THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Master Squirrel.

Master Squirrel, blithe and gay,
Come and live with me, I pray.
Nuts have I for thee to crack;
Gingerbread thou 'lt never lack;
Sugar-plums and popcorn sweet
For thy pleasance shalt thou eat.
A gilded cage shall be thy nest,
A bed of down thy place of rest;
A life of ease thy lot shall be,
If thou wilt come and live with me.

Nay, my winsome little maid,
I prefer the glen and glade;
In the tree have I my home,
Through the woods I'm free to roam.
Nuts have I and eke to spare,
Fruits and corn and berries rare.
When the sportsman's gun I hear,
Many a hiding-place is near.
A golden cage and wealth to me
Are no exchange for liberty.

—*H. P. Wolcott, in St. Nicholas.*

The Soldiers of the Sea.

A very curious and interesting study in natural history is to draw comparisons between the habits and ways of animals in totally different walks of life. Thus the birds when compared with the fishes afford subjects for thoughtful consideration. We find groups and families in each that have natures and tastes almost identical; thus the hawk and the shark, the mullet and the robin, the bird-of-paradise and the angel-fish, all have something in common. All fishes are armed in some way, not always apparent. Thus in the mouth of the man-eater are concealed seven or eight rows of sharp, serrated teeth; others have stings, like the ray; while other fishes, again, have spines that connect with poison sacs. The torpedo has its electric battery, while others rely upon methods equally strange and remarkable. In most of these forms alluded to the weapons are concealed, and their owners may be considered the banditti of the sea. On the other hand, many more are provided with arms and methods of defense and attack that are as noticeable as the equipments of the human warrior. These, then, may be termed the soldiers of the sea, since they pass a great part of their lives in a continual warfare.

Prominent among these submarine soldiery is the sword-fish, the cavalryman of the ocean depths. Always armed, its sword drawn and directed at friend and foe, it is universally dreaded. No fish is too large or too powerful to be safe from its attacks. Even the great whale, the largest living animal, if accounts are to be believed, is pierced by this swordsman, and that it is more than likely is shown by the fact that with surprising frequency a report is seen in the papers that some vessel has been struck by a sword-fish. Perhaps the vessel is considered or mistaken for an enemy, or it may be that an attack is made to satisfy a mere love of destruction. Be this as it may, these onslaughts are to be dreaded. Some years ago the little sloop Red-Hot, owned by the United States Fish Commission, was struck and sunk in New Bedford harbor by a sword-fish, the sword completely penetrating the hull. Generally the struggles of the fish result in breaking the sword, which remains in the hole, preventing the entrance of water, but in this case it was jerked out in some remarkable way.

The force with which these fishes strike is often almost beyond belief. Some years ago the ship Fortune was struck by one, and when she was hauled upon the dry-dock, so that the leak could be repaired, the sword was found to have penetrated first the copper, then an inch-board under-sheathing, a three-inch plank of exceedingly hard wood, and twelve inches of solid white-oak timber, finally entering the head of a cask of oil several inches, but not causing a leak. The fish immediately broke off its weapon and made its escape. Several years ago a fisherman was rowing along off New York harbor, when there came a splintering, crushing sound, and up through the bottom of the boat came the sword of a sword-fish. The astonished rower had presence of mind enough to seize the weapon and make it fast to the seat; and although his boat foundered he was picked up by comrades, and the monster brought to the shore.

The arm of the sword-fish, or Xiphias, as it is known scientifically, is a prolongation of the upper jaw, covered with a leathery hide, often three or four feet in length, pointed at the end, and a formidable weapon. If we imagine the sword of the Xiphias set with bony spines on each side at short intervals, like the teeth of a saw, we can form some idea of the weapon of the saw-fish. The sword-fish dashes into a school of small fry and mows them down, cutting them in two with his sword; but the saw-fish, if it makes similar attacks, lacerates its prey, impaling them upon lateral spines that are often three inches in length. The saw-fish is more commonly found in the shoal waters along shore, but the sword-fish has no restraints; the whole ocean is its home; a veritable free-lance, it follows the great schools of small fry, preying upon them for pleasure or gain whenever it is so disposed.

The sting-rays are provided with veritable daggers, that are placed just over the base of the tail, and are always ready for use. That they are effective weapons I can certify, having seen a comrade's foot cut to the bone by a single blow.

Another curious weapon is found on the doctor-fish that sometimes strays nearly as far north as New York harbor. The fish resembles somewhat the common "Lafayette," but on each side, near the tail, is concealed a little lance or dagger. Ordinarily this weapon is held in its fleshy sheath, but if the doctor-fish is attacked, or even annoyed, it darts at its enemy, and strikes at it with violent blows of the tail, the little lancets flying out as if released by a spring, and inflicting terrible wounds. So troublesome are these little lancers that I found it impossible to keep other fishes in the tank with them.

These instances illustrate the rank and file of submarine fighters; now let us glance at some of the fort-makers. In many of the streams that flow into the Atlantic Ocean on the New England coast, the careful observer will see swimming against the current numbers of long, eel-like fishes, their bodies often seemingly fastened to the rocks, and their tails waving to and fro like streamers.

These curious fishes are lamprey eels—the same that were reckoned such delicacies in former days in England, and are still esteemed. If we watch these long, slender fishes, we see them struggling up-stream against the current, apparently by attaching their sucker-like mouths to the stones, and then passing on. Finally we see an eel lifting a stone; the fish assumes an almost perpendicular position, wriggles violently, and raises the stone several inches from the bottom, and the two are borne quickly down stream.

This lifting is repeated until the stone is conveyed to the required place, where it is deposited. Not only one, but perhaps fifty eels are performing this same work at the same time, and the number of stones brought down is astonishing, the heap growing so that in time it almost forms an obstruction to navigation. One of these stone heaps that I know of in the Saco, discovered by John M. Batchelor, of Cambridge, is situated about three miles from the ocean, in the ripple near the lower fall, and in 1885 it was fifteen feet long and from one to three feet high.

Mr. Batchelor writes me that he is going to examine and measure it again this year. Some of the stones that he saw carried by the fishes weighed two pounds, while yet larger ones were transported by two fishes. This heap was the fortification of the eels, piled up as a protection for their eggs and young, the former being deposited in the pile, and finding security in the recesses of the curious fort, where the young remain until they are able to care for themselves.—*Harper's Young People.*

DIGNITY.

BY THOS. P. CRANE.



THE dignified individual who is ashamed to be caught in the act of smiling is not necessarily a more important personage than the one who is always on the lookout for a chance to smile. Dignity is often assumed by people of very ordinary intelligence, who are continually laboring under the delusion that they are exceptionally cute or knowing. Individuals of the ape tribe have a natural tendency to assume a wise and dignified expression of countenance. I can only account for this tendency to wear a dignified look by the fact that a monkey's mind has never been able to grasp or comprehend the witty or humorous side of life. The most palpable or transparent humor, so to speak, is too deep for their comprehension. So, not being used to the habit of smiling, their countenances naturally retain a dignified and grave appearance. If an ape could only be induced to comprehend a little of the humorous or ludicrous, he could shake off that grave and dignified aspect. He would then appear less stern and forbidding, and more congenial to the community at large. There are many other animals who habitually retain a dignified countenance. I will not enumerate them, for their name is legion—or words to that effect. Their principal excuse for being dignified is that they cannot help it; it is natural for them to be so. It is natural for us to suppose, then, that all dignified people are not wise or learned. There is nothing necessary to success in life as much as a self-confident and dignified appearance. A young man with plenty of pluck and dignity in make-up will succeed where a shrewder but less confident and energetic one will fail. Dignity is, therefore, quite as much a necessity as anything else. Some people are in the habit of continually wearing a sour, unsympathetic and chilly visage. Nothing seems to be able to disturb their equilibrium or displace their habitual chilliness. A great many people who are in the habit of being cheerful and warm by nature mistake this sourness for dignity, and have, therefore, no idea of what true dignity means. They think that dignity means coldness. Let us be earnest and sincere while attending to business, and let us find time for smiles and fun occasionally when nature seems to call for it. I have seen persons who were never known to relax their dignity, even on the most mirthful and ludicrous occasions. It seems to me that people who will not laugh when nature seems to call for a laugh are not in their normal condition. If a man refrain from laughing to preserve his dignity, let him remember that a cow is also a very dignified personage, and will not smile on the most mirth-provoking occasions. She does not think it is "good form" to smile. In nine instances out of ten, when a person refrains from laughter when it is time to laugh, he is too obtuse and unsophisticated to see the point of the joke. There is a great deal of hypocrisy, pride, and egotism in much of the false dignity that we meet with and mistake for true dignity.

The Origin of Tea.

The tea-plant grew for endless centuries in Central Asia, and the guileless Celestials blandly assert that the drink was invented by Chin Fong some five thousand years ago. A poetic version makes it sixteen hundred years ago, and gives the following account of its earliest appearance: "In the reign of Yuen Ty in the dynasty of Tsin, an old woman was accustomed to proceed every morning at daybreak to the market-place, carrying a cup of tea in her hand. The people bought it eagerly, and yet from the break of day to the close of evening the cup was never exhausted. The money received was distributed among orphans and beggars. The people seized and confined her in prison. At night she flew through the prison windows with her little vase in her hand." If you care to do so you can read this story and enjoy it in the original Chinese of the "Chi Pu," or "Ancient History of Tea," and will no doubt find the translation exact.

Tea was not heard of in China again for three centuries and a half, when a "Fo hi" priest is said to have advised its use as a medicine. In the ninth century, an old beggar from Japan took some of the seeds and plants back with him to his native land. The Japanese relished the new drink, and built at Osaka a temple to the memory of those who introduced it. This temple is still standing, though now almost seven hundred years old. Gradually the people of Tartary and Persia also learned to love the drink, and serve it all hours of the day.

The honor of introducing the herb into Europe may be considered due equally to the Dutch and Portuguese. Early in the seventeenth century tea became known among "persons of quality" in Europe, and in 1602 some Dutch traders carried a quantity of sage (which was then used to make a drink popular in Europe) to China, and by some ingenious device succeeded in making the almond-eyed tea-drinker think it a fair exchange for an equal quantity of very good tea, which was brought home in safety and without the loss of a single Dutchman.—*E. H. Libby, in St. Nicholas.*

RIPPLES OF MERRIMENT.

LOVE-MAKING is one of the arts in which experience is not essential to success.—*Merchant Traveler.*

HE whose schooner passes too often over a bar will find himself making the voyage of life on a sea of troubles.—*Ocean.*

"IT'S a cold day when I get left," said the summer straw hat, as it cuddled up snugly in the dust on top of the wardrobe.—*Puck.*

"COME and have a quiet game of tennis," said Johnson. "Can't," replied Thompson, "never could play tennis without a racket."—*Boston Bulletin.*

"WHAT is their great loss is my immediate gain," said the minister softly to himself, as he blithely pocketed the customary marriage fee.—*Somerville Journal.*

MRS. REDMUD (of New Jersey)—Did young Mr. Gotham propose to you last night, Lulu? Miss Lulu (shyly)—Not quite, maw, but he kissed me several times.—*Epoch.*

THE man who said that marriage resembles a lottery labored under a misunderstanding. When you patronize a lottery you have some show of coming out ahead.—*Lincoln Journal.*

PHILADELPHIA dame (at table)—My gracious! You are spilling that gravy on the carpet. New waitress (cheerfully)—There's plinty more in the kitchen, mum.—*Philadelphia Record.*

IT is said that when a girl gets to be 35 she is fond of being called Daisy, if that happens to be her first name. At 16 she insists on being called Miss Smith.—*Atchison (Kan.) Globe.*

A DOMESTIC paper has a mournful tirade about woman's waste. Do not repine, dear friend, do not repine. The young American is taking the woman's waist in hand.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"MISTAH FARLY, I guess the baby's swallered some rat pizen, an' ma thought maybe you'd know wot was good fur it." "W'y, chile, yo' mus' gib it a anecdote right away!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHEN an American autocrat gets angry at a man he says: "I will put a head on you." When the Sultan of Turkey gets angry at a man he says: "I will take a head off you."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"MY wife has invented a new style of pastry, stuffed with chestnuts and dates; and what do you suppose she calls it?" "Oh, pate de dyspepia, probably." "No, almanac pie."—*Springfield Union.*

A COMPOUND has been discovered that will sober up a drunken man in ten minutes. The question arises, will the man who has spent a week's wages to get drunk, care to lose his load so suddenly?—*Exchange.*

"IS THERE any way to make new furniture look as though it had been made a century ago?" asks a correspondent. There is. A houseful of children will do it ninety-nine times out of one hundred.—*Burlington Free Press.*

TWO DANCERS, who had been attempting a waltz at a ball, stopped a moment during a pause in the music. "So you are fond of waltzing?" asked the lady. "I adore it," responded her cavalier. "Then hadn't you better try and learn?"

SOMEBODY has written a paper on "How to Tell a Woman's Age." It is bad information. How to know a woman's age would be useful knowledge, but the man who undertakes to tell it is simply a brute.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

MRS. J.—My new piano reminds me of a successful business-man. Mr. J.—Why? Mrs. J.—O, well, it's always square. And then its notes never go to protest. Mr. J.—No; but the neighbors are going to.—*Terre Haute Express.*

A FARMER came into a Western hardware store the other day and inquired for Kingsley's "Westward Ho." He said that he had heard so much about it that he thought he would just try it on the farm and see how it worked.—*Boston Post.*

"NO, BELLA," said Miss Afterthought's male parent, with a decisive bang of the piano lid, "you shall not sing the Lullaby or any other song from 'Erminie' this evening." "Oh, do let her!" pleaded Mrs. Afterthought. "I do so love a popular ma'ady."—*New Haven News.*

ORGANIST—As your party marches down the aisle I will play some impressive march. Prospective bridegroom—That's good; but be particular about the key. Organist—Oh, certainly. I invariably play wedding marches in E flat. Two flats seem so appropriate.—*Boston Republican.*

PATERFAMILIAS—Will you be in the neighborhood of the gas office this morning? Son—Yes, sir. "Then I need not go round there. Just drop in, tell them we have returned from the country, would like to have the gas turned on, and get a bill of the amount consumed while it was turned off.—*Philadelphia Record.*

OCCASIONALLY Bardette condescends to teach a lesson in his fun. There is a condensed business college course in the following: "Young man," said the dominie solemnly, "don't you know that the Sabbath day is a day of rest?" "Yes, I know," said young Selvedge, "but since the old man stopped advertising I rest all the week, and I've got to exercise when I get a chance."

How They Dressed Him.

When Gen. Edward McCook was chosen as a delegate to represent Jefferson County in the Kansas Legislature the miners considered it a question of personal pride that their representative should cut as "big a swath" as any of the members from the river districts. It was the duty of the hour to array him as became his station and the vast and glorious country he represented. In those days raiment was a very trifling consideration, but the wardrobe of the pioneer was not considered elaborate enough for so great a personage as the delegate from the golden Rockies. So an inventory was ordered, and after a two weeks' ride all over the Territory the committee brought in a bottle-green overcoat with a satin lapel, a plug hat of the last century, and a pair of very dilapidated trousers. A stray tailor was found to patch the last, and at the proper time Gen. McCook was satisfactorily arrayed, and clad in his bottle-green coat, his plug hat polished and glossy, and his new trousers, he was accompanied out of town by an escort of one hundred picked men, and in royal state started upon his long journey to the capital.

A GIRL in Omaha has sued a railroad company for $1,999. From the looks of the figures it has been suggested that she must have been a clerk in a 99-cent store.

A Narrow Escape.

From Theodore Roosevelt's paper on "Frontier Types," in the *Century*, we quote the following description of one of his trappers, a French Canadian: "Once or twice he showed a curious reluctance about allowing a man to approach him suddenly from behind. Altogether his actions were so odd that I felt some curiosity to learn his history. It turned out that he had been through a rather uncanny experience the winter before. He and another man had gone into a remote basin, or inclosed valley, in the heart of the mountains, where game was very plentiful; indeed, it was so abundant that they decided to pass the winter there. Accordingly they put up a log cabin, working hard, and merely killing enough meat for their immediate use. Just as it was finished, winter set in with tremendous snow-storms. Going out to hunt, in the first lull, they found, to their consternation, that every head of game had left the valley. Not an animal was to be found therein; they had abandoned it for their winter haunts. The outlook for the two adventurers was appalling. They were afraid of trying to break out through the deep snow-drifts, and starvation stared them in the face if they stayed. The man that I met had his dog with him. They put themselves on very short commons, so as to use up their flour as slowly as possible, and hunted unweariedly, but saw nothing. Soon a violent quarrel broke out between them. The other man, a fierce, sullen fellow, insisted that the dog should be killed, but the owner was exceedingly attached to it, and refused. For a couple of weeks they spoke no words to each other, though cooped in the little narrow pen of logs. Then one night the owner of the dog was wakened by the animal crying out; the other man had tried to kill it with his knife, but failed. The provisions were now almost exhausted, and the two men were glaring at each other with the rage of maddened, ravening hunger. Neither dared to sleep for fear that the other would kill him. Then the one who owned the dog at last spoke, and proposed that, to give each a chance for his life, they should separate. He would take half of the handful of flour that was left and start off to try to get home; the other should stay where he was, and if he tried to follow the first he was warned that he would be shot without mercy. A like fate was to be the portion of the wanderer if driven to return to the hut. The arrangement was agreed to and the two men separated, neither daring to turn his back while they were within rifle-shot of each other. For two days the one who went off toiled on with weary weakness through the snow-drifts. Late on the second afternoon, as he looked back from a high ridge, he saw in the far distance a black speck against the snow, coming along on his trail. His companion was dogging his footsteps. Immediately he followed his own trail back a little and lay in ambush. At dusk his companion came stealthily up, rifle in hand, peering cautiously ahead, his drawn face showing the starved, eager ferocity of a wild beast, and the man he was hunting shot him down exactly as if he had been one. Leaving the body where it fell, the wanderer continued his journey, the dog staggering painfully behind him. The next evening he baked his last cake and divided it with the dog. In the morning, with his belt drawn still tighter around his skeleton body, he once more set out, with apparently only a few hours of dull misery between him and death. At noon he crossed the track of a huge timber-wolf; instantly the dog gave tongue, and, rallying its strength, ran along the trail. The man struggled after. At last his strength gave out and he sat down to die; but while sitting still, slowly stiffening with the cold, he heard the dog baying in the woods. Shaking off his mortal numbness, he crawled toward the sound, and found the wolf over the body of a deer that he had just killed, and keeping the dog from it. At the approach of the new assailant the wolf sullenly drew off, and man and dog tore the raw deer-flesh with hideous eagerness. It made them very sick for the next twenty-four hours; but, lying by the carcass for two or three days, they recovered strength.

Ripened Years.

The New York *Sun* prints a list of names of fifty-two men, all of whom have exceeded in years the allotted three score and ten, and all of whom are still actively engaged in the routine of a daily pursuit for bread. The ages range all the way between seventy-three and a hundred and two. The oldest is M. E. Chevreul, a chemist, who still daily haunts his laboratory; the youngest the Iron Chancellor of the German Empire. The illustrious list is worth repeating:

	Occupation.	Age.
Airy, Sir G. B.	Astronomer	87
Bancroft, George	Historian	88
Barnard, F. A. P.	College President	79
Barnum, P. T.	Philosopher	78
Bartlett, Sidney	Lawyer	89
Bismarck, Prince	Statesman	73
Blackie, J. S.	Scholar	79
Bright, John	Statesman	77
Browning, Robert	Poet	76
Bunsen, Robert E.	Chemist	77
Cameron, Simon	Statesman	89
Chevreul, M. E.	Chemist	102
Conant, J. T.	Scholar	86
Curtis, George Ticknor	Lawyer	76
Dana, J. D.	Geologist	75
Davis, Jefferson	Statesman	80
Dollinger, Ignatius	Theologian	89
Dow, Neal	Reformer	84
Ericsson, John	Engineer	85
Feuillet, Octave	Author	76
Field, David D.	Lawyer	83
Gilbert, John	Actor	78
Gladstone, Wm. E.	Statesman	79
Granville, Earl	Statesman	73
Grevy, Jules	Statesman	81
Grove, Sir Wm. R.	Physicist	77
Hamlin, Hannibal	Statesman	79
Holmes, O. W.	Poet	79
Hubner, Baron	Diplomatist	77
Kenrick, Peter R.	Archbishop	82
Kinglake, Alex W.	Historian	77
Legouve, Ernest Wilfrid	Dramatist	81
Leo XIII	The Pope	78
Lesseps, Ferdinand de	Engineer	83
Manning, H. E.	Cardinal	80
Meissonier, Jean Louis	Painter	77
McCosh, James	Metaphysician	76
Musurus Pacha	Diplomatist	81
Newman, J. H.	Cardinal	87
Owen, Sir Richard	Anatomist	84
Peabody, Andrew P.	Clergyman	77
Pole, William	Whist authority	74
Quatrefages, J. L. A.	Naturalist	78
Tennyson, Alfred	Poet	79
Thomas, Ambroise	Composer	77
Thurman, A. G.	Statesman	75
Verdi, Giuseppe	Composer	74
Vermilye, Thomas E.	Clergyman	85
Von Moltke	Soldier	88
Weir, R. W.	Painter	85
Whittier, J. G.	Poet	81
Woolsey, T. D.	Publicist	87

His Cup Was Overflowing.

"Don't fret, John," said Mrs. Wiggins. "You've lost nearly everything you had in the world, I know, but remember you've still got me."

"Yes," said John, with another heartfelt groan. "That's just what I was thinking."

No Time to Waste.

Clerk—"Gloves, did you say, Miss? Something with six buttons?"

Country Girl—"Without buttons. I ain't got time to fool away half an hour every time I put 'em on.—*Life.*

HASH: A ESSAY.

BY PHILEMON PALAVER.

Hash are known and et the hull wurld over, from North and South to East and West people likes it.

It are the most poplerest vittles ever got up, and the feller, be he mail or femail, wat first inventid hash shood uv cum down to prosperity arm in arm with B. Franklin.

He or she are desurvin uv it, fur without them bordin houses wood uv bin a faleyer, and hash wood uv cum up miniss.

It are amoosin after consoomin a plat or two uv bang-up hash to rekline back in your cheer and wunder what was the ingrejints uv hash away back in the times uv Noey.

I spect Noey's pardner put hur most fittin foot formust, and applyed the flaverin to soot Noey to a dot, but uv wat were it made uv.

Communtaters says the pottidge uv them days were most likely a sort uv hash konsistin uv watter and flower biled up and varyus yurbs throwed in.

Esaw swopt off his berthrite fur wan mess uv it. Eyether it were furst klass and hard to git or else Esaw didn't valyou his berth nuthin.

But knowin minds and willin hands has labored on a improovin tell now we heve got a hash wich are a hash.

Wen it are put tugether rite thare haint no diskount on it. Its the feed fur me.

I kin liv on it 3 times a day, and eat it tween meels fur a rellish.

Furthermore I never yet seen 2 dorgs wich woodnt fite over a moresel uv hash.

I hev offon thort how is it sumboddy haint inventid consekratid hash done up in cans like Bordin's milk or Lewises's lie.

Seems to me it wood be a bully thing fur picknicks and sich.

Only jist conseeve uv a feller cartin aroun 2 or 3 mess uv hash in his pockit.

Or mitent it be turned out in the form desikeated cokynut cums in, dry like, so as to be carrid in paper bags.

Sum feller with a hed on him mite make a fortyun out uv this.

Ef I were yunger I wood go into it eye tooth and nale, purvidin I cood borry a few shackels to push it with.

The idee is too subblime to be forgot.

Giv us sum consekrated hash, yung man, in 5 pound cans.

Thare is all kinds uv ways, vulger and unvulger, uv devourin hash. Sum puts it away with a kase-nife; uthers uses a fork; and verashus pursons spoons it down.

The heethen Chinees transfurs it with a wooden nittin-needel (by the way wun needel full uv their hash wood be suffishunt for me), and the copper injuns eats it with a piece uv bark.

Thare be lots uv ways uv makin hash. Not evry wun knows the kereet methud.

I dont perfess to kno it my own'self. The most pervalin plan uv preparin it kan only be obtained in a bordin house.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Paris of Montana Territory.

To the younger generation Helena is a Parisian-like center which he hopes in time to see. Capitalists may make their money at Butte or elsewhere, but are moderately sure to spend it at Helena; and the miner or ranchman is never so happy as when he finds himself in what, without question, is the metropolis of the Territory. I know of no city in the extreme middle West that could so well satisfy one who had learned to appreciate Western life as Helena. Its climate, its surroundings, even its society, largely composed of Eastern and college-bred men and young wives fresh from older centers, are delightfully prominent features. The city has a population of nearly fifteen thousand, and considering its great wealth, it is not surprising that it should have electric lights, a horse-car line, and excellent schools.

Thanks to the railroads, which have had and are continuing to have so important an effect upon the country overlooked by the Rocky Mountains, Montana's isolation is a thing of the past. Two railroad routes connect it with the East and Pacific West, and there is still the Missouri, navigable from St. Louis to the Great Falls, within easy reach of Helena.

In 1869 the township of Helena was entered from the General Government. In a period of seven years later the placer claims near Helena yielded $20,000,000, and although far removed from the outside world, the city, as a mining center, was of great importance, and may be said to have enjoyed an uninterrupted period of success.

Helena, regarded from a local standpoint, is the geographical, commercial, monetary, political, railroad, and social center of Montana. Its trade is larger and more extended than that of any other city or town in the Territory, and therefore its commercial supremacy is unquestioned. The Helena banks, rich in deposits and many in number, may well entitle the city to its claim as the monetary center. The terminus of the lately completed Manitoba system, and having the Northern Pacific as an outlet to the East, West, and South, it has several branch roads to the important mining camps of Wickes, Marysville, and Elmini, and is promised others which are to aid in developing the rich districts scattered about the surrounding country.

Helena, in the truest sense of the word, is cosmopolitan. Let one walk the streets at any hour of the day or night, and he will be sure to notice the peculiarity. Crowding the sidewalks are miners, picturesque in red shirts and top boots; long-haired Missourians, waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up;" ranchmen, standing beside their heavily loaded wagons; trappers, tourists, men of business, Chinamen and Indians, Germans and Hebrews, whites and blacks, the prosperous and the needy, the representatives of every State in the Union, Englishmen and Irishmen, all make Helena their home. No traditions, no old family influence, no past social eminence hamper the restless spirit of the busy workers. There is a long list of daily visitors, and the city is never without sight-seers. Invalids seek for its climatic advantages.—*Edwards Roberts, in Harper's Magazine.*

I VENERATE old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—*Longfellow.*

AGE creeps along on all. Only a few years ago and Tyndall and Huxley were the scientific potemics of the times. Now it is announced that they have retired, desiring the repose of old age.

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indian Treats an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury, he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable Log Cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddle-bags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter-day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholesomer, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change, to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations, made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past so that those who want them need not be without them.

Among these Log Cabin remedies will be found "Log Cabin sarsaparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin extract," for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin liver pills;" "Log Cabin rose cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found, after long investigation, to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "ye olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.

Translated from the French: 'Tell me,' he said to the doctor, 'tell me frankly, is there any hope?' 'Yes, sir; a great deal. The statistics show that one out of every hundred with your disease recovers.' 'Well?' 'You are the hundredth one I have treated for the malady, and I did not cure one of the ninety-nine others.'—St. Louis 'Magazine.'

Proof Better Than Assertion.

With such proof as the following letter from W. H. Dean, of No. 278 Seventh street, New York, it is not necessary to make the bare assertion that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS cure lumbago. Mr. Dean says:

Some ten days ago I was taken with a very violent pain in the small of my back. It was so severe that I could hardly breathe; every movement caused great agony. I finally found out it was lumbago. Being entirely helpless, a friend sent out to a druggist and got two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS; these were well warmed and applied to my back, one above the other. In half an hour, to my great delight and surprise, I found the pain began to abate. In two hours I was able to walk out and attend to my business, the pain being almost gone. Next day I was all right, but continued wearing the plasters for a week.

Augustine Birrell, the author of 'Obiter Dicta,' in his essay on Matthew Arnold, which will appear in the November 'Scribner's,' asserts that 'Mr. Arnold, to those who cared for him at all, was the most useful poet of his day.'

For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M.D., New York.

Sixty thousand barrels of sour kraut are made at Raleigh, Pa., every fall.

Stamping and Embroidery.

"Yes, Lizzie, I like to do fancy work, but I haven't felt like trying that pattern—or anything else—for a week. These awful 'dragging-down' pains are just killing me!" "I know how you feel, and I can tell you where to look for relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a certain cure for all those peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments. Why! it even cured me of prolapsus, and many of my lady friends have been cured of various grave maladies peculiar to our sex by this wonderful medicine." It is the only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

The present session of Congress is the longest in the history of the Republic.

Do Not Think for a Moment

That catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. At all druggists.

F. Stecker, of Raling, Pa., has collected over eight hundred boxes of butterflies.

Very Sensible "Japs."

In Japan the old-school physicians are permitted to wear only wooden swords. This is a gently sarcastic way of expressing the opinion that they kill enough people without using weapons. But the druggist who introduced Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery into the Empire, carries a fine steel blade. It was found that all who tried this wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, consumptive tendencies, blood, skin and liver troubles, were, without exception, greatly benefited. The Mikado himself is said to have "toned up" his system by its use, and the importer was therefore permitted the exceptional honor of wearing the sword of the nobility.

Forests are springing up on the abandoned mines and mining towns in California.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Strains, Injuries.
RECENT, PERFECT CURES.

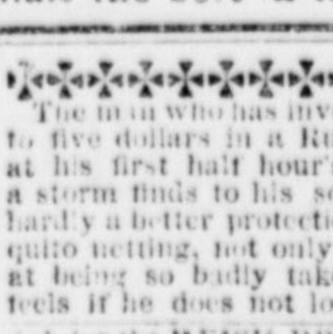
Crippled. Streator, Ill., May 20, 1888.
Mr. M. ZACK, professional stilt skater, in January, 1887, wrenched his ankle and was crippled for two months on crutches; he used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured.
C. E. CROSWELL, Druggist.

Crushed. Chandlerville, Ill., May 22, 1888.
About six months ago I was jammed between cars; in bed 23 days; suffered four months; used three bottles St. Jacobs Oil; was able to be about in one week.
J. ASHURST.

Strained. Mt. Carmel, Ill., May 26, 1888.
Strained my back in February last; could not get round for two weeks without a cane; was cured in three days by St. Jacobs Oil. J. P. WARNER.

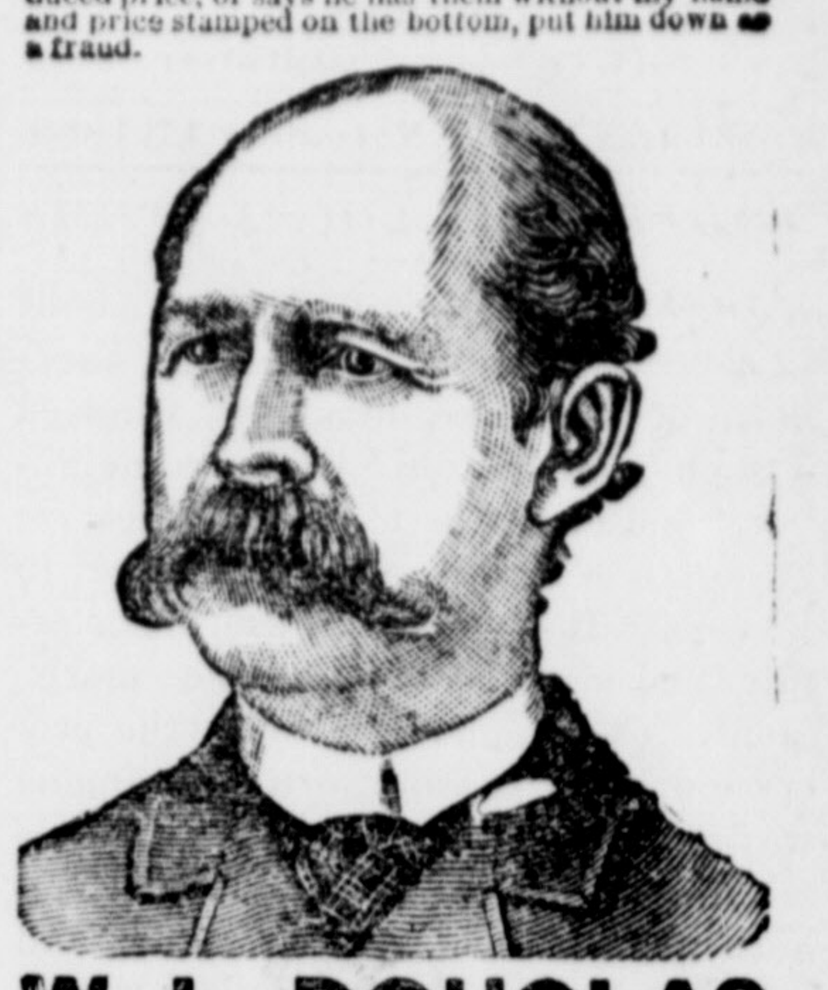
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THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Diamond Vera-Cura
FOR DYSPEPSIA.
AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low-Spirits.
At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.



THE true American has a warm place in his heart for the old LOG CABIN. It's not "English you know," but from the Log Cabins of America have sprung men in every respect greater than any from the grand castles of Europe. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is the best in the world.

CAUTION
Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.
The only calf $3 SEAMLESS Shoe smooth inside. NO TACKS or WAX THREAD to hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and WILL NOT RIP.
W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.
W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 POLICE SHOE. Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.
W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear. Best Calf Shoe for the price.
W. L. DOUGLAS $2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.
W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best School Shoe in the world.
W. L. DOUGLAS $1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives the small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

P N U 43

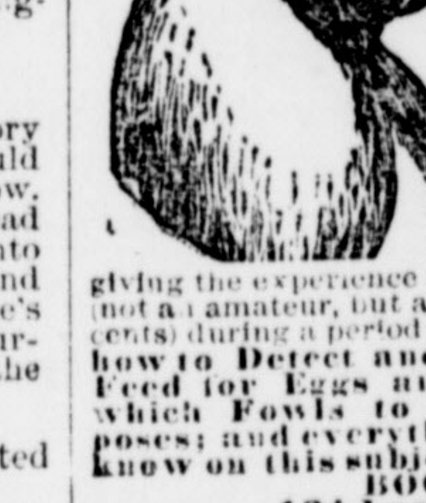
ELY'S CREAM BALM — **CATARRH**
I suffered from catarrh 12 years. The droppings into the throat were nauseating. My nosebleed almost daily. Since first days use of Ely's Cream Balm have had no bleeding, soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with Boston Budget.



HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, New York.

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Sees some of her Poultry die each year without knowing what the matter was or how to effect a remedy if she does recognize the Disease. This is not right, as at an expense of 25 cents (in stamps) she can procure a 100-Page BOOK giving the experience of a practical Poultry Raiser (not a amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents) during a period of ... years. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases; how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening; which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes; and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject. Sent postpaid for 25c. BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

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Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34; round, 14 Pills.

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Agents wanted, $1 an hour. 50 new articles, cat'lg and samples free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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The man who has invested from three to five dollars in a Rubber Coat, and at his first half hour's experience in a storm finds to his sorrow that it is hardly a better protection than a mosquito netting, not only feels chagrined at being so badly taken in, but also feels if he does not look exactly like
We offer the man who wants service (not style) a garment that will keep him dry in the hardest storm. It is called "TOWER'S FISH BRAND 'SLICKER,'" a name familiar to every Cow-boy all over the land. With them the only perfect Wind and Waterproof Coat is "Tower's Fish Brand Slicker."
Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the FISH BRAND, send for descriptive catalogue. A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.