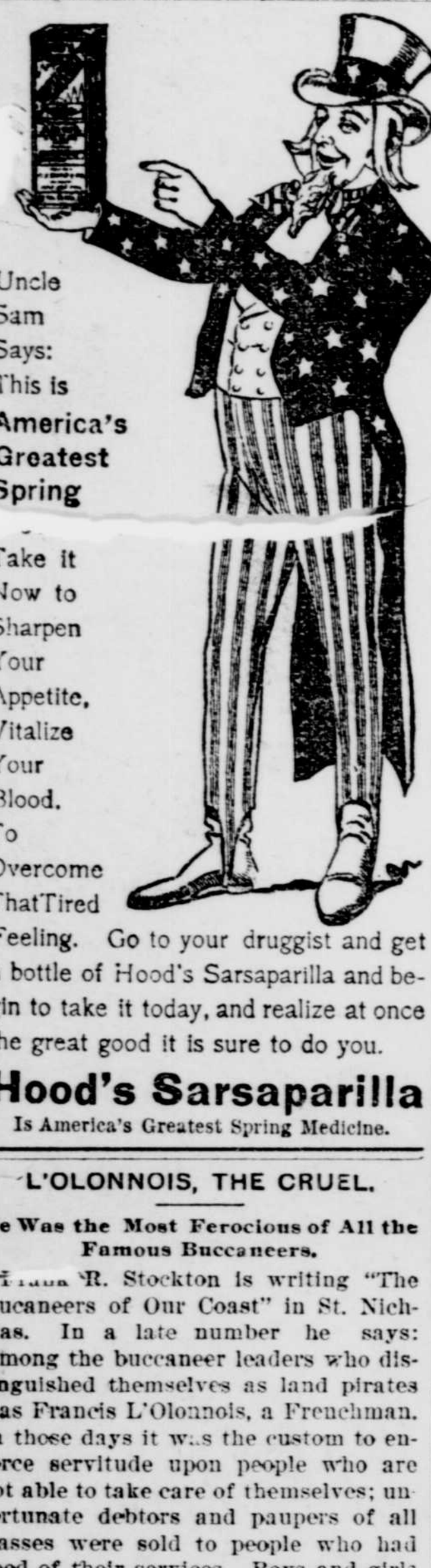


Uncle Sam Says: This is America's Greatest Spring

Take it Now to Sharpen Your Appetite, Vitalize Your Blood, To Overcome That Tired Feeling. Go to your druggist and get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it today, and realize at once the great good it is sure to do you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Spring Medicine.

L'OLONNOIS, THE CRUEL.

He Was the Most Ferocious of All the Famous Buccaneers.

Frank R. Stockton is writing "The Bucaneers of Our Coast" in St. Nicholas. In a late number he says: Among the buccaneer leaders who distinguished themselves as land pirates was Francis L'Olonnois, a Frenchman. In those days it was the custom to enforce servitude upon people who are not able to take care of themselves; unfortunate debtors and paupers of all classes were sold to people who had need of their services. Boys and girls were sold for a term of years, somewhat as if they had been apprentices; and it so happened that the boy L'Olonnois was sold to a master who took him to the West Indies. There he led the life of a slave until he was of age; and then, being no longer subject to ownership, he became one of the freest and most independent persons who ever ... earth. He began his ... island of Hispaniola, ... the business of hunt... ring cattle, but he soon ... te, and enlisted as a com... one of their ships. Here ... of being so brave and un... hat one of the leading pi... the island of Tortuga gave him ... a crew, and set him up in ... The career of L'Olonnois ... much like that of other buccaneers ... day except that he was abomin... cruel to his Spanish prisoners.

All the barbarities attributed to the pirates of the world were united in the career of this wretch, who does not appear to be so good an example of the true pirate as Roc, the Brazilian. He was not so brave, he was not so able, and it would be impossible for any one to look upon him as a hero. After having attained in a short time the reputation of being the wickedest pirate of his day, L'Olonnois was unfortunate enough to be wrecked upon the coast near Campeachy. He and his crew came safely to shore, but it was not long before their presence was discovered by the people of the town, and the Spanish soldiers attacked them. There was a fierce fight, but the Spaniards were stronger, and the buccaneers were utterly defeated. Many were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners.

Among the wounded was L'Olonnois, and when the Spaniards walked over the battlefield, he was looked upon as killed. When the soldiers had retired, he stealthily arose and made his way into the woods, where he stayed until his wounds were well enough for him to walk about. He divested himself of his great boots, his pistol-belt, and the rest of his piratical costume, and adding to his scanty raiment a cloak and that which he had stolen from a poor cottage, he boldly approached the town, and entered it. He looked like a very ordinary person, and no notice was taken of him by the authorities. Here he found shelter and something to eat, and he soon began to make himself very much at home in the streets of Campeachy.

A True Wind Flower.

It is said that a flower has been found in South America which is visible only when the wind is blowing. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high, with a crook at the top. When the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.

YOUNG AT SIXTY.

Serene comfort and happiness in advanced years are realized by comparatively few women.

Their hard lives, their liability to serious troubles on account of their peculiar organism and their profound ignorance concerning themselves, all combine to shorten the period of usefulness and fill their later years with suffering.

Mrs. Pinkham has done much to make women strong. She has given advice to many that has shown them how to guard against disease and retain vigorous health in old age. From every corner of the earth there is constantly coming the most convincing statements from women, showing the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in overcoming female ills. Here is a letter from Mrs. J. C. Orms, of 220 Horner St., Johnstown, Pa., which is earnest and straight to the point:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to tell all suffering women that I think your remedies are wonderful. I had trouble with my head, dizzy spells and hot flashes. Feet and hands were cold, was very nervous, could not sleep well, had kidney trouble, pain in ovaries and congestion of the womb. Since taking your remedies I am better every way. My head trouble is all gone, have no pain in ovaries, and am cured of womb trouble. I can eat and sleep well and am gaining in flesh. I consider your medicine the best to be had for female troubles."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

WEEKLY SERMONS.

AN IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Martyrdom of Stephen the Theme For an Able Sermon—Glimpses of Heaven Through the Eyes of the Great Preacher—The Eternal Sleep.

TEXT: "Behold I see the heavens opened," etc.—Acts vii., 56-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse and whoop and bellow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the ground, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" that was for his assailants. Then from pain and loss of blood he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer and Stephen asleep.

First look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall and paintings in the sitting room and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. The hosts keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominion to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man in this house today so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. And when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock or on the steam tug and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction, so when our friends go way from us into the future world we keep looking down through the narrows, and gazing and gazing, as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the Saviour's personal appearance, that He had blue eyes and light complexion, and a very graceful structure, but I suppose it was all guesswork. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in heaven. Look! There He is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying, "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves! Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebels! Belshazzar gathered the Babylonish nobles to his table; George I. entertained the lords of England at a banquet; Napoleon III. welcomed the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey to his feast; the Emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister, George Bancroft, sit down with him at his table, but tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned and the forlorn and the wretched and outcast to come and sit beside him?

Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in any city and say: "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. All who will live godly in Jesus Christ must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me anyone who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned."

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under their physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround your town or city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple or the Norway spruce or the cypress or the blooming fir. But this spirit about which Stephen prayed—what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to take up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before this day passes I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross. His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there should break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when in the last moment he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light."

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know, but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead. The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth.

Stephen asleep! I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay, yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh, not a tear; not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep!

I have not the faculty to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy, what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. Before this year has passed you may have to beg for bread or ask for a scuttle of coal or a pair of shoes, but at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out, and though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the King. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

You have seen enough for one morning. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep!

Good-Night Song.

"Good-night, little trees!"
My little man says when the Sandman comes.
And the soft-swaying breeze
In the listening trees
Wafts the answer, "Good-night, little man,
Good-night!"

"Good-night, little star!"
My little man says when the Sandman comes.
And a bright little star,
In the heavens so far,
Blinks the answer, "Good-night, little man,
Good-night!"

MARKETS

BALTIMORE. 15

GRAIN ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. $		@	5 50
High Grade Extra			5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	95¼		99¼
CORN—No. 2 White	35		36
Oats—Southern & Penn	29½		33½
RYE—No. 2	55½		56
HAY—Choice Timothy	12 50		13 00
Good to Prime	12 00		12 50
STRAW—Rye in car lds	7 50		8 00
Wheat Blocks	5 50		6 00
Oat Blocks	6 50		7 00
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3. $		@	95
No. 2			65
PEAS—Standards	1 25		2 00
Seconds			70
CORN—Dry Pack			80
Moist			65
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS $	9½	@	10
City Cows	8¾		9
POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks $	70	@	75
Sweets	2 00		2 50
ONIONS	60		65
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. $	6	@	6¼
Clear ribsides	7		7½
Hams	9½		10
Mess Pork, per bar			11 25
LARD—Crude			4
Best refined			6
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy $	23	@	24
Under Fine	22		23
Creamery Rolls	23		24
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy $	9¼	@	9½
N. Y. Flats	9½		9¾
Skim Cheese	5¼		7¼
EGGS.			
EGGS—State $	10	@	10½
North Carolina	9		9½
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens $	8½	@	9
Ducks, per lb	10		11
Turkeys	10		11
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's $	1 50	@	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves $	4 10	@	4 40
SHEEP	3 00		4 75
Hogs	4 00		4 15
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT $	10	@	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		100
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00
NEW YORK			
FLOUR—Southern $	3 60	@	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	101¼		109¾
RYE—Western	59½		60
CORN—No. 2	35		35½
OATS—No. 3	30¼		32½
BUTTER—State	15		20
EGGS—State	10		10½
CHEESE—State	7½		7¾
PHILADELPHIA.			
FLOUR—Southern $	3 60	@	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	99¾		99¾
CORN—No. 3	34½		34¾
OATS—No. 2	33		33½
BUTTER—State	22		23
EGGS—Penna ft	10		10½

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

A System of Military Highways.

An elaborate system of good highways for Pennsylvania is proposed by Arthur Kirk, of Sharpsburg, Penn. As the constitution of that State says "there shall be no State debt created except for military purposes," he proposes that the State create a complete system of military roads, which shall traverse the State from east to west in parallel lines forty miles apart, and in like manner from north to south. These military highways are not to utilize old roads, but are to be laid out new under the most expert supervision; be constructed in the best manner; have no grade greater than three per cent., no matter what grading may be required, and to be from forty to sixty feet wide.

The whole charge of building and maintaining these military highways is to be in the hands of the Secretary of Internal Affairs, who is to have three competent civil engineers as his counsellors. All applicants for positions of engineers in charge of the construction of these roads are to be rigidly examined before they can be appointed. The Secretary is to appoint a court to hear all claims and award damages for property taken for the construction of the roads. Before each section of road is completed, the Secretary is to sell at public auction the right to lay and use a double track street railway on it for transporting freight and passengers, for a period of twenty years, and money received from this source is to become part of the road-building fund.

Before the end of November in each year, the Secretary is to notify the State Treasurer how much will be required for the following year, which sum shall not exceed $12,000,000. On the first Tuesday of each month, the Treasurer shall sell at public auction twenty-year, three per cent. State bonds, to an amount not exceeding $1,000,000 per month, until the sum required by the Secretary is obtained.

Such highways are expected to benefit the people so greatly that they will demand that they be built but twenty miles apart, and then ten, and then five. Mr. Kirk has given the road question much attention both here and abroad. His proposed Military Road Law has been printed with full explanations.

Statistics Regarding Good Roads.

This is the time of the year when the average cyclist begins to look around to find out the condition of the roads. It is only the enthusiast who has done more or less regular riding during the winter, but this class is increasing every year. Frederick J. H. Merrill has issued a good-road bulletin for the New York State Museum of the University of the State of New York, which shows that he has made a close study of the good-roads problem. The bulletin treats of road-building and good road material, and it also includes maps and illustrations of stretches of good roads. The writer shows that this country is in the same condition in regard to roads that Great Britain was at the beginning of the present century, or, in other words, that we are a hundred years behind England in road-building. Mr. Merrill says that the Romans showed a better knowledge of road-building three hundred B. C., than the officials of this State do to-day. He gives the mileage of the important roads of this State at 123,000 miles. Much money, he says, is spent in repairing roads improperly, leaving the highways in worse condition than they were in before the improvements were made. The maps show the quarries in the State and the kind of stone to be secured in each. The ideal stone for road-building can be had around the Palisades on the Hudson. Mr. Merrill argues that it is not necessary to destroy the Palisades or blast for this stone, for, he says, there is enough loose material at the foot of the Palisades to last for road-building in this district for some time to come. The writer argues that all that would be necessary would be for the road-builders to get barges, pick it up and bring it over. This particular stone is known as "trap-rock," and it can be found in quantities in no other part of the State.

New Road Law Already Popular.

Before Governor Black had attached his signature to the Higbee-Armstrong State roads bill, the property owners along two important highways in Monroe County had taken steps to secure the benefits of that bill when it shall become a law. The movement was first started on the road between Rochester and Brighton, and the property owners on the Ridge road, between Hoosic Hill and Lake avenue, are a good second. Both of the thoroughfares mentioned are important ones leading into this city. The Ridge road, for example, is a splendid natural highway leading westward from the Genesee River to the Niagara. Its greatest breadth makes it appear like a superb boulevard, and along its entire length, country cross-roads from the north and south run into it, many of them from important villages. But as it is a great natural ridge of sand, the wagon tracks along this road are, during most of the year, very heavy. An improvement which would give teams and wagons a good, solid driveway would immensely expedite and relieve the large traffic over the road.

The evidence thus promptly furnished of the prospective popularity of the proposed law is specially gratifying to its friends. Something was needed to stimulate property owners on country highways to adopt measures for securing good roads. This something is furnished in the State and county aid secured under the bill. Under the new system there will be a fair prospect that the money will be intelligently and scientifically applied instead of being practically wasted, as the money and labor in the existing system of working out the tax are. After two or three conspicuous object lessons, such as the Brighton and Ridge road improvements will be, have been furnished, there will be a rush of applications from rural property owners for road improvements under the new law.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Maryland and Good Roads.

There is simple common sense for the good roads question, says the Baltimore American. Get good men, and make the money reach the roads. As things are at present organized—or disorganized—in Maryland, not one dollar in four or five appropriated for roads reaches the work on the roads. This fact is known. It is admitted. It is one of the chief scandals of the State.

Now the time has come for the money to be honestly used. There should be new laws, new regulations, new men and new methods. The lack of good roads is keeping down the price of every farm in the State, costing every farmer more to get his products to market, keeping back that progress which would come if we had better highways.

It is a simple matter, but we hope the Legislature will study it and begin by wise laws that progress toward better things, which will lead Maryland to the destiny that belongs to it by right of position and by the exhaustless value of its resources.

Working of Permissive Laws.

Permissive road laws will not bring the millennium of good roads upon us with a rush. There is still much opposition to road improvement, and it will take a good while, and much hard work, to overcome it. If county supervisors are simply given permission to indicate what roads they want improved, and their constituents don't want any done, they will not call for any road building in their districts. Under such laws, the only inducement for a county to build roads that it does not want, is the State's promise to bear half the expense. As some one remarked, "this is a good deal like asking a man, into whose intellect no ray of spiritual light had pierced, if he wouldn't like to be taxed for his salvation."—Good Roads Bulletin.

Preserving Good Roads.

The effect of wide tires on roads has been shown clearly on a street in Springfield, Mass., over which heavy quarry wagons are driven. The road was formerly badly cut up, but a number of years ago it was given a heavy surface coat of gravel with the understanding that wide tires should be put on the wagons carrying the quarry stone. This was done, the tires being four to five inches wide, and since that time the street has been in good condition, although little has been done on it.

In the Wrong Place.

It is said that 27,000 tons of water fall every year on each mile of road. This water does its best to run off and join some watercourse, but is generally so hampered in its efforts that much of it soaks directly into the surface, so that dirt roads become mud, and stone roads are ruined. Proper drainage alone would go far toward improving all our highways.

An Odd Little Gift.

The young business woman was in a down-town restaurant for luncheon. At the table with her sat a little blind girl, with her mother. Sitting beside the child, she took pains to help her in every way possible, putting everything that she might need within her reach. The girl became conscious of a helpful hand near, and, turning to her mother, said:

"Who is it, mamma?"

"It is a lady who is sitting next to you," answered the mother.

"Who is she?" asked the child again.

"I am a business woman," came the answer from the subject of her questions.

"And do you always come here to luncheon, and do many business women come here?" asked the child, much interested. Then, as she received a reply, she turned to her mother and said:

"Is the lady pretty, mamma?"

"She has a very pleasant face," answered the mother.

"Yes; I knew that from her voice," said the child. "Can't I give the lady something? Is this pretty?"

Her hands had been wandering over the table in search of something that might do for a gift for her new friend, and she picked up an oyster shell, in which a raw oyster had been served.

"No; it is not pretty," answered the mother, "but I think the lady would take anything."

"I should like very much to give you this," said the child, prettily, turning to the business woman, and holding out to her the oyster shell. And the business woman took it gratefully, and keeps it among her treasures as a souvenir of a very pleasant and pathetic little incident.—New York Times.

Indian Fails as Shoplifter.

A Navajo Indian can hide more bulk within the folds of his blanket than a two-bushel basket could hold, and can successfully hide many stolen articles before our eyes. The settlers along the San Juan and Animas rivers, during the early days, had to put all their stealable possessions in one corner of their places of abode and stand guard when the Navajoes were visitors, which was a too frequent occurrence. "Chinny ah-go!" (meaning something to eat) was the first intimation, generally, that an Indian was near (perhaps a half dozen). They rarely exceeded half a dozen in number, as they, like the American hobo, had learned that smaller numbers stood a better show to get something to eat.

One day in A. R. Lincoln's cabin, on the south bank of the San Juan River, three bachelors were partaking of their evening meal, when a Navajo with a glass eye walked in. All tried to watch the Indian's movements, but he had managed to get several articles under his blanket, and would not have been detected had not an accident befallen him. A hatchet which slipped from one of the folds in his blanket fell, and the sharp blade cut a long gash in the calf of his leg. The Indian looked to the roof of the cabin as if wondering where the hatchet had fallen from, but the blood spurting from the open gash betrayed him. His blanket was shaken and a butcher knife, miner's candlestick, several candles and a package of tobacco, all belonging in the cabin, fell on the earthy floor.—Durango (Col.) Wage Earner.

Tactics of Pursued Deer.

An Oxford County sportsman who is much interested in the habits of wild game reports seeing three deer chased by dogs in the deep snow. It was impossible for them to run fast, and they adopted tactics that were at once novel and practical. They were running single file. The first thing that attracted attention as unusual was the action of the leader, which stopped suddenly, jumped to one side, and let the other two deer run by in the path he had made. Very soon the new leader jumped out and let his followers run ahead as long as the leader could stand it to make the path in the deep snow. This was kept up until they went out of sight, and the sportsman had learned something new.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

The Gallant Southerner.

Representative John Allen, of Mississippi, the witty man of the House, is also one of the most gallant men of Congress. A beautiful woman from his district came to Washington recently and renewed her acquaintance with him. Finding he had not forgotten her, she remarked, "I thought, Mr. Allen, that you had forgotten me." He replied, "Madam, I have made it my life work to forget you," and this had the same effect as a witticism, for she tells it with numberless smiles.

BEES CAPTURE A WAGON.

A Vagrant Swarm Force Themselves on an Expressman.

A tribe of vagrant bees, following the lead of a near-sighted old queen who had lost her bearings, swarmed about Haswell's drug store at the corner of 16th and Lawrence streets yesterday afternoon, and for awhile had the corner all to themselves. The unusual sight of thousands of honey bees buzzing around one of the busiest corners in town soon attracted a big crowd of people, who at first stood off at a respectful distance and looked on. The queen lit on the tail gate of an express wagon, and it was curious to see how quickly the bees swarmed around her until they were piled up a foot deep, while hundreds of the insects buzzed around overhead or lit on the horse, on the sidewalk and on the clothing of the bystanders. When it was found that the bees were pacifically disposed the bystanders moved closer, and some boys, bolder than the others, even picked up hundreds of the bees and were not harmed.

Some one got a packing box from the drug store, poured molasses in the bottom of it and placed it handy for the bees, but they did not move into the habitation provided. A big policeman, seeing the crowd, sauntered up to find out what was the trouble. It was desirable in the interests of the public safety to get the bees to move on, but he didn't know how to go about it, so he had to remain on duty and wait for developments.

Occasionally a venturesome boy would stir up the pile of bees, just to see the crowd scatter. The bees would settle on passengers in the open cars as they stopped just before crossing 16th street, and then there would be a panic. Women on bicycles ran into the cloud of insects before they were aware of their danger, and screeching at every revolution, they scorched down the street frantic with fear, just because a few dozen harmless bees were tickling them on the face, neck or arms.

Where the swarm came from or where they had set out to go was, of course, a mystery. Some farmer around Wheatland or Littleton is probably the loser, and the owner of the express wagon now has a swarm of bees which he has no use for, but was forced to take home with him because they took a fancy to his wagon and would not leave it. A young man who said he knew all about bees attempted to shovel the insects into a box with a paper fan. They offered no resistance, but would not stay in the box, and in the end the expressman had to drive home with a halo of bees encircling his head and the wagon bed half full of bees.—Denver Republican.

No man can be more than half right. The other half is bound to be left.

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It would be worth 50 cents. One hour's freedom from the terrible irritation itch of tetter is worth more than a whole box of Tetterine costs. It will cure—sure, and it's the only thing that will cure. 50 cents at drug stores, or by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

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Astronomers tell us that in our solar systems there are at least 17,000,000 comets of all sizes.

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Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

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We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

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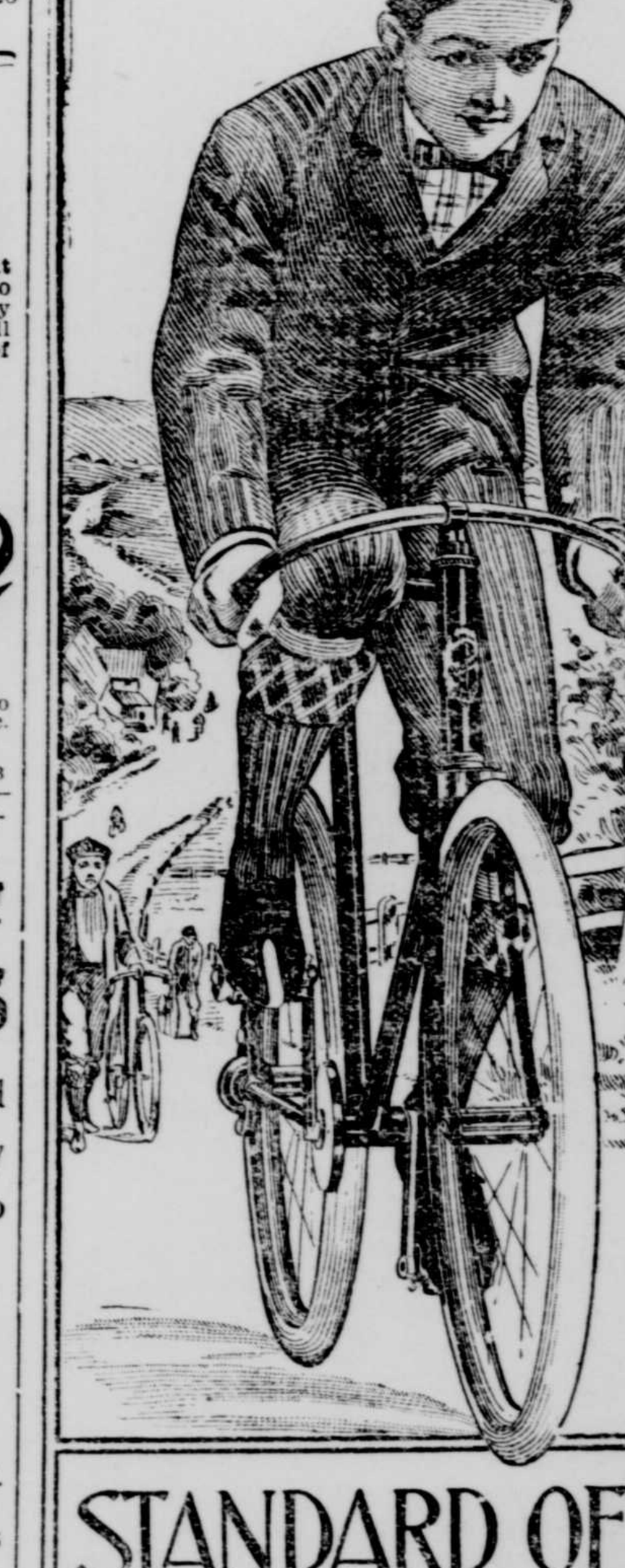


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