A CAPTURE.

First post had gone on the bugle at fort Saskatchewan, and the major was stting on the porch of his quarters, discussing with his adjutant the details da practice march arranged the folbwing week for B troop. The hard blue e the sky changed to purple, then to gel gray, and Saturn appeared low down on the western horizon. Over the level stretches of the prairie the gight wind blew softly, rustling the rellow grass. It was peculiarly soothing to the two officers, smoking in lazy conaptment after an arduous day in the plazing August sun. They paused in their chat, and their thoughts drifted wether lands. They saw faces, the penive faces of women and the laughing one of little children, while they watchat the stars come out, one by one, in the deepening duck. They remembered that those same stars shone over the homes which sheltered those women and children; they seemed like sentinel eyes heping tireless vigil over those loved ones, separated from them by long largues of hill and plain and by the ricissitudes of a soldier's calling, and heir hearts warmed to their friendly

At length the major's vagrant ights reverted to the matter in hand. Thirty miles will do for the first day, resumed. "That will take you into he Beaver hills, where there's good inping now the cool nights keep the less down. How's regimental No.

"All right again, sir," said the adnt. "Slight attack of influenza, the sterinary surgeon said it was. He'll'--The door of the guardhouse across the

pare opposite swung open. and a agerang out shrilly on the quiet night ir. The two officers sprang to their et A shot went off, followed by an-ther and another. Forms flitted back d forth through the bars of light hich streamed across the parade ound from the barrack windows. The cer of the day hurried up. touched bat and said

"I have to report, sir, that the prisers McCorkle and Milligan have overwered the guard and escaped. The major muttered something not

ecord, took three strides up the porch d two back, and then rapidly deliver-

"Detail Kay and Hatherton to scout th toward Blindman's river; they'll obably work round to that vicinity. per or later. Send Smith and Edands north to the Athabasca landing Murphy and Kraus east as far as ddle lake. Fontaine and Christianson take the north bank of the Saschewan as far as Lac Ste. Anne. Iwenty minutes later the four depulled out of Fort Saskatchewan blind search for as choice a pair of

klegs as might have been found anyere within 100 miles. Ip to the winter before, some of the atchewan fellows had cultivated idea that they knew a little about game of poker, but after Cracker-baptized William McCorkle—had it among them for a month they been driven stubbornly to the contion that somehow they had made error of judgment. A little earlier, may had been a flower, a night. ng cereus, from the professional abler's point of view, but the bloom

worn off; it had become too slow staid, and Crackerbox had heard of Saskatchewan game and moved the He thought there might be a stable opening for him there, and he correct. His operations at the green a had been quite satisfactory to self, and necessarily anything but factory to any one else.

iii. the game went on, and Cracker-He thought there might be a continued to pull down his jackpots

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complacent regularity, until one things happened. It had been his of course. He was discovered with nines in his hand, and as three beld among the other players d the board, Crackerbox was called rexplanations, which he gave—at wint of a six shooter. They carried tounded man home and Cracker-to the guardhouse. He had done the duty on the woodpile and round itchen sink under the eye of an architecture. pathetic sentry and, while he of say so. thought it was no sort rupation for a gentlemanly pro-pal gambler. He had been await-ith feelings of deep distrust the ture of the next stage, which carry him to the territorial pen e events while the sick map lin-Perhaps they would even show le deference to his cloth and senless there as to put him on the pile with absconding bank officers her low violators of the law! The made his nostrils curl. "But as he said to himself on the night escape. "we have changed all The stage would depart without

vigan, the other fugitive, was a ter, and Milligan was in trouble, moters now and then are apt to the had been the chief instrument mutiny that had occurred in B three months before and was a year at hard labor in the ouse for his zeal in a cause which in promptly frowned down. In the morning on the third

er the escape two cavalrymen ding across the prairie toward a log shack beside the trail which sed Calgary with Saekatchewan. stopping place for travelers and house in 20 miles.

y'll sure stop at Bennet's and aid Sergeant Kay. "We'd best too close." They drew aside aff of poplars and fastened their the sergeant, "take a walk to and come in below the winthe back of the shack. That d the stacks will give you all you require; mind, you don't arself. I'll shy round by the get to the front door. When it

old your gun on 'em from the Bennet's two men were breakat a rough pine table. From the in which they ate it might en inferred that it was long had tasted focd. at Scott!' said the smaller of

a youngish, compact sallaw The noise enabled Milligan to slip up behind the troopers unobserved.

"You see," said Crackerbox, picking up the table. "This is great! It the all B troop to chase me ha feed."

"Elegant," assented his companion. with a mouthful of steak. "Shtill, I'm not askin to see any av th' clan. Ut's good riddance, anyways ye take ut, an I hope ther's as many moiles betune us as there is behoind us.

The door creaked a trifle on its wooden hinges. Crackerbox looked round quickly. Sergeant Kay stood in the doorway with a leveled revolver in his

"I'll trouble you, McCorkle," he said easily. "Oaka-quick now! You know the formula.'

The gambler's hands went up. Milligan raised his at the same instant. His eyes were engaged at the window before him.

"Bout face!" Milligan came round mechanically in obedience to the sharp word of command. "Tut! tut!" Kay went on protestingly, "you needn't strike your dukes, Milligan. Keep 'em up, keep 'em up. They look first rate as they are. Hatherton, walk round here -I'll do the honors while you're coming and fit these new cuffs on the gentlemen. I want to see how they look. Cutest thing in the market; lots of starch in 'em and polished to make a Chinese laundry ashamed of itself. We haven't had a chance to try 'em on a real eligible candidate before.

He bowed with mock deference to the gambler. Crackerbox smiled amiably

"I'm right glad to see you, sergeant," "Seems just like home again. he said. Funny how things turn out, ain't it? I was just wonderin if you wouldn't happen along - and here you are! Well, all's fair in love and war-and a fox chase. Some fools in my shoes would probably see things—ropes, beams and hornpipes. I don't. Life's too short to waste in speculation over what probably wouldn't occur. Play your game out and keep on lookin happy. That's good, clean philosophy for a man. And if you do pass out before the rest of the players, why you're only a hand ahead, and they'll be hot in 'your moccasin tracks to the sweet by-by. We only just hit the ranch an hour before you, and seein we was here first we can't do less than make you welcome. You wouldn't have grudged us a hearty reception. I know, if it had happened the other way round." Crackerbox laughed. "We was right hungry. Mr. Bennet, here, was so good as to fix us up a real enjoy-able meal, an we've just wolfed it." And, as the handcuffs went on: "And them bracelets! Ain't they charmin! Such finish! Do you know, sergeant, as soon as I'm out o' this I'm a-goin to get me a pair, gold-miniature, you know—same pattern, to hang on my watch chain as a souvenir. What's wrong. Milligan? You don't look pleas-

The big Irishman glowered under his thick, red eyebrows. "I suppose this is another twelvement' for me."

Crackerbox burst into a loud laugh. 'Don't be downhearted, me son," he returned. "They can't give me too much of a good thing. I'll ask them to let me have it.

"Well, Mr. McCorkle," said Kay, 'now you're wearing government jewelry we can be more sociable. I guess you haven't finished your breakfast yet. It's ahead of anything you're likely to get between this and the fort, which the same is 90 miles, so you'd best make the most of it. Jump in And since you're so hospitable, if Mr. Bennett will be good enough to fry a little more steak, we'll eat with you. I guess you know better than to make any breaks," he added, significantly

looking from one prisoner to the other. "Too busy to think of it," returned Crackerbox, sitting down to the table again. "Kind of a tough proposition, this, sergeant," he added a moment later after an ineffectual attempt to cut his meat, "tryin to handle a meal with your wrists sawin one against the other, like cattle in a yoke.'

Kay glanced at Hatherton. "Help him out, won't you?" he said. "Mr. Bennett will do the same for the other man, I'm sure.'

"Oh, I can't allow that!" protested the gambler. "I'll manage." He seized the meat in his fists and tore it between his teeth, like a dog.
"Here, quit that!" exclaimed Kay.

"You're a human at least, not an animal." He took out his keys and unlocked one handcuff. "There, I'll let you eat decently and not like a pagan if you'll promise not to try to escape."
A sudden brightness flashed into the

gambler's eyes, but there was nothing of it left in the look he turned on Kay as he replied with a bland smile: "Sure thing. I'd promise anything under the circumstances. That's easy. I say, sergeant, you're real obliging. I'll see that you're mentioned in orders."

"See that you keep your promise, that'll be sufficient," said Kay, shortly, unlocking a handcuff of the other man. Crackerbox laughed provokingly. "Now, sergeant, I like your jokes. You two loaded down with deadly weapons,

Sergeant Kay was naturally a kind man. Also he dearly loved a game of poker, and, therefore, perhaps unsuspected by himself, nurtured a secret admiration for this cool desperado, who looked on life as a game of chance, and took good or ill luck indifferently, as it came, with imperturbable good humor. But perhaps it was hardly discreet in the sergeant to allow his amiable disposition to influence him to the extent of freeing his prisoner's hands.

During the meal the talk drifted to poker. Kay knew enough about the game to have lost most of his pay for a year before. He was interested in Crackerbox's professional skill, and when the gambler pushed back his chair after fin-ishing his coffee and remarked: "Just let me show you how that's done, sergeant, before you put the bracelets on again," and walked over to another table on which lay a pack of cards, Kay did not demur, but followed—he might learn something which would help him retrieve his losses, or perhaps even do better than that.

Hatherton was interested, too, and stood beside the sergeant. Milligan was still eating. Account for it as you may. they appeared to have forgotten himperhaps because he had once been a fel-low of B troop, with a blank defaulter sheet. Bennet apparently knew all he wanted to about poker. He bustled around hanging his tin dishes and pans. The noise enabled Milligan to slip up

I took the deck in my jett hand -it was supremely interesting-"like this, and 'Cards?' says 1. 'I want one,' says Bat. I gave it to him. 'I'm takin three, myself,' says I, while he looked at his hand; and I took 'em. They were good ones, and they came right out o' the deck here, just like that.

"Hands up!" It was Milligan who spoke. The two troopers faced about and each looked into the unfriendly muzzle of his own revolver, which Milligan had deftly extracted from its holster as he leaned over its possessor's shoulder.

"Get them up, now! Quick!" he repeated.

Crackerbox laughed his exasperating laugh. "Yes, I would if I was in your place, sergeant," he remarked. "Everything has been real pleasant so far between us this mornin, and we wouldn't like to have any misunderstandin now we're about partin from you. Oblige us. Did you notice how that game came out? Funny how it goes, ain't it? Luck with you one minute and the next it's with the other feller. I didn't know you understood the sign language so well, Milligan. You tumbled handier than a tailed steer. You must have belonged to the Invincibles before you left the ould

counthry. What was your number?" Bennet looked on stoically, while, with some difficulty, Crackerbox removed the handcuffs and replaced them on the wrists of his late captors. In accomplishing this the gambler hit upon what he regarded as a neat arrangement. He stord Kay and Hatherton back to back an divided a pair of the cuffs between them on either side, securely linking them together. Bennet did not propose to risk his health in any attempt to uphold the dignity of the law. Why should he? From an abstract point of view it seems rather a peculiar fact that there should so seldom be apparent any strong general antipathy toward the man who has done nothing worse than shoot another man openly. It is only the wretch who lays unrighteous hands upon a woman—the Bill Sikeses of this world—who find all doors of hope, of human forgiveness and forbearance shut against them.

"You've been real hospitable, Mr. Bennet, and I just hate to put you out any, but there are times, you understand, when a man has to burn all his crossed bridges, and this looks to me like one of the times. It's quite a ways to where we're going, and I guess you won't hold it against us if we rope you

up with the others." They bound Kay's and Hatherton's ankles, and Crackerbox walked Bennet to his bunk in the corner and tied him on it hand and foot. Then, as he stood with his back to the others, he pulled a bill out of the silk handkerchief about his neck, winked and held it up so that the host could see the "50" printed on the corner and then pushed it into Bennet s waistcoat pocket. Milligan then went to the corral and turned out Bennet's stock and brought the troop horse. from the bluff.

"Well, so long, sergeant," said Crackerbox as he stood beside Kay's saddle. "We'd be glad to spend another half hour in your company, but you understand we've no time to waste in social entertainment. We thank you for a real pleasant mawnin and for bringin down these hosses for our use. My feet was plumb playin out, but I reckon we'll get on now. If you look real hard, boys, you'll find the keys of them cuffs in the grass not more'n 100 yards from here, and, Bennet, your hosses won't stray so far but what you'll be able to pick 'em up tomorrer. Good day, sergeant. If you ever come down my way, look me up. I won't forget your consid-

eration. I won't, honest. He sprang into the saddle and clattered off, but at 100 yards he stopped and drawled over his shoulder:

"And, oh, I say, sahgeant, remembeh me to the majah and tell him I said, with my compliments, he wa'n't to fo'get to mention you in o'dehs!"

Then tae outlaws spurred across the prairie in the direction of that line beyond which lay another government, driving Bennet's loose horses before them, and that was the last the two troopers saw that day of Crackerbox and Milligan.

In after years I sat often of an evening over Scotch with Kay, when he no longer wore government clothes or nursed an ambition to shine at poker, but had married a "girl" and settled down to raising cattle and a family. He spoke of many things, but he never told me what his feelings were as he lay through that hot August afternoon on the floor at Bennet's, counting the slow hours, until a traveler came along near dusk and released him, and I never asked. There are subjects which may not be touched upon even between friends. -Bleasdell Cameron in Argon-

Where Women Are Slaves. In no other country perhaps is wom-an's lot so hard as in Tibet. "the forbidden land," where civilization has never penetrated. Women are forced to the menial labor, are treated worse than beasts and have absolutely no amusements. They are constantly kept shut up in their dark cavelike homes, seldom being allowed to appear in public or to visit friends.

At 14 a girl is married to some man who is willing to pay her parents a small quantity of food or clothing by way of dowry. The marriage ceremony is simple. The girl's father ties a rope about his daughter's neck and drags her to her future husband's shode. The man pays what is considered a fair sum in food or clothing, and she is

She Won't Leave. Mrs. Blimm-The Dobsons at last have a girl they hope to keep.

Mrs. Grimp—Abourd! Where is such a girl to be found? 'She was born to them yesterday."-Philadelphia North American

henceforth his wife.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Chart Hitches

- It is folly and sin to condemn yourself are often guilty.

MARTYRS TO CUSTOM. Queer Things We Do by Instinct

Rather Than Reason.

Why does a dog walk round in a little circle before lying down? Because his ancestors had to beat out a hole in the grass or the snow to make a comfortable bed. Why does he lay his nose on the paws? Because his ancestors had to keep their noses clear of the dust or snow, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Why does a cat wash herself so careful ly? Because her ancestors had to be clean, or their prey would smell them and escape. Instances might be cited by thousands of ancient habits preserved by animals long after they have ceased to be useful. Now, man does exactly the same thing, without knowing it-

turies after they have ceased to have any meaning. Man as a street building animal is guided by instinct far more than by reason. A builder is accustomed to houses with windows all over. Suppose he puts up a corner house, where windows are needed only on the front. Still he makes imitation windows on the side wall, with lintel, ledge and sills, and in some cases actually paints sashes and curtains inside the frame. No matter how hideous the result, he is accustomed to windows on every wall, regardless of cost.

preserves innumerable habits for cen-

Posts are planted at street corners to keep vehicles off the pavement. Old cannon were often used as being both useful and ornamental--ships' guns sunk to the trunnions and a round shot lodged in the muzzle to keep out refuse. The supply fell short, but as cannon were popular they were made on purpose for corner posts.

Look at a corner post now, and you will see that it is shaped and banded like an old gun, with a half ball on top in memory of the round shot in the muzzle. Look at any iron railing. The posts are shaped like spears, shaft and tip, in memory of some ancient, forgotten usage of weapons. Spears were used for the fencing of tiltyards in the tournaments of the middle ages.

On gateposts you will frequently find a stone ball. Who would ever suppose that the balls on the gateposts were the heads of the family enemies? It was once the custom to stick your enemy's gory head as a trophy on the gatepost. On the gates of towns were stuck the heads of traitors, criminals and other offensive persons. In old London, for instance, the bridge gate and Temple Bar were always decorated with ghastly relics of the kind, and the memory of the custom survives on the gateposts of modern suburban villas.

On the back of a man's coat there are two buttons, because our ancestors needed them as rests for their sword belts. Now that women wear an imitation of men's coats, they have the buttons, too, yet it never enters their heads that they are only useful for the sword belt. And the modern dress for sword play has no tail butcons.

When railways first came into use road coaches were mounted on flanged wheels and hauled along the track by the locomotive. Look at any English railway compartment today, and you will see that it is molded and painted in imitation of a stagecoach. Its seats shape, windows, doors and hatracks are imitations of the forgotten muil car-

The hairdresser's shop has a painted pole in front. That pole was the sign of the old barber surgeon and meant "bloodletting done here." How would surgeon like such a sign in front of his house? Nearly every carpet has a flower pattern, because in the days before carpets the floors were usually strewn with rushes, interspersed on state occasions with living flowers.

At the head or foot of every busines letter you will see the address of the person to whom it is written, because in the days before envelopes came into use the sheet of the letter was folded up, sealed and addressed to its destination. On the flap of the envelope you will often see a stamped mark in imitation of a seal, because long after envelopes were invented people distrusted the gum and still used wax for security.

Animals have innumerable useless habits, but for every one of these we men have 100 almost unaccountable

The Modern Boy.

The following quaint, but lifelike, description of the modern American schoolboy, given by the Rev. Sydney Strong, will find an echo in the heart of every mother who is the proud possessor of just such a boy:

My idea of a boy: He is half angel and half animal. He is wide awake all night camping out, but falls asleep in church. He is

superstitious, giving a dandelion three puffs to see if his mother wants him. He carries a lucky stone in his pocket. He cures warts by burying the dish rag. Burned cork, feathers, pins and father's barn make a whole day's show. He stones the dogs, but will work for

hours over a dog that limps with a broken leg to the back door. No kinder heart ever cared for a motherless lamb. He disturbs family worship, but who makes us think more of heaven when he kneels and prays? He is half angel and half animal.

. Then She Wept. "It's unfortunate in work like mine to have tender feelings," said the hospital nurse, "but there are times when I simply can't help crying. I spoke to one of the doctors about it once and asked him if he thought there was any great harm in my going into the linen room to weep. 'No,' he replied, 'not if you weep sterilized tears.'"—New you weer York Sun.

The Dirty Work. Kidder-He does the dirty work for the city administration. Goode - Horrible!

Kidder-Yes; he has charge of the street cleaning bureau.-Philadelphia North American.

- Near Kokomo, Indiana, Robert Parker, a farmer, 68 years old, while assisting in butchering hogs, slipped on the wet, greasy platform and fell head first into a barrel of scalding water, sinking down to the hips. Before he could be rescued his flesh was literally cooked and he died in a few on Friday, and manicurists say their

- He who is truly good is truly hewer of wood and drawer of water.

THE MAN WHO GROWLED.

He cursed his luck from day to day, His neighbor's fortune made him frown; He knew the fates were all in league To hold him back and keep him down.

He cursed because he lost his job, He whined because his child fell ill, He came and went and slouched around And kept on sliding down the hill.

One day his uncle died and left Him half the fortune he'd amassed, And people thought the man who growled Had cause to crack a smile at last.

But when they came to shake his hand The man let many a murmur fall,
And sat around and growled because
His uncle hadn't left him all.

Brigham Young.

-S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader

Brigham Young was a fine, tall, well developed figure, a trifle too stout, perhaps; a fresh, ruddy complexion, almost befitting a young girl; keen blue eyes, not telling too much of what went on behind them; a full mouth, a singularly magnetic manner, a voice hard and cold in its formal speech, but low and impressive when used confidentially; altogether a man of mark anywhere and one whose wonderful influence over the minds and purses of men and the hearts and principles of women could be much more fully credited after an hour's conversation than before.

Glancing at Joseph Smit' 's portrait we ventured the criticism but it did not show any great amount of strength. intelligence or culture. Mr. Young admitted the criticism and said that Smith was not a man of great character naturall but that he was inspired by God as a prophet and spoke at times not from himself, but by inspiration. He was not a man of education, but received such enlightenment from the Holy Spirit that he needed nothing more to fit him for the work as a leader. "And this is my own case," pursued Mr. Young, quite simply. "My father was a frontiersman, unlearned and obliged to struggle for his children's food day by day, with no time to think of their education. All that I have acquired is by my own exertions and by the grace of God, who sometimes chocses the weak things of earth to manifest his glory." - Frank Leslie's Popular

The Skylark.

Need I say a word about the skylark and its wholly joyous song? It inspired one of Jeremy Taylor's most beautiful and best known passages-the lark ris ing from his bed of grass and soaring upward, singing as he rises and hoping to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; singing "as if it had learned music from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministering here below." And it inspired, too, one of the finest odes in the English language, Shelley's finest work, his "supreme ode." But, as may be said of another ode, it is "not in tune with the bird's song and the feeling it does and ought to awaken. The rapture with which the strain springs up at first dies down before the close into Shelley's

ever haunting melancholy."

Like Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale," it is no key to the bird's song. It does not teach us anything of the thought and feeling which inspire that quivering, ascending embodiment of joyousness, that pilgrim of the sky, hiding itself in the glorious light of the summer heavens. The skylark may be heard as early as January-I heard it this year in November-as may also the rarer wood lark, whose song, uttered from trees or when flying, we recognize from its likeness to that of the skylark. though it lacks much of its rush and spirit and haste.—Gentleman's Maga-

Clubs and Gambling.

Gambling is prohibited in every large club in New York city, and in most of them the members who live in the clubhouse find that it is unwise to give poker parties in their rooms. One of the charter members of a club which now numbers more than a thousand members said last week that this club was started by a lot of men who played poker regularly for high stakes. "Poker for high stakes is still played in this city," he said, "but not by the same class of men that started this club. I have sat in when men at the table lost \$15,000 or \$20,000 in a night, and on the whole it was a very costly amusement for me, much as I enjoyed it.

"The men in that little coterie who played poker were either wealthy men themselves who could afford it or the sons of wealthy men, and from the latter I received a good many I O U's, which I still have. The men who played were supposed to be gentlemen. When the club was organized, we played there, and other members did not criticise us. That sort of gambling does not exist in any decent club in New York n .w. It worked out its own end in this ciub. Men who could not afford to lose lost heavily. Several disagreeable club scandals came of it, and the game was stopped. That sort of play is now left for the professional gambler, and the clubs are free from it."—New York

The Drend of Snakes. "The dread of snakes is a mysterious

human trait," said a New Orleans physician, "and has perplexed psychologists not a little. The great majority of snakes are perfectly harmless, but the average man is vastly more afraid of them than he would be of some dangerous wild beast. I use the word 'afraid' for its convenience rather than its accuracy, because the sentiment in point is not fear, as we commonly use the term, and has nothing to do with courage per se. It is a sort of instinctive horror and loathing, and, by the way, is more common in men than in women, the impression to the contrary notwithstanding. According to the accepted theory, it is a survival from the time when serpents were among the most formidable enemies of our man monkey ancestors. The danger has disappeared, but the dread still lives, all the more terrible because it has grown vague and formless. - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

- The belief that Friday is a day of bad luck arose from varied reasons. One superstition is that it was on Friday that Adam and Eve ate the fatal appie, and then it is agreed that Christ was crucified on Friday. It is believed to be bad luck to cut the finger nails business is lightest on that day.

- "Is she really so jealous about other men for offences of which you great, though he be but the humblest him?" "Man, she won't even allow him to sing 'Annie Laurie.' "

MEANING OF INDIAN NAMES.

Picturesque In Themselves and In Their Significance.

The most of cur Indian names of riv-

ers, lakes, mountains, etc., have become so altered and disguised by the English spelling of them that it is very difficult to recover their original forms and to be quite sure of the meaning that was attached to them by the Indians. In all of those cases in which their significance can be clearly made out they are found to be simply descriptive words, as, indeed, all names were originally, the object being named from some notable feature of it, and we are perfectly safe as a rule in rejecting as fanciful all of those poetical meanings which have been attached to many of our Indian names. For example, the name Winnipiscogee has been said to mean "Smile of the Great Spirit." this is one of the easiest names to decipher. It is pure Algonquin-Winnipe-s-au-kee — and means simply "Beautiful Lake Place." Winnipeg bas about the same meaning—"At the Beautiful Lake." Winnipegoes is a diminutive of this name and means "Little Winnipeg.'

The word miche, "great," enters into several other Indian names. Missi-ouri is the "Great Muddy," Michi-gan is the "Great Sea." Michi-le-mackinacnow shortened into Mackinac or Mackinaw-is the "Great Turtle," a name given to the island probably because of its resemblance to a turtle.

Connecticut means "Long River," according to Roger Williams, the first part of it being the Indian work guni,

Wisconsin, called by Father Joliet Misconsing, is said to mean "Turbulent River." Ohio is an Iroquois name and was translated by the French Belle Ri-viere, "Beautiful River."

Massachusetts appears originally to have been Mos-wetuset. The last part of this name means "hill." The meaning of "mos" is not so certain. Some have rendered the name "Arrowhead Hill," and have supposed it to have been given originally to a certain hill on one side of the islands in Boston harbor. Roger Williams, however, an excellent authority, says that the name means "Blue Hills," and it is worthy of note that there is a range of hills not far from Boston which still bears this

Passamaquoddy means "Place Full of Bears, " from mawka, a bear. This word enters into the name of a town in Pennsylvania, Mauch Chunk, which means "Bear Hill."

Place," from attuck, a deer. The Schoodic lakes, in Maine, are the "Tront Lakes."—Detroit Free Press.

The Chinese Waiter.

The chief glory of an average Chinese inn is the waiter. This indispensable functionary is the guardian of all your interests for the time being, and when you are not looking he dives into secrets and matters of your own that seem to amuse and enlighten him to your inconvenience and annoyance.

enlightened countries he hardly ever separates himself from the inevitable napkin, but his badge of waitership is a very practical article with him. With it in summer he mops his damp

Like his confreres in other and more

brow or bare shoulders, while in win ter, wrapped about his head, it protects him from rain and wind. The Chinese waiter's napkin is put o all kinds of uses besides those just

mentioned. It is used as a dishcloth, a mop with which to wipe the floor, a cloth for cleaning and wiping down tables and a duster. But Chinese landlords are very rea-

sonable in their charges, which in a measure compensates for the unpleasantness of living in their inns. - At Mount Vernon, N. Y., Thom-

as Manning, after an illness of two weeks, apparently died. For 23 hours his family believed he was dead. He heard the professional comments of the undertaker, and only regained the use of his faculties: when that person was about to prepare him for



Women suffering from female troubles and weakness, and from irregular or painful menses, ought not to lose hope if doctors cannot help them. Physicians are so busy with other diseases that they do not understand fully the peculiar ail-

ments and the delicate organism of woman. What the sufferer ought to do is to give a fair trial to

BRADFIELD'S Female Regulator

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Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Administrators of the Estate of J. C. Williams, deceased, hereby give notice that they will on the 22nd day of April, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Es-tate, and a discharge from their office as

A. N. CAMPBELL, A. B. SHILLEY, O. P. WILLIAMS, Administrators. March 22, 1899

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He Pleads For Religion.

CONCORD, N. H., April 6 .- In his proclamation setting apart April 13 as fast day in this State, Governor Rollins makes some sensational assertions. After referring to the origin of the day

The decline of the Christian religion. particularly in our rural communities, is a marked feature of the times, and steps should be taken to remedy it. No matter what our belief may be in religious matters, every good citizen knows that when the restraining influences of religion are withdrawn from a community its decay-moral, mental and financial-is swift and sure. To me this is one of the strongest evidences of the fundamental truth of Christianity.

I suggest, that as far as possible, on fast day union meetings be held, made up of all shades of belief, including all who are interested in the welfare of our State, and that in your prayers and other devotions and in your mutual counsels you remember and consider the problem of the condition of religion in the rural communities. There are towns where no church bell sends forth its solemn call from January to January. There are villages where children grow to manhood unchristened. There are communities where the dead are laid away without the benizon of the Piscataqua is the "Many Deer name of Christ, and where marriages are solemnized only by justices of the

This does not augur well for the future. You can afford to devote one day in the year to your fellow men, to work and thought and prayer for your children and your children's children. -Chicago Times-Herald.

NOTICE.

NOW is the time to have your Buggy Revarnished. Repainted, and new Axle Points fitted on. We have the best Wagon Skeins on the market. All kinds of Fifth Wheels and Dashes. Headquarters for Carriage, Buggy and Wagon Repairs. PAUL E. STEPHENS.

Notice of Final Settlement. THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of David Sadler, deceased, hereby give notice that they will on the 24th day of April, 1899, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from their office as Executors.

J. A. GRAY, A. S. SADLER, March 22, 1899



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