



BE HONEST AND TRUE.

Be honest and true, boys! Whatever you do, boys. Let this be your motto through life. With now and forever, in this your endeavor, Who wrong with the right is at strife. The best and the truest, Alas! are the fewest. But be one of these if you can. In duty or in fall, you will find 'twixt avail you, And bring its reward when a man. Don't think life plain sailing; There's a slinger of falling. Though bright seem the future to be; But honor and labor, And truth to your neighbor, Will bear you safe over life's sea. Then up and be doing, Right only pursuing, And take your fair part in the strife. Be honest and true, boys, Whatever you do, boys. Let this be your motto through life! —George Birdseye, in Golden Days.

LITTLE WATER SPIDER.

Its Submarine Home Gave to Man kind the First Practical Idea of a Diving Bell.

It was from a little hydraulic engineer, commonly called the water spider, that man obtained the idea of the diving bell. The first of these mechanical contrivances for enabling men to exist for a length of time and to labor under water was invented many years ago, and was, of course, very crude. To-day, equipped as they are, with derricks, air chambers, pumps, valves, etc., they are considered marvels of mechanism, but, with all their seeming perfection, they are as nothing compared with the natural machine of this amphibious insect.

This admirable workfellow of the animal world is a genius so perfect in his way that man cannot exactly imitate the completeness of his watery abode. He is a dainty little fellow, not above displaying a pride that borders on vanity, and so he builds his charming little house of silk. Though extremely small, it is a veritable diving bell in which he lives, and a work of marvelous perfection. It is constructed in bell or hollow cone shape and spun of the finest waterproof silk, having much the appearance of the cocoon of the silkworm. It is suspended by threads from a spear of grass, and is so firmly fastened at a depth of six



WATER SPIDER AND ITS HOME.

or eight inches under water that neither winds nor waves can disturb it.

As is hinted above, in the word amphibious, the spider is equally at home on land or in water. He is an expert swimmer like the seal, and, like the seal, he cannot breathe under water as the fishes do, and so he must keep his home well supplied with fresh air.

To do this the spider comes to the surface of the water, and there gathers a bubble of air under his abdomen and descends with it to his retreat. By some art, known only to himself, he forms this bubble, which is constructed after the pattern of the pretty little soap bubbles blown from your bubble-pipes. Taking hold of this with his hind legs, he holds it under his abdomen, and, as was said, descends with it to his home.

Holding it squarely under the aperture, or mouth, of his silk bag, he releases it, and it naturally rises to the top of the sack. This process he repeats again and again with great rapidity, with the result that his home is soon stored with respirable gas. Just as the bee stores its hive with honey on which to feed during the winter months.

This work completed, the spider settles down to spend his winter in ease and almost idleness. He uses only enough exertion at times to seize such prey in the shape of water bugs as stray near his retreat.

Walekener, the eminent naturalist, who has made a special study of the water spider, has given them the name of Nalusoos (after the mythological water nymphs, Naluds), and declares that they are the most interesting and intelligent insects he has met with, an opinion in which scientists generally concur. The accompanying illustration shows the diving bell and the spider at work.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Carl's Way of Obeying.

My four-year-old Carl has been forbidden to eat ice. Imagine my astonishment when I found him sitting out in the back yard eating ice as fast as he could. "Carl, what did I tell you?" I demanded with some impetuosity. "Mamma," he replied, "I'm not eating ice; I'm only sucking the juice."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DOES WONDERFUL THINGS.

Chicago, an Educated Dog, Can Stand on His Head, Make a Prayer and Speak English.

Here is the picture of a dog that stands on his head. His name is Chicago and he lives in New York. He is only a little more than one year old, but in his brief life he has learned not only to stand on his head, but to walk on his fore legs, on his hind legs, to do wonderful jumping acts, to say his prayers, to walk and, most wonderful of all, to speak one word of the English language, "mamma." Walking about on the hind legs is not a very remarkable feat for an educated dog, but Chicago walks erect up and down a flight of steps. One of his hardest feats is to jump from one stool to another passing



STANDING ON HIS HEAD.

over a cane held high in the air and landing on his forepaws and his nose. Chicago's master also owns a cat and the two animals perform a very funny little comedy. He ties Chicago to a door, puts the cat in a bag with its head out for air, and goes out leaving some food on a table. Chicago slips his head out of the collar and eats the food. Then he carries the cat to the table, puts it by the side of the empty plate and slips his head through the collar. The master returns, finds the food gone and pretends to be angry. He is about to punish the cat when Chicago comes forward and in dumb show confesses that he is the guilty party.—Little Chronicle.

TRANSVAAL AUCTIONS.

They Are Always Held in the Market Square, an Institution Existing in Every Town.

The Dutch in South Africa have preserved many primitive customs, and among them is the open air markets and outdoor auctions, once prevalent all over Europe, but which are now obsolete except in rural communities.

In the center of every Boer town is the market square. It is always a great quadrangle of dusty veldt, more or less trampled by the ox teams that are constantly outspanning or passing to and fro over it. Sometimes it is surrounded by trees, and in the larger towns the marketplace stands in the middle of the square. Here the bartering and huckstering are done; the farmers bring in their loads of forage, meals, tobacco, oranges, vegetables, wood or game.

But this is not the only business that goes on in the market square. It is the center for the periodical sale of the local auctioneer, who is willing to sell on commission—anything from a horse to a gold watch. His persuasive powers are wonderful, and his volubility extraordinary. Nothing comes amiss to him and he talks glibly on any object which he may have to sell with the apparent familiarity of a specialist.

On the one day in the week which is devoted to horse sales, usually on Saturday, the square is a seething, crowded mass of horses, sellers and buyer. Furniture is also much in evidence at these weekly sales, for in some parts of the newer South Africa, and particularly in the Transvaal, no one ever takes his furniture about with him. If he changes his abode from one town to another all his household goods and chattels are put up for sale, and the extraordinary thing about it is that, owing to some freak of fashion, second-hand furniture, if in fair condition, often brings very good prices, indeed—very little less, in fact, than the value new.—Golden Days.

Cornet Frightened a Wolf.

There is a great deal of fun poked at the young man who plays the cornet in private and maddens the neighbors, but if the following story is true, the musician has a weapon of defense as well as an offense in his beloved horn. It is related that a gypsy musician in Hungary, going from one village to another, was followed at close quarters by a large and evidently hungry wolf. The unhappy musician was in a terrible state, when a thought struck him, and he began to blow his cornet with all the energy of despair. It took immediate effect; his unwelcome attendant squatted down and howled piteously, as dogs will when they hear music. The gypsy was thus by alternate playing and running enabled to reach his destination in safety.

Turkeys Adopt a Partridge.

In Kentucky, a young girl on a farm has a large flock of turkeys, which she calls her own. One day they rambled away in the hills near the house, and when they returned at nightfall, a young partridge was with the flock. In their ramblings the partridge, presumably an orphan, fell into the ranks of the little turkeys, and, finding the company congenial, forsook the field, stayed in the barnyard and orchard, and after that never for a moment left the turkeys, eating and roosting on a limb with them. Anyone who knows how shy the partridge is will appreciate the singularity of this occurrence.



PLUCKY YOUNG WOMAN.

How a Texas Girl Captured an Enraged Mountain Lion and Hauled Him Home.

The girl of the southwest, if reports are to be credited, is a marvel of personal bravery. One girl in Texas has just been made famous in the country around Marble Falls by an achievement that would daunt the hardest frontiersmen in the land. Her name is Norma Dixon and she lives with her father near the headwaters of the Guadalupe. She, with two sisters, was accustomed to go out on the range to look after her father's cattle. One Sunday morning recently Miss Norma, who is the oldest and most daring of the three, started to ride the fence of a small pasture, expecting to return in time to attend church, and not wishing to desecrate the Sabbath she swung her Winchester on a gatepost, remarking that she guessed that she would not have any use for a gun as she was not going very far.

She had traveled hardly out of sight of the ranch house before she seriously regretted that she had left her weapon at home. A monster Mexican lion sprang over the wire fence just in front of the girl's pony, and, after looking at her for a moment out of glaring eyes it uttered one of its wild shrieks and sprang away in the direction of a small bunch of cows and calves.

The old cows instantly charged the lion and the mother of the calf gave him such an ugly thrust with her sharp horns that he was forced to relinquish his hold on his prey. The sight of the frightened little calf aroused Miss Norma's ire, and swinging her rope over her head she rode at the lion, which started to beat a hasty retreat.

Summoning all the strength of her lungs, the girl screamed at the lion and urged her pony to pursue him. The beast frequently looked back and snarled threateningly, but he failed to find courage enough to offer battle. Suddenly it occurred to the girl that there was no reason why she could not choke the lion to death. An attempt was worth making, for this one mon-



TEXAS GIRL'S BRAVE DEED.

ster was capable of destroying a hundred young calves and yearlings in a single night.

Suiting her actions to her thoughts she swung her lariat over her head, and as the trained pony sprang forward at his greatest speed, she sent the rope hissing through the air and dropped the noose with certain precision about the lion's neck. The pony instantly braced himself on his haunches, digging his forefeet in the ground, and the lion turned a somersault, striking the earth with his head toward his pursuer. Crouching and emitting a roar that chilled the blood of the young girl, he sprang into the air with all his strength, expecting to land on the pony's neck and tear his pursuers to fragments. The agile little horse turned just in time to feel the claws of the lion grazing his haunches. Realizing that her life depended upon the strength and speed of her pony, she had not time to release the lariat from the saddle, she leaned forward and urged her frightened pony to do his best.

She reached the ranch gate at her home just as her sisters, accompanied by two young men of the neighborhood, were about to pass through it on their way to church.

One of the young men put a bullet through the animal's head. As a reward for her bravery the Texas Cattle association has presented Miss Norma with a handsome silver-mounted revolver.

A New Luncheon Delicacy.

Eggs poached in tomato sauce make an excellent variation for luncheon or breakfast. Put into the frying pan a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and heat until bubbly and frothy. Stir into this mixture one cupful and a half of canned tomatoes, heated and rubbed through a strainer, salt and pepper to taste and just a pinch of soda. Cook until smooth and creamy, drop in the required number of eggs and cook until the whites are firm, basting often with the sauce. When done lift the eggs carefully on to slices of toast and pour the sauce around them.

Keep a Diary for the Baby.

A baby's record is worth keeping for the mother's personal pleasure, and for the baby's personal amusement in the future, when the first smile, the first tooth, the first short dress and the first articulate words are things in the dim distance of the past, remembered by no one, except, perhaps, the devoted mother herself. One of the dainty books provided for the purpose makes the keeping of the record an easy task and preserves it for reference without difficulty.—Ladies' Home Journal.

TRYING ON A BONNET.

Milliner Tells of One Instance in Which a Commonly Practiced Dodge Didn't Work.

"I would rather wait upon a dozen men than upon one woman," exclaimed a young lady clerk in a downtown store the other day. "It is almost impossible to please a woman, especially if she wants to buy a hat. They find defects in a faultlessly made article that even the most expert milliner could not discover, and use all sorts of devices to beat us down in prices."

"The complaint is well taken," said a well-known milliner upon being informed of the clerk's remark, "and



POSTING HERSELF ON NEW STYLES.

that is not the worst phase of the matter. There are women—and you would be surprised if I should mention their names—who come into my shop each season and try on all the hats I have in stock. After occupying a great deal of my time they will perhaps order one of two hats sent to their homes on approval, and the next day or a day or two later send them back with pinholes in them, and with a note saying that Mr. Blank didn't care for either, but that they'll call later—which they never, by any chance, do.

"Then, a week or two after, I'll see them with a home-made copy of my French model on their heads, and I can guess at the rage I feel. Well, the other day one such feminine schemer came into our room. We all knew her, and so one of the clerks attended to her rather reluctantly and gave a very significant shrug of her shoulders when she ordered a \$25 hat sent up on approval. I was amused also, of course, but I said nothing, and the bit of headgear was carefully packed and sent to her that afternoon. That night I went to the theater and, sitting right in front of me, was my customer of the morning, wearing the hat she had on approval. I took care that she should see me; indeed, as we passed out, side by side, I whispered that I thought she had never looked better. Her face was really a study, but the next day we got a check for \$25, and so for once her ladyship was bested. We are well rid of her now, I know, for it's quite certain she'll never come to our shop again. The feminine schemer dislikes very much to be made to buy anything."—Chicago Chronicle.

BLUE MONDAY HINTS.

Washing Clothes is an Uninviting Subject; Yet It Will Pay to Have the Work Done Right.

Clothes soaked over night are more readily loosened of dirt than if washed without any preparation. Mend all rips and tears before allowing the clothes to go to the wash, and remove any stains.

Prepare the clothes for soaking in this manner: Sort them into three piles, the fine white pieces that are little soiled, the medium soiled pieces and the dark, heavy pieces.

Fill tubs with tepid water, mixing dissolved soap shavings and washing soda well into the water. There should be three tubs, one for each pile of clothing. Allow the clothes to soak over night.

In the morning wring the clothes from the water and plunge them into a tub filled with hot water and dissolved soap shavings and soda. Wash and rub them until they are as clean as they can be got, then rinse them in a second tub of hot water and soap and put in a boiler over the fire. The water in the boiler should be cold at first, and a little soda added to it if the water is hard. Let the water come to a boil in order to scald the clothes, then rinse them in two waters, and then in bluing water. The bluing water should never be too dark. A good way to test it is to take a handful from the tub, and if it is a light blue it is the right color.

Flannels will require more care. They should be washed in water as warm as the hands can bear and in strong suds. The water should not be hot. Rinse in waters of the same temperature, and quickly. Do not rub the flannels nor wring them with the hands.

Iron them before they are quite dry.—N. Y. World.

How to Remove Fruit Stains.

Fruit stains may be usually removed by pouring boiling water through the stain. If obstinate, use oxalic acid, dissolving three ounces of the crystals in a pint of water. Wet the stain with the solution and then steam it by holding over a kettle of boiling water or hang in the sunshine. The instant the stain disappears rinse well. Wet the stain with ammonia, then rinse again. This will many times prevent injury to the linen. Javelle water is recommended for taking the stains from white goods.

FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.

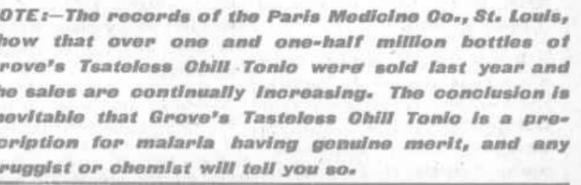
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