need, whatever it may be. He was

finally arrested and put upon oath and

asked: "Are You the Messiah?" "I am." He said. He claimed to be the

Messigh and He claimed to bring about

the kingdom of God by diffusing the

spirit of hope and faith and good will

The apostles went forth and preached -what? Not the Ten Commandments

or the Seriem on the Mount, but "This

is the Alessiah. The Deliverer is come:" In the nature of the case He

could not do it alone. If it were to be some sudden upheavel, some enta-

clysm, some march of armies, it could

be do le in a single peried, but if good

n few men to carry the message-first

twelve; then seventy. Then hie died. Then, after His resurrection. He sent

others. He sent them in the spirit of

good will and helpfulness, to heal the

sick, cleause the leper and restore com-

every jody rich, poor, wise, ignorant,

cealt power lying back of the phe

nomena of nature. The Jews thought

there was one great God who inexorably demanded righteousness of His

people, and Jesus said, "God is such a

this just, wise God, this eternal Induite

whose subjects rebelled against him

ing to get to this unknown God. They

have said: "We have done wrong, we

have aroused the wrath of this God.

the parable of the prodigal son.

shall we appease His anger?

ship was twenty centuries ago.

or told anybody else to offer sacrifice.

"Neither was I."

creedal statements. Christianlty.

sorrowing, beloing the tempted, in-

hope, the hope of the kingdom of God

that is coming. There is coming the

low men fair, honest, generous meas-

ures and will "do unto others as they would be done unto." That is right-

there will be peace in every heart b

cause it is at harmony with itself, and peace in the whole world between man

and man, nation and nation. And it is

n new hope that Christianity brings

when it says: "Now, you can work for

spirit of the Eternal, and it is the spirit

laying down our lives for others as He

laid down His life for us."

law of Christianity.

Sidney Lear.

f good will, of service, of sacrifice, of

Christianity! What is it? It is that God so loved the world that He gave

His only begotten Son, that whosoever

have everlasting life" That is the the

ology of Christianity. "The kingdom of God is at hand." That is the hope of

Christianity. "A new commandment give I unto you: that ye love one anoth

s seldom come from God. It is gener

rself, with increased trust in Him

ally best to put them away, and throw

never forget, amid whatever may be

and disappointment, consciousness of

many faults, and of great weakness

and want of faith-that where love is.

there God is sure to be. He vever ve

from Him which, amid all its frailities

and falls, clings to Him in 'ove .- H. L.

Difficulties are God's errands, and

when we are sent upon them we should

Turks Rejoice at Patriot's Death.

Says a message from Saloniki, Eu-

pean Turkey, "There is jubilation

in Turkish circles at the report of

esteem it a proof of God's confidence

fall you-dryness, coldness, desolation

and mistrust of self, at His feet.

"A new commandment

elleveth in Him might not perish.

time when men will give to their

It is the new faith in God.

you and me

to the Jew and the Gentile,

Ah, they say the Moon is dead, Life and joy from her long fled — Sicak and barren stone, she dwells in swful From her heart nor fountain flows,

And a ghistly silence broads O'er her drears solltudes. we nor sound, nor ray of beauty lends a grace!

Tet she seemeth unto me
The same lovely mystery
be satill the fair Asiarte of the skirs.
Who doth earthly things compel.
By a well and witching spell.
Soing, luring, beckoning enchantress Know.
WiseOf whose love the Sra is fain
Till he frets and fearns with pain.
Che rises from his bed with sebs and Of a sighs?

She is still the Huntress Mald, in whose smile I basked and played—Lilting childhood's song and laugher, glad and free.

While adown her silver beams
Ficated bevies of bright dreams.
Thrilling heart and beam to sweetest sea-

Making fairest day of night. Till I woke with strange delight secret that was known to her and

Still upon the heavenly plain
I behold her wax and wane,
my soul with her welrd beauty is possest—
And methlinks that she somehow,
As I gaze upon her now,
Knows the rapture of a vision none have

Then she brought the corners of the

square dough neatly together, and gave

them a slight pinch. Next, she got

her buttered baking-pans, and, placing

Once more she had time to return to

ber dismal meditation; which she did,

resting her sunny head on her hand.

Harold Van Ausdell was Uncle Har-

vey's cousin's son. Uncle Harvey had

Harold had been very harsh to be

provoked over such a trifle. He always

ame home to dinner with Uncle Har-

ey, on Saturday evening. Would he

ome tonight? Would be be penitent,

or expect her to be? He had been

ruel in all he said and she would

"Miss Pettengill, I am sure I smell

omething burning." Thus spoke

Annie, harrying in from the dining-

"Oh, dear!" cried Mehitable in a

exed tone; but no harm was done,

She barely had time to brush the

umplings with beaten egg, to give

ow precious a charge she undertook

Mehitable and Harold met at the din

er-table under Uncle Harvey's eves

ooked cool and fresh, in her pretty

lress, with only a little heightened

flush of her roses, to betray her agita-

urned very white, as she glance fell

ipon her the second time. What could

mean? Her left hand went in-

stinctively to her fair curis, as if they

nust be the cause one of those silly

traceful motions girls will make. Then,

coment afterward, she saw her be

Her eyes met his, a moment, in a

tartled glance, and then he looked

"So your are resolved to go, no mat

ter what any of us may say? Even

Dot cannot persuade you?" Uncle Har-

returned Harold; "we decided that

"What?" demanded Uncle Harvey,

while Mehitable forced herself to re-

turn Harold's glance firmly. He should

not find her lacking in purpose, she

It is as it should be," said Harry.

member, sir, I came under protest this

evening, yielding because I saw Dot

hoped she had repented of last night's

hasty decision. She has not, it seems

Since it is my last meal with you, let

us forget this unpleasantness, and tall

Yes, uncle," she replied,

"Is this true, Dot?" asked Uncle Har-

greater calmness that Harold had

truggled with his dignity and anger.

But oh! where was the ring? How

could she have lost it? But, if Harold

gave her no opportunity for explana

ion, she too would be inexorable, if i

So Harold chatted on with apparent

ase, and made Uncle Harvey join him,

Disappointment is the bane of

good appetite, and Uncle Harvey was

orely disappointed in the turn affairs

Even when his favorite dumplings

ppeared, he could not rally his spirits,

n face of the two young people flash

ing occasional defiant glances at each

A silence fell as they ste the daint;

essert, when suddenly Harold choked

slightly, and Uncle Harvey looked in

ok from his mouth a small gold cir

ther, across the table.

albeit the latter was a little sulky.

had not told you of the rupture.

If, if he could speak thus

out striving to conciliate

re-where could she have

what all this may mean?

emanded Uncle Harvey

by decision regarding my he west has been hasten

ting of our engagement

And where was Harold

way, to answer Uncle Harvey's ques

throthal ring was gone.

matter last night."

cruelly, w

her. But

lost her ri

"May I as

once more

eaning back

departure fe

"Only tha

of other matters."

ey, in despair.

broke her heart.

and taken.

her hand rested on the table, a

voice she hoped might

ent, since Harold came, as

and, after a few moments, the dump-

lings came but of the oven, brown and

asual custom.

ugar over them.

ever, never, never-"

been delighted at the idea of

say now?

them into the oven to bake.

"Why. Dot you are not so cruel as to choke a man with his own engagement ring? I never asked you to flavor guescid
As upon her pallid beams
Come the faint—the far-off gleams
a radiant one who walks among the
bleat! dumplings with love-sauce! That is 'ringing' the changes on a man," he cried, between gasps of choking laugh-- Zitella Cocke, in Youth's Companion,

meant to-

of laughter:

But Harold walked around the table with the ring, and took Mehitable's hand in his, and, while she blushed furiously, put it back upon her finger

"You lost it? You did not discard

"I lost it in making the dumplings,"

she returned, shaken from her self-pos-

session. "It must have slipped off, and

"Then you did not mean to give

back to me!" cried Harold. "You did

it?" he cried, eagerly;

fallen into the dumpling."

never meant to take it off and give me over." he said, looking so charmingly sincere and handsome in his penience, that Mehitable uttered a demure little "Yes," and Uncle Harvey finished his fileal alone, while they slipped back into the parlor.

Mehitable Pettengill is now Mrs. Harold Van Ausdell, and manages her household with excellent skill; but Her husband often jovosely remarks, while he enjoys her heightening color, that there is no dish she makes with such singular success, as his favorite, the apple dumpling.-Good Literature.

CARE OF SPINSTERS AND WIDOWS.

Funds for That Purpose in a Massa

chusetts Town. A veritable "old maids' paradise" is located in Scituate. That ancient South Shore town bears the distinction of possessing a fund of which the proceeds are devoted to the care of dependent maiden women.

So far as the Scituate selectmen know there is not a life fund under the supervision of a town anywhere in the State. More than a quarter of a century ago Miss Eliza Jenkins decided that the women approaching the sere and yellow leaf of life, who had, like herself, remained single from choice or otherwise, should be provided for when they became dependent wholly upon themselves. The idea of an old folks' home in Scituate was at that time entirely out of the question. Miss Jenkins straightway did the next best thing and left a fund of \$3,000, the interest of which is yearly distributed among the

worthy maldens of the town, The Jenkins fund has always been in charge of the selectmen. In the last | ing 13 se d her uncle's voice now, and eat violently, as she fecog-eat violently, as she fecog-be violently, as she fecog-be violently as she fecog-the tribute of the fecog-the feco persons in Scituate for so many years that the townspeople have come to regard it as a very common institution; it is available for only native born women and this is about the

hem a gloss, and then sift powdered only restriction its donor made. She then directed Annie, in a conused manner, to make a rich sauce for hem, and then fled up the back-stairmile knowingly and take charge of spring planting through this fund he tempting beauties, little dreaming The selectmen know pretty near every one in the town and it is comparatively easy for them to discriminate between the worthy and the unith great equanimity. Mehitable

Soon after Miss Jenkins thoughtfully provided for the "old maids" another maiden woman, Miss Lucy Thomas, originated the idea of a similar fund for widows. She left \$1,000. also under the care of the selectmer. or native born widows. Interest has been drawn from this fund nearly as many years as from the Jenkins fund.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS

A Halifax parsman has invented a nachine for keeping in trim in the winter. It is a sled with a rowing seat. With the aid of steel-edged oars he rows over the ice at great speed

The lightest of European crowns is the state crown of Great Britain, which was made for Queen Victoria. Although it only weighed two pounds and seven ounces, its value is £300,000.

A native Indian ruler owns a musial bed. The weight of the body sets the works in motion, and it plays half an hour, while life sized figures of Grecian maldens at its head and foot finger stringed instruments. Fans are waved by a concealed motor, which keeps them going the whole night

A story is told of a man who, cross ing a distant used coal field late at night, fell into an apparently bottomless pit, and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night only to find when day dawned that his feet were only four inches from the

An interview with the Sultan of Turkey has its amusing side. That monarch is not supposed officially to know any language but his own. An interpreter thunders his majesty's questions at the visitor, then cringes with awe as he listens to the words of his royal master. The contrast is close to the ridiculous. At the conclusion of the interview the Sultan rises and says quietly in the visitor's language or in French: "No that our business is over will you join me in my study and have

a cup of coffee?" An emigrant's outfit, including a ow, was in a forward car of a Kansen train, the emigrant himself being in the caboose. The train was making average time when the man suddenly exclaimed, while looking out of the caboose window: "Why, there is my cow," pointing to an animal that stood grazing beside the track. The trainmen told him he must be mistaken, but he insisted that he was right, and nally succeeded in having the train the car was found open and the cow gone. It was not injured in the least

THE PULPIT.

BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE R.V. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

"The Spirit of Christianity."

"Oh! I had it on today. I nevel Brooklyn, N. Y. - At Plymouth Church, the Rev. Lyman Abbatt, D. D.: occupied his old pulpit in the absence of the present pastor, the Rev. N. D. But Uncle Harvey burst into a roat Hillis. Dr. Abbott's subject was "The Essential Spirit of Christianity." He chose for his text the passage Matthew xx:27-28: "Whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servent. even as the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister. and- to give His life a ransom for

any," and said: What do we mean by Christianity What is its essential, specific spirit? It is the spirit of the Christ who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minis-The spirit of the Christian is to be like the Christ. It is to get back of all that is injurious and all that is val-uable; all the accretions that are injuring and all the additions which have ity, doctrine, ritual and lastitutional get back to the time of Christ Him self, and, if we can, see what Christianity meant then and there, in order that we may get at the essential spirit

There appeared at the beginning of the so-called Christian era a religious teacher in a province of Palestine. He was certainly for that age and for all ages a singular man. The things we care for most He seemed to be ladifferent to. He did not care for pleasure, but He was not ascetic. He did not hide Himself from the word. There is no instance in which He refused an invitation to a feast. He began His ministry he creating wine to prolang yet He did not care for what men call pleasure. He said Himself that He "had not where to by His head." He often laid down to sleep with only the stars overhead. He lived on the simplest food. He did not care for wealth, He never called a man a fool but once and that was the man who spent all his life in accumulating and then did not know what to do with the accumulations. He did not care for power, for when He was offered a crown He refused it. One day they gathered about Him, waved palm branches and shouted "Hosannah!" and amid all the branches and joy and acclaim He stopped and wept as He remembered the sorrows which

were to come upon Jerusalem. Ambition did not appeal to Him. He was willing to preach to 5000 or to 200 or to twenty-five or thirty, or to sit, flown with one poor wretched womay and talk to her by the well; and it did care for? For sorvice—to go about among men and make them happy. That was what he cared for. He cared for all sorts of willing to sep uen. He was equally he Greek or the Jew. If He lived mld be as will-Christian,

wise. He would talk with the neasant. or spend an evening with one of the great rabbis at Jerusalem. Character or past conduct did not separate men from His sympathy. It did not make startic." The meats, not because I think they priests and corrupt politicians. The politicians were more corrupt than in this day, and that is saving a great of Christ transcends all definitions and deal. It was a city of priests and poli-ticians, and one of these latter, who had made money by squeezing the pub-lic, was a little man, who climbed into a tree, because he wanted to see this He was in Jesus Christ, comforting the passed the priests and the orthodox little man and said: "Come down; I am going to dine with you to-day." He sought out the bad man because He thought He could do something for ter food to the hungry, bealing to the sick, comfort to the afficient, wisdom

to the ignorant, inspiration to the depressed or succer to the simple and the The only question with dim was: "Is this man in trouble?" What kind of trouble? "It does not matter what That was absolutely His only question. And yet this man saw that the deepest troubles of men are the troubles that same upon them because of their mon He gave the secret of happiness when He said: "Blessed are the pure in heart" and "Blessed are the poor in spirit," etc. The secret of happiness is what you are, not what you have, So the thing He wanted to do was to change men's characters, to get them out of sin and lead them in the paths of virtue and truth and good will. wanted to lift off the burden of their sins and make them healthy, normal, holy men and women. To this He gave His life. He did not do this incllentally, as it chanced Him; there was something mere. He said: "That is what I am here for. That is what God put Me into the world for; it is the mission He has given Me." He beonged to a nation that had been taught to look forward for the golden age, not backward. They thought the good time was yet to come. Their prophets had told them so. They thought it was to be brought about, some said, by the nation, by a series of prophets, or by a single man, a conqueror. And this man Jesus said: "This kingdom of God is at hand. This good time is already bere, and I am the one to bring it The first time He preached was at Nazareth and then He told them this. Then Me gathered a few disciples about Him and after a year with them He saked: "Whom do men say that I am?" They said: "There are many different things said. Some say het; some a great teacher; some one thing and some another." And He said: "But whom say ye that I am?" One can imagine the moment of si-

the death of Radnaliyovan (Yovan of Radna), who has been a thorn in the side of the Turks for thirty years past. Yovan of Radna took to the ence and hesitation and uncertainty hills out of resentment for the wrongs that followed. And then one, an impusive one, said: "You are the Messiah. he had suffered at the hands of th Turks. He has often figured in recen The mission of His life was to bring years as a kind of Macedonian Robin about the kingdom of God on the earth and He said, "The way to do it is to Hood, protecting the weak against the strong and occasionally punishing by hosp every one in need. No matter death the Turkish village ruffians of what the character—to help one another, that is the way." The Jews wanted whom his people made complaints to want the character or, that is the way." The Jews wanted it another way. Queer people, these Jews! They thought they were the great people, which was very like the Anglo-Saxons of to-day. They thought him. When surrounded by the Turks in overwhelming force in his las fight Yovan was at the head of a band of only nine men, three of whom, there were no other people who w religious or civilized or who had the leader, were killed in the fight, the Turks losing heavily." cret of great progress. They said the to Rome, and that not the Romans, by the Jews, would be dominant. By Christ said, "No, that is a mistak. The kingdom of God is not in Jerus lem or Rome or Athens. It is in spirit of universal helpfulness." The Mice Made Home in Potato.

Danbury, Conn., druggiet had a potato which he kept in his

his fellow man out of every kind of A SPENDTHRIFT COUNT. ANNA COULD'S HAS COST HER \$2.017 A DAY.

> The Amazing Extravagances of Count Eoni de Castellane. - In the Eleven Years of Their Married Life He Has Spent Over \$9,000,000.

effects a reconciliation with the Countess, his income will be so cut down as to practically extinguish one of the greatest spenders that even will, prace and universal helifulness were to be brought about, that would take generations. That must go from kingdom to kingdom, from city to city and fintion to nation. And so He called prodigal Paris has ever known. Of all the American investments in Old World titles Anna Gould's has

probably been the most costly. Reduced to cold figures, the price of her title had been approximately \$2.017 each and every day for the 11 years they have been married, or the equivalent every four weeks of Prestdent Roosevelt's salary for a year.

fort to the sorrowing. To minister to Recently Frank Work, the New Yorl millionaire, and his daughter There was something more. In all ages men have believed in some great had a dispute that led Mrs. Roche to leave his home because for a time she spent about \$350 a day, one-sixth of the dally expenditures of the Count. his daughter's extravagances for only a few weeks, while George Gould's titled brother-in-law has bammered one as I am, accurated by the same spirit. In My life and teachings I am away until he has made the record of interpreting this great Infinite Power, \$9,000,000 for the eleven years of his married life.

Presence." And He Bustrated His meaning by the parable of the king The Count has smilingly spent \$4 for a cherry and cheerfully given enough to pay the bonded indebtedby the parable of the lost sheep and ness of a small city for a piece of is the kind of Father that God is," said | brie-a-brac. He has made for himself a reputation as a spender that the There is still more in Christ's mes- caused the famous literary men of sage. In all ages men have been try- this and other capitals to write about him, and he has inflamed the Parisian populace more than once so that he has had to placate the city by great gifts to charity.

One of his little foibles was a vaudeoffer sacrifices." It is difficult in this twentieth century to realize what work ville performance given at Auteuil Pice when, for 350 guests, he presented an all star bill, no act of which cost him less than \$500.

ture the temple, the altar, the white-robed priests. All around in the outer court the cooing of doves, the bleating Ectipse. That has been the one idea of sheep, and within, by this altar, a of the Count from the moment he got butcher's shop, a shambles. Priests of the Count from the moment he got cutting the throats of lambs and cattle his hands on the Gould fortune. He and the blood flowing in great rivers waited for others to give fetes or to out from under the altur. Why? . Bebuy jewels or antiques only that he cause these people thought God had a might eclipse them, and generally be right to be angry-and they were right. has succeeded. He has lived to hear He had a right to be angry-and they thought He was augry-and they were his praises sung, and the Countess half right in that—and they thought the way to peace was by sacrifice, and For his wor

For his world-famed mansion on the hey were wrong in that. Jesus never Avenue Bois de Boulogne, known as the "Red Palace." Boni spent more money than he can ever accurately This world is God's reformatory and what He has done is his: His Marshal He liked the location so well that he paid \$740,000 for the land has come for you and me. Has He come in power, with greatness of riches alone, and before he got through he or wonderful display of intellectual had produced a palace that any king wisdom? No. Come how? In sympain Europe might envythy, in tenderness, in love, in purity He was told when he started to and truth and righteousness. We can

duplicate the historical Trianon at see no way to nappiness save by en-Versailles, in which Mme, Pompadour lowing with truth and purity and once lived, that it was going to cost riguteousness. See s come to us-to tremendously, but he smiled and shook ankboo you and me.

He says, "You can do the same thing." You say: "I have no power."
"Neither had I." "I have not wealth,"
"Neither had I." "I was not an ecclelion in furnishing the place.

One of the few details of the palac is a set of fountains built in the Me: get My spirit; live as I lived; be only restriction its donor made.

Many a person has been helped in the last iwenty-five years to pay off a mortgage, buy fuel for the winter months or purchase geeds for the crowded round Him. It was a city of the winter months or purchase geeds for the crowded round Him. It was a city of the contract of the contract of the crowded round Him. It was a city of the contract of the Valhalla for \$200,000 and planned to had but because I am sure the spirit 000 a year. Later he had to sell this toy, but that's another part of his is it? It is the new doctrine of God. faith of God, who is in His world as

When he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies he felt so goodnatured that he gave a feast that would have made Lucullus turn green The bill was \$200,000. He seemed to like that amount for it figures frequently in his accounts.

At another time he got the idea that modern dress was all wrong and that it only required a daring individries. Toward this end he gave a flower ball and all men appeared in the costumes of the Louis XVIII period. Bill \$125,000. But then his ideas were always costly

While his palace was building, some of the lots he needed were occupied and although it was altogether unnecessary, he impatiently bought the inhabited houses and evicted the tenants. That cost a pretty sum.

Sometimes the Count's were what might be termed questionable and in the light of the recent scandal, it is probable that one of his little mysteries is revealed. six years ago he presented to his wife r as I have loved you." That is the a necklace that he had paid \$100,000 for. Anna Gould realized how he was draining her fortune, and when she looked at the bauble she didn't think it was worth the money, so she hurried to the jeweller. She found that he took a lofty attitude and insisted that his business was with the Count. "You have cheated my husband," she declared hotly, "and you must take

Then the secret was let out. The leweller lost his temper, and, taking the necklace in his hand, said angrily: "If you think, madam, I have cheat ed, you are wrong. When I sold this necklace to M. Le Comte it had four rows of diamonds. It has but two rows now. Can Madame tell me

where the other two rows are?" Then the one-time Anna Gould went home and thought it over. Possibly she knows now where the other half of the necklace went. Perhaps it may be mentioned when her divorce comes

to trial. The costly addition to the Gould family thought it might be useful to know the time occasionally, and he decided to have one of the finest clocks in France. When the art dealers heard of this they started to procure what he wanted. In the end and it is said that for a year a clock-maker had the task of making it

keep time. olse shell wardrobe in which Louis Seize once kept his royal robes. About sed by Napoleon on the night of his coronation, and the rest of his private quarters had decorations in keep-ing with the bed. One of his bilis as for \$10,000 for a small set of

the eleven cellings painted by riepolo. Scarcely had he written his check for a gigantic sum to secure the palace when he made the artists of the world gasp by putting a force of men at work tearing it down. Tiepolo was a native Venetian who died in Spain

nearly 150 years ago, and his mural decorations are of enormous value The Count had the ceilings cut out intact and then set up in his palace in Even if Count Boni de Castellane this city. For three Celadon vases with old

French mounts he gave \$16,000; for a set of two Rose du Barry jardinieres and two plates of the same pit tern \$10,000; and for two pairs of Louis XVI gilt candlesticks \$4,400. One bill he received for \$104,000 covered a Louis XVI table in dove marble. a pair of old Sevres vases, a Louis XVI Entre-Deux, a pair of old French silver vases and severi minor articles.

Another bill for \$180,000 repre sented among other things a ward robe, cabinet, small and large writing tables of the Louis XIV period. Two of his other large bills for antiques were contracted, one for \$85,050 on May 27, 1896, and another for \$62,200 on June 18, 1897. The Count could show innumerable bills for \$10,000, \$20,000 or \$30,000, for little odds and

For the pleasure of insulting President Loubet he paid \$100,000 to en gage Montjarret, once the postillion of the French Republic. Montjarret became the little Count's outrider. simply because Boni didn't like the Republic or the president, and he was willing to pay Montjarret's price. The outrider had led the processions of all the French presidents since Grevy, and he was always cheered when he appeared at the head of a state pro-

These are some of the things Anna Gbuld has had to pay for to be a Countess. Given in detail the list would fill seven or eight columns of a

INDIAN CHARM FOR SNAKE BITE

At Least One Recorded Case Where It Worked a Cure,

The report from the township of Sandwich West that an attempt had been made to counteract the effect of the poison in a boy's leg produced by the bite of a rattlesnake by charm caused some inquiries to be made, and it was ascertained that snake poison charmers have been known in Essex county for the past hundred years. Tradition says that this power was received from the Indians, who roamed through the forests on both sides of the Detroit river years before the white man made his appearance

Henry Meloche, who conducts a fish store in Windsor, and who is nearly sixty years old, said yesterday that when he was a small boy he witnessed the charm tried on his father, and ims that, without any medicine his parent recovered heen worked.

ning and a senger was at once despatched to utes at the triffing cost of \$1,000. Then Belle River for Jacques Latonier, who was famous as a snake polson charmhis horse would carry him, and when he grieved he found the limb greatly swollen and a string, which had been tled around the leg to prevent the poison from reaching the body, was

"Latonier, after making an examination of the wound, said is was a snake bite and he produced a piece of string made from a deer skin and proceeded to tie it around the leg. As he tied the first knot he muttered a single word and before he finished the work he had placed seven knots in the string and had uttered as many words. The words were in the Indian language, and almost immediately after finishing his incantation we noticed that the swelling began to fall.

"In a few hours the leg was down to its natural size and the deer hide string fell about the ankle of its own accord, as it became too loose to remain on the leg.

"I never saw it attempted on any other person," concluded Mr. Meloche, but I have often heard of Latonier visiting different people who were bitten in the old days. Snakes were plentiful in Essex county fifty years ago, and it was not uncommon to be bitten by rattlers every year."-Detroit Free Press.

The Blue Heron's Tall. A teacher in a certain Philadelphia public school was very fond of reading aloud extracts from books on natural history to her young hopefuls. It gave them clear ideas of what was going on around them, she said, and familiarized them with the habits of what would otherwise have been an

unknown part of creation. One afternoon, after reading them a election about the blue heron, she told the children to write from their memory, and in their own words, what they had just heard.

Little fingers grasped the pens. little heads were bent over the desks, and then after some minutes of writing, papers were collected and carried up to the teacher. Teacher, reading them over in her own home afterward, was puzzled when she came across the following bit of information:

"The blue heron has a tale, but it nust not be talked about." She turned to the book to find out where the little writer had got the foundation for such a statement. The words of the book were, "The blue heron has no tall to speak of "-Minneapolis Journal.

A New Dish. it was Tuesday morning. clothes had been washed, dried and non sense pointed to the fact that it was ironing day, but cautious Scandinavian Tillie, the new maid, was not going to make the mistake of going

before being sure that she

dining-room to say appealing "Moesis, I skuld like to speak son

A HOMESICK BOY.

I'm visitin' at Aunt Maria's. And I'm homesick as I can be; It's sawdost and shawia's for breakfast, And shavia's and sawdost for tea!

She says it ain't sawdust nor shavin's, But some kind o' nu-triment food; Anyway, 'taln't pie nor doughauts, Nor fritters, nor anything good!

She never has Jam or cookies.

Nie says they are awful for me;
We est 'em like sixty to our house.
And we're all of us healthler's she!

She won't let me have any sugar
Berause it will give me the gout;
And meat I can't swallow a mite of
TEI I've chewed it an hour about!

Didn't know that I had any liver, Cause, you see, I was never sick much, But I'm hungry for all I can think of 'Cept sawdust and shavin's and auch.

Ob. I want to see Ma and Louisa - Emma C. Dowd, in Life



Young Doctor-He seems to have every confidence in my ability to save him. Old Doctor-Is he delirlous on other subjects, also?--Judge.

Young Wife-How do you like my cooking? Don't you think I've begun well? Husband-Um-yes. I've often heard that well begun is half done .-Punch

"That Englishman who is visiting the Nuritches claims to be a lord." 'Yes. And the Nuritches are working the claim for all it is worth."-Detroit Tribune.

"Mamma, is this the ship we're going over in?" "Yes, Willie." "Huh! You said it was an ocean greyhound. This ain't a greyhound. It's a dachs-

hund."-Chicago Tribune. Weary Walker-Dis paper says dat worry kills more fellers dan work. Tired Tatters-I reckon dat's right, but dey ain't nothing wot worries me like work.-Atlanta Constitution.

"Have you ever lost your faith in humanity?" asked the philosopher. "Never in their gullibility," said the grafter, "but unfortunately they've lost their faith in me!"-Detroit Free Press.

Miss Ascum-Have you really broken off your engagement to him? Miss Flytie-Oh, yes, I just had to. He was getting too sentimental; began to talk to me about matrimony.-Philadelphia Press. "Don't you find it irksome to have

no work to do now?" asked the constituent. "No," answered the candid it at the Capitol last winter."-Washington Star.

"Of course every young man thinks ox if he could ay" "Yes, and the older he grows the happier he is to think that he didn't have it."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Slowboy (sympathetically) - You seem to have a very had cold Miss Willing. Miss Willing (huskity)-Yes: I'm actually so hoarse that I couldn't scream if you were to attempt to kiss me.-Chicago News.

"Now, Tommy," said the fond parent, who was it that discovered the handwriting on the wall?" "The teacher." promptly replied Tommy, "an' said I did it with my new pencil an' kept me in."-Chicago Dally News,

"We have got to get back to the people!" bellowed the orator. what!" said a shaggy-haired man in the audience, "But you'll have to move a

little faster. They nin't going to stop for you."-Chleage Tribune. "What would you do if you were a ding?" asked the man of vaulting ambition. "I don't know," answered the matter-of-fact person: "I suppose I'd follow the fashion and wear a look of

worry and a bullet-proof shirt. "Good morning," said the old gentleman. "I'd like to look over some of your spectacles." "Yes, sir," absentmindedly replied the clerk, "that's just what most of our customers do. It's

just as good as looking through them. "Why is it that some of the bright boys who know everything the teache. asks do not turn out to be great business men?" "Perhaps," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "it's because they get into the habit of answering questions." Washington Star.

"What do you think? Young Softed, who is a laughing stock among the girls, says he can marr omorrow any woman he pleases." That's right. You don't believe such egregious vanity as that, do you?" "It's the truth You see, he doesn't please any."-Bal-

Of No Importance,

Two men were standing together on an East River ferryboat when one pointed out a third man with the re-"I can't recall his name at this

moment, but he writes for a number of the magazines." His friend looked at the stranger with much interest.

aptains, is he?" he asked. "No. he-"

"Writes up trusts and things, then?"

"Oh, then he's a prize-fighter or ctor-he is rather husky-looking." "No, no! He's just a plain author-

"Oh!" the friend exclaimed, the look of interest suddenly dying out of his face.-Harper's Weekly.

Enlightened.

The vicar of a church in the Wort to the church saw a little girl fri of his talking to a stranger. was the man saying to you, Mad aid she, "he just wanted to k Dr. M- wasn't the pr scher at thi siri drew hervelf up with an air of great pride. "I told him," she an-

## and lay in center of each

im little smile over now. I shall never be I wonder if he will come

to her tragic cogitation, ed to sing a brisk tune, and the tears twinkled in her eyes work about the dumplings withther delay; and, despite the fact that her first and violent with her lover had transpired

and dumplings are lightest. the poetical justice of humas

The Romance of an Apple-Lumpling. By Olivia Lovell Wilson. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Mehitable Pettingill stood with her jable's dimpled hands chop the shortencookbook in one hand, the sleeves of ing into the flour, after sifting it with

her dainty pink gown rolled away from the cream-tartar, put in the soda and her plump wrists, and a little patch of wet it with a deft hand, and roll into flour adorning her pleasantly saucy a paste about half an inch thick; Then she carefully cut the pastry in-She was not thinking of her bookto neat squares, and laid in the cenbook, however, or her flour-addried ter of each a juicy tart apple she had sountenance. Her thoughts seemed pared and cored. Alas! today, she even further than the plumes of the had no desire to throw the long peel-Miae bush toward which her eyes oc- ing over her shoulder, when she pared ensionally wandered. Mehitable was her apples, in order to read her mar-

apparently in deep and not altogether riage fate in the letter thus formed. pleasant thought. Could I describe with due fairness the sweet proportion and general delectableness I thank the old poets for that goodly word-of Mchitable, I should not the joined edges downward, passed have commenced with the cook-book. although it has as prominent a place

in all that follows as any charm e ercised by sweet Mehitable. Mehitable had inherited, with this trying name, her grandmother's fair skin and sunny hair, with the complexion of a rose-leaf-a richer in- niece's engagement. What would be heritance, in fact, than many of her friends possessed, who delighted in names breathing of poetic fancy; Lily, Daisy, Birdie and Rose. Her uncle loves to call her "Dot," because she is so small, so sweet, so truly commenda-

ble, in her thrifty household. But to-day Mehitable is in trouble and the cook-book seems only to add to her perplexity. The sunshine dances in the kitchen doorway, through the vine-leaves merrily, smiling opon the rows of shining trees, and playing hidend-seek in the shadows with the spor-The kettle boils gently on rything is neat and clean,

> Meintable nears the fath. / Sie dishes as Annie makes ready

to make her dessert

-table. sweet eyes, and stares at with eyes that only take in without any idea of the she is reading. Mehitable of those erratic cooks who a dish of nothing, adding a this and a bit of that;" she r-loving cook, and her desways a rare dish, made with But of all she creates, the

satisfaction is reached for rvey when she irns her at apple-dumplings. rvey remarks with a twin eye, on these occasions clear conscience, is a good my child, you are better because one may appreciate ugh goodness without any

our appreciation is confined Mehitable would re should Mehitable stand lay, into her cook-book, as not realize Uncle Harvey's ent in her skill? She did ed the kitten-that, like

affectionately against over her shoulder and for apple-dumplines: flour, two tablespoon ne teaspoonful of soda dis water, two cupfuls of confuls of cream-tar-

of Shallot grown tired of

flour, one saltspoonas Mehitable as, she twists finger; and, nto the flour

said arguing

I cannot see

m-tartar to-

uch, for him

me again. Oh. dear!) Cut in

gracious! what am I saying? gred, suddenly conscious of ah wandering. "Here I stand d reading it as if I expected a dumpling of Harold, I him by heart, too, "However

dinner with Uncle Harvey, to-

a well-known truth that, often