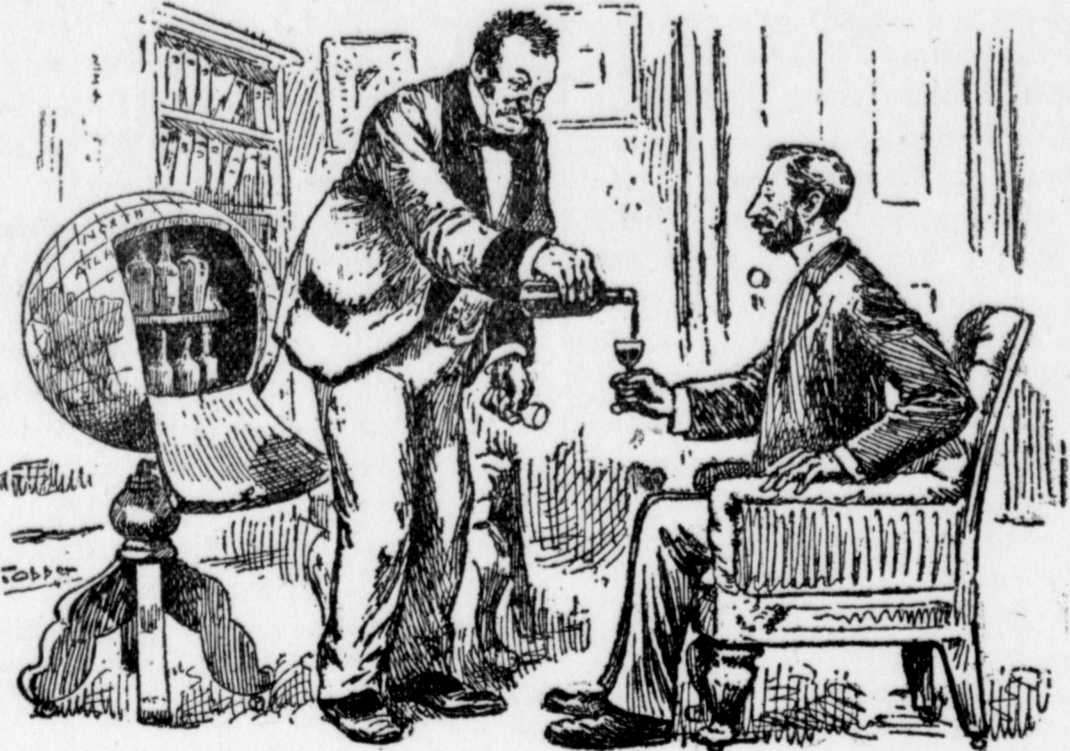


THE WORLD MADE USEFUL.

The introduction of a terrestrial globe into the home of an East End citizen, at no very small cost, was hailed by the younger members of the household with unbounded delight.



It would be invaluable to them in their home lessons and what an enviable advantage Mr.—had to follow the war movements on his huge ball chart thought the neighbors. Visitors still continue to call at the household, when the globe no war ceases to be admired,



—especially by privileged friends.

THE "LOST CHILD OF WYOMING."

A White Child who was Carried off by Indians and Became one of Them.

A very interesting monument is soon to be dedicated on a high knoll overlooking the valley of the Mississineva River, in Wabash County, Indiana. An address will be delivered by the governor of the state, and many distinguished people will be present. The monument marks the burial place of a woman of singular and romantic history,—known as Frances Slocum among the white people, and as White Rose among the Indians,—who was stolen from Quaker parents in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania in 1778, and brought up among the Indians in the West. Her parents were Jonathan and Mary Slocum, of Connecticut, who had moved to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, when that was a small frontier settlement. There, when Frances was a young girl, their dwelling was attacked by Delaware Indians.

Two or three members of the family were killed, and little Frances was carried away first to Ohio, and later to Indiana and Michigan. Soon after her capture her father was killed by the Indians, but her mother, aided by Frances' brothers and other white men, made a persistent search for Frances, who became known in those parts as the "lost child of Wyoming." She was not found.

For meantime the Indians had carried her far away, over the mountains and through forests. They treated her kindly, giving her blankets to sleep upon at night in beds of leaves. At length, too, they gave her a horse to ride, and dressed her in garments of buckskin, decorated with beads. All this pleased her; she dried her tears, and became happy in her new life.

She was taught to fear and hate the white men, and whenever she saw one she ran away. None of the white men who visited her tribe suspected, therefore, that they had a white child among them. She learned to shoot well with the bow and arrow. When the Delawares had a war with the whites, she was run off into the north with the other woman and children. She did not lament this.

When she was sixteen years old she was married to a Delaware chief, Little Turtle. He treated her cruelly, and she left him, and afterward was married to the Osage chief Chepokenah, or "Deaf Man." He was good to her, and she remained with him through a long life.

She remembered the wars of the Indians against General Wayne and General Harrison, and in both her sympathies were with the Indians. After the last war her husband and his people settled on the Mississineva, at a place called Deaf Man's Village.

The chief's wife busied herself about the room, and as the trader waited for his supper he watched her. He noticed that she looked like a white woman. Once she raised her arms for something; her loose sleeves fell away, revealing arms that were suspiciously white.

The trader could speak the Indian tongue and as she made no response when he addressed her in English, he questioned her in that language. She admitted that she was a white woman, and had been stolen in her girlhood. She remembered her name, and the names of her father and mother, as well as that of the place from which she had been taken.

Ewing, much interested, wrote to the postmaster of Wilkesbarre asking if there were any people of the name of Slocum still living in that vicinity. It took two years for his letter to fall into the hands of Frances' surviving relatives, but at last it reached them.

In due time her brother and sisters came to her cabin. An affecting interview took place between her and them, and they were instantly satisfied that she was indeed their long-lost sister. They implored her to go home with them, but she refused.

"I am old," she said, "and have lived all my life with these people. They are my people. I love my husband, and am happy with him."

She even refused to go with them as far as the neighboring town of Peru apparently suspecting a trap. They went away sorrowful. Not long afterward her husband died. Her relatives came again, once more imploring her to go home with them to Pennsylvania. But now she declared that she could not leave her bones elsewhere than by the side of her husband's. She lived there until 1847, when she died.

Her story is often told in Indiana, and the monument to her memory will be not only a reminder of a romantic history, but the memorial of a woman who was steadfastly faithful to a people who had won her love as well as her loyalty.

He Came Down.

In "Old Times in West Tennessee" the author describes an amusing example of the administration of justice in the early history of Tennessee. Squire Thomas Thompson was the first magistrate in Tipton, and the reader will see that he did not allow offenders to go unpunished.

Joe Seaborn, a quarrelsome fellow, had a difficulty with a neighbor which ended in blows. The squire ordered the offending parties arrested and brought before him. Seaborn, the chief offender, took to his heels when he saw the officer approaching. Finding that he should be overtaken, he climbed a tree like a squirrel, and took refuge in the topmost branches. The officer commanded him to come down. Serhorn defiantly refused.

"If ye want me," he called "come up here an' get me!" Thinking himself safe he crowed like a defiant rooster on his perch. The officer hesitated but a moment.

"Fetch me an axe," he said to a bystander. The axe was soon in his hand, and he began aiming sturdy blows at the trunk.

Joe's bravado began to melt as the tree cracked and showed signs of falling.

"Hold on!" he cried, rather weakly. "I'll come down."

"Hold on yourself!" shouted the officer. "This tree's coming down, and you with it!" saying which, he whacked away at the thinning trunk.

Seahorn, thoroughly frightened, began to slide down, and struck the ground just as the tree left the stump. He was caught

publish no crimes in this paper, therefore will merely state that he promised to be good and go back to work. Last week he was foreman on this paper."

"Wanted—A woman for general household work. Nothing served undressed, and time allowed for bible reading and prayer meeting."

"One of the reporters of this journal was assaulted by a stranger yesterday afternoon. He turned to the other cheek. Later on the stranger was taken to the City Hospital, where they took him in."

"Mr. Howe" editor of the "The Atchison

the poet's cipher and coronet," and a gold snake ring for a neckerchief. A plain gold heart shaped locket no longer contains the miniature of fair lady, while a gold and crystal miniature frame is also empty. There is a diamond shaped gold and crystal slide, presumably intended for a lock of the adored one's hair; likewise a reliquary which has lost its relic. Much greater is the living interest of a gold and black enamel heart shaped locket, which contains within a crystal a small coiled lock of hair 'of one of the poet's loves.' Within the lower cover are the lines:

"Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me."

We are told that this is 'apparently an unpublished couplet, but purely Byronic.' Then there is a gold wrist clasp (is that some kind of bracelet?) set in pearls containing a lock of light brown hair—whose? asks the dealer, pathetically. These seven trinkets will cost the enthusiastic Byronicist who secures them a trifle of £27 or so.

The Type of the Prevailing Grip.
From New York Herald.

"Although Grip prevailed in mild form during the late autumn months, it has now taken on an unmistakably virulent type in the extent and character of its new invasion. During the last fortnight thousands who have escaped heretofore have been stricken, and the disease is plainly epidemic over a very wide section of country.

The type of the disease is essentially catarrhal and chiefly manifests itself in inflammatory affections of the membranes of the nose, throat and upper air passages. The attack is quite sudden and there is generally a high temperature, with pain in the forehead, hacking and irritable cough, with general muscular pains and prostration.

It is the attention to little things—the avoidance of draughts, the cultivation of habits of temperance in eating and drinking, the obedience to all hygienic rules—which can make any one reasonably safe."

Dr. Humphrey's Specific "Seventy-seven" meets the exigency of the prevailing epidemic. "77" restores the checked circulation (indicated by a sudden chill), the first sign of taking Cold; starts the blood coursing through the veins and so "breaks up" the Cold. Manual of all diseases, especially about children, sent free.

For sale by all druggists, on receipt of price, 25c. and \$1.00. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

"I took Ethel riding in an automobile yesterday," he said.

"Have an enjoyable ride?"

He shook his head.

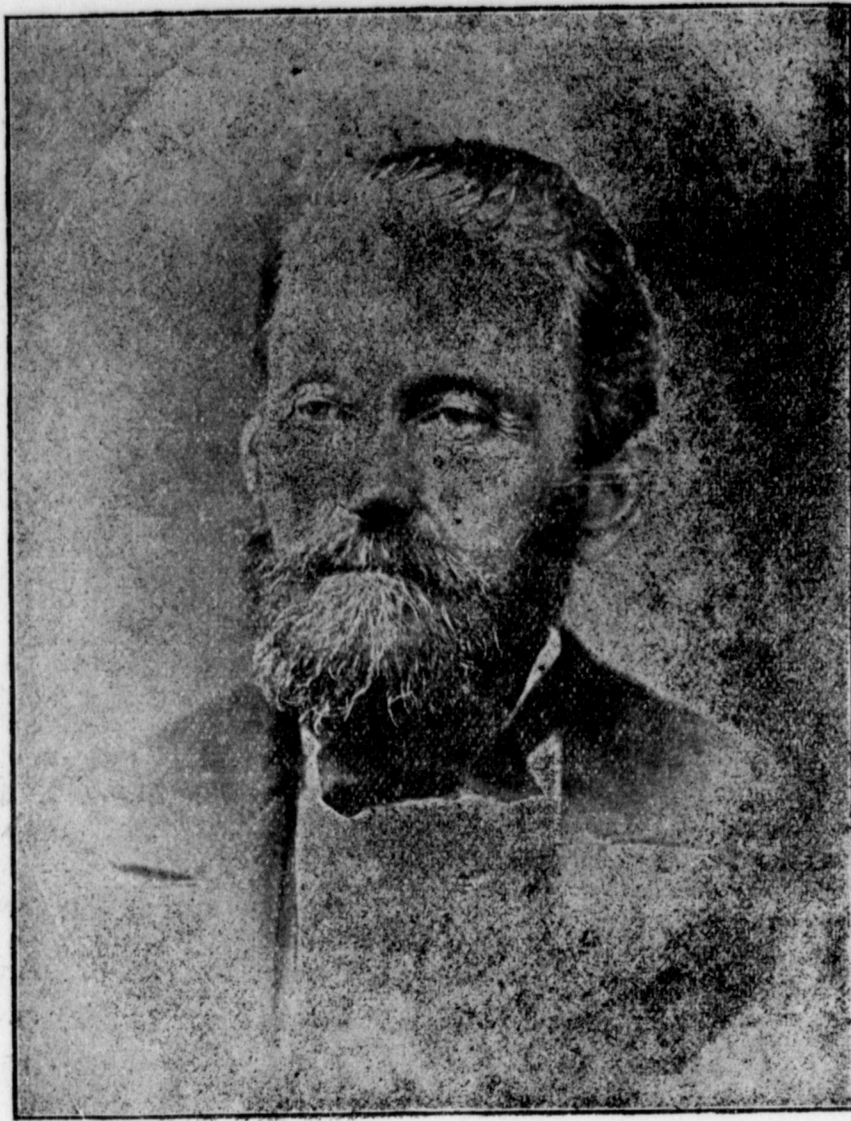
"The horseless carriage," he said, "is not a success."

"Not a success?"

"No, sir, it is not. Between the motor lever and the brake it gives a fellow more occupation for his hands and arms than even a spirited horse. What is needed is one that can be operated entirely with the feet."

Miles—I want to purchase a thoroughbred cow, but I don't know how to look up the pedigree.

Giles—Why don't you look in a catalogue?



HON. ARTHUR H. GILMOUR.

Now Canadian Commissioner to the Paris Exposition but Spoken of as Successor in the Senate to the Late Mr. J. D. Lewin.

in a moment by the officer, and for safe keeping was put under a cart body weighted down with a huge log. There he spent the day, awaiting the squire's time for trying his case.

The Dog Was Tired.

The negro is famous for his irrepressible good humor, even under the most trying conditions. His ability to see and appreciate the 'silver lining' to a cloud, however obscure, might well be emulated by many a morose white man. The following story told by the late General Lawton, of the night after the affair at El Caney, illustrates the point.

General Lawton's division was marching back to take a new position the next morning, after the fight at El Caney. The general and his inspector-general, Major Webb, were sitting by the roadside, watching the tired but plucky men file past. The dawn was just breaking.

They heard, up the road, a man talking and laughing loudly. Other men were chatting and joking. The colored troops were coming. A big corporal was the loud talker. He seemed especially jolly, although in addition to his own accoutrements he carried the gun and full ammunition-belt for another man, who was limping by his side. In his arms he had a dog, the company mascot.

"Here, corporal," called Major Webb, "didn't you march all last night, and didn't you fight all day, and haven't you been marching since ten o'clock to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said the big corporal, making a vain attempt to salute.

"Well, then," the major shouted, "what are you carrying that dog for?"

"Why boss, the dog's tired," was the reply.

Whereupon, according to General Lawton, Major Webb rolled over and over on the ground, and laughed and cried like a boy.

Out Both Ways.

In an interval in the drilling one of the volunteers belonging to a crack regiment stepped out from the ranks to light a cigar from that of his officer.

The latter took this evidence of the democratic spirit of freedom in good part, but said by way of a hint: "In the regular army you couldn't have done this to an officer, Brown."

"Right you are," responded the private, "but in the regular army you could not be an officer."

Sheldon the Editor.

"During the temporary absence of the circulation liar, we desire to state that the circulation of this paper is twenty-five hundred by actual count."

"Ten dollar suits at Wagstaff's for \$4.99 this week only. (N. B. We have personally examined these suits and find they are not worth 80 cents.—Editor.)"

"A very bad man was arrested last evening for doing something wrong. We

Globe," who is temporarily filling Mr. Sheldon's pulpit while he is engaged with this journal, will preach on Sunday upon 'The Printer's Devil.'

'Use Smith's pills. They will reduce your head to its normal size. (The editor has had occasion to use these pills, and found them all that is claimed).'

'Wanted—A Christian young man to saw wood. One who goes to Sunday school preferred. No pay, but good society.'

Absence of Mind.

A curious and authentic instance of absence of mind is recorded concerning a popular book. A certain person needing a copy of Mr. Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street," is stated to have taken a cab to John-st., Adelphi, to have rung the bell of No. 5 and astonished the maid servant by asking for one Whiting. This sounds like fiction, but us a matter of fact it is true.

Some Relics of Byron.

Relics of Byron are snapped up so eagerly that it is surprising to find more than half a dozen of them in a lump in a catalogue issued by a dealer in curiosities. There is a small silver powder-box bearing

Mother's Story of Baby's Cure

Of a Most Distressing Humour by the Cuticura Remedies.

When our baby was a week old, eczema appeared on the top of her head and spread all over her scalp, face, and forehead, forming one mass of sores.



You can realize how much she must have suffered, when she scratched at times till the blood ran intermingled with water. Our family doctor's treatment proved ineffectual, as the disorder, instead of abating, developed more. We then stopped all medical treatment, and commenced with CUTICURA REMEDIES. We used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, CUTICURA Ointment, and CUTICURA SOAP, all traces of the eczema disappeared, the skin and scalp were left perfectly clear and smooth, and she was entirely cured.

MRS. E. BUTLER,

My oldest boy, age nine years, was troubled with sores on different parts of the body, especially on the leg, about twenty-four in all. They were about the size of a five-cent piece, and would fester very much and eject a pus. They were very painful. After my above experience with the cure of my little girl with CUTICURA REMEDIES, I did not bother with the doctor in this case, but gave him the CUTICURA treatment which completely cured him in four weeks. MRS. E. BUTLER, 1289 3d Ave., S. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sleep for Skin-Tortured Babies

AND REST FOR TIRED MOTHERS in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, greatest of emollient skin cures. This treatment, assisted in the severer cases by CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood, affords instant relief, permits rest for parent and child, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure of torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, pimply, and crusty skin and scalp humours with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. COMPLETE EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL TREATMENT. CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA Ointment, CUTICURA RESOLVENT. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Every Kind of Humour," free.

Save Your Hair with warm shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP, and light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This simple, refreshing, and inexpensive treatment will clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothe irritated and itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow on a clean, wholesome scalp when, all else fails.