Wichita Eagle

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CONSUMPTION

Method of Acquiring a Foreign Language.

In acquiring a foreign language no grammar should be used which is a mere assemblage of rules, without any provision for practice. Besides paradigms of words, declensions and conjugations, the book should provide such exercises as will make possible a gradual progress in the acquirement of grammatical principles, and should insure the reality of that progress by a sufficient amount of repetition. As nothing so hinders the advance of the student as the necessity of acquiring dry formulas, so, perhaps, nothing so facilitates his advance as the consciousness, due to proper methods, that he is at every moment enabled to apply in reading, writing or speaking some rule or principle laid down in his grammar. It is thus well to begin realizing at an early stage.

As soon, in fact, as the verb and noun forms have been learned by heart, the student should open for himself a course in literature. If we may suppose him to be acquiring German, for example, a book like "Undine"—Fouque's charming story—will be a happy choice for a beginning. Read this carefully, never passing a sentence until it is understood. When you encounter a word that is unfamiliar, find its meaning in the dictionary and enter it on a slip of paper kept in your book for the purpose. Add every new word met with to your list, and at the end of the chapter copy and recopy the list upon other slips until you know the whole. Then return to your chapter and read it over again. Treat the next chapter in the same way, setting down all new words on a slip of paper and finally learning them off by heart. Proceed thus through all the chapters, and by the time the end of "Undine" is reached—even though it takes you six months—you will have acquired a fair vocabulary of German words and will be able to command at least the sense of most literary German at sight.—Boston Herald.

Loved and Lost.

The love between Robert Browning and his wife was ideal, in the true sense of that much abused word. And her death, after a few short years of married life, left the poet inconsolable. To him she remained always the purest and most lovely of created beings, and her gift seemed to him far greater than his own.

I was traveling in Italy. There were few tourists in my compartment, and all were absorbed in scenes of revery, until the close of the long, tiresome day. Then it was that the elderly gentleman who had sat by my side without moving his eyes from the landscape, made a comment that invited conversation.

"You are fond of poetry?" he asked, when searching in the shifting splendor of the Italian skies evoked from me a Byron couplet.

"Oh, yes," I responded. "I love poets and poetry."

The old gentleman grew young, and never shall I forget the wonderful thought and imagery that flowed in a continuous stream from his lips.

"Who are your favorite poets?" he asked abruptly.

I named them, and without further comment quoted my favorite poem, one of Mrs. Browning's. When I had finished my companion resumed his post by the window and did not deign to notice me again.

I was much discomfited. Had I given offense? Before reaching our destination I ventured to say:

"I suspect, sir, that you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry."

The dark eyes of the stranger turned pitifully upon me, and he said: "Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest and its singer the most precious gift life has given me. She was my wife."—Cor. Christian Union.

As Others Heard Him.

Up town there is a phonograph and the man who is running it is a hotel owner. He had a caller Tuesday whose "dander" was up. The room was quite full of people and the caller had an insane desire to give his man a "piece of his mind." He did so. He berated him up hill and down. He didn't leave him, as he expressed it, in any kind of shape. All the time the object of the attack had on the counter by his side the phonograph, in action, only the caller didn't know it. When he had finished, the Lewiston man said:

"Are you done?"

"Yes, I am done," was the reply.

"Just one moment," was the rejoinder. "I want you to hear what you said," and the merciless phonograph was reversed and the record pronounced through the machine so that all could hear it.

A blush overspread the caller's face. He listened in wonder and surprise. As oaths and epithets flowed out of the machine, the exact reproduction of his own vituperation, he moved away, and when all was done a man more sheepish and ashamed could not be found. Said he, after a moment's thought, turning to the Lewiston man: "I have had a valuable lesson. No man who would talk like that in public has any right to be considered. I want you to pull that record, as you call it, off from that machine and give it to me. I'll pay for it."

It was done and the caller stood by the counter uttering apologies and whittling into pieces the wax cylinder that contained his remarks.—Lewiston Journal.

Many People Are Color Blind.

A curious fact about the eye as regards its perception of color is that one in twenty persons is afflicted with red blindness. In the normal eye the edges of the retina are not sensitive to the sensation of red light—that is, cannot see red color. In some eyes this peculiarity will extend itself to half the extent of the retina, and in very many others (to no less, indeed, than one in twenty) this spreads over the whole of the retina. The possessors of such eyes will confuse in the most curious manner dark green and yellow with red. This is not always apparent, but a few tests will surely bring it out, and we should be amazed to find how many of us are subject to this partial color blindness.—Chambers' Journal.

A Small Philosopher.

He was six years old, short for his age, and barefooted and dirty. His eyes were sharp and watchful, and his face was lined and old. He ran away from school for weeks at a time, and scoured alleys and instinctively avoided all the conventional and decorous paths of childhood. When he listened to admonitions and promised to amend, his inner ear was deaf and his words were from the lips outward; but he voiced his genuine experience and reflection with the brevity of a maxim:

"I think I'd rather be a girl; they don't git so many kicks."—Detroit Free Press.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LIFE ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

A TIMELY TOPIC IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHILIAN DIFFICULTY.

The Equipment of the Cruiser Boston Now En Route for Valparaiso—How Captain Wiltse's Gallant Crew Will Get in Trim for Possible Conflict.

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IT IS only a few weeks ago that the United States cruiser Yorktown received orders to sail for Valparaiso. Since then the foreign department at Washington has received news from Captain Schley, commanding the Baltimore, of the Pacific station, that some of his sailors have been murdered and that the lives and property of American subjects are no longer safe in Chili; consequently the United States cruiser Boston, under the command of Captain Gilbert C. Wiltse, has been dispatched with a complement of 26 officers and 272 men to the scene of the trouble.

Though in modern days a man-of-war is nearly always kept in fighting trim, or can at least prepare for action in a very short time, yet there is a great difference between the outfit she receives when going on a peaceable cruise and one for war.

Both the Yorktown and the Boston were prepared for the latter purpose before leaving the Brooklyn navy yard, and they have sailed with a full complement of men, and with their ammunition magazine, provision store and coal bunkers stocked to the utmost capacity. This is necessary to make the vessel as independent as possible during the time of her commission. It is not always possible to obtain provisions, coal or ammunition in foreign waters, especially when closely watched by the enemy. Few people can have an idea what it means for a vessel like the Boston to take stores for a whole year. There are 300 jack tars on board, and each of them has an appetite almost equal to that of two ordinary landsmen. Here is a list of the provisions which the Boston needs for a twelve-month:

Ninety-four thousand five hundred pounds of biscuits, 31,200 pounds of salt beef, 46,800 pounds of salt pork, 23,400 pounds of preserved meats, 15,600 pounds of flour, 15,600 pounds of coffee and cocoa, 7,800 pounds of rice, 3,900 pounds of butter, 3,900 pounds of dried fruit, 3,900 pounds of pickles, 23,400 pints of beans and peas, 27,800 pounds of sugar, 3,412 pounds of tea, 7,800 pints of molasses, 7,800 pints of vinegar.

The total cost of the above amounts to about $34,000. This, however, is only what the crew eats, but to it not less than $70,000 worth of coal, which the engines will devour in a year, must be added, and another $30,000 for ammunition, so there is a nice total of $134,000 for the food of the crew, the engines and guns. The pay roll will be about $132,000, and the wear and tear of the vessel may well be estimated at $43,000, or all in all $309,000 for one year's commission.

Naturally no man-of-war can carry all the coal that she needs for months, but before going into action she takes on board as much as she possibly can stow. Filled coal bunkers in unarmored cruisers of the Boston class afford a fairly good side protection for the engine and boiler room, while the deck protection over them generally consists of strong steel plates varying from 1½ to 3½ inches in thickness. During the long cruise of 11,000 miles, which is the distance from New York to Valparaiso, the Boston will have to coal at various places and ultimately at Sandpoint, in the straits, where she will take all the coal she can carry, namely, 500 tons. Whenever in port the men are supplied with fresh provisions from shore and nothing is taken from the stores. This is done to give a variety to the monotonous bill of fare on a man-of-war.

It is hardly possible to describe the privations men will endure when a high aim, such as the glory of their flag, is constantly before them. Jack may grumble at home, but when abroad there is no man prouder of his country than he. This is even the case in peace, but much more so in war. Then he is conscious that the eyes of his country are constantly and anxiously watching every movement of his vessel, and Jack and his ship are one.

During the Boston's voyage life on board will chiefly consist of the regular everyday man-of-war routine, namely, eight hours work out of twenty-four, besides a little gun and rifle practice, and occasionally some extra duty when gales blow hard and old Neptune, getting angry, furiously beats the waters with his mythic trident.

CAPTAIN GILBERT C. WILTSE.

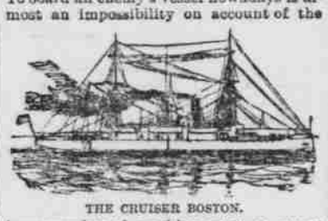
After the ship has left Sandpoint and is approaching her destination the duty on board will increase, but then Jack does not care for that; his mind is excited, and in his eagerness to see the enemy he will forget the extra strain on his daily existence. When off duty the men will gravely discuss the situation, give various opinions on the different ways in which it would be best to tackle the enemy, and invariably arrive at the conclusion that the latter some way or other is sure to have the worst of it, for he can have no chance against Jack on his own vessel.

The Boston is not a cruiser of the latest type; she, the Dolphin, the Atlanta and Chicago formed the nucleus of Uncle Sam's new navy. Consequently she has no real military mast armed with rapid firing guns, but is like most of the old wooden cruisers, brig rigged, and carries about 34,000 square feet of sail. Her sails do not help her much, however, for with all her canvas spread and her machinery disabled she would not be able to make more than four miles an hour, while her actual speed derived from steam power is 15½ knots. Before appearing on the scene of action a good deal of her rigging will be taken down and her masts, as far as possible, dismounted and stored away. Most of her lifeboats will be taken from their davits and placed above deck or stored where they cannot interfere with the aiming of her guns and the maneuvers of her crew. In olden times captains usually sank their lifeboats before going into action, but this is not done any longer, except in cases where there is no room on board.

The deck of a man-of-war prepared for action looks much more like the inner parapet of a fort than like a vessel's deck. The Boston carries two 8-inch guns on her bows; three 6-inch guns on her starboard and an equal number of 6-inch guns on her port side. For the training of these guns forty men are needed. Besides these she has eleven rapid firing and machine guns, which require the service of twenty-nine additional men. These men, with an equal number of reserves, have no other duty to perform except to take care of their guns. It goes without saying that when the Boston will be lying before Valparaiso, half her crew will always be on duty while the other half are resting. Her guns will be all loaded and a small number of cartridges piled near them for immediate use, while another supply will be placed on her lower decks.

The ammunition magazine and the engine and boiler room are in every man-of-war the best protected parts of the ship, and the hatchways leading to them are kept closed while the fight is raging, for a single shell may explode the former or disable the latter, and in both cases ship and men are doomed. Every officer and man on board has his station should it become necessary to open fire. At night, the time when torpedo attacks are most likely to be made, the torpedo nets are lowered and the electric search light kept playing in every direction. On the watchfulness and vigilance of the sentries depends the safety of ship and crew, and any negligence of duty by men or officers in this direction is punished with the utmost severity. This, however, hardly ever happens, for Jack knows well that he is watching for his own life.

Whenever fire is opened the captain, who in time of peace does little or no actual routine service, steps on the bridge and takes command. Nothing is done except he orders it. Every movement of the vessel and the firing of every gun depends on his word of command. Near him stands the executive officer, the navigating officer and his aids. There is no shouting, no confusion, for every man knows or is told what he has to do. Some men are designated to train the guns, others to fire them; there are men to carry ammunition and others to take care of the wounded and the dead. To board an enemy's vessel nowadays is almost an impossibility on account of the



THE CRUISER BOSTON.

large number of machine guns on every warship afloat. All that can and must be done is to kill as many as possible of the crew, disable the vessel or, better still, sink her.

When a vessel carries torpedoes the service on board becomes more complicated, as in this case night attacks will be often attempted for the purpose of destroying as many vessels as possible of the enemy's fleet. The latest improved torpedoes, however, have only a range of 500 yards, and consequently make it necessary for the attacking vessel to approach the enemy at such close quarters that even musketry fire becomes effective, not to speak of the havoc of machine guns. Only dark nights are chosen for such attacks. All lights are extinguished on board, and after the position of the enemy has been ascertained the attacking vessel steams slowly up to her. No noise must be made, and every word of command is therefore given in a subdued voice until the vessel has come within the proper torpedo range. Once the death dealing missile is fired the position of the attacking vessel, of course, is revealed to the enemy, who in turn responds with a hail of shell and bullets. It is in such moments that Jack is placed on his mettle and is obliged to keep cool, for confusion, dangerous as it is in daytime, becomes doubly so during the night.

Regarding the wounded, it may be said that whenever there are several surgeons one will attend to them on deck, while the rest, comparatively safe in the cockpit, will perform their duty there. The men who have to carry the wounded have a no less dangerous duty to perform than those who are combatants. They are quite as much exposed to the deadly fire on deck without having the satisfaction of taking active part in it or returning shot for shot.

LIEUT. F. DE THUMMEL-CLOTH.

The New Portrait of the Pope.

The greatest men are not always the best subjects for portrait painters. M. Chartran, the Parisian artist, who received the commission to put Pope Leo's likeness on canvas had much trouble to persuade his holiness to endure the tedium of posing. He has represented Leo XIII seated in a red armchair, his hands resting on the arms, while one foot in a red slipper peeps out on a red cushion. A red mantle drapes his holiness' shoulders, and a diamond and sapphire ring and a pontifical cross on his breast relieve the pure white costume. The portrait is to be engraved for the benefit of the faithful.

BICYCLING BREVITIES.

Nearly all the races in France are ridden from the scratch, as handicapping is not popular.

Chicago wheelmen are talking of an international bicycle tournament during the World's fair.

A. A. Zimmerman and Hoyland Smith will compose one of the swift tandem teams this fall.

Springfield, Ills., is building a half mile track for bicyclists at the grounds of the Fair association.

Willie Windle says that he has ridden two miles in 5m. 6s. on a pneumatic safety.

The Bearings states that the use of such stimulants as cocoa and kola by racing men is on the increase, and that the stimulants have apparently proved harmless.

The bicycle corps of the Connecticut National guard was highly complimented for its efficiency in carrying dispatches, patrol and advance guard work by Lieutenant W. H. Bowen, of the regular army, in his report to the war department.

A unicycle railway for the exposition grounds at Chicago is a proposed novelty for the World's fair in 1892.

Benjamin Williams, aged sixty-seven, of Warren, Pa., is said to be one of the oldest active bicyclists in America. He travels to and from work on a wheel.

Wheeling is booming in Wisconsin, and Milwaukee riders are talking of a tournament.

An international bicycle tournament at Madison Square Garden, New York, from Oct. 18 to 24, inclusive, is said to be assured. Thomas W. Eck, of Minneapolis, is the leader of the enterprise.

Classic.

Brainly—How altogether intellectual and classic that young Mrs. Montlang, of Boston, is!

Skimton—Yes, indeed. She introduced me to Mrs. Terminus, the railroad president's wife, and her two daughters the other evening. She said, "Mr. Skimton, Mrs. Terminus and her daughters, the Miss Termini."—New York Sun.

Wanted Time.

Young Husband—My dear, you remember that note for thirty days that your father gave you for a wedding present?

Young Wife—Yes; dear old father! I shan't forget his kindness very soon.

Young Husband—No, I don't believe you will. He dropped in this morning and said he wanted to renew it for sixty days more. Harper's Bazar.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

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Doctoring the Wild Animals.

Hospitals for cats and dogs are quite common in the large cities, and many a feline and canine pet has been successfully nursed through a severe illness by the expert doctors who spend their time in studying animal diseases. With the exception of wounds and injuries, the great majority of the complaints which the pets suffer from come as a direct result of too high living. Sweets, cake, candy and highly seasoned food will in the course of time make even the dumb brutes sick, and the animal doctors frequently find that all their patients need are a little physic and plain living. Two weeks of such common treatment generally restores the pets to health and strength again.

But of late years the importations to this country of wild animals for circuses, menageries and exhibitions of various kinds have been so large that there has sprung up a regular system of doctoring for wild animals. Their complaints generally are very few. At first they are homesick after leaving their forest jungles, and they pine away in their cages unless they are carefully watched. The wilder and fiercer ones refuse to be consoled, and they often injure themselves in their frantic efforts to break through their iron cage. Then the heat, change of climate and food and occasionally old age, bring on complaints that must be checked by expert physicians.—New York Epoch.

Afraid of Becoming Famous.

A manuscript reader for a leading magazine says: "The magazine with which I am connected employed a well known female writer to write up an interesting phase of life six years ago, for which she was to receive a stipulated sum of money. When her article was submitted the editor didn't like it and sent it back, but she fired it back again, demanding pay, and got it. The article was pigeonholed, and no one thought of it again until a short time ago, when the editor resurrected it and had it put in type, forgetting all about its origin. It appeared in a recent number of the magazine, and was discussed by literary people as being one of the best written articles published by the magazine in question. The editor of another magazine was attracted by the article and wrote to the lady asking her to submit matter to him. The writer appears to be a very spirited young woman, however, and refused to do so, saying that one experience with a magazine editor is enough. She says she will never write for them again. If she did she might become famous. She confines her efforts to newspaper work."—New York Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Wonderful Gold Mine.

One of the wonders of Australia, and one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, is the Mount Morgan gold mine in Queensland. The precious metal contained in this mine, which has paid a dividend of not less than $6,000,000 in a year, was deposited by a hot spring.

Mount Morgan is a hill about 500 feet high, containing at its top a cup shaped deposit made by the hot spring which once gushed out there, and in this deposit the gold exists. Truly a cup of Crœsus! Through untold ages the waters dropped their glittering burden, and now man comes and extracts the hoarded metal to add to the wealth of the world.

Specimens of the ore from this strange mine have been sent to the United States, that they might be compared with the deposits of the great hot springs in our own Yellowstone park. It was but natural to suppose that the Yellowstone springs had also a golden treasure in their cups, but the most careful search by geologists has thus far failed to detect any trace of it.—Youth's Companion.

How a Bird Gets Light.

The baya bird of India spends his nights catching fireflies, with which he plasters his nest. The baya does not kill the fly, but simply attaches it to his nest by means of a piece of moist clay. On a dark night a baya's nest has the appearance of an electric street lamp.—St. Louis Republic.

PEOPLE DID NOT BATHE.

WHEN THE BENEFICENT EFFECTS OF WATER WAS UNKNOWN.

Customs of Royal Personages That Are Repulsive to the Modern Idea of Cleanliness—The Lack of Bathing Habits Among the French and English.

Until about the year 1650 all the barbers in France and most other countries of Europe practiced the art of surgery. In dark and dirty shops they shaved and bled, cut hair and applied cupping glasses, opened tumors and performed surgical operations still more difficult and dangerous. They were despised as laborers, as every one was despised who made a practical application of his knowledge in the form of a trade regularly followed. As a class they were much liked by the common people, who applied to them for all ordinary medical advice, but as society became more refined, and consequently more exacting in respect to neatness, it became necessary to separate the care of the hair and beard from the treatment of diseases, not only because the association of the two professions was often repugnant in itself, but there was great danger of the transmission of diseases.

Louis XIII first ordered the separation of the two professions, directing that the barbers should confine themselves to the hair and beard and operations incidental thereto, but the shavers and hair cutters appealing to parliament, the matter dragged on for nearly forty years, and was not definitely decided until the issue of an edict by Louis XIV in 1678. As a French writer remarks, this was none too soon, it being absolutely necessary that there should be a trade whose business it should be to care for the general neatness of the public.

At this epoch the Parisians, and much more the inhabitants of the other cities of France, had almost lost the habit of cleansing the face and hands with water, to say nothing of other parts of the body.

BATHING IN PARIS.

In the Dark Ages it had not been quite so bad, there remaining in Gaul something of the Roman custom of bathing, which gradually disappeared, owing to the opposition of the monks and the clergy. An ecclesiastical work published in 1760 declares that the use of the bath is only to be regarded as a necessity, never as a luxury. So filthy were the monks of the Fifteenth century that they put to flight the beggars at their gates if the wind happened to blow from the direction of the monastery. Nuns of the same epoch and later were not better provided for, as we learn from the experience of a noble lady who, being a temporary inmate of a convent, and having demanded a foot bath, was refused by the superior, the luxury being unheard of within those walls. In default of other appliances she made use of an old trunk, with no other result than to produce a general inundation of the sacred edifice.

In 1292 there were twenty-six public baths in Paris, then a small city. They were arranged for steam or hot water, a person being able to take one or both kinds as he desired. They were expensive for the period, a complete bath costing four francs, which restricted their use to persons in easy circumstances. They were not opened till daylight, the streets not being safe before that hour. To prevent promiscuity it was ordered that the men should go in the morning and the women in the evening, but the rule does not seem to have been well observed, since, in the course of time, they acquired a bad reputation and fell into disuse. When they were heated in the morning the fact was announced after the manner of the period—by criers who made the round of the city. Bathtubs were common in private houses at the same epoch, made usually in the form of a half hogshead, the use of metals for the purpose being unknown.

WHEN BATHING STOPPED.

Wash basins were also familiar objects in the palaces of kings and in the castles of the nobility. Charles V of France had twenty-four of the latter, all solid gold, besides others of silver. As among the Romans, it was customary to bathe before meals, and to offer the luxury of a bath to one's guest, who passed directly from the bathroom into the banquet hall. Various instances are related of baths magnificently arranged offered to kings of France when subjects happened to entertain them, to Louis XI among others, this king including an affectation of neatness in his brief list of virtues. There were bathtubs at the barbers' shops, used indiscriminately, as it would appear, by the well and sick—a circumstance that helped to render beatness unpopular, and keep the people from visiting them.

Therefore, the public baths being discontinued for want of patronage and those at the barbers' shops feared for sanitary reasons, the practice of bathing, common to a certain class in the Dark and the early part of the Middle Ages, disappeared. Having ceased to bathe the person, the hands and face became equally neglected, the application of water once a week being considered sufficient among the nobility, and once a month, or not at all, among the burgesses and the common people.

The habit of bathing was less common in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth than in France, whence it appears at this epoch to have almost disappeared. The virgin queen insisted that the gentlemen and ladies of her court should be magnificently dressed, but their fine apparel often covered persons that were repulsive.

ROYAL CRITICISMS.

Bath tubs were not common in the castles of the nobility, and they would not have been much used if they had been. This disregard of neatness could not, nevertheless, be carried too far, as is proved by the remark made by the queen regarding the order of his boots to one of her courtiers who had come into her presence too hastily after a long journey. Henry IV, who was Elizabeth's contemporary, was as careless of his extremities as Lady Mary, if the Protestant D'Aubigny is to be believed; but if this testimony is not sufficient we have that of another writer of the epoch, who alleges that the king was once told by a lady of his court that "he smelt like a dead horse."

The generations that succeeded did not practice this cardinal virtue much more efficiently, but outraged neatness revenged itself in sending swarms of parasites to torment the human race. Methods of killing fleas and other animalcules that infest the human body formed one of the principal features of the handbooks published in France during some hundreds of years. Receipts were given for ointments to be used as insecticides, which were the germ of all the cosmetics, pastes, essences and perfumes which have from that day to this been among the most essential elements of a lady's toilet.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The black ironwood (Condalia ferrea), found only in southern Florida, is more than 30 per cent. heavier than water.

Seventeen Dollars for a Mustache.

Albert Broers, a Berlin butcher, noted for his long, black, handsome mustache, went on a trip to Landsberg, his native place, where he was joined by three fellow tradesmen—the two brothers Gerstitz and Lehmpfahl. The four went to dine at a restaurant, after which they began to discuss Herr Broers' beautiful mustache. Growing excited over the pleasing theme, the question was raised how much the wearer would take for it, and it was at last agreed to put up the mustache for sale by auction. The bidding was brisk, and the article was finally knocked down for ninety-four marks. A barber was called in, and after the operation the butcher wended his way minus his bravura adornment, but with a substantial equivalent in cash, home to the bosom of his family.

Who He Liked Best.

The other day a conversation took place between two little children, a girl of seven and a boy of five. Girl (wishing to show her superior knowledge)—Which do you like best, Queen Victoria or Washington? Boy (simply)—I love mamma.—Cor. Babyhood.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
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Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.
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TAKING A SNOOZE.

The drowsy hum of the murmuring bees,
Hovering over the lavender trees,
Steals through half shut lattices,
As, awake or asleep, I scarce know which,
I lazily hail near a window niche
Whose gossamer curtains are softly stirred
By the gauzy wings of a humming bird.

From airy heights the feathery down
Blown from the nettle's nodding crown,
Weary with wandering everywhere,
Sails slowly to earth through the valley air;
While indolent zephyrs, "oppressed with perfume"
Stolen from many a balmy bloom,
Are falling asleep within the room.
Now floating afar, now hovering near,
Dull to the eye and dumb to the ear,
Grow the shapes that I see, the sounds that I hear:
Every murmur around dies into my dream,
Save only the song of a sylvan stream,
Whose burden, set to a cadulent tune,
Has lulled the whispering leaves of June.

All things are hazy and dreamy and dim;
The flies in lazier circles swim;
On slumberous wings, on muffled feet,
Imaginary sounds retreat;
And the islands—Elysian isles that lie
In the bright blue sea of summer sky—
Fade out before my closing eye.

—Theodosia H. Hill.

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Before & After Use.
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