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The Day's Work.

Do thy day's work, my dear,
Though fat and dark the clouds are drifting near.
Thought I had little left for hope and very much for fear.
Do thy day's work, though now
The hand may falter and the head may bow,
And far above the falling foot shows the bold mountain brow.
Yet there is left for us,
When the valley's voice is heard from the
A light that lies far in the west, soft, faint, but luminous.
We can give kindly speech,
And cheer by life's long lesson taught,
And wisdom, from old fables lived down, by to find failure wrought.
We can give love, unmarred
By the keen aims of power or by that make youth cold and hard.
And if gay hearts reject
The gifts we hold, would fain face on us checked,
On the bright roads that scarcely yield all that young eyes expect
We, slowly, day by day,
The calm, deep founts of love are slow to flow
And heaven may yet the forest yield the world's worn loads to fill.
—A. H. R. Sturtevant, in Chicago Herald.

JUST IN TIME.

She followed him all day long like a little dog. If he ran, she ran, fell and scrambled her knees, cried and was lifted up again. Thus it went on from the week's beginning to the end.
He grew tired of her, and would have liked to run away from her. But he did not dare, for she was his master's daughter, and he was well, there was the rub. He did not know who he was.
He woke up one day and found himself born. The sky was above him, and there would have been earth beneath his feet if he had not pointed them in the wrong direction. He was christened in a random way Oa, and was put on the parish, as they say.
Jeus Ostron took in as his share of the parish burdens. When he was six years old he could be made useful enough to earn his food and shelter. Jeus Ostron then wanted to send him away, but his little daughter Birgit was so fond of him that he decided to keep him.
When Oa was twelve years old, he could kick a cap from a nail high above his head. Birgit was so fond of Oa that everything he did seemed admirable. Once she said a bad word and Oa was whipped for it.
So Oa was sent to the mountains; he roamed with his alpine horn over the wide mountain plains, ate berries, caught fish, set traps and was happy. He hardly thought once of the little girl down in the valley.
One day late in the summer she came up to the dairy with her mother. She was carried up on horseback in a basket. When she saw him she flung herself down upon upon the grass and screamed with delight.
But when her mother had reined the but she ran up to him and hugged him. While the cattle were being milked he went to look after his things. She followed him, proud in the thought that he tolerated her.
"Look here," he cried, lifting up a brown hare, "isn't that a big fellow?"
"What is it?" she asked.
"It is a hare."
"No, it isn't a hare. A hare is white."
"It is brown in summer. It changes its skin."
"Has he two skins, one inside the other?"
Instead of answering he took his knife and cut the hare's skin.
"No," he said, "he hasn't got more'n one."
The time came when he had to go to the prison to prepare for confirmation. It so happened that she was his same year.
But though he had a coat now, it was a cast-off one of Jeus Ostron's, which was much too big for him. His boots, too, and his trousers had seen better days, before they made his acquaintance.
He walked aside from the rest; his ears burned when any one looked at him. But if any one dared to mock him he used a pair of fists which inspired respect.
He was a handsome enough lad and finely made, but his clothes and his frowsy hair made him look ugly. Heavy thoughts came to him, and a fierce, defiant spirit was kindled within him.
It was at such a time that Birgit sought him and spoke kindly to him.

"You mustn't mind the girl," she said, "they laugh at everything. They don't mean anything by it. It's just a way they have."
"Somebody will come to harm if you ever do it," he answered fiercely.
"That's foolish talk," she gently remonstrated. "I know you too well, Oa. You wouldn't harm me."
"Ah, you don't understand me," he said. "It's no use talking."
"Oh, yes, I do understand you, Oa," she replied, with a smile, "and I wish you would let me say one thing to you before I go."
"Say it."
"I wish—I wish," she stammered, while a quick blush sprang to her cheeks. "No, I think I won't say it, after all," she finished, and hurried to go.
"Yes, say it," he entreated, seizing her hand.
"Well, I—I wish you could do as the hare, change your skin."
She drew her hand away from his and ran down the hillside, so that the stones and dry leaves flew about her.
That night he picked a quarrel with Thorger Setten, who was said to be attractive to Birgit, and he thrashed him. All the following winter he kept watch of her from afar and picked quarrels with everybody whom she seemed to favor.
"Change my skin," he pondered. "Change my skin, like the hare. How, oh, how can I do it?"
This thought followed him day and night. One day, in the spring, an emigrant ship bound for America appeared at the mouth of the river.
Oa packed together his few traps and went up to Ostron's to say good-by. He met Birgit in the birch grove behind the barn. It was the time when the buds were bursting and the swallows had just returned.
"Well, Oa, where are you going?" she asked, as she saw him coming with bundle and staff in hand.
"To America."
"America?" she cried. "America?" The answer seemed to frighten her. She turned pale and caught hold of a birch tree for support. He watched her narrowly.
"What are you going to do in America, Oa?" she asked softly.
"Change my skin," he replied with a vigor that startled her. "And if I come back within five years with a changed skin you will promise to wait for me."
"I promise," she whispered, weeping quietly upon his shoulder.
Five years from that day a young man was seen hastening up the hillside to Ostron. He had a big slouch hat on his head and he was well dressed. His face was strong, square and determined, his eyes danced with joy, for in his pocket he had a royal marriage license with which he meant to surprise somebody up at Ostron's farm. It was five years today since he left her, and it was five years she had promised to wait for him.
For this hour he had toiled, saved and suffered for five long weary years. He had been a silver miner in Leadville when the place was just new, and he sold his claim for \$20,000.
As he was hurrying along an old woman, who was sitting by the roadside, hailed him.
"Gentlefolks out walking today?" she said, holding out her hand for a penny.
"Gentlefolks?" he cried, with a happy laugh. "Why, Gaird, I am Oa who used to herd cattle at Ostron's dairy."
"You, Oa! who was on the parish? Then you must have changed your skin."
"That was what I went to America for," he answered, laughing.
The church lay half way up the hillside. There Oa sat down to rest, for he had walked far and was tired. Presently he heard music up under the ledge of the forest; there was one clarinet and several fiddles.
A bridal party! Yes, there was the bride, with a silver crown upon her head and shining brooches upon her bosom.
The procession came nearer. Now the master of the ceremonies opened the church doors wide and went to meet the bride and groom.
Oa sat still like a rock; but a range numbness came over him. As the party drew near to the gate of the churchyard he arose and stood, tall and grave, in the middle of the road. Then came Birgit Ostron and Thorger Setten. She looked pale and sad, he defiant.
"You didn't expect me to come wedding, Birgit Ostron?" he said, and stared hard at her. She gave a start; the crown fell from her head, and she rushed forward and flung her arms about his neck.
"Now come," he cried, "whoever they are, and I'll make a merry bridal."

Jeus Ostron stepped forward and spoke. His voice shook with wrath and the veins swelled upon his brow.
"Here I am," he said. "If you want the girl you shall fight for her."
"Not with you, old man," retorted Oa; "but with Thorger I'll fight. Let him come forward."
The bridal guests made a ring on the green and the bridegroom came slowly forward.
"Hard luck," he said, "to have to fight for your bride on your wedding day."
Fight! Birgit, who in her happiness had been blind and deaf, woke up with a start. She unloosed her arms from Oa's neck and stepped up between the two men.
"Oh, do not fight, do not fight," she entreated, holding out her hands first to one claimant and then to the other.
"You know, father, for whom I have waited for these five years. You know whom I have loved since I was a child. But you used force against me and threats. Now he has come back, I am no longer afraid of you."
"Whoever will be my wedding guest let him follow," shouted Oa, "for I have in my hand a royal license to be married to Birgit, Jeus Ostron's daughter."
"All that money can buy you shall have," he added. "I'll make a wedding the time of which shall be heard in seven parishes around."
He took the bride's arm and marched boldly into the church.
The wedding guests looked at Jeus Ostron, who was venting his wrath upon the groom.
"You coward!" he yelled, "you let the girl be snatched away before your very nose. I am glad enough to be rid of such a son-in-law. Come, folks, we'll have our wedding yet. A girl belongs to him who can catch her."
With a wrathful snort he stalked in through the open church door, and the wedding guests slowly followed.
—Boston Globe.

Ancient and Modern Dress.

I think the ancients exercised vastly more judgment in the matter of wearing apparel than do the moderns," said Thomas R. Lindsay at the Southern. "Compare the dress of a Roman Senator with the livery of a member of the American house of representatives. The former was graceful, comfortable, picturesque; the latter is the reverse of all these. We do not realize how incongruous and inartistic the modern male costume is, because we have become accustomed to it. A high silk hat, spike-tailed coat and baggy trousers constitute our ideal of fashion attire, yet it is sufficient to give an artist a nerve attack of indignation. Sculptors avoid it as they would the plague; artists frequently resort to gross anachronisms to get around a combination which makes a man resemble nothing created by the Almighty, and destitute of a single line of beauty. We are continually lecturing the ladies on the subject of dress, yet they have preserved some of the beauties and comforts of ancient costume, while we have sacrificed them all and are proud of it as an Indian squaw who has traded a buffalo robe for a second-hand pair of soldier pants. Even the extravagancies of male costume during the Middle Ages were infinitely preferable to the stupid garments of the present. We will probably never return to the toga of the Romans or the gaudy colors of the crusaders, but the baggy trousers, the spike-tailed coat, and the idiotic 'plung' cannot last forever. Some genius will yet lead us out of the wilderness of absurdity into which we have fallen."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Canned Fruit from Pompeii.

Do you know that we are indebted to the old Pompeians, who lived in the first century of the Christian era, for our knowledge of how to can fruit? Perhaps not, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Years ago, when excavations were first being made on the site of the old lava-covered city, a party from America found a jar of figs, not only one, but several. Upon opening one of them the contents were found to be as fresh and perfect as when put into the jar 19 centuries before. Investigations instituted on the spot proved that the fruit had been put into the jars in a highly heated state, and that an aperture for the escape of steam had been left in the lid, which, when it had served its purpose, was sealed over with wax. Yankee ingenuity caught the idea at once and the next year canning factories were erected all over the United States.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WISDOM'S EXPERIENCES.

I saw the moon when I was slender and new,
Over my shoulder, my right one too,
And I wished for a fragrant flower,
So directly some seeds in my garden I sowed.
Then I raked and I watered, I weeded and hoed,
My neat little, sweet little boxes,
And my garden was gay through the bright summer weather,
For washing and working, you see, went together.
—Anna M. Pratt, in Youth's Companion.

THURSDAY'S COOKIES.

The ancient Turkish cooks, always ran with bare feet, which grew so hard and destitute of feeling that they are said to have had iron shoes shod like horses, with light iron shovels. To render the resemblance more complete, they carried in their mouths balls of silver, pierced with holes, and clamped these as a horse shod his bit. Further, their belts and garters were furnished with little bells, which tinkled wherever they went.
Besides their pay, they received two full suits of clothes every year. Their costume consisted of an Albanian caftan of damask, or striped satin, and a belt of silk enriched with gold, in which they carried their pointed. Later they began to wear coverings upon their feet—long stockings, as well as a rule kind of shoe. Upon their heads they wore high bonnets covered with silver, from which waved enormous plumes of ostrich feathers. In one hand each man carried his hatchet, and in the other a bag full of coins, with which they kept their mouths moist while running.
In this costume they accompanied their noble master, and conveyed his messages as far as he pleased to send them. As soon as they had received his orders, away they went, leaping and capering among the crowd with the agility of a deer, crying: "Sault, sault!" ("Take care, take care!") On they rushed night and day with astonishing swiftness, taking no repose until they had delivered the message entrusted to them.—[Harper's Young People.

STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

An Indian who dwells in a house at all seems no Indian at all to most of us, who know none too much about our own country. We picture him as living in his wigwam or tepee of bark or hide for a few weeks or months at a time, and then moving his "town" elsewhere.
There are some tribes of civilized natives in the Indian Territory who have learned to dwell in ordinary houses and to give up their roving; but this is a lesson they have mastered only within the last few years. There is but one Indian race in North America above Mexico which has always lived in houses since their history began. And in very similar houses they dwell today, and in very much the same style as before the first European eyes ever saw America. There are hundreds of ruins of these enormous community-houses scattered over the territory of New Mexico, and a few are still inhabitable.
The most striking example in use is the present pueblo of Taos, in the extreme north of the territory. That wonderfully picturesque town—looking at which the traveler finds it hard to realize that he is in America—has but two houses; but they are six stories high and contain some three hundred rooms apiece. Again, in a western county, has six houses, all three stories high; and Zuni, still farther west, has a six-story community-house, covering many acres and containing several hundred rooms. As for ruins of such buildings, they are everywhere. Some years ago I discovered, in a remote and dangerous corner of the Navajo country, such a ruin. "The Pueblo Alto," the type of countless others—in which the five-story community-house formed an entire rectangle, enclosing a public square in the middle.
The outer walls of these houses never had doors or windows, so they presented a blank wall of great height to any robber foe. On one side of this ruin is a great tower, with part of the fifth story still standing, and still showing the loopholes through which the besieged Pueblos showered arrows on their besiegers. This pueblo was a deserted and forgotten town when the first European entered New Mexico, 350 years ago.
All these great houses were built of stone, very well laid. The outer edges of all these slabs of stone are as smooth as if it had been chiseled—and yet we are absolutely sure that before the conquest the Pueblos had no metal tools whatever. Their only implements were stone axes and the like.—[St. Nicholas.

A LIVELY VOLCANO.

There Have Been Eighty-One Eruptions of Mt. Etna.

A Long Record of Destruction and Death.

Altogether there have been eighty-one eruptions of Etna which are fairly well authenticated. The first of these occurred 117 B. C., the second 129 B. C. The third, 396 B. C., was among the most important of ancient times, and much damage was done. The fourth is recorded 149 B. C., when it is recounted that forty people were killed. In 131 B. C. there was still another, followed by the sixth eruption in 129, the results of which would please the Sicilians of today mightily.
The molten lava so heated the sea that cooked fishes were thrown up to the shore. Not much damage was done, but the people ate so greedily of the fishes that many of them died of the dysentery. In 122 there was another eruption in the pre-Christian era, almost destroying Catania, and the last before the birth of Christ occurred just before Christ died. It was accepted as a prophecy of the great Roman's approaching end.
It would appear almost as if the coming of the Saviour had quieted the turbulence of the huge mass, for it was not until 533 A. D. that there was another eruption. Then its activity was most pronounced. The lava flowed for nine days, and almost reached Catania. The devout historians of the time relate that its course was only staid by the veil of Saint Agatha, who had been martyred the year before and buried in a tomb in the volcano's slope. Two more eruptions followed, in 149 and 151. Neither of these did any damage to speak of.
In 1669 followed the first of Etna's eruptions of which there is a good, comprehensive account. At one stage during this eruption new walls were built by the inhabitants of Catania to arrest the progress of the seething flood, but they were found of no avail. Then religious processions were organized and the people paraded with the sacred relics of St. Agatha that were kept in the cathedral. But the lava still advanced, and finally the Bishop and the Senate, carrying the relics, proceeded to Monte di S. Sofia, where they erected an altar and remained until the lava subsided. Many thousands were killed during this eruption, and following closely upon it came the calamity of 1693, when over 10 towns were destroyed and nearly 90,000 people lost their lives.
During the present century there have been thirteen eruptions, none of which, however, entailed any such loss of life and property as is credited to the outbreaks of earlier days. During an outbreak in 1852, while a company of people were watching the lava flow near Bronte, the front of the molten mass suddenly exploded, scattering death and destruction. Thirty-six were killed outright and twenty others fatally injured.
Twenty years later, on the 21st of August, 1872, six English tourists were killed during an eruption, and at one point a cascade of lava formed high fifty feet. The Val del Bove, a huge depression on one side of the volcano, overflowed with lava. In 1861, 1868, 1869, 1879, 1885, 1886 there were also eruptions. The last was the most violent.
From March 22 until May 18 of that year there had been threatenings of an outbreak. On the latter day the large central crater suddenly sent up a great mass of vapor, accompanied by showers of ashes. The next morning a violent earthquake was felt, and a new crater was formed about 6000 feet above the sea level. Lava began to flow in a great stream, and for two days made straight for the village of Nicolosi.
On the 24th the veil of St. Agatha was displayed by the Bishop, and penance services were celebrated. On June 4 the lava finally ceased flowing, after having reached a point within a few hundred yards of the village. The lava covered 1000 acres and destroyed property valued at \$500,000. Since that time until the recent outbreak Etna has been quiet.—[New York Times.

Glaciers Delicately Balanced.

Glaciers plunge into the sea in many cold countries and perish by drowning, their dismembered remains floating away as bergs. But their end is by dissolution where the annual mean temperature rises considerably above the freezing point. At some certain level they melt faster than they can

flow, and so terminate. The level, indeed, is a fluctuating one. Icelandic glaciers are now steadily advancing; Swiss glaciers, according to M. Ferrel, have undergone, during the present century, five alternating periods of diminution and growth.
The meteorological changes occasioning, and emphasized by, these oscillations are very slight. Their character, however, is unmistakable, and such as might have been anticipated. That is to say, glacial increase accompanies a warm and dry cycle; glacial increase one that is damp and cold. Considerable alarm was accordingly felt lest the flooding of the Sahara, numbered among the futile projects of a recent scientific epoch, should result in a largely increased snowfall on the Alps, and the consequent or submergence of inhabited valleys. Such fears, it is true, rested on a meteorological misapprehension, yet they were, in principle, well founded.
The glacial balance is sensitive. A very slight continuous preponderance of supply over wasting might, in a few years, betray itself by really formidable and altogether irresistible effects. Without one additional degree of cold, it is commonly held that a persistently augmented deposit of snow upon the Greenland and the Schneestock, although otherwise scarcely perceptible, might enable the Rhine Glacier to overwhelm Bielefeld.
But this would be an exceedingly small step toward the restoration of a former state of things, when an ice stream close upon 200 miles in length, starting from the same source, crossed the frozen or unmelting Lake of Geneva, and debouched by Chablais upon Lyons. Without severe cold as well as heavy precipitation, he could not possibly have gained so great an ascendancy. And this was no local phenomenon; it was simultaneously prevalent over widely-separated tracts of the earth's surface.—[Littell's Review.

The Dog Betrotten.

It is a popular belief that the dog is the most intelligent of all four-footed animals, and that next in the mental scale is the horse," said George McDaniel, at the Lindell. "That is a mistake. The cow knows more than horse and dog combined are capable of learning.
An ordinary town cow which has been accorded reasonable facilities for acquiring general information, is much wiser than some men who have been honored with proud positions and expensive funerals. The average town cow can open a gate that fastens with a true lock, get into the garden and do \$50 worth of damage before the exasperated owner can run a charge of slugs into a muzzle-loading gun.
"I once lived in a village, where one half the inhabitants kept cows and expected them to forage their living off the other half. Finding the usual gate fastenings of no avail, I laddered a bolt and step that might serve. The next morning every cow in the village was in my garden, and so full of cabbage that cost me \$2 a head to raise that they could not go through the gate, and I had to knock down a panel of the fence to let them out. That night I laddered a log-chain and a patent padlock, and set up in company with a double-barreled gun to watch proceedings.
An old brooded she-pirate came up and surveyed the house to make sure we were ailed. Then she shook the gate and again surveyed the fence. Next she went to work on the bolt with her tongue. As my mother-in-law had drawn and started to come in, she looked surprised to find herself still on the outside. Half a dozen of her companions came upon and surveyed the new jewelry. Then brooded liquid horns trying to fit the gate off its hinges. They appeared to hold a council of war, then an old spotted gnomish gnomish inserted a horn under the chain, lifted it over the post, and the whole drove marched inside. I gave it up and took the gate off its hinges. I now raise all my vegetables at the market."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Snake Within a Snake.

In looking over the mountains of Huntington, Penn., Harry C. Nilhaus, formerly of Philadelphia, met a black snake six feet long. The oblong monster seemed to be ill at ease, and it did not resist death. When Mr. Nilhaus was skinning the reptile he jumped about as a rod straight into the air as he beheld a live snake, three feet long, wriggling from the throat of the dead serpent. The larger snake had swallowed the smaller one, and was suffering evidently from indigestion when slaughtered.—[New York Advertiser.

Goldenrod.

For the about year he was an shrewd and old.
And while the grain upon the well-piled stack
Waits untroubled, by every woodland track,
Low stream and meadow, and wide waste outrolled.
By every fence that skirts the forest mould,
Sudden and thick, as at the reaper's fall,
They come, companion of the harvest, frail,
Green forest, yellowing upward into gold.
For when your shaft of level sunshine comes,
Falls on these pendant crests, these bounteous plumes,
Sagacious and prudent: Mark them well,
The best and best from summer's empty bosom.
For when they glow and dream of dreams,
The fulness of her soul made visible.
—Archibald Langman, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOROUS.

A learned term—"You're another."
How to get inside information:
Get a stomachic pump.
The adulterating grocer evidently doesn't believe that honest tea is the best policy.
"Isn't carrying whether school keeps or not that bothers a man. It's asking whether the ice keeps."
Yeast: "Has your wife cook well?"
Crisp: "Cook well. I never tried to cook her, but I'm often in a stew myself."
"They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues." Professor: "All but two—my wife's and her mother's."
"Fence," she said, standing on her options, "I am about your size." "On the contrary," said the disconsolate lover, "my sight are about you."
She blushed as she read the address.
"I was from an old old flame."
"Just a year or two ago old gas bill."
Wife (sobbing): "You used to say you could face death for my sake."
Husband: "Yes; but it was your death, not mine, that I was thinking about."
When a man dies and leaves a nice young widow with plenty of money, and you see her walking out with the executor on Sunday afternoon, a change is imminent.
Woolen: "You don't seem to smile at my joke. What's the matter?"
D. A. "You understand it? Wagg—Yes, I understand it, but I was brought up never to laugh at old age."
"When I grow up, I am going to live on a farm and eat lots of apples," said a little miss to her younger sister the other day. "If you do," said the youngest, "wouldn't you get the apple-plex?"
Gold as a Medicine.
Avoiding all discussion of the merits or demerits of the so-called bi-chemical-gold cure, now so prominent in the public mind, we propose to show that the use of gold as a medicine is not so novel as commonly thought, and by extracts from early writers on chemistry and medicine to indicate the opinions held with respect to alleged "measures of gold" at different periods during several centuries.
The precious metal has been employed both externally and internally, in the middle state, in solution, and by sympathy, for a great variety of ailments and flesh is heir to, for over two thousand years. The train of thought which led the ancients to employ this highly priced material can be traced in the quaint language of the distinguished Dutch physician and chemist, Hermann Boerhaave, writing about 1720, he says: "The ancients will have this metal contain I know not what radical balm of life, capable of restoring health and continuing it to the longest period. When all the early physicians to improve such wonderful riches in gold was that they perceived certain qualities wherein they fancied must be conveyed thence into the body; gold, for instance, is not capable of being destroyed, hence they concluded it must be very proper to preserve animal substances and save them from putrefaction, which is a method of reasoning very much like that of some fanciful physicians who sought for an assuaging remedy in the blood of an ass's ear by reason the ass is a very calm beast."—[Popular Science Monthly.

Had Noticed It.

Mr. Richello—Isn't Miss De Mure pretty when she blinks?
Miss Beauty—I noticed it the other day. It was the first time I ever saw her face color.
Mr. R.—Indeed, what was she blinking over?
Miss B.—Over a plate of hot soup.—[New York Weekly.