DEAD, YET NOT DEAD.

"She's dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay."

They smoothed the tresses of dark brown hair,
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch.

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell.

About her brow and beautiful face
They tied her veil and marriage lace;

And drew on her white feet the white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest, no eyes could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere;

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said: "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breaths as they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her to well to dread
The sweet, the stately and beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took his key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she; but she would not speak;
Though he kissed in the old place the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erst while.

He and she; still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: Cold lip, and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct, intense?

See now; I will listen with soul, not ear—
What was the secret of dying, dear?

Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

Was the miracle greater to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

Did life roll back its record, dear!
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

And was it the innermost heart or the bliss
To find out what a wisdom true love is?

Oh, perfect dead! Oh, dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

I listen as deep as the horrible hell,
As high as the heaven, and you do not tell!

There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears on my brow shed.

I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes
Which of all death was the chiefest surprise;

The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all surprises dying must bring.

Ah, foolish world! Oh, most unkind dead!
Though she told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe what I heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?

The utmost wonder is this: *I hear*
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, tho' dead, I never have died.

—[Edwin Arnold.

JEWELS.

"It's so very, very lonesome here!" sighed Isabel Darling.

And to one who had been brought up in the very heart of busy, bustling New York it might well have seemed "lonesome" in that solitary ravine of the hills, with only the sound of moaning pines overhead and the rattle of a mountain stream, as it fled foaming over rock and bowlder, to people the weird silence.

Grandmother Kelsey had lived there all her life. To her there was companionship in every stately tree and shuddering clump of bushes. The sound of wind shrieking down the huge stone chimney was sweeter, in her ears, than Nilsson's clearest notes—the creaking of the shutters at night was the voice of some gossiping companion! How could Grandmother Kelsey, at 70, and Isabel Darling, at 17, be expected to view life from the same platform?

"Lonesome!" echoed old Mrs. Kelsey, "Oh, fiddlestick! Get your knitting, and then you won't be lonesome,"

And, reluctantly enough, Isabel obeyed.

Nightfall had long descended upon the solitary homestead among the hills. Here and there a star glimmered through the ragged rack of clouds that were scudding from the northwest, and the wind was holding high carnival among the tree-tops, in the glen below. Mrs. Kelsey sat before the fire—with such a generous heap of blazing logs as that no auxiliary candles were needed—and her queer, brown, wrinkled face looked like that of a fairy godmother in the ruddy shine. Isabel sat opposite, her soft brown eyes mirroring the blaze as it flashed and flickered, her dark hair shining like bands of satin.

Isabel Darling was very pretty—so pretty, in sooth, that her thrifty parents, who had five other feminine "darlings" to dispose of, considered that her rose-bud face ought to buy her a fortune, and indignantly bundled her off to Grandmother Kesley's, among the Adirondack hills, when the first *soupcon* leaked out of a lover who had no more money than he himself could earn, at his artist craft of wood engraving.

"Our Isabel, to throw herself away on Fred Hensley!" cried Mr. Darling. "And with her face and the education we've given her!"

"Of course it's quite out of the question!" said Mrs. Darling, who had just such keen eyes and wrinkled brow as her mother might have had twenty-five years before—a worthy descendant of the line of Kesleys. "We must send her to Grandmother Kesley's at once."

Grandmother Kesley had written back a favorable response to the letter of inquiry that was at once dispatched on the subject.

"Let her come," said Grandmother Kesley, with a very sputtering quill pen on paper that was fashionable half a century ago. "You needn't worry yourselves about her lover. Lovers aren't in my line, and this Hensley chap may have her if once he finds his way inside my doors, and welcome!"

And it was in answer to this trumpet of defiance that poor Isabel Darling was now wearing her heart out, in the solitude of these wild Northern hills!

Grandmother Kesley was kind-hearted, too, in her way. She had done her best to enliven the pining prisoner—had brought down a packet of musty old novels, "Clarissa Harlow," "Charlotte Temple," "Alonzo and Melissa," and the like—furnished Isabel with materials to work a sampler exactly like that which hung framed above the "best-room" mantel, a memorial of her own school days, and even undertaken to show her how to spin. Could any mortal, however unreasonable, ask more? Yet, with all this, Isabel Darling still drooped.

To-night Grandmother Kesley had a new entertainment previded. She had seen Isabel covertly crying once or twice in the course of the day, and her heart grew soft within her.

"Isabel," said she, as they sat tete-a-tete in the twilight, "I never showed you my box of jewels?"

"No, grandmother," said Isabel, listlessly.

"Would you like to see 'em?"

"Yes, grandmother," still without anything of interest in the tones.

Grandmother Kesley went to a curiously clamped old hair trunk that always stood under the head of her bed, hidden by the voluminous fall of the patchwork quilt, and with a great rattling of rusty keys, drew forth a small square box of some aromatic smelling wood.

Isabel's eyes opened in spite of herself, as the old lady held up a glittering string of ancient gold beads.

"I had them when I was a gal o' fourteen," said she, nodding her becapped head. "Father—that's your great grandfather Kesley, child—give 'em to me when I finished my first set o' shirts for him. And here is a lot o' amethysts my uncle Poundridge brought from sea—there was a Spanish ship wrecked on the shores where he chanced to be coastin', and them was among the things cast up."

The purple stones, set in a strange, old-fashioned filagree of finely-wrought gold, winked and glimmered oddly in the firelight, as Grandmother Kelsley elevated them in her skinny hands.

"And this 'ere is a gold watch and chain Squire Seth Duplex left your Grandfather Kelsey, when he died. Your grandfather and he was great friends, Isabel, and the Squire was always a great hand to do things liberal. But John Kelsey never carried the watch—he always said it was too fine for him and he stuck to his old silver one. And here's your Uncle Lamech's silver snuff-box—and your Aunt Sylvy's wedding ring—poor child, she died before she'd been married a year, and the coral ear-drops she used to wear! It's a pretty good box full of crinkum-crankums, ain't it, child?"

"Oh, they are beautiful!" assented Isabel, roused to enthusiasm at last.

"And I don't mind saying, Isabel, they shall all be yours, one of these days, if—mercy upon us—what's the matter with the child!"

For Isabel had sprang from her seat like a frightened hare from its form.

"A face, grandmother—a pale, rigid face, looking in at the window through the darkness without."

"Oh, I shaw!" cried Mrs. Kesley, "there ain't a soul lives within two miles of us. Who on earth should be lookin' in at my winder?"

"I don't know," persisted Isabel, "but I did see a face."

Mrs. Kesley opened the door and looked up and down.

"I told you so!" she nodded triumphantly, closing and bolting the door. "Not a creetur to be seen, not so much as a stray dog. It's your fancy, Isabel!"

And not all her granddaughter's protestations could convince the ancient dame to the contrary.

But about half an hour afterward, just as Mrs. Kesley was spreading the round cherry table with a cloth of homespun damask, two tined forks and plates of some foreign ware, curiously decorated with unlikenesses of birds, bees and insects, a knock came to the door, and Isabel started again, almost as nervously as before.

It was beginning to snow softly, as Mrs. Kesley opened the door, and the crooked little figure that stood there was powdered over with the white drift—an old woman wearing a crumpled black bonnet, and an ancient brown cloak with a double cape descending below her elbows.

"Who be you?" curtly questioned Grandmother Kesley, "and what do you want disturbing honest folks at this time 'o night?"

"I'm Louisy Ann Paddock," was the humble and conciliating reply, "and I started to walk from Hollyford to stay a spell with Mrs. Squire Johnson below here—she and my mother was first cousins, you know—and somehow I've got belated, so I calculated you'd keep me all night, on a pinch!"

"Humph!" grunted grandmother Kelsey, "I ain't acquainted with Mrs. Johnson, but I've heard she was a dreadful likely woman! Well, walk in, Mrs. Paddock—it's an ugly night to be out alone in, and although we ain't no great hands for company, I guess you can put up with our ways! Won't you lay off your things?"

"Thanke!" said the new comer, in a regular New England twang. "I'll take off my cloak, but if it's all the same to you, I'll rather set with my hood on—I'm dreadful subject to neuralogy in the face!"

And all they could see of Louisa Ann Paddock's face was the startling bright eyes that were veiled beneath the screen of a pair of spectacles.

"She's a queer-looking old creature, ain't she?" said Mrs. Kesley in a whisper, as Isabel helped her ladie up a dishful of delicious, limpid "apple sauce" from a stone jar of the same, that always stood on the second pantry shelf. But Isabel did not answer—she was watching the half-open door.

"I suppose I am fanciful," thought she—"at least grandmother always says so; but I do think the face is just the same that was flattened against the window when she was showing me the box of old-fashioned jewelry. I wish we hadn't let her in. I wish there was a man about the house. I wish——"

"Dear heart alive, Isabel, what on earth be you doin'?" scolded Grandmother Kesley—"holdin' the dish so that all the sirup's runnin' out?"

And Isabel, with a blush and a start, was forced to own her absent-mindedness.

Their own utter helplessness, their isolation and distance from aid—the rich old jewels in the wooden casket, and the pallid face at the window, vanishing almost as instantly as it appeared—these, combined with one or two discrepancies in the conduct and appearance of their uninvited guest, filled Isabella Darling's heart with vague alarm. People had been ruthlessly murdered in their beds before now, for treasures less valuable than these, and, had an opportunity presented itself, she would fain have taken counsel with her grandmother upon the subject. But even as she pondered, the newcomer rose to get a drink of water from the stone pitcher on the table. One or two long, vigorous strides, and then catching a glimpse of Isabella's startled face, the soi-distant Louisa Anna subsided once more into the halting limp of old age.

But that one instance of forgetfulness had been quite sufficient to confirm the young girl's already aroused suspicions.

"I was right," thought Isabel, her heart beating wildly. "I was right! She is no woman, but a man in disguise. And Grandmother Kesley never suspects! Oh, what, what shall I do?"

At that moment Mrs. Kesley rose, and, taking the shining brass candlestick, began slowly to climb the steep stairway that led to the attic of the one-story dwelling.

"For I s'pose," she thought, "the poor, tired creetur'll be glad to get to bed; and I may as well see if the little cot in the north chamber is all right, with blankets enough to keep off one's death of cold."

Isabel had risen instantly to follow her, when, with one forward stride, "Louisa Ann Paddock" closed the door at the foot of the stairs and drew the bolt.

"Stay where you are!" uttered a low voice in unmistabakly masculine accents.

Isabel uttered a wild scream.

"Help!" she shrieked, involuntarily uttering the watchword, although she knew no human ear was nigh to respond. "Help! For heaven's sake do not murder us, two helpless lonely women!"

"Isabel!"

In an instant the brown cloak and hood lay in a lump on the floor, and she was clasped in a pair of arms that were as strong as they were tender. And through the cannonade of knocking and rattling at the stairway door, kept up by Grandmother Kesley, who had been alarmed by her grand-daughter's scream, Isabel could only gasp out the half audible syllables:

"Oh, Fred! Fred Hensely! how could you frighten me so?"

"Open the door, some one!" squeaked Mrs. Kesley. "Murder! Thieves! Fire! Robbery! Let me in, I say!"

"Grandmother, don't be frightened," cried Isabel, tremulously, "it's only Fred!"

"And," added the stranger, blandly, "Fred will be very happy to unbolt the door any moment you are willing to ratify your agreement."

"What agreement?" demanded Mrs. Kesley.

"That if once I found my way inside your door I might have Isabel and welcome."

"I never said so!" cried the old lady.

"But you wrote so," said Fred, calmly, "and I have it down in black and white."

Grandmother Kesley made no attempt to deny her own "hand-of-write," but changed her tactics with laudable promptitude.

"Isabel, are you going to keep me here in the cold all night? Why don't you open the door?"

"I can't, grandmother," faltered Isabel, her cheeks radiant with blushes. "Fred won't let me stir!"

But then she didn't try very hard.

"I tell you what, ma'am," said Mr. Hensely politely, "I shall be delighted to release you at any moment you will say 'Yes' to my suit for Isabel."

There was a moment's meditative silence, and then Grandmother Kesley, sensible to the last, uttered the fateful monosyllable:

"Yes!"

And when she emerged from her state of siege on the stairway, the only observation she hazarded was:

"Young folks will be young folks—and there ain't no use fightin' against Fate!"

"And I thought you were a robber!" said Isabel, looking with timid happiness into her lover's eyes, "come to steal Grandmother Kesley's jewels!"

"So I am!" said Fred, smiling. "And I have stolen the very brightest of them all!"

When Frederick Hensely went away, a fortnight afterward; he took Isabel Darling with him as his bride, and Grandmother Kesley's wedding present was the wooden box of antique treasures, gold beads, amethyst necklace and all.—[S. B.

Rules for Drinkers.

There is nothing like a good stiff drink in the morning to open one's eyes and put one in proper trim for the day. By all means take an eye-opener as soon as you get out of bed.

A drink just before breakfast will give a sharper appetite than you could get by any amount of exercise. Don't forget to take an appetizer before breakfast.

To prevent your breakfast from hurting you, and to make it digest quickly and well, a little nip just after rising from the table is recommended.

Just before starting down town, you will not forget, of course, to take a snifter, to prevent your taking cold. Many a man has been hurried to an early grave by forgetting to take this simple precaution.

Upon arriving at your place of business, it is almost unnecessary to say, you will want a horn to clear away the cobwebs from your brain. No man can be expected to do work unless his head is perfectly clear.

There are very few occasions when a dram is requisite during the hours of the forenoon; but, be it remembered, that it is absolutely necessary upon each of these occasions. For instance:

When you meet a friend whom you have not seen for several days.

When one of your particular every-day chums drops in.

When you would do the courteous thing to the stranger who calls upon business, or, indeed, upon any errand.

When you have a bit of business to transact requiring steady nerves and a level head.

At 11 o'clock, in order to keep wind from collecting in your stomach.

Whenever you are asked.

Whenever you feel like asking somebody.

Whenever you feel like having a solitary draught.

Before eating your dinner don't forget to take an appetizer; a bottle of wine should accompany your meal, for taking food without wine is merely eating, not dining, and a drink after dinner is necessary to help digestion.

During the afternoon an occasional drink will help to prevent a reaction of the system after the arduous duties of the forenoon. Nature needs assistance in her effort to recover from the waste which the artificial habits of the business man have made upon her. You can't assist nature too much nor too often.

Before going home to tea take a good stiff horn to carry you there safely, and a drink before and one after supper will be found not only healthful, but not to be omitted with impunity.

If you remain at home during the evening a drink now and then will help to build up the tissues, besides making the time pass pleasantly. If you go to the theater, a counter-irritant to the noxious air of the play-house will be found in the drinks which the intermissions of the performance will give you occasion to indulge in.

A little something after the performance is over and a nigh-cap before retiring are both indispensable, and it is good policy to have a well filled bottle by your bedside, in case you feel thirsty in the night.

Among other occasions not already enumerated when a drink is necessary to one's health and happiness, may be mentioned the following: When you have heard good news; when you have received bad news; when you are in danger of taking cold from becoming overheated; when you are feeling feverish, or fear that you may feel feverish, after or before being exposed to the cold; when you have purchased any article of clothing; when you are to attend a wedding, a funeral, a christening or a horse-trot.

There are numerous other occasions which will readily occur to the intelligent drinker, and which need not, therefore, be enumerated here. Enough has been given in the way of directions to put one on the right road. Any one who follows them rigidly will soon be a first-class drunkard, if the delirium tremens do not interfere with his progress.—[Boston Transcript.

Driving Without Hands.—A new method of driving horses by means of the feet, so as to keep the hands warm in cold, stormy weather, has been introduced recently. The method can be used either with or without the ordinary plan of hand-driving, the latter being resorted to in genial weather if preferred. The feet rest on a firm board, and the horse is guided by raising or lowering the toes, thus bearing on one or the other rein by means of straps in connection with them, which pass over the pulley mounted on the front board of the vehicle. The driver's hands are quite free, and may be inserted in the pockets of his great-coat. The apparatus can be attached to any vehicle in a few minutes, and can be used by a very young person. When the driver leaves the vehicle there is a gentle bearing on the horse's mouth, which tends to keep him quiet.

A Cure for Tattlers.—Hannah More, a celebrated writer who died fifty years ago, had a good way of managing tale-bearers. It is said that when she was told anything derogatory of another, her invariable reply was "Come, we will go and ask if it be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The tale-bearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification or begged that no notice be taken of the statement, but the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandalmonger to the scandalized, to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossippy story to Hannah More. One would think her method of treatment would be a sure cure for scandal.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Marked benefit in indigestion. Dr. A. L. Hall, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "Have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary troubles."

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wine-glass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the article manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Twenty-one carcasses of deer were found on the Gassey & Ames sheep ranch in Potter Valley, Mendocino county, a few days ago. The animals had been wantonly destroyed.

Doctors are getting more and more into the habit of prescribing proprietary medicines in their practice, especially that known as Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy for diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder. They know from experience that is of more value in such diseases than any prescription they can write.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE UNHAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

I don't know how it happened, but the world's
gone wrong to-day!
There's not a bit of real fun in any sort of play;
My dolly's just as sulky, my dog won't show his
tricks,
My sister Lil is crosser than a pair of crooked
sticks;
When nursey went to brush my hair she jerked
it by the roots,
And now the rain has gone and spoiled my best
new Sunday boots;
The apple that I took to school was sour as sour
could be—
There's not a thing but has a spite against poor
little me!

And here's the hardest part of all—the tears are
in my eyes—
I told mamma, and thought of course that she
would sympathize;
But when she heard the story, she only smiled
and said:
"I think my little girl got out the wrong side of
the bed!"
And then she went and left me there, as if I
were to blame
Instead of other people! And it's just a perfect
shame
If a girl's only mother, who should comfort her
and kiss,
Is going to say cruel words, and turn away like
this!

The wrong side of my bed, indeed! I'd really
like to see
What difference that could ever make to any one
but me.
It's other folks I'm talking of, so hateful and
perverse,
Who make the good things horrid, and all the
bad things worse;
Like cook, to-day, at breakfast, who just began
to scold
Because I simply told her that the porridge was
all cold,
And her muffins were too heavy, and no tea was
in the pot;
Suppose I was a little late—she might have kept
them hot!

Then Kit and Sue came after school, and each
one played so rough
And talked so rudely that at last we broke up
in a huff;
And I declared I'd never play with two such
hateful things,
And they said something just as mean, all full
of pricks and stings!
I'd like to know whose fault it was, or if 'twas
wrong to say
That since I was the oldest there, I ought to
have my way?
Now, could mamma think, possibly, the horrid
things they said
Could have the least connection with how I got
out of bed?

It makes one so unhappy! It makes one feel so
blue
To have your mother and your friends lay all
the blame on you.
When any one with half an eye can see, as plain
as day,
It's everybody else who acts in such an awful
way!
Perhaps they'll all be sorry when they see me
fade away—
For who would ever want to live the life I've
lived to-day!
Perhaps they'll realize too late how wicked and
absurd
It is to crush a person down without one kindly
word;
And then, perhaps—that is, I hope—they'll turn
around and see
How perfectly preposterous their hints have
been to me;
For what does this big world care, when all is
done or said,
For how one wretched little girl gets in or out
of bed? —[The Wide Awake.

A REMARKABLE NEST.

The cow-bunting of New England never builds a nest. The female lays her eggs in the nests of those birds whose young feed like her own, on insects and worms, taking care to deposit but one egg in a nest. A cow-bunting deposited an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which was one egg of the latter. On the sparrow's return what was to be done? She could not get out the egg which belonged to her, neither did she wish to desert her nest, so nicely prepared for her young. What did she do? After consultation with her husband she fixed on their mode of procedure. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a second story in the home, thus leaving the two eggs below out of the reach of the warmth of the body. In the upper department she laid four eggs and reared her four children. In the museum at Salem, Mass., may be seen this nest, with two eggs imprisoned below.

AN INDIAN FABLE.

Once a dozen pigs had to cross a stream. So the oldest of the herd said, "Now we are a dozen; when we go to the other bank let us not forget to count and see that we are all right." So they crossed over to the other side; and the leading pig counted his followers and found they were eleven. "How is this? I counted twelve while on the other side?" "One of us must have been drowned, or carried away by the stream," said the other pigs. So there was great alarm in the herd for a while. A sage, who had been observing the scene from the opposite bank, laughed. "May I know why you laugh, sir?" said the old pig. "Because," said the sage, "you have furnished the only instance in which self was lost sight of—I mean, that self which is the first object of care all the world round!"—[The Leisure Hour.

THE LEGEND OF THE GREAT DIPPER.

The faces of the stars shone so brightly, one night, that the earth children thought the Mamma Moon was telling a pretty story. And so she was; and this is the story:

"The great dipper, which you, my dear children, so love to form, has a deep meaning, which you are not to forget as long as the stars shine. I tell you the story as often as you ask it; and your asking makes me quite as happy as my telling can make you.

"See the dear baby stars running to make a small dipper, like their older sisters," said the Lady Moon softly to the great Mars, who leaned over her chair while she spoke.

"In another world than ours," continued the Lady Moon, "there was once a great trouble and sorrow. No, it was not in the earth world, my dear," she said to a tiny star who always asked questions. "It was not in the heaven world either, but in another far-away world where many children lived. For some good reason, which only the Father knows, the people and children, the animals, and every living thing were suffering great thirst; no water, nor dew, nor drop of moisture could they find anywhere.

"It was very horrible, and the people were very near to death.

"A little child of that world went out alone in the dry, dark night, carrying a little tin dipper, and praying very earnestly for just that little cup of water; and when she lifted the cup it was brimming with clear cold water, which would not spill, though she ran rapidly, her hand trembling with her faintness; for she did not taste the water, having prayed for another's need. As she ran she stumbled and fell; for she was very weak, and when feeling about, trying to rise, she touched a little dog that seemed to be dying of its thirst, and the good child poured a few drops of the precious water in the palm of her hand, and let the dog lap it. He seemed as much refreshed as if he had drank from a river. The child could not see in the dark what happened to her cup; but we saw and sang for joy; the cup turned to silver and grew larger, the water not having become less, but more, by her giving.

"She hurried on to give the water to one who was quite unable to come to meet her—none other than her own dear mamma, who took the water eagerly, as one in a deadly fever of thirst, but, without putting it to her lips, for she heard just then, a weak moan, which came from her faithful servant who tried to raise her mistresses' head, but found she had not the strength. The mother pressed the dipper into the hands of the maid, and made her drink, feeling her own life so wasted that one little cup of water could not renew it. And neither maid servant nor mother noticed that the dipper changed from silver to gold, and grew larger than before. The good servant was about to give each member of the family one spoonful of the precious water, when a stranger entered, dressed in costume unknown in that country, speaking in a strange tongue, but showing the same signs of thirst and distress as themselves. The maid servant said: 'Sacred are the needs of the Stranger in a strange land' and pressed the dipper to the parched lips of the fainting man.

"Then the great wonder was wrought, and the golden dipper dashed forth incrusted with the most precious diamonds, containing a fountain of gushing water which supplied the thirsting nation as freely and surely as it quenched the thirst of the little dog. Then the Stranger said: 'Blessed is he that giveth a cup of water in my name.'

"And the possession of a dipper blazing with diamonds, is in that country a sure badge of royalty; for no one can buy or receive one as a gift, nor can fathers bequeath them to children.

"Each child is given a tin dipper at its birth, and only by purely unselfish acts can the diamond one be wrought.

"Some of the foolish people have not yet learned its secret, and they go about seeking to exchange their tin for silver, by doing kind things. Sometimes they accuse the Father of All very bitterly, because they grow old possessing only the tin dipper; for the secret of the exchange can no more be told than the beautiful, flashing, sparkling diamonds can be purchased.

"Sometimes there are great surprises when people give up the hope of such a possession and forget themselves, for then they often find the cast-away tin bearing evidence in silver, gold or even diamonds, that somehow they have become royal; but by that time they have no vanity because of their fortune. Only modest, thankful, brave, happy feelings possess the owners of diamond dippers."

The Lady Moon now lifted a white finger towards the east, which was growing rosy, and the baby stars all knelt a moment, looking like white-robed nuns at prayer. Then the morning wind swept aside the great blue silken curtain of the sky, and the Mamma Moon followed her children into Heaven, to do or play whatever the Father had planned for them while they were out shining for his earth children.—[Sara T. Wiltze, in The Independent.

"Precious Metals" Indeed.

Following are the names of those metals valued at over $1,000 an avoirdupois pound, the figures given representing the value per pound:

Barium—The metallic base of baryta, $1,800.

Calcium—The metallic base of lime, $4,500.

Vanadium—A white metal discovered in 1830, $10,000.

Didymium—A metal found associated with cerium, $3,200.

Erbium—The metal found associated with yttrium, $3,100.

Strontium—A malleable metal of a yellowish color, $4,200.

Glucinum—A metal in the form of a grayish black powder, $5,400.

Lithium—An alkaline metal, the lightest metal known, $7,000. Its specific gravity is .59, making it only a little over half the weight of water.

Osmium—A brittle, gray-colored metal, found with platinum, $1,300.

Terbium—Obtained from the mineral gadolinite, found in Sweden, $4,080.

Cerium—A metal of high specific gravity, a grayish white color, and a lamellar texture, $3,400.

Yitrium—Discovered in 1828, is of a grayish black color, and its luster perfectly metallic, $4,080.

Ruthenium—Of a gray color, very hard and brittle, extracted from the ores of platinum, $2,400.

Rubidium—An alkaline metal, so called for exhibiting dark red lines in the spectrum analysis, $9,070.

Niobium—Previously named columbium, first discovered in an iron ore found at New London, Conn., $2,300.

Zirconium—A metal obtained from the minerals zircon and hyacinth, in the form of a black powder, $7,200.

Pelladium—A metal discovered in 1802, and found in very small grains, of a steel gray color and fibrous structure, $1,400.

Iridium—Found native as an alloy with osmium, in lead gray scales, and is the heaviest of known substances, $1,090.

Rhodium—Of a white color and metallic luster, and extremely hard and brittle. It requires the strongest heat that can be produced by a wind furnace for its fusion, $2,000.—[Colliery Engineer.

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* It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Depression and Indigestion. * * * * * * * *

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* ☞ Its purpose is SOLELY for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does ALL it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify. ☜ * * * * * * *

* * For the cure of Kidney Complaints in either sex this remedy is unsurpassed.

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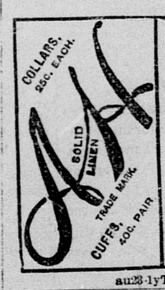

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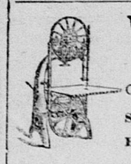

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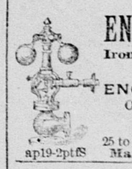

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