

COURAGE.

Hearts are heavy with doubt
And eyes are dim with fears,
For the urging ill without, within,
The crowding want and the growing sin,
And the dream of the confident years
Seems crumbling and going out;
But courage, soul! be brave, endure!
Behind the wrong God standeth sure.

Helpless we stand, and weak,
By the beds where our dear ones lie,
And see them suffer, and have no power
To lift the weight of one weary hour,
Or call the light to the eye
Or the rose to the fading cheek;
But courage, soul, count not in vain
Thy hope, for God is in the pain.

Downward the dark wings sweep,
The flickering life burns low,
We watch the faint pulse flutter, cease,
The suffering give place to peace,
The dear face calmer grow,
Up, soul! thy courage keep!
For God, who gives our mortal breath,
The Lord of life, is Lord of death.
—Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.

PRESSIE.

BY ELLA S. ATRINSON.

JOHN BRAY and his wife sat at the door of their little home Sunday evening. He was baggage master at the brown station along the track, and Sunday was his one night off. He had tilted his chair back to the wall of the house, his feet were caught in the rung, and he was drowsily content, sitting there in his shirt sleeves, his wife beside him and the long, pure twilight deepening into languorous, flower-scented night.

"Yer flow'rs is doin' pretty well, Mary," he began, presently. Mary had been crouched on the step, her elbows in her knees, her face buried in her hands, and she had been so long silent that he wanted to hear her speak, to know if she were weeping.

"Oh, yes," she answered, without enthusiasm.

There were no tears in her voice, but the tone was hopelessly dreary.

"Yer sturtiums ain't blowed yit," he continued, with a wish to enliven her.

"No, jist buddin'."

"An' the sweet peas?" with a movement toward the window where the thrifty vines were climbing up their taut white strings.

"They'll be out in a week," and then the silence grew around them again.

"There's the down express," John volunteered after a long pause. A puff of smoke rose over the cutting beyond the bridge, the headlight leaped into sight, the whistle screamed its warning and the train thundered by, its window lights shooting in and out on the curve like sparks tossed on a hurricane.

"There they go," Mary said, enviously, "comin' here an' goin' there, seein' things an' people, an' enjoyin' their-selves, an' we jist stick here in the one place like the bowlders over on the roadside."

Her tone was hard, the inflection was a complaining one.

"I guess you git pretty lonely, some days," John ventured, letting his chair down on its front legs, and putting his hand on his wife's shoulder in a half clumsy caress.

"Oh! it's awful, John," she said, brokenly, taken off her guard by the tenderness, "when I've washed an' cleaned myself an' there ain't nothin' more to do. 'Tain't but what I could do knittin' or sewin' for winter, but I can't get the things to do with. Then the trains keep goin' by, an' I hate the people who kin go to places. I'd go ravin' mad, if I didn't do somethin', so I allus go an' scrub up the kitchen floor. It works off them feelin's, an' some days I do it mornin's an' afternoons too."

"Why don't you go over an' set with Jim Lawson's wife?" John suggested.

"I guess you get pretty lonely."

"I don't like her," Mary answered, promptly, "fer she's allus braggin' 'bout her babies."

"How many hev they got?" asked the husband, carelessly.

"Four," the childless woman at his side whispered.

Mary had been a tailoress before she was married. She was ambitious beyond her fellow-workers, deft with her needle, quick with her tongue, and she dreamed of a future far different than the life of John Bray's wife. But ten hours a day at a sewing-machine wears upon a woman. John asked her to marry him, and she thought the little

brown house would be a paradise. She kept the rooms spotlessly neat, she planted and tended the flowers, and helped her husband in the strip of land where their vegetables were. She had been married four years. John's salary was no higher, the house began to look a little shabby here and there, and Mary pined for companionship and grew bitter as she saw her ideals of life being slowly strangled one by one. John was away most of the time. When he came home, he wanted his supper, or his paper, and his wife dropped all her merry ways. She thought he despised them and in that she was wrong. He liked to be amused, but he made the mistake of accepting without thanks. She thought him cold and irresponsible. She thought him changed. It had come to him before that Sunday evening that she was unhappy. Now he brooded over it. Sometimes he reproached himself, more often, as poor human nature goes, he was out of patience with her. Day after day, when he went home for his noonday dinner, the little kitchen reeked of soapsuds, and the floor was damp from scrubbing. Often it was so at night. He knew his wife was discontented.

"You'll wear that floor out," he said angrily, one night.

"I'll wear the heart out of me first," was the retort. And John went away without kissing her good-by.

"It's enough to make a man stay out of his home," he muttered, and then he saw a train stop, and half-mechanically he began to run. It had only stopped for orders and began to move before he came up. Looking along the track, he saw a woman catch the rail of the last car and swing herself on. When he reached the place, he saw a curious black object on the bank. He jumped the ditch and took hold of it. It was a basket. He opened it, beneath the red semaphore light, started back with muttered words, shut the lids tight

down, and ran down to his house. Mary was wiping the tea things.

"What's up?" she asked.

"See here," he said, lifting both lids of the old-fashioned market basket. A little baby lay there, blinking, squirming and crying a little.

"Where did you get that, John Bray?" He told her.

"Take it back," she cried. "I'll have no girl's brat around me."

"Hain't we better keep it till mornin'?" I'll let the constable or somebody know about it. Then they kin take it away."

"Well," Mary assented, "an' I'll take it out; it's all crowded up there."

John went off to his work, and Mary's tea dishes stood while she lifted out the tiny baby and tended to it. There were clothes and food in the basket and a note, beseeching the finder to care for the three weeks' old baby girl. Mary wept and crooned by turns over the wee, dark-haired thing, and presently it went to sleep in her arms.

Nine o'clock came, ten, half-past ten, and still Mary sat with the baby in her arms. John came in, and she straightway motioned him to silence.

"Why don't you set it down?" he asked.

"I wuz waitin' fer you to turn down the bed, fer she seemed so comfortable cuddled up here I hated to rout her up, doin' the thing myself."

John's boots were noisy, as he stepped about.

"Hain't ye better go stockin'-footed, ye'll wake her up," suggested Mary. John took the oath of allegiance to the baby sovereign mentally and drew off his shoes.

"Ain't she a picture?" asked the wife, when she had nestled the wee thing down.

"I guess you liked holdin' that baby in your arms," John began, and Mary hid her face on his shoulder and cried.

"You'll kinder hate to give it up, won't ye? An' the constable's goin' to see about it to-morrer. I wuz down there. That's what kep' me so late. There don't seem to be any perticuler place fer to put it, but he'll find out."

Mary was silent for a little, and then the baby stirred. She hurried over to it, shaded the lamp and tiptoed back to John.

"Can't we keep her?" Mary began, wistfully; "her little clothes was in the basket and her food in a tin can, an' this note says about her."

John read the note, spelling it out, and absorbing its meaning slowly.

"I guess we kin keep her ef we want to," he said, judicially, and then, eagerly: "What'll we call her?"

"I wuz thinkin' Express 'ud be a good name," Mary answered.

"It's too long," John objected, "an' it's onhandy to say."

"Well, Pressie fer short, an' Pressie's a real pretty name. It's kinder 'propriate to call her somethin' like that," Mary went on, for Mary was romantic in her notions.

"Poor little mite," John said, solemnly, looking steadily at the same place in the floor for several minutes.

Mary crept up to him and sat on his knee. "I didn't know what wuz wrong with me, nor what I wanted," she sobbed, "but, John, ef I can keep that baby, there ain't nothin' I want. She won't cost much, John."

"No, it won't take much to board her, an' I guess Pressie'll hev to stay," John made answer, and then they rose and moved together to the door and out into the starlight.

John was moist about the eyes and happy at his heart. He took a new and strange delight in everything, in his present and future, his home, the sky, and his wife beside him. And they planned and wondered what Pressie would be like when she grew up. They said one to the other what company she would be, and how careful they would have to be about the track.

"I'll make a gate fer the door," John said, and he looked around for timber as if he thought he ought to do it to-morrer.

"Ye won't hev time to scrub yer floor so much now," John's tone was mischievous, as he said it.

But Mary only sighed, a long, deep sigh of contentment. Her childless misery had passed away. She had put her lips to the cup of motherhood.—N. Y. Independent.

A Brave Defender.

The author of a book on early Canadian life says that a young girl was one afternoon on her way to the spring for a pail of water when she heard her pet lamb bleat and saw what she supposed was a large dog worrying it. Being a brave girl, she dropped the pail, seized a stout stick which lay on the ground, and, rushing forward, began to beat the brute with all her mite. The animal let go the lamb and turned upon the girl, showing his teeth and snarling. She saw then that she had to deal with a wolf instead of a dog. The sharp ears, bushy tail and gaunt figure were convincing. But she was not frightened; excitement and fears for her pet gave her courage, and when the wolf again seized the lamb she valiantly attacked him and again he released his prey. She used the club vigorously and rained blows upon the wolf, crying for help meantime. Her brother, hearing her outcry, ran with his gun toward the spring, but the wolf saw the reinforcement coming and fled into the woods.—Youth's Companion.

Tackled the Wrong Man.

The commercial traveler of a Manchester house, while in Cumberland, approached a stranger as the train was about to start and said:

"Are you going by this train?"

"I am."

"Have you any luggage?"

"No."

"Well, sir, can you do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything? You see, I've two big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one passed on your ticket, and we'll do them. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see, but I haven't any ticket."

"But I thought you were going by this train?"

"So I am; I'm one of the directors of the line!"

"Oh!"

He paid extra, as usual.—Tit-Bits.

His Old Master.

"De ole marster what I had befoah de wah was a gennerman," remarked old Mose to another aged relic of antebellum days.

"You bet dar was high-toned gennermans in dose days," his friend replied.

"Now you's talkin'. I remember how time and agin my ole marster kicked me offen de front steps, and a mini arterwards he had done plum forgot all about hit. Der ain't no moah sich gennermans nowadays."—Texas Sifter.

Low Bridges in Queensland.

The Queensland rivers are subject to severe floods, and low, level bridges, therefore, have been found advisable. The cost of high level bridges is excessive and those of moderate height are very liable to be carried away. The low, level ones are submerged before logs and driftwood are brought down in considerable quantities, and the dangerous debris passes harmlessly over.

Painted Turtle Eggs.

A curious case of deception is reported in an ornithological journal. It is said that a person painted seven turtles' eggs and sold them as the rare eggs of the Carolina paroquets, receiving ten dollars apiece for the doctored eggs. The hand-painted eggs were a fraud that surprised the oologists when they learned of them.

—In tropical countries the dried palmetto leaf is considered an excellent barometer. When it breaks with a sharp crack or report the weather will be fair; when it bends without breaking rain is certain within a few hours.

—Caged monkeys are tolerably certain to give an indication of coming bad weather, being then more ill-natured and quarrelsome than at any other time.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin alone of all the British universities refuse to grant degrees to women.

—Camillo Mazzella, and his twin brother, Mgr. Ernesto Mazzella, archbishop of Bari, are 63 years old. The archbishop's coadjutor is his nephew, Mgr. Orazio Mazzella, who is only 36.

—At St. George's Episcopal church, New York, on Easter Sunday the choir of vested women walked down the aisles in procession, with the vested choir of men and boys singing the beautiful Easter anthems.

—England is once more afflicted with bogus diplomas, purporting to be issued by American universities. The latest of these frauds calls itself the "National University of Illinois" (Universitas Nationalis Illinoisensis). Its offices are in London.

—Germany is now the best educated nation on the continent, yet only 100 years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses in order to add to their income by odd pence.

—There were 16,606 students in attendance at Russian universities at the beginning of the year, divided as follows: Moscow, 3,888; St. Petersburg, 2,625; Kieve, 2,244; Helsingfors in Finland, 1,875; Dorpat in Livonia, 1,654; Warsaw, 1,335; Kharkiev, 1,200; Kezan, 825; Odessa, 555, and Tomsk in Siberia, 405.

—In the private chapel at Windsor castle, which is octagonal in shape, with a lantern roof, the queen's pew is in the gallery, in the division next to the organ loft. The household sit below, the women on one side and the men on the other. There is a choir of three men and two boys, drawn from St. George's chapel.

—H. Laroche, the new resident-general in Madagascar, has asked the superior of the Trappists in Algeria to send Catholic missionaries to Madagascar, promising land grants, free passage and the special protection of the government. The compliment to the Trappists is the greatest in that M. Laroche is probably the last person who has been excommunicated by the Catholic church, owing to his evicting the religious orders at Montpellier and that he has lately turned Protestant.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH HUMOR.

Radical Differences Which Each Race Finds Difficulty in Reconciling.

Beyond a question there is a distinct difference between American and British humor. To most Americans London Punch is indescribably dreary, yet to the average Briton it is the funniest paper published. Per contra, the Englishman seldom enjoys an American joke, and our comic papers are as a rule senseless to him. As an illustration of these national characteristics Charles W. Brooke, a prominent lawyer, recalls the experience of Charles W. Brown, better known as Artemus Ward, one of the first of American humorists. "It was a singular thing that Ward, while he captured the British public in his first lecture, made a complete failure when he became a member of the staff of London Punch, he being, I believe, the only American who was ever employed upon that publication. He began his first lecture in the British capital by praising warmly the hospitality of the people of London. In glowing terms he described the picture which had been drawn for him in America of the warmth of the greeting which would be extended to him when he had crossed the Atlantic. 'But,' he added, 'the realization has far exceeded the anticipation. Since I have been in London I have been amazed beyond measure at the hospitalities of which I have been the recipient. Why, I assure you that even every time I have left a cab stand has been extended to me—for a shilling.' The newspapers at that time related that first there were a few snidles upon the faces in the London audience, then some one tittered, after that a few people laughed, and in about half a minute the entire audience was in a roar. From that time a laugh followed everything he said. His work on Punch, however, the British people were incapable of appreciating; even his delightful description of his visit to the tower of London, in which, in a reminiscent mood, he spoke about his puritan ancestors and told how they had traveled to a bleak and foreign shore, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and prevent every other man from worshiping according to the dictates of his. That sort of real humor was too subtle for the Londoner."—Philadelphia Times.

Live Fish of Great Age.

"The age of the fish is almost unlimited," observed an official of the fish commission, in reply to a question. "Prof. Baird devoted a great deal of time to the question as to the length of life of fish, and he found that the ordinary carp, if not interfered with, would live 500 years. In his writings on the subject he stated that there are now living in the Royal aquarium in Russia several carp that are known to be over 300 years old; that he had ascertained in a number of cases that whales live to be over 200 years old. A gentleman in Baltimore has had an ordinary gold fish for 63 years, and his father informed him that he had purchased it over 40 years before it came into his possession."—Washington Star.

HARD TUSSLE WITH BRUIN.

Oregon Hunter Attacks a Bear with an Ordinary Jackknife.

J. C. Hearing, who was hunting and trapping in the Blue mountains, a few miles west of Elgin, met with a little adventure with a bear recently that might have proved rather serious to him had it not been for the intervention of one of his dogs, says the Portland Oregonian.

He was engaged in setting traps, and as he had considerable weight to carry he had no weapon with him except a jack-knife, and on his rounds his dogs discovered the winter quarters of a bear in a big hollow tree. The bear was at home, and was pretty much alive, as subsequent events proved. As bear pelts are quite valuable, Jake was quite anxious to secure this one, but was afraid that if he went to camp, a mile and a half distant, bruin would escape, so he lashed his pocket-knife to the end of a stick and attempted to cut the animal's throat. He only succeeded in inflicting some painful flesh wounds, which so enraged the brute that it suddenly came out of its hole, and was almost on him when one of his dogs made a sudden onslaught on the animal's rear, which diverted his attention long enough to enable Jake to dodge behind a tree, and the dogs soon made it so tropical for the bear that it was glad to take refuge in a tree, where they kept it until a gun was procured from camp, when the animal was quickly dispatched.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WHEN all is summed up a man never speaks of himself without loss; his accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never.—Montaigne.

New Train Service on the Monon Route.

Commencing Sunday, June 7th, the Regular Sleeping Car for Indianapolis via the Monon Route will be carried on the Fast Mail Train, leaving Chicago at 2:45 a. m., arriving at Indianapolis 8 a. m.

The Sleeper will be ready for occupancy in Dearborn Station (Polk Street Depot) at 9:30 p. m., thus giving passengers an opportunity to spend the evening in Chicago, go to the theaters or other places of amusement, and retire any time after that hour. City Ticket Office, 333 Clark St., Chicago.

"I AM reduced to great extremities again," sighed the funny man, as he tossed off another joke or two involving the Chicago girl.—Chicago Tribune.

"Among the Ozarks."

The Land of Big Red Apples, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and homeseeker looking for a farm and a home. Mailed tree. Address J. E. Lockwood, Kansas City, Mo.

ADVERTISEMENT.—"A Swiss hotel wants some Munich waiter girls in Tyrolean costume who can speak French."—Fliegende Blaetter.

DROPSY is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

Let your literary compositions be kept from the public eye for nine years at least.—Horace.

WON-derful, exclaimed a druggist, how the people stick to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They all want

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

You Poor Rheumatic.

There is a remedy, thoroughly reliable, called "Allen's Vegetable Extract," that we will guarantee will cure you, or it shall cost you nothing. If you will write us fully about your case, we will gladly consider it, and sell you our medicine if we feel sure it will cure you; not otherwise. 130 doses by mail for \$1.00. THE ALLEN SASSAPARILLA CO., Woodford, Va.

DROPSY Treated free.

Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first-dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, 150 N. Wall St., Atlanta, Ga. SEND NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

OPium and Whisky habits cured. Book sent FREE. DR. B. N. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. SEND NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

RISOS CURE FOR CURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Use in climate. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION



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