CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

—:o:—

(Claribel.)

I cannot sing the old songs
I sung long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me
And foolish tears would flow;
For bygone hours come o'er my heart
With each familiar strain—
I cannot sing the old songs
Or dream those dreams again.
I cannot sing the old songs
Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charm is sad and deep,
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep.
And though all unforgotten still,
And sweetly sad they be,
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me.
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again
Of golden dreams departed
And years of weary pain;
Perhaps when earthly fetters
Have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity.
My voice may know the old songs
For all eternity.

Jim Casey's Fourth.

—:o:—

The Most Glorious Day in a Mountain Boy's Life.

Jim Casey had come down from his mountain home to attend the school in the village of Clayton, which rested in a lovely valley in West Virginia.

The boys had been talking for weeks about the approaching Fourth, and the royal fun they expected to have, and the heart of Jim leaped expectantly. He was a tall, awkward lad of 17, whose ignorance of the ways of the village and general lack of knowledge made him a butt of ridicule by his fellows, but he was so good natured that this did not concern him much, as the boys really liked him, and their practical jokes were of a harmless kind.

He had never before heard of the Fourth, and did not have the slightest notion of its meaning. Nor had he the least desire to know. It was sufficient for him that there was to be plenty of fun, and his happy nature was content with this.

As a special mark of honor and favor, he was assigned to the duty of ringing the bell of the Baptist church, beginning at the midnight hour.

His companions did not think it necessary to inform him that the sexton, a crusty old fellow, had refused to permit the bell to be rung, and that he had promised a thrashing to any one who should ring it.

Following instructions, Jim forced a side door, and was pulling the bell rope merrily, and the loud peals sounded out above those of the other bells, when he was seized by the irate guardian of the church, who cuffed his ears until he heard half a hundred bells ringing anything but merry tunes.

He was a brave lad though, and said not a word of his punishment as he joined the other boys and followed them about the dark streets, the silence of which they broke repeatedly by explosions from the old-fashioned horse pistols which they carried, and his joy was nearly complete when one of his companions permitted him to shoot one, after it had received six or seven charges of powder. That the pistol at its discharge flew backward, narrowly missing the head of a playmate, and left his fingers in a sadly benumbed condition for hours afterwards, was reckoned by him as one of the to-be-expected events of the day, and his laugh over the mishap was as hearty as that of any of his fellows.

If he did not understand the schoolteacher, later, when, upon the green, he read the Declaration, or the congressman orator who followed him in a very patriotic speech, no one would have thought so from his manner, for his applause was as hearty, and his hooplas as vociferous as anybody's.

There was a procession of "ragamuffins" in the afternoon, and the tireless feet of Jim tramped close behind them all along the long march. The merry fellows were mounted, and when the horses galloped, Jim ran. They could not get beyond his close line of vision.

His joy was complete, when, later on in the afternoon the boys designated him as a committee of one to gather up all of the stray barrels and boxes of the village for the evening's bonfire on the village green.

He had no money to invest in fire-[illegible]kers or other fireworks, but he [illegible]leged to see the display, and [illegible]s proud distinction to start [illegible] the evening and keep it supplied with fuel.

With glad and bright eyes he watched the sizzling and popping of the crackers, and the loud hissing and bursting of the rockets, and chased wildly about after the "devil dancers."

Nothing marred his keen joy. His laughter was loudest when boys placed lighted crackers in his pockets, or exploded giant crackers between his legs.

Merriment was at its height, when cries of fire were heard. There was but one fire engine in the village, and this was pumped by hand. There were no waterworks, and dependence had to be had upon the wells. All of the houses were of wood, and a strong wind prevailing, there was imminent danger that the entire village would be consumed. It was decided that in order to stay the progress of the flames it would be necessary to blow up with gunpowder the church from which Jim had been forcibly expelled that morning.

The head was removed from a keg of the explosive, and the same was placed beneath the doomed edifice.

But a little later the wind shifted, and it was no longer thought necessary to destroy the church. There, however, was the powder, likely to explode at any moment from flying sparks, of which the air was full. Volunteers were eagerly called for to remove the menacing powder, but there was no response.

Presently the matter was brought to the attention of Jim, who, without a moment's hesitation, rushed into the condemned building, seized the filled keg and ran with it to a near-by well, into which he cast it, and the danger was past. In the short journey he made the air was literally filled with flying sparks, and it seemed little short of a miracle that some one of them did not reach the exposed powder as he bore it along.

Jim was at a loss to understand why he should have been made a hero of, or that the next day the grateful people should have presented him with a bran-new suit of clothes and a nice little purse of money. To him his daring act was but an incident in the many of the day, which he decided in his own mind to be the greatest and most glorious in his uneventful life.

The Debt of Honor.

Every son when he goes away from home carries with him the honor of the home to which he belongs, and he may either enhance it or dissipate it. If he does well, his success is doubled, for it is not only an ornament to himself, but a crown of honor to his parents.

There is nothing in this world more touching than the pride of a father or a mother in a son's success. Many a student in the rivalries of academic life is thinking about this more than anything else, and on the day when he is being applauded by hnndreds, he is thinking chiefly of hearts far away which are glorying in his honor. In the battles of life, in a large city, there are multitudes doing their best, living laborious days, shaking off the tempter, and keeping straight in the middle of the narrow way, for the sakes of those far off, whose hearts will be cheered by their well-doing, and would be broken by their-ill doing.

I do not think there is a sight more touching—certainly there is not one that touches me more—than when a youth who has been away in another city or in a foreign land, and bears in his face and demeanor tokens of his well-doing, comes back some Sabbath to the church in which his boyhood had been spent, and sits again side by side with the proud hearts which love him. Where is there a disappointment so keen or a disgrace so poignant as he inflicts who comes not back because he dare not, having in the foreign land or the distant city soiled his good name, and rolled the honor of his home in the dust.

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous, says Horace Mann. If there is a boy in school who has a clubfoot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him learn his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

When a person slumbers so soundly that he can with difficulty be awakened we are accustomed to say he is in a "deep sleep."" An attempt to measure the depth of sleep, in this sense, has recently been made by Dr. Sante de Sanctis, in Rome, with the aid of a specially designed instrument which prods the sleeper with a more or less sharp point. The doctor has drawn curves showing the relative depth of sleep in different subjects, and in the same subject after being allowed to sleep for different lengths of time. It appears that there are certain times during sleep when waking becomes easier, and a practical application of this result of the experiments is suggested in the adjustment of the time of morning rising to a natural period of minimum in the depth of each sleeper's sleep.

MARJORY'S FIRST CELEBRATION.

A Fourth of July That Was Very Different From Expectation.

"Are you going to buy torpedoes for me, Uncle Alec?" asked Robby.

"Yes," said Uncle Alec.

"Oh, goody! And pinwheels, and rockets, and fiery serpents, and Roman candles?" asked Robby, spinning around his uncle as though he were a pinwheel himself.

"Yes," laughed Uncle Alec.

"And little pistols and caps?"

"Yes."

"And teenty-tonty firecrackers, and middle-sized ones, and great big cannon ones?" asked Robby.

Uncle Alec opened his lips to say yes again, but a sorrowful little voice said: "Oh, Uncle Alec, Robby is a perfectly f'rocious boy. I wish you wouldn't buy such dreadful things."

"Pooh!" said Robby, and he put his hands in the pockets of his knickerbockers and stood very straight; for he was seven, and brave, and Marjory was only five, and didn't like Fourth of July at all.

"I won't let 'em hurt you. I can keep care of you, Marjory," he said. "And you can hold my punk." Here he brought out a dilapidated piece from the recesses of his trousers pocket, a remnant from the last Fourth, which he handed to Marjory as a sort of earnest of bigger and better things to be expected in Uncle Alec's package.

"Yes; but I don't like to hear them," said Marjory, and though she was the dearest little girl in the whole world, she looked almost ready to cry. But when the time for buying the things came Marjory was quite ready to go, and when her uncle came home with his arms full of bundles Marjory said to her mamma:

"Mamma, Robby's bundles are full of awful things, and mine are full of nice things, and we are going to put them on the shelf and not look at them until Fourth of July."

On the day before the Fourth the postman brought a letter to Robby.

"Hurrah?" he shouted, after he had heard it read. "Grandma wants me to stay with her all the Fourth of July, and I can make as much noise as I want. Mamma, may I go?"

Mama was glad to say yes, for Robby was never tired of shooting, and Marjory never seemed to get used to the noise, and cried so much that the day was always a hard one for their mother.

When the happy morning came Robby was up before light, packing his treasures for the journey; and when Uncle Alec took him to the train all the passengers smiled when they saw such a small American with such a large box going somewhere to celebrate his independence.

"It is very sad without Robby," moaned Marjory at lunch time.

"Yes," said her mother, "but not nearly so sad as it is with him. I haven't heard you cry once to day; and when nap time is over you know that you are to begin to celebrate."

How Marjory's eyes danced when she woke from her nap and was dressed in her very prettiest dress! She went to the next house and invited all the little girls to come and see her "Fourth of July," and they came. She ran and took the packages from the shelf, and Uncle Alec came to help her.

Off came the papers—and what do you think she found?

Robby had taken her bundles and left his, and there on the floor lay strings and strings of tiny red firecrackers, and middle-sized ones, and great, great cannon ones.

Marjory hid her face in her mamma's lap and cried and cried.

"I'm crying some for me,', she sobbed, "but most for Robby, I just believe he'll die!"

"Well, put on your hat, pussykins, and we'll catch the 3 o'clock train and make him happy again," said Uncle Alec, who, in his long black duster, had just come in from a trial drive of a new horse he was thinking of purchasing; and then Marjory was happy indeed.

"Oh, you dear, dear Uncle Alec!" cried Marjory, holding out her hands and running up to him. "Mamma promised to send word to the girls explaining everything."

They were soon walking down the village street toward grandma's house. They found grandma and grandpa, and John the man, and Kate the maid, all searching for a lost Robby.

"He ran to open his bundles in the kitchen, and we haven't seen him since, though we've called and called," said grandma.

"He is under the bed, I think," said Marjory. "He goes there so people won't see him cry." And upstairs they all ran. Marjory looked, and there, far under grandma's bed, lay a sad, little, curled-up bundle that was Robby. Nobody laughed when he crawled out, red and tear-stained, with his arms full of Marjory's packages, and he wiped his eyes very hard when no one was looking, and was soon as merry as the others.

"Ladies first," said Uncle Alec, as they went out on the lawn; and Robby laughed with the rest at the day fireworks as the queer cats and pigs and funny mandarins went floating up and away. They pulled the crackers, and every one had a gay cap to wear, and the very nicest of candy came from the boxes that looked just like firecrackers.

Then came Robby's turn. How the torpedoes and the pistols snapped, and the firecrackers roared, and the great, great ones boomed like cannons! Marjory sat on Uncle Alec's knee, and never cried at all, but laughed and shouted, "Wasn't that a fine one, Robby?" And nobody but Uncle Alec knew how she trembled, and how very brave she was.

When the dark came Robby shot off his fireworks. Finally there was just one thing left—the biggest, reddest cracker of them all—and Marjory said in a faint little voice, "Let me light it."

"You wouldn't dare," said Robby.

"I don't dare, but I'm going to," said Marjory, and she grasped Robby's hand, oh, so tightly! and ran, and lighted it, and was back in an instant on Uncle Alec's knee.

"Bravo!" they all cried, and "BOOM!" said the big cracker, and Fourth of July was over.—A. L. Sykes in July St. Nicholas.

A Word for Dad.

We happened in a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red, "What is home without a mother?" Across the room was another brief, "God bless our home."

Now what's the matter with "God bless our dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner-pail and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand-out for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the bailiff and keeps the rent paid up.

If there is noise during the night dad is kicked in the back and made to go down stairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad buys the socks in the first place and the needles and the yarn afterwards. Mother does up the fruit; well, but dad buys it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after every one is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is all right; but "What is home without a father?" Ten chances to one it is a boarding-house, father is under a slab, and the landlady is the widow. Dad here's to you; you've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em—but we will miss you when you're gone.—Stevens County (Mo.) Reveille.

And Don't Be Struck by Government Lightning.

From the June Atlantic.

How well I remember the day I was struck by government lightning! It was the manner of my notification that was so delightful. Unconscious of the momentous event, I was at home poring over the intricacies of Blackstone, when an aggressive ring at the doorbell interrupted my train of legal thought and in a moment a reporter on the Daily Record stood before me with a telegram announcing the appointment. He had been sent to interview me about myself and Ghent and Belgiun and international relations. Verily I had been magically transformed into a personage whose opinions were in public demand! In gratitude for the joyful tidings I responded glibly to the journalist's interrogatories and he went on his way contented. When the door closed I threw Blackstone into the corner with a shout of triumph.

But it was a mistake. In the light of experience, let me earnestly advise any ambitious youth face to face with the alternative that confronted me that day, not to drop his law books for the siren call of a consulship. * * * He will waste the most potential years of life in a more or less remote place, amid more or less uncongenial people, out of touch with American institutions and progress, and almost forgotten by friends; and when finally his precarious enure of office is ended is outstripped by his contemporaries, demoralized for competitive work, and a laggard in the race. This applies to the favored sons of fortune as well as to those who must "keep the pot boiling," but of course, emphatically to the latter.

The Moon Receding.

Looking back through mists of time, we see the moon ever drawing nearer and nearer to the earth. Our satellite now revolves at a distance of 240,000 miles, but there was a time when that distance was no more than 200,000 miles. There was a time, millions of years ago, no doubt, when the moon was but 100,000 miles away, and as we look further and further back we see the moon ever drawing closer and closer to the earth, until at last we discern the critical period in earth-moon history when our globe was spinning round in a period of about five or six hours, says Sir Robert Ball in Booklovers' Magazine. The moon, instead of revolving where we now find it, was then actually close to the earth; earlier still it was, in fact, touching our globe, and the moon and the earth were revolving each around the other, like a football and a tennis ball actually fastened together. It is impossible to resist taking one step further. We know that the earth was, at that early period, a soft molten mass of matter, spinning round rapidly. The speed seems to have been so great that a rupture took place, a portion of the molten matter broke away from the parent globe, and the fragments coalesced into a small globe. That the moon was thus born of our earth uncounted millions of years ago is the lesson which mathematics declares it learns from the murmur of the tides.

Early ryes-in is the downfall of many men.

Newspaper Proverbs.

S. W. Gillilan, the funny man of the Baltimore American and secretary of the recently organized Association of Newspaper Versifiers and Humorists, has coined the following proverbs out of twenty years' experience:

The chap who tries hardest to work a newspaper for special favors is the one who never spends a cent with it and is not even a subscriber.

The one who demands the highest excellence in typography, subject matter and quantity of contents does the least to help the cause along.

The man who kicks most about the inaccuracy of newspapers in general is the one who does least to assist in getting the facts accurately when he has an opportunity to do so.

The man who has it in for newspapers in general has had the bitter truth told about him once by some unusually frank reporter and has a big sore spot.

The man who brings in the longest obituary of the late deceased was not a model husband always.

The woman who declares it's none of the public's business and she "won't talk, so there," always winds up by giving the reporter a rattling good story so fast that he can't take it down in shorthand.

The man who begs that his name be left out of the list of drunks for fear it will hurt his mother's feelings never considered that good lady's sensibilities before in his life.

The men who spend the most money with the paper kick the least.

If you expect a man to find a compliment about himself, you must put it on the front page in boldface type.

If you put in a one-line roast in nonpareil between two patent medicine ads on the sixteenth page, he'll find it and come hunting the man who writ the piece.

The peach crop this year, owing to the heavy frost which caught the blossoms just as they were swelling and opening, will be very light in the eastern part of the United States, but it will be not less than it was before the landing of Columbus, for the peach is an Asiatic product; the Yang-tsekiang country being the home of this fruit. The Chinese have always been familiar with the peach from earliest records. In the Celestial kindom the peach blossom is used in ceremonials, something after the manner of the orange blossom among ourselves. The Department of Agriculture has had an agent in that section of China studying the early history and evolution of this fruit.

It is bad manners to make remarks about the food at dinner. To talk about things which only interest yourself. To contradict your friends when they are speaking. To grumble about your home and relations to outsiders. To say smart things which may hurt someone's feelings. To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you. To be rude to those who serve you, either in shops or at home. To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party. To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor. To behave in a train as if no one else had a right to be there. To speak disrespectfully to anyone older than yourself.

A writer in the *Scientific American* declares that he effectually put an end to the depredation of hawks in his poultry yard by fastening an old scythe, ground to a razor edge, with the sharp end down, on a high pole set in the edge of a field near his yards. The hawks, as is their habit, lit on the scythe, grasping it with their claws, with the result that their feet were badly cut. This angered them, and they attacked the scythe, literally tooth and toenail, and, of course, got the worst of it. Every hawk that came along met with a like reception, and within a short time they were either killed or driven away.

Cedar and pine trees are rapidly being consumed for the purpose of supplying trolley and telegraph poles, and, at the present rate of consumption, it will not be a great while before the visible supply will be exhausted. The foresters look to catalpa to fill the place of pine and cedar in this particular. The catalpa flourishes in a great many places in this country, and has the advantage of growing very straight, and attains the needed size in from sixteen to eighteen years. The time required for cedar and pine is more than double this.

Gen. O. O. Howard occasionally addresses juvenile patriotic clubs. An oganization of this type entertained the veteran at a sociable and dinner. A little chap near the general displayed a good appetite. "You eat well, my son," said the soldier. "Yes, sir." "Now, if you love your flag as well as your dinner you'll make a good patriot." General Howard's eyes beamed on the boy. "Yes, sir; but I've been practicing eating twelve years and I ain't owned a gun but six months," was the laconic reply.

Gerald—May I kiss you?

Geraldine—Mother is in the next room.

Gerald—That's all right. Your father can kiss her.

Farmer—How do I get out of the hotel in case o' fire?

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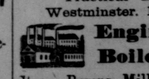
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By order JNO. E. MASENHIMER.
an-2-1y Clerk

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