

His Sixth Birthday.

He has given up his cradle, and his little worsted ball,
He has hidden all his dolls behind the door;
He must have a rocking-horse
And a hard wood top, of course,
For he isn't mamma's baby any more!

He has cut off all his curls, they are only fit to
girls,
And has left them in a heap upon the floor;
For he's six years old to day,
And he's glad to hear them say
That he isn't mamma's baby any more!

He has pockets in his trousers, like his older brother,
er Jim,
Though he thinks he should have had them long before.
His new shoes laced to the top—
Tis a puzzle where they stop;
And he isn't mamma's baby any more!

He has heard his parents sigh, and has greatly wondered why
They are sorry when he has such bliss in store;
For he's now their darling boy,
And will be their pride and joy,
Though he cannot be their baby any more.
— Georgia E. Billings.

✱ Saved By Shabbiness. ✱

The first great excitement of the opening of the civil war swept over the country like an irresistible tidal wave in that memorable year 1861, and I was caught in the current, though at college, and with nearly all my class enlisted among the first volunteers. My health not being very robust, instead of receiving orders for field service, I was commissioned to fill a place in a disbursement office.

One day I was summoned into the presence of my commanding officer and told I was to accompany Capt. McKay (we will call him) to a certain city for money to pay the troops. The sum was \$160,000. We were given particular directions as to our going and coming. The distance was so great we were obliged to stay over night on the route. A large city was selected and we were advised as to the hotel.

When we reached our destination Capt. McKay produced an old black bag for our precious burden. It was not an ordinary old worn-out bag—such a one as an officer might have used until the glass was gone and the edges were white. There was no air of ancient respectability about it. Since it was new much time must have elapsed, and heavy wear must have been its portion, judging from the patches which were not of the same kind of shiny black leather as the primitive article.

The Captain carried the bag and I watched the Captain. When the numbers traveling admitted of it, I took a seat just behind him; otherwise we sat together.

I rather enjoyed hearing the comments of our fellow travellers on the Captain and his bag. One young lady said to her companion: "That nice-looking captain has a wife she ought to be ashamed of herself for allowing her husband to carry such a furious looking old bag!"

A couple of lads returning from school took the seat vacated by the ladies, and after they were settled they commenced to look about them, and one said to the other: "What's that feller's rank?"

"Which one?" asked his companion. "The one with the bag?" After studying some time he replied, "Brevet colonel, I believe."

"Brevet jack-a-napes!" exclaimed the first boy. "I believe he's a low-downer, something like an 'orderly' or an 'adjutant.'"

"No, sir-ree, sir; he's a 'brevet' of some kind. Didn't we have the explanation of 'brevet' the other day in class as a commission which entitles an officer to rank above his pay? Now that feller ranks above his pay, which accounts for his uniform's being first-class, for Uncle Sam settles the bills. But his pay does not allow him to have other nice things—like bags and things."

Aside from remarks, we met with no adventure, and reached the hotel where we were to spend the night about nine in the evening. We had determined to avoid exciting remarks by making unnecessary requirements about our room, so simply asking for a room in the quiet part of the hotel where we could sleep in the morning, we were shown to one of a suite. We realized we had made a mistake in this particular when we were alone, and commenced to make plans for barricading, as the room had three doors to be looked after.

"Now what will we do to the windows?" asked Capt. McKay, as we stood in our shirt sleeves, all heated from our exertions of moving a heavy mahogany bedstead without rollers in front of one door, a marble-topped washstand in front of another and a marble-topped bureau (also without casters) in front of the third.

I considered myself something of a genius about a house, so I replied cheerfully: "I think I can fix the windows all right."

I took the chairs and the towel rack, some empty pasteboard boxes found in the closet and a bamboo whatnot and erected a pyramid between the windows. My idea was to construct an easily movable thing so that anyone trying to enter by the window would give premonitory symptoms by a grand overthrow. The pyramid not being high enough, I bethought me of the window shades. An unfortunate thought, for I lamed my thumb and skinned several fingers trying to get the shades down. But at length we stood in admiring silence before a pyramid that at its base took in both windows and at its summit, by the aid of the rolled up shades placed like an 'A' to form an apex, reached nearly to the top of the room. We felt safe and retired for the night.

I was awakened by thinking a detachment of artillery and an avalanche from the matterhorn were attempting to enter our windows at the same time. I gave a leap from the bed to ascertain what was the matter, when I found myself all enveloped in window shades they having selected that pleasing moment to unwind after having rapped me awake.

Capt. McKay assured me that I made use of various strong expressions as I struggled to free myself. After the closet scrutiny, we could discover no trace of any attempt having been made to enter our rooms by the windows, but sundry movements about overhead led us to conclude our pyramid had received its overthrow from jars from that quarter.

"Morn, waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand, had scarcely unbarred the gates of light when I felt something more vigorous than a 'rosy hand' hold on my

shoulder, and opening my eyes I saw the Captain's face pale and distracted in front of mine and heard him say in a voice trembling with emotion: "The bag is gone!"

"It cannot be!" I cried, springing up in a frenzy of fear. But diligent search could not reveal its hiding place. There stood the heavy mahogany bed before one door, the washstand and bureau before the other two undisturbed! The dust on the window ledges and sash seemed to prove that no one, not even the chambermaid, had interfered with them for some time.

"Let us get dressed and notify the authorities of our loss," cried the Captain in a hoarse whisper.

Both of us started to obey this suggestion and made such speed as we could, considering our oft-repeated tendencies to stop and search in probable and improbable nooks for the lost bag. I saw Capt. McKay pulling out the drawers in the bamboo whatnot, large enough to hold a writing pad with a few pencils; while I flew down a boot half-pulled on to search the top shelf in the closet.

"I have looked there six times!" the captain called out. "I shall be forever disgraced," he added with a groan.

"And our brave boys, what will they do for their pay?" I said feebly—my imbecility showing itself in my alluding to such a painful view of the subject when the captain was so overcome.

"Do you think I shall allow them to lose a cent?" he asked almost fiercely. "No, sir! I have \$1,000 in the bank and I'll use every bit of my pay and forfeit my pension to—"

Rap-a-tap—tap, came a summons to open the door, before which the heavy mahogany bed stood as an impenetrable fortification. I, with boot number one on and number two half on, and the Captain, with one arm in his vest, hastened to remove the obstruction with as little noise as possible, feeling we would rather not have it known how much we had barricaded. Several more raps came before we were ready but at length we opened the door and in the dimness of a dark morning we saw a hall boy with a jug of water in one hand.

I took the water, while the captain said in an excited tone: "Boy, run down quickly and tell the hotel clerk to come up here! Why don't you start?" he asked impatiently.

"Yes, I'm going, mister, but just let me ax ye if this here is yours?" At that he held up his other hand and there we beheld the old, shabby, but inestimably precious bag!

The Captain nearly swooned with joy while I had presence of mind to tell the boy not to send up the clerk and to give him a sum of money that made him whistle all the way down the hall. The boy explained that he picked up the bag just outside our door. Then we remembered when the lock of the door had proved refractory, the Captain had set it there, but neither of us had noticed that it was not picked up again. Blessed be shabbiness! we agreed, if it could accomplish the remarkable feat of preserving the sum of \$160,000 in the hallway of a hotel so many hours.

When the Captain and I had sufficiently recovered from falling on each other's necks and weeping tears of joy over the recovery of our treasure, the Captain said: "I can trust you not to tell this, I am sure, for if you do, it would mean the loss of my commission."

That is the reason I have waited until this time before giving the public this episode of the war.—Orange Judd Farmer.

BIG ANTS USED IN SURGERY.

How Indians in Deep Brazilian Forests Sew up a Wound.

Down in the Brazilian forests surgeons are not always at hand and hospitals fitted with modern surgical appliances are few and far between. But these facts do not bother the Brazilian Indian. For centuries he has known how to take care of him self, how to treat wounds and cuts and dis tempers without medical or surgical aid, and one of the most novel of these rude surgical customs is that of sewing up wounds with the aid of ants.

Septicæmia and pyæmia have been banished from the world of surgery in civilization almost entirely by the progress made in antiseptic methods and the introduction of anæsthetics in surgery has made possible operations which fifty years ago would not be dreamed of. But no surgeon, even of the most advanced school, left to himself in a Brazilian forest without instruments or appliances of any kind could care for a cut as neatly as do the Indians. The means employed is a species of very large ant, which is furnished with very powerful mandibles, capable of biting through almost anything. The insect has no sting and no swelling or other painful results follow its bite. Its lower lip is a strange jointed

organ, which the ant has the power of projecting far beyond the upper lip on occasion. At its extremity it has a pair of powerful forceps with which it can grasp and hold tenaciously small objects and nothing not encased in mineral can resist their strength.

When the Indian receives a cut or wound from a knife or a thorn he proceeds to catch a number of these ants. Holding the lips of the wound close together, he applies the mouth of an ant to the edges and the insect at once bites through and holds on. Then the body of the ant is pinched off at the neck and the jaws remain fixed. Another and another ant is placed in position until there is a row of jaws along the wound, holding it firmly shut, and when it is healed the jaws are removed with a forceps or other instruments. This style of surgery is strictly antiseptic, since there are no evil after effects from the ants' jaws, and the bite itself does not cause any inconvenience, although the pain must be considerable at first.—Chicago Chronicle.

HAPPY PEOPLE.

Who are Made Well and Strong by Paine's Celery Compound.

No Return of Disease

Cures are Permanent and Lasting.

A Letter From a Montreal Gentleman Cured Four Years Ago.

Medical colleges conferred upon Professor Edward Phelps, M. D., their highest honors for his invaluable investigations in medicine, but all this seems small in comparison with the grand chorus of gratitude that has gone up all over the world from men, women and children who have outgrown weakness, lack of health and disease by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, the noble professor's grandest medical discovery.

Paine's Celery Compound justly boasts of one grand advantage over all the advertised remedies of the day, whether they be pills, nervines, bitters or sarsaparillas. The cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, nervousness and dyspepsia are permanent and lasting.

Thousands of glad letters like the following from Mr. Charles Bowles, of Montreal, are received every year:

"Over four years ago I gave you a testimonial for Paine's Celery Compound after it had completely freed me of rheumatism of many years' standing. I am happy to state I have had no trouble from the disease since your Paine's Celery Compound cured me, proving conclusively that your medicine works permanent cures. I am always recommending Paine's Celery Compound to the sick, and particularly to those troubled with rheumatism."

A DECLINING INDUSTRY.

Same Skill no Longer Required in Making Famous Straw Hats.

A strike in the gentle, smiling valley of the Arno, says a Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, has drawn attention to the straw-plait industry there. It is one that is greatly affected by change of fashions, and has its periods of prosperity and depression. The days have gone by when the property about Florence was divided among a few manufacturers of straw hats (what the English call Leghorns), who when marrying their daughters gave them a dot of several thousand of scudi, (each scudi being worth four shillings), and a straw hat, the strands of which, less than a millimetre in width, were made of straws so fine that, after being woven a magnifying glass was needed to distinguish them. Now rich travelers travelling through Florence go no more to the Via Porta Rossa to pay 100 francs each (£22 for a straw hat to take home as a present).

Fashion has transformed the Florence straw industry. The profit now comes from the quantity, not the quality; and consequently the hand work at one time sought after and well paid has gradually decreased in price until the wages of the workers are infamous. When the wholesale price of a hat, all made and sewed, is a penny or two—and there are those at even a lower price—it is easy to imagine what compensation the straw-workers get for the twenty-five to thirty-five yards of

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP

is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name. SURPRISE.

made strands which are necessary for one hat.

The skill formerly required in the plaiting is, however, no longer required. Once it was an art, now every one can do it—the boys and girls who drive the cattle to pasture, the women at home, beggars, all those who have nothing else to do. In the mountains the men who break stones have been seen at straw-plaiting in their few leisure moments, and even men who drive coal carts. This 'vulgarization' and overproduction will, in the end, be the death of the industry. There have been immense exportations, especially to America, and, consequently, an overstocked market; and until some means are found of diminishing the production the industry will go from bad to worse, with the gravest consequences to those who live by it.

There are exporters who buy the straw plait in bulk, paying if not sufficient for the work, more than is warranted by their own profits, and who only continue the business out of charity for the poor people of the district. But this in many cases does not prevent them from being accused of profiting by the necessities of the workers. Hence the strike.

Another misfortune for this industry is the United States tariff, from 25 to 35 per cent of its value. Besides the Italian productions have to struggle, in America, against the competition, increasing day by day, of the Japanese and Chinese straw. The outlook is indeed dark, for no matter how the poor Florentine straw-plaiters protest and strike, they have no remedy. It is a question of overproduction for a constantly diminishing market.

BISMARCK'S FINE DOGS.

The Great Prince has Always Kept a Supply of These Animals.

In Germany, as on the continent generally, the dogs used for hunting large game, the boar included, are varieties of the German or Ulmer mastiff or 'doggie,' and very noble animals they are, albeit of mixed parentage, and it is now over fifty years ago that her majesty, the queen, accepted from the duke of Buccleugh a Saxon 'boar dog,' called Nelson, and imported by Lord John Scott from Saxony by that name. And in a fine painting (by Morely, I think), of a group of the queen's dogs, Nelson appears as a rough-coated, badly cropped mastiff, of such proportions that, a Scotch terrier, in the same picture, looks as if it was altogether no larger than Nelson's head.

This fine animal was the contemporary of young Bismarck's first hound, the terror of the peasantry around Kniphof, where the parents lived. This dog afterward accompanied his young master to the University of Gottingen, where, we are told, he speedily made his mark. Once, when Bismarck was summoned to appear before the rector for throwing a bottle out of his window, he took his enormous hound with him to the great dismay of the reverend dignitary, who promptly found refuge behind a high-backed chair, where he remained until the hound had been sent out of the room. Bismarck was fined five thalers for bringing this terrific beast into the rector's sanctum, in addition to the punishment meted out for throwing the bottle.

And for the sixty-odd years that have elapsed since then Bismarck has never been without one or more of these huge cross-bred mastiffs as his companion or guard. As a law student and official at Berlin, during his travels in many lands, throughout his diplomatic career at Frankfurt, St. Petersburg, Paris and elsewhere, as well as at Varzi and Friedrichsruhe, Bismarck has always had the companionship of one or more of his favorite dogs. Probably the one to which he was most attached was Sultan, who died at Varzin in 1871. Tyras—the famous dog of the empire—was of unusual size and of the slate color most popular in Germany, was then quite a young dog, and it was the constant companion of its illustrious owner till the time of its death, sharing his walks, his rides, his business and his meals, and keeping guard in his bedroom at night.—Good Words.

More Precious Than Gold.

At last, after many dangers, she had braved the terrors of the Chilkooot Pass and had rejoined her lover on the Klondike. "Are you glad to see me?" she asked. "Do you still think that I am worth my weight in gold?"

"In gold?" he cried contemptuously, as he folded her to his frozen bosom. "My darling you are worth your weight in hash!"

An Untenable Position.

"I SHOULD be as much ashamed to be ill as I should be of an act of immorality or of meanness."

These words were spoken to a little company of people, of whom the writer was one, by a bright educated and progressive woman, at a dinner party not long ago. She had adopted, she said, a thoroughly scientific mode of living, and of taking care of herself, and had suffered no disease or ailment since. She looked healthy and hearty enough that day, to be sure, and so did most of us then and there present. Yet we thought her language rather "advanced" and radical even for an age marked by so many wild and reckless declarations.

No doubt there are plenty of cases of illness as there are of injury, that are fairly attributable to the distinct and culpable acts of ignorance or carelessness. In such instances the resulting illness, when suffered by the responsible person himself, may have the color of wrong-doing; as when he needlessly contracts an infectious or contagious disease and transmits it to others.

But the great mass of cases of illness cannot be traced to causes of that kind. The irresistible pressure of life's duties and incidents continually places us in situations which lead to illness in spite of our knowledge or even of our precaution. And under those circumstances we naturally decline to look upon sickness as being tantamount to wickedness. No; far from it.

Some little time since a lady, Mrs. Ann Hall, of 4, Conway Street, Skelmersdale, near Ormskirk, wrote to say that in the autumn of 1892 she found herself low and weak—without ambition, life, or energy. Any exertion was a burden to her. There was a disagreeable taste in her mouth, she was constantly belching up wind or gas, and after eating had pain and fullness at the chest and around the body. Quite often she was eased only by throwing up all she had taken. Her sleep was imperfect and broken, and she rose in the morning very poorly prepared for the day's labors and cares. She was not laid up but got about her work in a dull, listless fashion, yet it was, poor woman, the best she was capable of. The numerous medicines she used did her no good until she tried Mother Seigel's Syrup, having first read about it in one of those little books that are scattered over the country in hopes that they may fall into the hands of those who need them.

The result may be stated in her own words: "After I had taken the Syrup a few days," she says, "I felt much better. My food agreed with me, and my spirits were lighter. I kept on with this medicine, and in a few weeks the pain and distress were all gone. Since then I have been in good health and done my work as easily as before I was taken ill."

"For several years," writes another, "I suffered from a bad stomach and weakness. I felt out of sorts and run down. My appetite was poor, and after eating, the food lay heavy on my stomach, causing me much pain. I was constantly troubled with wind rising into my throat and giving me a sensation of choking. My legs ached and trembled, and it was with difficulty I got about."

"In the summer of last year (1896) I became very bad, and nothing relieved me. It was then I fortunately read in a book about Mother Seigel's Syrup, and began taking it. In a few days I felt great benefit. I could eat well, the food agreed with me, and I soon felt strong and well. I have recommended this remedy to many, and you may publish this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Mary Lees, 126, Alexander Place, Dandvian Road, Coatbridge, near Glasgow, July 1st, 1897."

Both these women were victims of dyspepsia, and it there is a disease more subtle and sly than a prowling cat, and more light-fingered than a thief in the night dyspepsia is that disease. To provide against it is practically impossible. Dieting, exercise, or travel are in vain. Over-eating and drinking are not the only things that provoke it. It may attack you any day through worry or a mental shock. The course you adopt to avoid it may bring it on. It has more disguises than a professional comedian, and creates more distress and pain than almost any dozen other complaints acting together. It is not a thing to be ashamed of but one to be commiserated and cured. And thank Mercy! Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it.

Wife—What a sweet smile there is on baby's face, John!

Husband—Yes, he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake.

If the scalp does not give out oil to keep the hair from becoming dry and harsh, use Hall's Hair Renewer to render the hair healthy, soft and pliable.