly what is going to be your work a month or five years later. You are not dependent on the rise of or on the fall of the slave of patients or of clients, nor have more or less responsibility according to your rank, and responsibility is a thing every man loves. If he has that, and his home and children, a number of congenial people around him, and good hunting and fishing, it would seem easy for him to be content. It is different with his wife. She may unconsciously make life very pleasant for her husband or very uncomfortable, in ways that others may not. If she leaves him and visits the East, or her own home, or the new opera, or her own people, she is criticised as not possessing a truly wifely spirit, and her husband is secretly pitted; and he knows it, and resents it for his wife's sake. While, on the other hand, if she remains always at the post, he is called a selfish fellow, and his wife's people at home in the East think all of her for staying at the post, and that wilderness.—Harper's Weekly.

How to Staff Birds.

You may wish to preserve some of the bird skins that you may secure while hunting. In skinning the bird be careful not to cut away the leg bones below the knees, or the wing bones, or to loosen the wing quills. Where it is necessary to remove flesh from wings, a gash may be made from the outside and under the wing, from where the flesh may be cut away.

Stuff the small birds with excelsior, tow, or jute to the natural size. Then arrange the wings and other feathers properly, and insert a paper cone or any other convenient drying form where the skin will be kept a proper shape and dry. Make an artificial body upon a wire. The body should be nearly as long as the natural, and as thick as the bird is wide. Attach an artificial neck which is the same size as the natural, pierce the skull with the sharp pointed wire of the attached neck, then stuff the skin and sew it up. The neck can be bent to any natural curve. Arrange the wings, legs and feathers, then label and put to dry. If you attempt to mount, you had better have a few good specimens than many poor ones; hence it would be well to make a special study of the mounting and do the work well.—New York Times.

Wonderful Insect Vitality.

It is a astounding puzzle to the entomologist how frail little insects of the mosquito and butterfly order can brave the cold of an Arctic winter and yet retain their vitality. The larvae of the milkweed butterfly has been exposed to an artificial blast sixty-eight degrees below zero. Taken out of range of this artificial blizzard and gradually "thawed out" this same worm was able to creep in less than a hour afterwards. Butterflies have been found fitting joyously about in the highest latitude man has ever penetrated, and the mosquitoes of Alaska and Greenland are known to be the healthiest specimens of that race of little pests.—St. Louis Republic.

Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," is firmly opposed to woman's rights.

There are several kind of sailor hats in straw this season for the girl of the period.

Violet, fawn, almond, hyacinth, blues, greens and chocolate are popular street shades.

"Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett and husband" were registered the other day at a Chicago hotel.

There is no European country in which women clerks are more employed than in France.

An entirely new art of giving enlivened to hair has been invented by Miss Emily Healy, of Washington.

Mrs. Abbott, of Cambridge, Mass., aged ninety-four, has kept a daily journal for fifty years.

The material par excellence for elaborate thin dresses for the summer is delicately colored dotted organdie.

The authorities of Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, have forbidden the outdoor wearing of long trains by women.

In fashionable stationery the new shades and tints are very beautiful, although there never will be objection to plain white.