

## Near to Nature's Heart.

I have dwelt in the earth's lone places,  
On her prairies, wild and wide,  
Where the waving grass, like billows,  
Ripples from side to side.

I have dwelt where the foreign monarchs  
Were closely gathered near,  
They have sung me the grandest anthems  
Ever heard by a mortal ear.

I have dwelt where the wild waves gather  
At the storm king's trumpet cry,  
And have seen them break in anger,  
Tossing their white crests high.

And near and dearer ever  
The earth has grown to my heart;  
Alas! for she will not miss me,  
When I to my place depart.

## Kenneth's Sea Serpent.

On the shore of Lake Michigan, not 150 miles north of Chicago there is a scraggly little town. It has only one street, down which scurries the sand from the beach whenever the wind blows, a few comfortable brown houses and a drowsy store. For a good many years this town bore the name of Hurd's Landing and its people jogged along quite contentedly from season to season. During the summer they grew mildly excited twice a week watching a dark blur on the southern horizon grow larger and larger until it became the Pequasky, the sidewheeler from Chicago. And then there was a moment of feverish commotion in which whistles tooted, bells clanged, hawes squeaked and groaned and the Pequasky rubbed her nose against the rotten wharf. After that Hurd's Landing watched again until the smoke from the Pequasky's stacks became a speck on the northern horizon. Then it sighed and sunk back to rest until next steamer day.

But when Kenneth came, and built a big hotel and a row of cottages just across the inlet, all this was changed. Hurd's Landing woke up and shook herself and began to put on airs. Steamers came every day and tied at a new dock, where there was a peanut and popcorn stand with a flag flying from its roof and the sails of pleasure boats on the bay dipped and flashed in the sunshine. In fact, it was with embarrassment that the little old town heard itself spoken of as Hurd's Landing. It much preferred 'Kenneth's Villa,' according to the lithographed posters of Kenneth's company. For it was now a fully feathered summer resort and every available room in Kenneth's hotel, to say nothing of many a quaint spare chamber in the brown houses of the older town, was filled with visitors. Kenneth had succeeded marvelously in making it popular, and yet, as heard all of Hurd's Landing felt, it lacked something of being really famous. It was not spoken of in Chicago in the same tone of voice that Lake Geneva and Waukesha and Benton Harbor were mentioned. How to supply this missing element Kenneth, with all his shrewdness, did not know. And so he waited and hoped, and one day something happened that put Kenneth's in the mouth of every well-informed summer resort.

This something was a sea serpent. Nor was it any ordinary sea serpent such as everyday summer resorts furnish. It was as real as the perch and the bass that the boarders caught in inlet, and it soon became the terror of all the women and children.

The sea serpent was first seen by Harvey Henderson. Harvey was 16 years old, and he and his cousin, George Barber, and Bert Holmes were tacking in a head wind on board the Miranda, which belonged to Harvey's father. The waves were high and George and Bert were dodging the boom while Harvey managed the rudder. Suddenly George jumped up and pointed out over the water.

'What's that?' he exclaimed. Both of the other boys looked, and there, above the water, was a large dark head waving slowly back and forth. He had little round sharp eyes—his Harvey afterward described—and a huge slit of a mouth, surrounded by sharp spurs or bristles. Its body wriggled like that of a snake, leaving behind it a wake of foam and bubbles.

'It is a sea serpent!' gasped Bert as soon as he could get his breath.

'Ann it's coming for the boat!' shouted George.

In a panic Harvey bore the rudder hard to the right and the Miranda went around so swiftly that she almost capsized. With the wind behind she scudded swiftly homeward, and Harvey declared that the monster often approached within striking distance of the boat. But before they reached the dock it had disappeared, and the boys rubbed their eyes and shook themselves to make sure it was not all a dream.

Five minutes later the whole colony at Kenneth's was gathered on the lawn in front of the hotel listening to the story which the boys were telling, open mouthed and wide-eyed. All the younger folks believed it at once, but the older ones smiled and looked wise. And there was Mr. Watson Hall, who had come up from Chicago and who lost no opportunity to joke the boys. He smiled at Harvey's big sister and asked quite seriously:

'Why didn't you ask him to come up to the hotel?'

George sniffed contemptuously. 'Guess you'd have stopped to say anything if you'd seen him,' he said; but everyone laughed, and Prof. Matthews remarked that the 'poor, worn out old sea serpent story' had come to light again.

That very evening Mr. Watson Hall, in a suit of white duck and a natty straw hat, took Harvey's sister for a boat ride. They rowed slowly out on the placid lake. Miss Henderson was trailing her hand idly in the water, when the sea serpent appeared. She gazed with horrified eyes while the monster glided toward the boat. Mr. Hall's face was as colorless as his duck suit. He turned about and rowed as if he were in a race, not stopping until he was safe at the wharf. Then he helped the limp Miss Henderson out of the boat just in time to see Prof. Matthews and family come hurrying down the dock.

'We saw the sea serpent,' exclaimed Mr. Hall.

'So did I,' said the professor, breathlessly; 'wonderful, wonderful!'

The colony at Kenneth's was stirred to

its foundations. All sorts of stories were told and theories offered and plans discussed. And it may be said in passing that the serpent, as described by Mr. Watson Hall and Harvey's big sister, was a much more terrible monster than that described by the boys. Mr. Hall assented confidently that it must be at least twenty feet long and that it threw from its mouth a dark, sticky liquid like molasses.

Most of the conversation was carried on among the trees at the end of the dock, and there were in the shadows two persons who took no part in the discussions. They were 'Lank' Robinson and his sister Carrie. Lank was seventeen years old and he had been born and brought up in Hurd's. As his name implied, he was long, loose-jointed and very much freckled. He knew every foot of the lake shore for miles and every good fishing hole, and he was almost as much at home in the water as a frog. After the hotel was built Lank and Carrie discovered a mine of angelworms in their back garden near the old currant bushes, and from that time on they had made money easily and rapidly by supplying Kenneth's with bait.

After listening to the sea serpent sensation for an hour or two Lank and Carrie walked back through the sand to Hurd's. 'Poon,' said Lank, 'I know there aint any serpents in Lake Michigan. Those city folks'll believe anything.'

'But you may be surprised yet,' said Carrie, doubtfully, for she had been impressed by the stories told.

'Well, I'll venture to run out a line for him if I see him,' said Lank, confidently.

After that the sea serpent was seen many times and by scores of persons, including Kenneth and a reporter for the Chicago Daily Item, who wrote a front-page article about it, accompanied by a picture which represented the serpent as wriggling over a wide stretch of water lashed into foam by the blows of a huge, flat tail. It was said that this serpent snorted, barked and roared not unlike a furious dog; that it was seen to blow water and mud combined with some dark sticky liquid as much as twenty feet into the air, and that on more than one occasion pleasure boats narrowly escaped being engulfed by the huge monster.

Of course this account brought many visitors to Kenneth's, and Kenneth himself was highly delighted that he had been so favored by the sea serpent. It was doing much to make his resort popular.

And at last Lank Robinson caught a much sought glimpse of the monster. He and Carrie had been sitting nearly all the afternoon in the old scow at the mouth of the inlet. Carrie, who was heartily tired of watching a bobber that wouldn't bob, was drowsing under her checkered sun-bonnet, but when Lank spoke her name in an odd, startled voice she jumped so suddenly that the old scow almost rolled over.

'What is it?' she gasped, blinking.

'Sea serpent,' said Lank.

And there, sure enough, was the big, dripping head cutting through the water and evidently going past them up the inlet.

'Oh, Lank, Lank!' screamed Carrie, 'row, row.'

Now it happened that Lank's scow was a heavy, solid oak boat, as deliberate and conservative as became a belonging of Hurd's Landing, and besides that, it was anchored by means of a heavy stone fastened to the prow, where Carrie sat. So they couldn't very well get away. Lank was much frightened, for the sea serpent had now approached within a few rods of the boat, and he could see the twinkling of the sharp little eyes. So he seized one of the heavy oars and prepared to defend himself. If he couldn't run he could at least fight. Carrie sat whimpering and shivering on the bottom of the boat. She expected every minute to be swallowed.

Nearer and nearer came the serpent, not seeming to see the boat. When it was a few feet away Lank, nerving himself for the ordeal and setting his teeth, brought down the heavy oar with a terrific blow on the serpent's head. In doing this the old scow lurched and he went head first into the water. There was a terrific splashing and a sound of barking and growling that was almost human. Lank, half frantic with fear, seized the scow and dragged himself into it, Carrie pulling on one of his arms with all her might.

Once inside, Lank's courage returned and he looked for the sea serpent. It was nowhere to be seen, but the water was full of bubbles and mud and blood. The oar was broken squarely in two, and the pieces were rising and falling on the water. And as Lank and Carrie gazed at the spot where the sea serpent had gone down they saw a big, dark body roll suddenly to the surface, still quivering a little.

'We've killed him,' said Lank, not without a note of triumph in his voice. 'But what is he, anyway?' and Lank poked the body with a boat hook.

'I don't know,' said Carrie, who was still much frightened. 'Let's leave him and get to shore.'

'No sir-ee,' said Lank, emphatically. 'Kenneth would give a \$10 bill to know what that was. I've heard him say so.'

And then he began to realize his good fortune.

'Why, Carrie,' he said, 'we've struck it rich.'

Cautiously, for, he was still a little

afraid of the monster, he fastened it with his hook, raised the anchor and Carrie paddled up the inlet. They stopped at a secluded spot under an old willow, and leaving his sister to guard the serpent, Lank rushed up the hill to the hotel. He found Kenneth in a white vest sitting comfortably on the veranda.

'Mr. Kenneth,' he gasped, his voice thick with excitement, 'I've killed the sea serpent.'

For answer Kenneth brought both feet down with a bang that raised the dust, and said: 'What!' in a voice loud enough to be heard to the third story. A moment later he was racing after Lank down the hill.

And when he saw the serpent his eyes grew still larger and he poked it over with the oar, finally, with the assistance of Lank dragging it ashore. Then he hummed a little to himself, looking not at all pleased.

'I know,' he said, 'it's that seal.'

'And a real seal it was. It has escaped during that very summer from the Lincoln Park 'zoo' in Chicago. It had reached the open lake and had not been seen or heard of again. The newspapers contained full accounts of the event at the time.'

But Kenneth was thinking. Without a sea serpent would his resort be a real resort? Wouldn't halt the mystery and attractiveness or the place be lost? He was very sorry indeed, that the 'sea serpent' had been killed.

'Will you sell me that seal?' he asked presently, in no very good temper. 'I'd like to buy him.'

Lank had expected this and he promptly nodded his head.

'I'll give you \$10 for him on one condition,' continued Kenneth. 'That condition is that you'll never tell about killing him nor show the body to any one. Do you understand?'

Lank wasn't sure that he did, but when Kenneth slipped the band off from his pocketbook and took out a shiny \$10 gold piece he readily made the promise—both he and Carrie. And that afternoon the seal was buried in the sand and Lank was the richest boy in all Hurd's Landing.

That was what became of one of the lost seals in Lincoln park, known during his stay at the 'zoo' to so many Chicago boys and girls. No one would ever have known, perhaps, where he went if Kenneth—only that isn't his real name—could have kept the story of the famous sea serpent.—Chicago Record.

## HOPE AS YOU WAIT.

While We Have Perfect Trust Our Work Will Surely Never Fail.

The tuberoses had withered away, no one could imagine why. Every care had been lavished upon it. The due allowance of water and sunshine had been given it at proper intervals. But when nothing was left of it but the brown unsightly stalk, it was set away on a high closet shelf, and quite forgotten.

Months after, when the season for house-cleaning arrived, even the top shelf was reached by the wave of orderliness, and the pot was taken down to be thrown away. But cries of astonishment greeted its reappearance, for out of the dry, dust-like earth rose a slender green stalk, giving assurance of renewed life and a promise of future bloom.

May not some of our discouraged workers gather new hopes from the story of the tuberoses? So often what we do seems unavailing. The little plant we have watered with our tears, and warmed with our love, does not flourish but rather pines and seems to die. We are sure that we have accomplished nothing, and our hearts are sore over the apparent failure.

But wait! There may be life still, under that brown, dry earth. Green leaves may yet reward our waiting, and blossoms, and

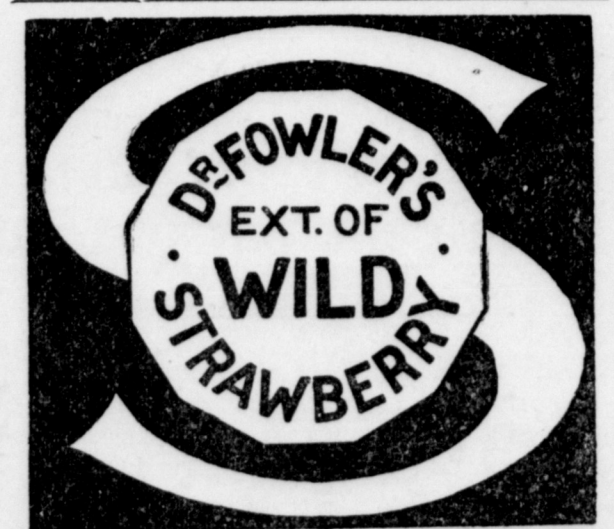
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DEAR SIRS,—I can highly recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It cured my baby of diarrhoea after all other means failed, so I give it great praise. It is excellent for all bowel complaints.  
MRS. CHAS. BOTT, Harlow, Ont.

**THE HEAD MASTER**  
GENTLEMEN,—I have found great satisfaction in the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and consider it invaluable in all cases of diarrhoea and summer complaint. It is a pleasure to me to recommend it to the public.  
R. B. MASTERTON, Principal,  
High School, River Charles, N.B.

S\*\*\*\*\*S

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rubbing easy does the work.  
The clothes come out sweet  
and white without injury to the fabrics  
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delicate fragrance. If the little incident has a meaning, it is that hope should hold fast eternally, and that while we trust God we need never say that our work has failed.

## BONES OF GIANT INDIANS.

Prehistoric Men Seven Feet Tall, Who Once Lived in What is Maryland.

There has just been received at Maryland Academy of Sciences the skeleton of an Indian seven feet tall. It was discovered near Antietam ten days ago. There are now skeletons of three powerful Indians at the academy, who at one time in their wildness roamed over the State of Maryland armed with such instruments as nature gave them, or that their limited skill taught them to make. Two of these skeletons belonged to individuals evidently of gigantic size. The vertebrae and bones of the legs are nearly as thick as of a horse, and the length of the long bones exceptional. The skulls are of fine proportions, ample and with walls of moderate thickness, but of great strength, and stiffened behind by a powerful occipital ridge. The curves of the forehead are moderate and not retreating, suggesting intelligence, and connected with jaws of moderate development.

The locality from which these skeletons came is in Frederick county, near Antietam Creek. It was formerly supposed to have been the battle-ground of two tribes of Indians, the Catawbas and the Delawares. Tradition has handed down the statement that between the years 1730 and 1736 the Catawbas overtook a band of Delawares at the mouth of the Antietam and in the battle that ensued the Delawares were completely annihilated. So the tradition goes, but according to Dr. Philip R. Uhler, President of the Maryland Academy of Sciences and Provost of the Peabody Institute, a careful examination of this locality has failed to establish evidences of a battle at this point, although numerous spear and arrowheads have been taken from the soil there.

It is of great interest, however, to notice that the locality was, at an earlier date—before the coming of the white man—occupied as a village site by Indians of great stature, some of them 6½ to 7 feet in height. The bones of these were buried like those of prehistoric tribes in other parts of the State. The manner of burial was like this: The flesh was cleaned from the bones, some of which were charred. The small bones of the face and neck were packed in the cavity of the skull, and a round hole about 2½ feet wide was dug in the ground, in which the skeleton was buried and carefully packed with clay. In the grave was also placed pottery, a tomahawk, and the other weapons belonging to the Indians. No stone marked the grave, and no bad odor or vapors were buried with the skeleton. But over all, the earth was heaped up into a small oblong mound, along which other similar mounds extended for many feet. The overflows of a neighboring river at this point had almost destroyed the burial area, so that only three of these small elevations were recognizable at the time of excavation.

## A Microbe's Work.

A microbe is about the smallest thing one meets in a day's journey, but it can do more harm for its size than anything known. Boils, pimples, etc., are simply microbes in the skin which cause irritating blood disorders, that not stopped at once; and it is they that prevent wounds healing also. 'Quickcure' kills the microbe immediately after application, and any sore heals rapidly where 'Quickcure' is used.

## Caught.

Mr. Bowers (angrily)—'What! Want me to pay ten dollars for a season ticket to these concerts for you? Not on your life, Mrs. Extravagance! Do you think I am made of money?'

Mrs. Bowers (later)—Henry, you don't know much about base-ball, do you dear?'

Mr. Bowers (drawing himself up proudly)—'Me? Don't I! Why, I am a regular crank! Don't know much about base-ball! Bah! If I don't know, who should? Wasn't I at nearly every game at the Polo grounds last season?'

Mrs. Bowers—'Why, you must know all about it then, Henry, dear. How many games did you see, darling?'

Mr. Bowers, (littily)—'Nearly all that were played in the home grounds—sixty!'

Mrs. Bowers—'Let me see! Sixty games

at seventy five cents is forty-three dollars, and fifty cents a game—for car fare, cigars, etc., is thirty dollars more—seventy-three dollars in all, and you dare to call me Mrs. Extravagance because I asked you for a ten dollar concert ticket!'

Mrs. Bowers (as she walks out of the room with the ten dollars)—'Bah! And he applying for a diplomatic position under the government!—Puck.

## A SCIENTIST SAVED.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

His Many Duties Caused His Health to Break Down—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Activity.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.

The Hartsville College, situated at Hartsville, Indiana, was founded years ago in the interest of the United Brethren Church when the state was mostly a wilderness, and colleges were scarce. The college is well known throughout the country, former students having gone into all parts of the world.



PROF. ALVIN P. BARNABY.

A reporter recently called at this famous seat of learning and was shown into the room of the president, Alvin P. Barnaby. When last seen by the reporter Prof. Barnaby was in delicate health. In response to an inquiry the professor said: 'Oh, yes, I am much better than for some time, I am now in perfect health, but my recovery was brought about in rather a peculiar way.'

'Tell me about it,' said the reporter. 'Well, to begin at the beginning,' said the professor 'I studied too hard when at school, endeavoring to educate myself for the profession. After completing the common course I came here, and graduated from the Theological course. I entered the ministry and accepted the charge of a United Brethren church at a small place in Kent County, Mich. Being of an ambitious nature, I applied myself diligently to my work and studies. In time I noticed that my health was failing. My trouble was indigestion, and this with other troubles brought on nervousness.'

'My physician prescribed for me for sometime, and advised me to try a change of climate. I did as he requested and was some improved. Soon after, I came here as professor in physics and chemistry, and later was financial agent of this college. The change agreed with me and for a while my health was better, but my duties were heavy, and again I found my trouble returning. This time it was more severe and in the winter I became completely prostrated. I tried various medicines and different physicians. Finally, I was able to return to my duties. In the spring of 1896 I was elected President of the college. Again I had considerable work, and the trouble which had not been entirely cured began to affect me, and last fall I collapsed. I had different doctors, but none did me any good. Professor Bowman, who is professor of natural science, told me of his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and urged me to give them a trial, because they had benefited him in a similar case, and I concluded to try them.'

'The first box helped me, and the second gave great relief, such as I had never experienced from the treatment of any physician. After using six bottles of the medicine I was entirely cured. Today I am perfectly well. I feel better and stronger than for years. I certainly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers and over-worked people.'

Atlanta may have a feminine company of militia. They have passed organization and drilling stages, and now wait only for a charter. Of course, there is some hesitation about granting their request for union with the state force. No one doubts they would be ornamental to the state—the problem is whether they would be as useful as ornamental.