

THE CLARION.

RAYMOND BREAUX, Editor and Business Manager.
OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA

FAITH, HOPE, TRUST.

We know not where, and yet through
faith we trust
That, when we leave this world of care
behind,
Somewhere, beyond, a better, fairer land
We shall behold, and in its beauty find
A compensation for the ills and strife
That have beset us in this mortal life.

We feel assured that this is not our
home;
That we are pilgrims, journeying where
The throng that in our pathway here
is found
Are all unknown, that we shall rest up
there,
Immortal in the life we shall begin
With aspirations clouded not with sin.

This hope buoy up the weary, fainting
heart,
And from it takes away each sting and
pain,
And courage gives to think, and act, and
do,
Believing that at last we shall attain
To heights from which we each may look
and see
And gather in the joys for us to be.

Eye hath not seen, and yet at times the
ear
Seems to detect some note as from afar
Of softest music, as we oft have heard
From out some door left open or ajar,
Which for the moment turns our
thoughts away
To other lands, to which our hopes would
stray.

And yet we know not where this land
may be,
For faith is weak, though sense of
being strong;
We wait the lifting of the veil which
hides
This goodly land, which unto us e'er
long
Shall be revealed; our waking there be-
hold
Fruitful of the hopes the heart foretold.
—J. M. Thompson, in Boston Budget.

The Undoing of Mary Lizzie.

By Rebecca M. Sampson.

A GREAT event had befallen Mary Lizzie. One of her poems had been published. A neighbor's baby had died suddenly, and Mary Lizzie in a spasm of sympathy had been moved to write a poem that was published in the local paper, under the title "In Memoriam."

"Mary Lizzie! Don't you touch them dishes!" cried her mother, the morning after the poem had appeared, when Mary Lizzie, in working apron and sleeves rolled up above her elbows, sat at the table, as usual, to clear up.

"You let them dishes alone!" continued the mother, commandingly. "No one in town shall ever get the chance to say, after what's happened, that I kept you grubbing at housework instead of letting you exercise your talents. You go up to your room this minute and set right to work to make poetry."

"But, ma!" Mary Lizzie protested, with a wistful glance toward the stack of unwashed breakfast dishes, "how ever are you going to manage without me to help, and with the baby teething?"

"I don't know and I don't care!" snapped Mrs. Walters, whose loud voice and excitable manner gave her a reputation for temper she was far from possessing. "I only know that I'm not going to be the one to blight your prospects as a poetry-writer. Now that you've got yourself into print you'll have the editors all over the country running after you to contribute. You ain't got no right to throw away such chances. Has she, pa?"

This appeal was addressed to her mild farmer-husband, who had come in for hard to mix with a horse liniment.

"You oughtn't to throw away chances, Mary Lizzie," the father said, in a weary voice, as he hurriedly wiped up the kitchen.

This opinion from her father settled the question for Mary Lizzie. She pulled down her sleeves, took off her gingham apron and went meekly upstairs.

There was no dessert for dinner that day, no pie for supper either, and at breakfast next morning, the usual standby of hot cakes was missing.

On the fourth day of this sort of thing, the long-suffering father ventured a plaintive: "Ain't we never going to have hot cakes?"

"I'd like to know what time you think I've got to make such things!" fired up the excitable mother.

I thought Mary Lizzie did the baking," said the father.

"Do you think I'd allow Mary Lizzie to get herself all het up first thing in the morning, now that she's got her poetry-writing to do?" asked the mother, with offended emphasis.

"I wish Mary Lizzie would quit writing that fool stuff!" the father retorted with unusual spirit.

"Pa! What a dreadful thing to say! You don't deserve to have a child with Mary Lizzie's talents!" gasped the astonished and indignant mother, in tones that speedily sent the father on business to the barn.

Poor Mary Lizzie! Day after day she sat in that stuffy little room and gnawed good paper with stuff which even she, unhappy child, knew to be only nonsense.

"It's no use ma! I can't write! I wish you'd let me go back to house-keeping!" she entreated her mother, after a fortnight of the infliction.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, to talk of giving up your poetry-writing!" retorted the obtuse mother, in a heat of indignation.

Mary Lizzie crept back to the suffocating attic room. "I hate poetry! I hate writing!" she cried, flinging pencil and paper away in a passion of resentful tears. "I wasn't born to be anything but a housekeeper. I'd have never thought of writing poetry if I hadn't felt so sorry about that dear little baby dying. That's how I came to write in Memoriam. I don't believe I could do it again if I tried for a lifetime. I don't want to either. I'd rather be downstairs this minute baking pies for father

and frying doughnuts for the boys than making the grandest poetry that ever was written. It's a cruel shame of ma to keep me shut up here doing a thing I despise."

And now another burden was added to poor Mary Lizzie's weight of woe. Plum time was drawing near. With wistful eyes and longing heart the miserable girl watched from her window the luscious fruit slowly ripen, and thought lovingly of their preserving in the way her father preferred.

"It would never do to let ma touch them," said Mary Lizzie to herself. "Ma would just dump them into the kettle—leaves, stems and all—and chance it with the sugaring and the stewing. I just can't bear to have anybody touch those plums but myself."

She mentioned the matter to her mother in her timid way, only to be silenced by a fierce: "Don't you bother your head about those plums, Mary Lizzie! I'm not going to have your career as a poetry-writer blighted for all the plums in Christendom! If I can't find time to do them myself, I'll trade them off at the store for goods."

Trade for those precious plums that her father loved, for kerosene, and bars of soap, and maybe store jam! The thought sent poor Mary Lizzie back to her miserable task of poetry writing, choking with tears.

"Oh, let me give it up, ma! I can't write poetry!" wearily sighed Mary Lizzie in reply to her mother's continual question of, "How are you getting on with your poetry-writing, Mary Lizzie?"

"It's the heat," said the mother finally, when August closed with nothing to show for Mary Lizzie's seclusion, except that the girl daily looked more wilted and hopeless.

"As soon as this hot spell is over you'll smarten right enough."

"It's the noise," said the kindly old minister, who, during a parochial call on the Walters family had been obliged to lift his voice above the din of the baby pounding on a metal tray with a tin spoon, and the boisterous shouts of two small boys running races over the uncarpeted floor of the passage-way.

"I've been thinking of what the minister said about your needing quiet," was the mother's greeting, when Mary Lizzie appeared in the kitchen next morning, "so I've had your pa clean out the old summer house. It's dry as tinder this weather and there's no fear of anybody disturbing you out there."

So after breakfast Mary Lizzie, with her mother's help, was installed in the ramshackle old pavilion that stood between the orchard and the hayfield. Close at hand was the barnyard where pa was burning a heap of stubble.

As soon as her mother had gone Mary Lizzie set herself bravely to work, as she had been doing all summer, to make "Oh, murmuring brooks! Oh, warbling birds!" rhyme according to the rules of poetry.

"I can't do it! I can't think of anything but those plums!" wailed poor Mary Lizzie, letting the pencil drop from her weary fingers. "In another week they'll be too ripe to preserve, and ma will be sure to trade them for store goods. Oh, why did that little baby die! Why did I ever write that in Memoriam!"

And dropping her head upon the table, Mary Lizzie sobbed out the aching of her troubled heart.

"Oh, Mary Lizzie!" called an agitated voice. And into the summer house burst Mary Lizzie's mother, who was panting in one excited breath.

"Here's your Grandma Walters gone and scalded her foot putting up the plums I sent her last week, and she's had to take to her bed with the stuff boiling itself all over the place, and your Aunt Elmira gone to town for the day, and between the pain in her foot and fear of losing the plums, your Grandma Walters is working herself into a fever, so your Uncle Silas has driven over to fetch you off to finish the preserving. It's dreadful, Mary Lizzie, to take you away from your poetry-writing, but I can't go myself with the baby sick and that great stack of ironing to finish."

"Oh, I'll go, ma!" Mary Lizzie exclaimed, jumping up with an alacrity she hadn't shown for many a day. "I'll be glad to help Grandma Walters. The change at her place will do me a world of good."

"Good-by, Mary Lizzie!" called her father, waving his rake to the smiling figure seated by Uncle Silas' side, as the wagon drove past the barnyard gate. "I'd have come to see you off, but I don't leave this fire. Everything's so pesky dry this weather."

Mary Lizzie drove back with her uncle in the cool of that same afternoon. That one day of the dear, familiar, delightful work she loved had wonderfully refreshed and strengthened her, and the homely face under the little round hat was shining with the light of a great resolution.

"I am going to do those plums!" Mary Lizzie was saying to herself, with an emphasis that would have surprised her best friends. "They shall never be traded off for store goods and pa shall not be cheated out of his favorite jam. I'll go back to my poetry-writing afterward if ma insists, but I shall start right in tomorrow morning to do those plums, whatever ma says."

"I smell fire," said Uncle Silas, suspiciously sniffing the air as they rattled past the orchard where the plum trees grew.

"Pa's been burning stubble," Mary Lizzie replied.

"I smell something stronger'n stubble," Uncle Silas drawled, as he turned through the farm gates toward the house.

Pa was advancing rapidly down the inside road. Mary Lizzie noticed as he lifted her from the wagon, that his face was pale and his lips trembled.

"Anything wrong with ma?" asked Mary Lizzie with sudden alarm.

"Oh, your ma's all right, I reckon," the father answered in a spiritless sort of way. "But she's got something to tell you. She's waiting for you in the kitchen."

"Ma," with her apron over her head and her rocker tipped back against the wall, was filling the place

with dismal wailing, but in answer to her husband's husky "Here's Mary Lizzie, ma!" she let her chair drop forward with a thud, and pulling her apron from her tear-stained face, she reached her arms toward her daughter, with a moaning.

"Oh, Mary Lizzie! Oh, my poor child! You're undone! You're undone! All your beautiful poetry-writing is gone! There's not a shred of anything left to show for your wonderful talents! Oh, Mary Lizzie, how can you ever forgive your wretched mother!"

"What's happened? I don't understand," Mary Lizzie gaped stupidly.

"The summerhouse took fire just after you'd gone this morning," replied the mother gulping down her sobs with a resolute snuffle. "A spark flew from the heap your pa was burning and landed square on the roof of the summerhouse, and before your pa had a chance to turn round the whole thing was blazing."

"The moment I saw the flames I knew what had happened," "ma" continued, brightening considerably in the excitement of relating the episode. "I had a pan of hot fat on the stove, but I stopped for nothing—not even to take the baby—but just ran for my life to save your poetry-writing. And then who should I see running for all he was worth in the same direction but your pa. 'Where are you running to, pa?' says I. 'To save Mary Lizzie's poetry-writing,' says he. And with that I dashed back to the house to see to the boiling fat and the baby."

"And when I saw your ma running fit to kill herself," here interrupted meek little pa, who was actually stammering in his excitement—"says I, 'Where are you running to, ma?' To save Mary Lizzie's poetry-writing," says she. And with that I hurried back on all legs to the barn and the live stock, for I knew no mortal power could save that summerhouse."

"And that's how all your beautiful poetry-writing came to get burned up, Mary Lizzie," added the mother, beginning to cry again.

"I don't care so much for myself," the poor woman continued, as she wiped the tears from her streaming eyes. "After the hard pull I've had this summer I don't know as I set so much stock on your being a poetry-writer as I did. But it's the blow to you, Mary Lizzie—to know that your career as a poetry-writer is blighted forever. For I don't suppose you could ever write all those grand things over again, no matter how hard you tried. And now you've got to go back to your sweeping, and cooking, and preserving and housekeeping, just like any ordinary girl. That's what's breaking my heart, Mary Lizzie. And it's all my fault. I should have saved your poetry-writing in spite of everybody. Oh, Mary Lizzie! To think of your own mother being the cause of your undoing!"

"The poor child was that stunned," said Mrs. Walters, when relating the story later to a sympathetic neighbor, "that she couldn't speak, but just walked out of the room dazed-like, and went to bed. And the next morning there was up at daylight, preserving plums and singling about the place, chirky as though nothing had happened. I must say that if my Mary Lizzie did miss being a poetry-writer, she's a girl of fine character, and I'm mighty proud of her all the same."—Farm and Home.

WIDOW WOOES HER SON.

Buxom Berliner Advertises for a Husband and There is a Mutual Surprise.

In Berlin, as in all other cities, there are buxom young widows, and one of them recently decided that it was time for her to marry again, and therefore she advertised for a husband, reports the New York Herald of recent date.

She received several replies, and after carefully studying them she selected one which purported to come from a prosperous country merchant, and wrote to him, saying that she would be pleased to meet him at the railroad station in the Friedrichstrasse at a certain hour.

Then she gave a brief but flattering description of herself, and concluded by saying that he could easily identify her at the railroad station, for she would have in her hand a bunch of red roses, and she suggested that he wear a few violets in his buttonhole.

At the appointed time she went to the station, and, sure enough, among the men there was one who wore a few violets in his buttonhole. He recognized the widow at once, and yet he did not approach her. She, too, recognized him, and was ashamed that she and he should meet in this fashion.

The simple reason was because she discovered too late that she had made an appointment with her own son, a lad of eighteen years.

"Satan Leading On."

Elliott Danforth, politician, lawyer and society man, tells a good story on himself. Mr. Danforth, who has long been in the public eye, has a summer home at Bainbridge, Chenango county, where he is very popular. Recently there was a Sunday school festival and Mr. Danforth was prevailed upon to accept the post of grand marshal. He attired himself in blue, borrowed a chapeau, scarlet sash and spurs, and engaged the most spirited horse in the village.

More than 2,000 children were in the parade, and Mr. Danforth, prouder than Lucifer, rode at the head, bowing and smiling to hundreds. As the grove was neared the musical director ordered the children to sing "Hold the Fort." Mr. Danforth enjoyed it at the outset, but when the second verse began he blanched. The lines in that are:

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on."
"Stop!" shouted Danforth, and calling an aid, he said:

"Take my place, I'll go down the line to see what's doing."—N. Y. Times.

Nerve.

Summer Girl—The man I marry must be handsome and clever.

Summer Man—How fortunate we have met.—Detroit Free Press.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



STUYVESANT TEARS THE DEMAND FOR SURRENDER TO PIECES. Find Gov. Winthrop.

It was in August, 1664, that an English land and naval force under Col. Richard Nicholls anchored in the harbor of New Amsterdam and demanded the surrender of the town, and at the same time sent a proclamation to the citizens promising perfect security of person and property to those who would quietly submit to English rule. A second letter, brought by Gov. Winthrop of Connecticut, came, demanding surrender, and the council suggested reading it to the people, but the governor, in a rage, tore the letter into bits, but later had the pieces gathered up and a copy made, which was submitted to the people.

HUMOROUS.

"She's not as pensive as she was before you married her." "No; she's expensive now."—Indianapolis News.

His Pound of Flesh.—Financier (tenant) of our forest, after a week's unsuccessful stalking—"Now, look here, my man, I bought and paid for ten shots. If the brutes can't be shot, you'll have to trap them! I've promised the venison, and I mean to have it!"—Punch.

Hold on—I tell you what, Harry. I wish I had enough money to relieve the distress amongst the poor people of this town." Somers—"A generous wish." Hold on—"You see, if I had all that money, I'd be able to live like a fighting cock all the rest of my life."—Boston Transcript.

Opportune Time.—She—"George, I think you'd better not speak to papa to-night. I'm afraid he isn't in a very good humor." He—"Why not?" She—"My dressmaker sent him her bill to-day." He—"But, dear, I'll make it clear to him that I want to provide for you in the future."—Philadelphia Press.

"Hey, hey!" yelled the excited neighbor, "there's a robber in your house." "You're right," said Mr. Fudge. "I saw him enter." "Did you? Well, you don't seem to be excited about it." "Wanted call a policeman and nab the robber?" "No use. It's the man who examines the gas meters."—Baltimore Herald.

A young man from Banffshire was spending his holidays in Aberdeen. While walking on "the green" in company with his uncle he was surprised to see so many kites flying. Observing one far higher than the rest he called his uncle's attention and asked if ever he had seen a kite flying as high before. "Did ever I see an as high afore? Man, Jamie, that's naething, for I have seen some o' them clean out o' sight."—Scottish American.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The fact that last year the Fiji Islands contributed \$25,000 to foreign missions is in itself an announcement that the heathen countries of the world are diminished by one.

There are between 80 and 90 principal synagogues in the United Kingdom, in which just under 100,000 Jews worship. There are also 150 minor synagogues, or Bethels.

An extensive movement toward Christianity is reported among the low caste Lal Begis people near Meerut, in the northwest provinces, India, in connection with the mission of the Church Missionary society.

A movement has been started in England, under the lead of Lord Radstock, to place a copy of the Scriptures in the hands of every child in the schools of India who is able to read a Gospel in his or her own tongue.

A Bombay medical missionary last year treated 3,110 patients in addition to her regular work as teacher in a boarding school. This missionary's industry is paralleled by that of a doctor in India, an eye specialist, who treated 12,000 patients during one year, besides visiting many in their homes.

A richly deserved rector was that made by a Sioux girl at the Hampton institute not long since. A silly visitor to the school went up to the magnificent red-crowned belle and said: "Are you civilized?" The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work—she was fashioning a breadboard at the moment—and replied: "No; are you?"

Bradford (Mass.) academy began its one hundredth year with an entering class of over 100 young women. This turn in the fortunes of this institution is deserved testimony to the beauty of its situation and its excellent equipment. Several new teachers are employed, the accommodations of the school are insufficient for its needs and there is a long waiting list.

Some Views on Journalism

By ST. CLAIR McHELWAY,
Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle.

THE newspaper in a commercial sense is a paying and receiving teller! It takes in and it gives out news. The first work is reporting. The second is publishing. The head of the first is the City Editor. The head of the second is the Business Manager.

There are many other aspects in which journalism can be regarded. But the art and duty to get in and to give out news may be said to be the primary and indispensable work. Without news, views or editorials would be birds without wings. Without circulation, news and views both would be birds in cages, lacking even air.

Not that the other aspects of journalism are to be slighted. Reporting and publishing go to the existence of a newspaper as a body. Editing is the soul or character of that body; but the body is before the soul. The body is the tenement of the soul. The soul is the spiritualization of the body, its life. It may make the life of the journalistic body bad or good or "middling," but it is the life, benign, malign, or a mixture of both.

Journalism can make its own resources or can draw some of them as plunder from the government fountains, by getting politicians to tap them for it. IT CAN BE FREE OR SLAVE. Free journalism is independent. Slave journalism is organic. Both kinds abound, but the former kind has prosperity and power. The latter kind may or may not have prosperity. It cannot have power, for those who can control its subsistence can control its will.

A paper that from its own undictated labor and independent thought can keep ahead of debt "pays." If it is a slave, the whim of its masters or its own skill in debasement will be the measure of its case. IT WILL NOT "PAY." IT WILL ONLY "BE PAID." It may make its own adversity. Its prosperity, if any, will be made by others who can unmake it at any time. It may even be unmade by the failure of its masters. A paper which thrives when its party wins and goes lean when its party loses is in reality a thrall and a beggar. But one which makes its own living, by its own merits, out of its own public, is a success, whether a country weekly or a metropolitan daily.

BUT THERE IS A SUCCESS WHICH IS SHAME. And that can be a failure that is honor. That is a success of shame which coins dollars out of demagoguery of tone and bestiality of news. That is a failure which is honor that refuses to do so, to its own loss. RIGHT, HUMAN BETTERMENT IS THE THING TO SEEK, WIN OR LOSE, SUCCESS OR FAILURE, just as duty is the thing to do, "happiness" being only a result from pure conditions, not a thing in itself to seek.

SOUTHERN EDUCATION

TIME FOR AN AWAKENING.

What Are the Parents of the Children of the South Thinking About?

The Frederickburg, Va., Free Lance has the following to say about the public schools of Virginia. When it is remembered that these conditions prevail throughout the south, and are even worse in some of the southern states, we can see the force of the Free Lance's remarks. Says the Free Lance:

There is no one subject that should interest the people of Virginia more than the public school system of this commonwealth. We have on many occasions taken the liberty to comment on the poor showing that the Old Dominion was making along the line of education.

Sometimes we have been accused of being too severe in our criticisms, we have always informed our critics that the biennial report of the superintendent of public instruction would bear us out in every charge that we have made.

The report is now public property. We have a copy of it in our office. It is valuable, because it gives us a true and correct picture of the real situation.

We have taken the trouble to gather from the report a few figures that may be startling but of great interest to many of our readers.

It can readily be seen from these figures that not 50 per cent. of the children of school age in the above counties are enrolled as pupils. What a shame. What are these parents thinking about?

Some say "It cost so much to run our schools." Let us see about this. Richmond county pays \$5.23 per school year for each of her scholars, King George, \$3.78, and Spotsylvania, \$3.62. What an enormous outlay for the education of a child!

Lancaster leads off by keeping her schools open just a little more than 6½ months each year, while Louisa brings up the rear by giving her school children seven months' vacation in each year.

The average salaries paid to teachers speak for themselves. No sane man can expect much "teach" for such miserable pay.

It is high time for a great educational awakening in our midst. May that time soon come.

ANTIQUATED METHODS.

What Can You Expect of a Teacher Unless You Supply Him With Proper Equipment.

What teacher can not accomplish far better results with proper equipment? asks the Biblical Recorder. To begin with, the school is more easily disciplined in a comfortably furnished building; in fact it is impossible, as we all know, to maintain order in a room that is not properly furnished, with no place for anything and nothing in place, books scattered, everything in confusion, disorder in abundance, all in bad humor. Teacher goes home at close of day's work exhausted, discouraged. Pupils go home wishing they would never have to return. Of course children may be restrained from bad conduct by bad punishment, but has not the all-important principle of self development been grossly violated? Should it not be our purpose to direct and strengthen the spirit of the child along the right lines rather than to weaken and subject it by harsh means? Good surroundings are worth more than strict rules, stout arms and keen switches.

As an investment in money would it not yield handsome to give the teachers up-to-date working appliances to facilitate their efforts and to improve the opportunities of the pupils? What farmer would undertake to farm with primitive tools and after antiquated methods? Some of them do and we can see the result. What housewife would undertake to do the cooking on an open fire with pot-hooks, skillet, etc. Our progressive farmers buy up-to-date implements. Nearly every home is now furnished with a steel range, even discarded the faithful old cook stove for the sake of economy in energy, time, money and nerve force. Then why should these same people expect the school teachers to accomplish the best results without proper equipment with which to work.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE SOUTH.

It Should Meet the Social and Economic Needs of the Rising Generation.

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the growing interest, in Georgia and in the south generally, in the subject of the right education of our children, says the Atlanta Constitution.

The schools we need in the southern states so planted as to become communal centers and so equipped with teachers and materials as to make that combination of instruction which will enlighten the mind and employ the hands of the pupils in the arts of independence.

Both the financial conditions of the states in the south and the self-support problem of our growing generation make it necessary that the money we spend for popular education should be wisely employed to produce definite results. Not only should we teach our children to read, write and cipher, but we should teach them history, geography and ethics of their citizenship and the arts by which they are to prove themselves independent and fruitful factors of the state.

Free schools for all the people is the paramount question; they can be neglected only at imminent peril. Civilization, wealth, and the continuation of representative institutions are all dependent upon education.—J. L. Murray.

FIFTEEN MILLIONAIRES.

That is the Number That England Has, and Ireland But a Fifteenth That Many.

There are only 15 millionaires in Great Britain and one in Ireland—at least this would appear to be so from the official income tax returns lately issued, says the London Mail.

According to the returns these 16 persons make the sum total of the individuals in this country who enjoy incomes of over £50,000, and this is about the "millionaire" level.

It is true that there are 184 people with incomes of between £10,000 and £50,000, and, of course, a considerable number of these are just on the line across which they would be classed as millionaires. Incomes of between £5,000 and £10,000 are enjoyed by 424 people.

To be an assessor of income tax one needs a heart of flint. To him the world is a Dantesque Inferno, filled with dolorous complainings.

It is always: "The worst year I remember, sir," or "Hard times, very hard times;" every year sees the nation "on its last financial legs."

Unfortunately the great majority of the smaller income people have no opportunity of pleading poverty. They are people with salaries; and the income tax man has access to the telling tale wages list. But the millionaire is not a salaried man. For the most part he pays on an assessment provided by himself, and the above-quoted figures "give one to think."

Down the scale the numbers gradually increase until of incomes between £100 and £200 there are no fewer than 138,458; while of smaller incomes not exempt from taxation there are 112,397.

But there is one singular exception to this steady gradation. There are comparatively few incomes of between £500 and £600, the number being 1,959 in Great Britain, whereas the figures immediately above and below are 3,935 and 2,641.

There appears, indeed, to be a strange fatality about this particular size of income, for we find that it is rare, not only in the case of private persons, but also of firms, public companies and municipal corporations.

The return gives startling evidence of the large proportion of the burden which is borne by the comparatively poor man. Of incomes between £100 and £200 the gross amount assessed is £25,935,513; of the incomes between £200 and £300 the gross amount assessed is £24,215,614. But of incomes between £1,000 and £2,000 the gross amount assessed was only £8,252,524.

It is interesting to note that there are in Great Britain 86 firms with an income of over £50,000, but not one in Ireland; and that in Great Britain there are 656 public companies, and in Ireland 19, which have incomes of over £25,000.

IN THE NATURAL WORLD.

Several species of moss, a lily, a poppy, and a nasturtium, are luminous at night.

Plants inoculated with the venom of serpents usually die in from one to four days.

The moose deer has the largest horns of any animal. They often weigh from 50 to 60 pounds.

Insects will never attack books which are dusted once a year with powdered alum and white pepper.

The largest butterflies are the "bird-winged" of the Moluccas. Their wings are sometimes 12 inches in expanse.

The giraffe, armadillo and porcupine have no vocal cords, and are, therefore, mute. Whales and serpents are also voiceless.

Every spring and fall large numbers of birds are killed by the Washington monument. The city of Washington seems to be directly in the route taken by many of the migratory birds in the flight between the north and the south, and twice a year thousands of feathered songsters meet their fate by flying against the tall marble shaft in the night.

TROUBLE BEGINS.

Trouble begins with the first backache. Backache comes in many forms. Sudden twinges of pain, sharp stitches, slow exhaustive aches.

Most backache pains are kidney pains.

The Kidneys fail to perform the duties nature intends them to do and the warning of trouble comes through the back.

Neglect the kidney warning, grave complications will surely follow.

Urinary disorders—Diabetes—Bright's Disease—are the downward steps of neglected kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure every kidney and bladder sickness and the cure lasts. Read this proof of it:

Mrs. Adam Guntle, residing at 701 South Plum St., Crawfordsville, Ind., says: "I made a public statement in 1897 saying that Doan's Kidney Pills had cured a member of our family after he had suffered for years with a weak back and kidney troubles. He took three boxes of this remedy and was completely cured. Now three years have elapsed since I made this statement and I am only too pleased to reiterate it. I have also used Doan's Kidney Pills myself, obtaining the best results. I have recommended this remedy to my friends and neighbors as one which can always be depended upon."

A free trial of this great Kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Guntle will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

31 YEARS AGO

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