

UNCLE HIRAM'S ADVICE.

My Uncle Hiram used to say, "My lad, take my advice. And never buy an article until you have the price. Be like your Uncle, pay your bills and you'll not have to fret. And never (here he'd fiercely stamp) no, never be in debt. I watched my Uncle stamp his foot. His words impressed me more because his creditors had put a keeper in his store. "Tobacco is a filthy weed!" my uncle oft would cry. "And only fit for nasty boys that wallow in a sty. Oh do not cloud your youthful brain with smoke or chew or snuff. 'Tis only human pigs, my boy, that ever use the stuff." And from his text would Uncle draw a speech with precept ripe. And only stop to take a "chaw." Or pause to light his pipe. "Shun liquor, boy!" said Uncle Hiram, "shun drink, my lad," he said, "Nor dare you touch nor look upon the wine when it is red. 'Tis like an adder, yes, and stings and stings, 'Tid thee shun the flowing bowl for 'tis the nation's curse." And with the words of wisdom blent, From Uncle's lips would come A very strong and healthy scent Of old New England rum. Oh, blessed sage of childhood's hour, oh, uncle dear, to thee And thy advice I owe my all and all I hope to be. I would not steal, I would not drink, I would not smoke nor chew, Because I fear that, if I did, I'd grow to be like you. So bless you, ancient counselor, With blessings deep and ample, Not for your sermons, no, but for Your horrible example. —Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

LARAWAY'S SWEAR-OFF

By G. B. Dunham.

ON a cold and starless March evening, in the face of a keen north-west wind, we were riding home to the ranch. We had been to the railroad with a bunch of bees, and preferred night riding to making another camp. The cowpokes jogged steadily along, and the men, tired and chilled, sat stiffly in their saddles. There was no talk between man and man, but to his mount each spoke a word from time to time—a word of encouragement when he lagged, or of reproach if he stumbled. Toward ten o'clock, when nearing the gate of the pasture, a light appeared ahead and to the left of our course. As we came up to the fence, we saw that it was a lantern hung on a fence-post some 20 rods off the road, and swinging in the wind. By its fitful flare a man in a long ulster was digging in the hand soil with a short-handled spade. In the uncertain light he looked to be of enormous size, and as he thrust the spade with quick strokes again and again into the frozen ground, the long tails of his coat swished about him or streamed in the wind.

"Looks like the devil a-dancing," said one of the men as he got down to open the gate.

"The devil is making him dance, no doubt about that," replied the foreman.

There was more said. The man engaged in his task had not seen or, at least, had not noticed us. The loose horses turned in at the gate, struck up a lively gallop; there was a general shaking up of bridge-reins and a ringing of spur-chains. Up a long hill and down a steep short one, and we were at the ranch-house, and the grumbling cook was turning out to get us a hot supper. He always grumbled—that about getting meals after hours, but once when a couple of us sneaked in late and went to bed without waking him, he raised such a ruction that we never tried it again.

Half an hour later we were well warmed and eating a good meal in the mess-house.

"Laraway is digging up his Bible again," remarked the cook, as he poured strong black coffee into big cups.

"I know it," said the foreman.

Frank Laraway was a better man by half than half the men you know. He had spent as much will-power in resisting the drink habit as would suffice to carry two average men through life in honorable careers, surrounded by friends and family, and pass them on with A1 credentials to a better world. After wrestling with, and being periodically thrown by, the appetite for liquor for many years, he left his work in the city and took to a ranch life. On the ranch and range he became a valued employe, but twice or more each year he would disappear for a time, returning haggard, shrunken, and dead broke, and with a fresh determination to conquer the appetite. "I don't want to be good, or great, or rich," said he; "I just want to be my own boss."

It chanced one day that Laraway, then sobering up in a little railroad town, heard a man say: "I'm going to swear off this time on the biggest Bible in town." He asked if he might go, too.

"Sure," said the man, becoming communicative at once; "I've sworn off on numbers of them little Bibles; I've sworn off before Judge Blank and Father Ryan. This time I'm going to the big church."

The two men went to a pastor's study and the section-hand, requesting him to produce the large pulpit Bible, which he solemnly swore, with his hand on its open page to abstain forever from all intoxicating beverages.

"That is a long while," was Laraway's comment.

"Do you keep the Bible locked up?" asked the Irishman, anxiously.

"The building is always closed when not in use," replied the pastor.

"Why did you ask him that?" demanded Laraway, when they had come away.

The Irishman marveled at the question. "Why, don't you see?" said he; "it's because if I can get at the book when the first is on me I can get let off."

"Swearing off" is a common industry in a frontier town, but it had never before come to Laraway's notice. It seemed to him, on reflection, to promise some assistance to himself in his perpetual fight. He bought a Bible and promised himself, with his hand upon it, that he would waste no liquor for six months. Then he came home and went to work. He wrote the date in the book, and kept the book in his

pocket. He kept the promise to the letter and the day. After that spree he made an entry on the fly-leaf agreeing to abstain for one year. This time he did not carry the book in his pocket; he took it out on the range and buried it.

"That crazy Irishman's notion about getting let off if he can lay hands on the book don't go for a cent with me now," said he; "but before the year is up I'll be a crazy Irishman myself."

The one-year pledge proved too hard to keep. Twice since its making, at intervals of six or eight months, Laraway had dug up his Bible, canceled his pledge, and got drunk. To-night he had seen him overcome for the third time. We liked him well, and we were grieved, but what could we do?

"Why don't some of you make a sneak on the Bible and cache it where he can't find it?" asked the Kid. (He is always asking fool questions.) The men had thought of that, but no one had had the nerve.

"Oh, he would kill the man that touched it, and get drunk just the same," declared the cook.

"Well, I'd like to see it tried," persisted the Kid.

"Why not do it yourself?" asked the foreman. "Nobody is holding you."

"What me?" said the Kid, in a shaky voice; "I'm only a boy," and went away to bed.

We sat around the table some time longer, smoking and drinking hot coffee. As the clock struck for midnight the mess-house door was flung open—a I thought by a stronger gust of wind. Turning to look, I found myself looking into the muzzle of one of Laraway's guns. He stood in the doorway with his eyes a-fire and a gun in either hand.

"Which one of you dogs has got my Bible?" he cried. "It's not in the hole and I'll give you just ten seconds to produce it."

"Now, Laraway," said the foreman, in a smooth tone, "you got the drop on us all right, but I tell you it's God's truth that not a man here knows anything about your Bible. We thought you had dug it up and was half way to town by now."

"Stop that driveling and get the Bible," growled Laraway, and the hammer went "click, click," as he raised them both. "I'll put a few of you before you get out of this."

It looked as though some one was going to get hurt. All the hot coffee I had been drinking came to the surface in perspiration. Every man in the room was looking square at Laraway. And to every man it seemed that the pistols were looking square at himself.

The Kid always was sandy—and freckled. Half an hour before he had slunk off to bed. Now, just at the right moment, he slunk up behind Laraway, jumped onto his back like a cat, put both his freckled hands to the man's throat, and brought him down. The guns went off through the roof.

Mr. Laraway was tied to his bed that night and many nights after. He had a severe attack of brain fever, from which he came out as weak as a baby. During his convalescence he never spoke of his Bible, and he had an aversion to liquor. During those days a strong and quiet friendship grew up between Laraway and the Kid.

The "old man" was visiting his ranches at the present time, and took a great interest in the sick man; told him to go on somewhere and get well and hearty before trying to work again; said his pay should go on exactly as though he were in the saddle. But Laraway said: "I've no place to go that I like half so well as this old ranch, and no friends so good as these. So he stayed around camp and made hair bridges and cinches, and read books, and helped the cook, and did all those things that a man (or, cowboy) does only when he is invalided.

Among the visitors whom the "old man" entertained at the ranch that spring was Mitchell, the famous mind-reader. One Sunday afternoon he volunteered to show the boys what he could do. He gave us a show that couldn't be beaten on any stage. We had a cache of canned goods up in these rocks."

The mind-reader halted at the first big boulder, and the boys quickly turned it over. The bed of the rock was a rounded hole, some three feet deep, and at the bottom lay a small black book—Laraway's Bible. At sight of it he fell back a step and stood about the hole as solemnly as at a grave. The Kid was blubbering. "I didn't mean no harm," said he.

Laraway had been in the second rank of those who followed the mind-reader up the hill; now he crowded to the front and looked in.

"My Bible, by God," he cried, and jumped into the hole. As he came out with the book in his hand, and strode down the hill without a word to anyone, he tore out the fly-leaf upon which he had written his pledges. I picked it up and kept it as a record of noble endeavor.

"You've got the sand," presently said the foreman to the Kid, who was still sniveling.

"But it did no good," sobbed the boy. "Nothing will ever do him any good," asserted the foreman, gloomily.

We turned our backs to the Kid's cache, now despoiled, and walked slowly down the hill. For some time there was no comment on the foreman's conclusion. We heard a clatter of hoofs on the hard road as Laraway spurred away toward town.

Then the Kid lifted his head (he was ever a stubborn youngster). "I'll save him yet," he said.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Gulf Stream. The maximum temperature of the gulf stream is 86 degrees.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Gold coins are in circulation twice as long as copper ones.

Most of the phosphorus used in the world is produced from bones.

Pins have been made for 430 years, but needles have been used for 40 centuries.

Only one out of every thousand married couples live to celebrate their golden weddings.

Texas recently bought 7,000 acres to be used as a convict farm, where cotton and sugar-cane will be grown.

Some one has figured out that no fewer than 40,000,000 love letters are annually dispatched and received in this country.

The smallest man who ever lived was the dwarf Babe, born in France in 1740. He was just 20 inches high and eight pounds in weight when full grown.

The bank checks passing through the clearing-houses in London and New York in one month would exceed the value of all the gold and silver coin in the world.

A hunting party in Florida recently killed 700 alligators, and the Jacksonville Metropolis calls for a game law to protect "this attractive saurian, which affords the northern tourist so much enjoyment."

To enable high explosives to be used as the bursting charge in explosive shells the material is frozen and surrounded with wet gun cotton, and is thawed by the heat of impact of the projectile or by a time or percussion fuse.

Prior to 1859 Virginia was the greatest tobacco producing state, the annual yield being 122,000,000 pounds. The present yield of Virginia is approximately only 50,000,000 pounds per annum. Succeeding the civil war, Kentucky took first place in tobacco, and holds it with an annual yield of upward of 225,000,000 pounds.

RESTORING ANCIENT METHODS

The Dowager Empress of China Abolishes Modern Reforms.

Recent edicts of the dowager empress of China, copies of which have been received by Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister here, show with what a strong hand the empress is directing the affairs of the government and overcoming some of the ultra-modern tendencies of the young emperor which are dropping out just before the empress assumed the reins of office. One of these recent edicts restores the ancient departments of Peking and the governorships of the outlying country, which had been abolished not many weeks ago, by an edict of the emperor. These places had been presided over by some of the most prominent men of China, who had grown gray in the country's services. They were handed down from father to son, and great dignity as well as considerable profit attached to the offices. There was little work for them, however, and, following the reform tendencies of the western world abolished all the offices, bureaus and governorships which he regarded as superfluous. With this made a considerable number of the venerable officials of China of all their dignity and emoluments. This came so suddenly that much sympathy was aroused for the officials, who had been enjoying life tenures up to that time. The empress dowager now restores the old regime, and in a recent edict the departments at Peking and the governorships throughout the country are placed on the same basis they had been before the emperor's edict.

Another edict by the empress dowager directs that the temples be used exclusively for religious rites, and not as schools. The emperor had previously inaugurated a marked reform in directing that many of the old temples throughout the empire be turned into school houses, in order that education might be fostered.

In each case the action of the empress dowager is a return to the ancient methods of the country, and is accepted with favor by the conservative element, as well as by those who desire reforms, so long as they can be brought about without doing violence to the traditions of centuries.—St. Louis Republic.

OIL STILLED THE SEA.

Experiments with Soapuds, However, Proved to Be a Complete Failure.

Capt. H. Gathemann, of the North German Lloyd steamship Oldenburg, has just made public the result of a series of experiments with oil and soapuds in quieting the sea in the vicinity of the ship during a storm.

He began his experiment in December, 1897, on a voyage from Baltimore to Bremen, and used vegetable or whale oil to good advantage. He allowed the oil to drop from a series of buckets arranged in the bow of the ship. The wind at the time was west-northwest, with a very rough sea. The speed of the ship was about 12½ knots; the temperature of the air was 58 degrees Fahrenheit and of the sea 37 degrees.

Presently, the waves, which had been breaking over the ship, became remarkably quiet, and the sea within several hundred yards of the ship became calm. The captain used about 2½ pounds of oil in an hour during this experiment. He was very much gratified at the result.

In January, 1898, Capt. Gathemann began trying soapuds. The mixture consisted of 15 pounds of green soap and 40 pounds of sweet water, and, as in the case of the oil, buckets were used, from which the soapuds dropped into the ocean. The wind was north by west, the speed of the ship over 12 knots and the temperature of the air and sea about the same as in the experiment with the oil. The soapuds could be plainly seen floating on the surface of the water until a wave struck them and then they quickly disappeared. No quieting effect was noticeable on the sea, however, and when the buckets were empty they were quickly filled with oil and presently the sea again became calm.

Capt. Gathemann reports that he has experimented with soapuds several times during his voyages this year, but never found them efficacious, and always resorted to oil with good results.—Chicago Post.

CAMP FIRE STORIES

GEN. ALGER'S ESCAPE.

He Rode So Close Between Two Confederates His Knees Were Skinned.

Gen. Russell A. Alger had a number of narrow escapes during his service. One of his most desperate engagements was at Booneville, Miss., in July, 1862. It was shortly after his appointment as secretary of war that he told me the story of his engagement. It has never been published, but I think my memory will enable me to give it substantially as he told it to me. Said he: "I was captain at the time, under Col. Phil Sheridan as commander. We had all together about 800 men and were at Booneville, when about 4,000 confederates under Gen. Chalmers attacked us. The evening before the battle, I remember, I did not feel at all well. I was suffering from jaundice and was as yellow as saffron. I was lying down in my tent when Sheridan came in. He was then only a colonel, but he had the same habits that he afterward displayed. He was, you know, very quiet and backward, except when a possible fight was at hand. Then his whole nature seemed to change. His eyes would flash. He would become profane and would use expressions which he never uttered in his quieter moments. He asked me how I was. I replied that I did not feel well, but that I could do anything he wanted done. 'Well,' said he, 'I do want a job done. Gen. Chalmers is coming against us with his army. He is almost upon us now, and we must stampede him. I want you to take all the men you can get and quietly move around back of the confederates, and within an hour from now I want you to charge into them with a yell and knock 'em—out of them. We will hear your yell and will charge them in front at the same time.' "After a few words further we shook hands. Col. Sheridan saying he thought it might probably be for the last time. I called my men together. We were about a hundred in all. We went around through the woods and got behind the confederates and then made a dash right up the road, which was filled with them. We gave a yell as we charged. We had men in the woods at the sides of the road, and the cheer went up from us all as we galloped down on the surprised confederates.

"We went so fast that in passing between two confederates I remember I had both my knees skinned. We lost half our force within less than two minutes, but the rush and surprise was such that we rushed the confederates and went almost through them. In the meantime Sheridan had attacked in front and was forcing them in the back. We could see them coming, and I ordered my men to turn and retreat, as I saw we were being swallowed up by the men coming toward us. The road was filled, and we had to go into the woods to get out of the way. My horse carried me against the limb of a tree, which caught me in the ribs, twisting

and breaking my left leg. I had no use of that leg for the next ten years, but now it is all right again. The blow knocked me off my horse, and as I stood there, receiving several thrusts of the confederate soldiers going past me. I was a fairly good swordsman, however, and parried them. Then I noted an old tree with some grapevines about it. I threw myself down into the vines and faintly. I must have lain there an hour, for when I came to there was no one in sight. It was very quiet. I dragged myself slowly up and crawled along to the road. I was staggering down this when I saw some cavalry coming. I thought it might perhaps be the confederates, so I hid behind a tree. As they came nearer, however, I saw they were our troops. It was the Second Iowa. I came out, and as the men saw me they gave me a cheer. They carried me back to camp, and after a time I got well again. It was that battle that the late Sheridan, brigadier general, and it was upon his recommendation for my services in it that I was promoted to be major, and later on made lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Michigan cavalry."—Cleveland Leader.

A Lincoln Story. In conversing with a friend about the way his administration was criticized and attacked, President Lincoln said: "After all, it reminds me of a couple of emigrants fresh from the Emerald Isle. They were making their way westward in search of work, when one evening coming suddenly upon a pond of water they were greeted with a frog chorus—a music they had never heard before. Overcome with terror, they clutched their sticks and crept forward. The enemy could not be seen. At last a happy idea seized the foremost. Stepping in with his companion's stick, he exclaimed: 'And sure, Jamie! It is my opinion it is nothing but a noise!'—Facts and Fiction.

Humor of the Camp.

"Captain, the new recruit is a fine fencer."

"Is he? Put him on picket duty."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Then it is Well Done.

When a man has nothing to do he always attends to it personally.—Chicago Daily News.

A SISTER'S DEVOTION.

Her Heroic Efforts to Save Her Brother Who Was Condemned to Death.

The civil war abounded in life dramas, but none more touchingly pathetic or fraught with more devotion than the one in which Mrs. John Brooks, of New Madrid, Mo., was the heroine.

She is very modest and has seldom referred to the thrilling episode which taxed her ingenuity to the utmost, but which was triumphantly crowned by the liberation from prison of a brother condemned to be shot by a federal court-martial. Only recently has the story been told by Col. Henry Newman, who is now in temporary possession of the key which played an important part in the drama.

Mrs. Brooks was a Miss Dennis. She was just budding into womanhood when the war came. With it came the departure of her only brother, George, for the front, wearing the gray, and with heart and soul in sympathy with the southern cause. Days, weeks and months passed, and to the little home at Booneville there came no word. There had been battles in which her brother's regiment had been engaged. One day a letter came. It was from Alton, and told how he had been cap-

tured at Helena by the federals and taken to prison. He was paroled and took the oath never again to serve in the confederate army against the federal troops. But his patriotism was stronger than his consideration for the oath which he had given under coercion, and it was not long before he was again in the ranks of the confederacy, ready to fight to the last ditch. Those who knew him say that there was none braver, more daring or more reckless.

One day he was recaptured, recognized and sent to the old Adelphi house at Booneville, which served as a prison. The building is still standing, and the rooms fitted up for cells may still be seen. The union soldiers were determined that he should die, but his sister was equally determined that he should not. There were four weeks in which to effect his release. She considered plans innumerable, and finally adopted one of which she had read in a novel.

The jailer was a civilian and a man with no prejudices against either cause. He gave the young lady great liberty in her visits. She and her brother were left alone in the cell, where they might talk privately. One day she came attired in a dress which could be readily unfastened, and while the jailer busied himself with the other prisoners she exchanged clothes with her brother. The cell was unlocked. The brother, clad in his sister's clothes, passed out unsuspected.

He wore a large sunbonnet, which concealed his face. About a block away he noticed some federal soldiers, and, fearing to pass close to them, stepped out into the street. There was a step-off and the dress was raised slightly, exposing a heavy boot. He was noticed by a German unionist and the soldiers were called. Dennis was recaptured and taken into prison. He was court-martialed and sentenced to death at the expiration of eight days. He was placed in a dungeon, from which there seemed to be no possible means of escape. So secure was the room considered that no extra precautions were taken and the sister was permitted to visit him as before by the kind-hearted jailer, who sympathized with the distress of the young girl.

She took delicacies to her brother every day. After six days in the dungeon the prisoner gave his sister a druggist in a peculiar shape to resemble a key.

"If you can get a key like that mold I believe that I can get out," said the brother.

All that night a light burned in the room of the sister. She worked from sunset until dawn filing a blade from a plane into the desired shape. Just at daylight, when the last touches were being put on the key the steel snapped asunder and the whole work went for naught. There was a foundry near by and she found a piece of soft iron not so brittle as steel. There was a hole in the end of it. Filed slowly with iron and bleeding fingers, she worked all day and all of the second night with nothing save the bent straw to guide her in the task.

The seventh day had come when it was finished. On the next her brother would be shot. Still without any sleep she made a pile and put the key into the center of it. That night Dennis and a confederate lieutenant walked out of the prison, went to the home of Miss Dennis and returned to her the key which had effected their escape. They triumphed of the sister was of short duration, for shortly after her brother was killed in battle.

The key is a priceless treasure and she has guarded it jealously ever since. It is crude, but still an excellent piece of workmanship for one who understood nothing of mechanics and whose sole pattern was a bit of bent straw.—St. Louis Republic.

A War Relic.

William Reed, of Fredericksburg, Va., has secured from the Chancellorsville battlefield a novel relic of the war of 1861-62. It is an open pocket-knife, over the blade of which has grown about three inches of the white oak tree; into the trunk of which the knife was evidently stuck by a soldier and then forgotten. The three inches of wood represents the growth of the tree since that time.—National Tribune.

Awfully Bewitched. Dasherly—is he so very ignorant? Flashery—Ignorant? Why, actually, he doesn't even know a cure for colds!—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Young People

GRANDPA AND I.

Grandpa and I are beaux, Lillian had had hers over a year, and Harry had got one and calls her "dear."

And mamma has papa, goodness knows, so there wasn't any for him and me. Until he thought it over you see. "Little love, let us two be beaux," says he.

Then in his arms he held me tight while I smoothed his hair so fine and white, and sang him a little lullaby song: And he thought and thought and thought so long.

"I'll I patted his head and softly said:

"You mustn't be lone-stom, now we be long."

And then a tear rolled down his nose. But grandpa and I are the dearest beaux. —O'Neil Latham, 1-Brooklyn Life.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

How Frugality and Virtue Were Rewarded in the Case of a Young Kansas Farmer.

The story of a Kansas boy contains food for reflection, and other boys might profitably follow his example. Charley Troup is an industrious young man who lives with his parents on a farm near Jewell City. Charley's grandfather is a member of the Troup family, and the old gentleman exercises a great deal of influence over him.

Many times when Charley had lost money by having a good time with the boys of the neighborhood he would tell his grandfather about it. The old gentleman worked on Charley several years before he induced him to change his habits. Finally the young man agreed to hand over to his mother for her needs all his spare change. He discarded his old associates and devoted his time to work, turning a dollar wherever he could.

Last week Charley was very much discouraged. Grandfather Troup made inquiries as to the cause, and Charley told him he had hunted the country over for a farm to rent, but had failed. "If I were you, Charley," said his grandfather, "I would buy a farm instead of

tured at Helena by the federals and taken to prison. He was paroled and took the oath never again to serve in the confederate army against the federal troops. But his patriotism was stronger than his consideration for the oath which he had given under coercion, and it was not long before he was again in the ranks of the confederacy, ready to fight to the last ditch. Those who knew him say that there was none braver, more daring or more reckless.

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THE GRASSHOPPER.

He is One of the Most Interesting and Lively Members of the Great Insect Family.

I have selected the grasshopper for this nature-study article, because it represents a class of animals that, in some particulars, are very much like. This class consists in part of locusts, grasshoppers, ants, dragon flies, bugs, beetles, fleas, flies, butterflies, bees and wasps. These all belong to a class called insects. The word insect comes from the Latin insectum, which means cut into or divide.

The grasshopper is divided into three parts, head, thorax (chest) and abdomen. The thorax is composed of three rings and on each ring is a pair of legs, making six legs in all, the hind legs being the largest.

The antennae are long and serve the double purpose of touch and of smell. The little pipe (the sides of the antennae serve as a sense of nose. Between the antennae are the simple eyes.

You see, the grasshopper is well provided with eyes; but he has many enemies among birds and beasts—yes, and boys and girls, too—and needs to be constantly on the alert. The "compound" eyes consist of many hexagonal facets, or eyes, which you can see if you examine carefully.

The mouth of a grasshopper consists of a lip (marked 5 in the accompanying picture), two broad jaws (4) adapted for biting, and two maxillae (6), which hold and arrange the food to be ground by the jaws.

One of the most peculiar characteristics of insects is that they breathe by means of a number of tubes. Air enters the tubes through a row of breathing holes in the side of the body. The two large sacks at the base of the abdomen, just back of the hind wings, are the ears.

Crickets and grasshoppers produce sounds by rubbing the base of one wing over the other. Some locusts produce sounds by rubbing the surface of the hind legs against the surface of the front wings, and by rubbing together the upper surface of the front edge of the hind wings and the under surface of the covers.

In walking the grasshopper puts down his six legs alternately—any one leg he takes the first step by moving forward legs marked 1, 3, 5, in the accompanying picture, and the next step by moving forward 2, 4, 6.

The female grasshopper has a tube at the end of the abdomen by which she bores holes in wood and earth she deposits her eggs. The grasshopper is much stronger than a locust as it can pull ten times its own weight, whereas a horse can pull but six-sevenths of its