

A POET'S PROPHECY

Come, brothers, all To-night we will
Give joy its longest father;
Take hands around—let music sound—
We exiles here together.
For fatherland we draw the brand—
We failed, but do not falter;
Some other day again we may
Fling fire on freedom's altar.
The toast to-night is one of light;
Let's drink ere time be late us;
Come, bring the glass, and let it
pass—
"The islands that await us!"

There's Cuba, lies in sunniest skies,
By Spanish thraldom trampled,
Her treasure spent, and blood bespelt,
Her wrongs are unexampled;
But exiled sons with Yankee guns
Can make the tyrants vanish.
For once we'll teach these grandsons
each
The way to "walk in Spanish!"
The one lone star shall not be far
From our unseparated cluster,
The southern queen shall yet be
seen
Arrayed in northern lustre.

TWO WOUNDS.

It was during the summer of 1855 that I resided for a time in the City of Mexico, and at this period occurred the incident which will regard to myself, came near terminating fatally.

A day or two after my arrival in Mexico, I strolled out one evening and half unconsciously, took my way toward one of those cool, shady walks occasionally to be met with on the outskirts of the city. I was charmed by the calm beauty of the evening, but it was my first visit to Mexico, and so I knew nothing of those delicious tropical nights which spread their silvery veil over the great city. The brilliant southern constellations lighted up the clear azure sky, as I paced slowly on toward a park, of the walk where the trees grew closer, forming a little grove. I suddenly became conscious of the presence of two persons a few steps in advance of me.

For the first time I recognized my folly in roving about the suburbs of a strange city until midnight, unarmed and without a friend or guide.

The persons I had just discovered were a gentleman and lady. On observing this fact I was relieved, of a momentary fear of being set on by desperadoes; I presently found my couple to be a pair of lovers, enjoying a stolen interview in the little grove, which I had nearly reached, but checked myself in time to prevent discovery just then, though I did not long avert it. The low-toned conversation of the lovers was in the Spanish language, but as I had mastered the pure "Castilian dialect" those fragments of conversation which reached my ear were perfectly intelligible to me. The first words I heard were spoken by the gentleman.

"Fly with me to-night, dearest, I entreat; give me the right to protect you from the wiles of Don Pedro. Only as my wife can I save you from the persecutions of him and his cowardly son."

"I know it, dear Manuel," replied the maiden, whose soft, sweet voice quivered as if in deadly terror. "It was only this morning I overheard a conversation which fully apprised me of the great power placed in the hands of my uncle and guardian, Don Pedro de Saltillo, a power over me which now he proposes to share with his ignoble, treacherous son, Garcia."

"How?" abruptly inquired the cavalier, his rich, full tones trembling as he spoke.

"Dearest Manuel, my guardian has tried every means short of personal violence to inveigle me into a marriage with Garcia. I have resisted it with such success that I thought they had ceased to persecute me, but I heard them plotting to secure me at night and carry me to a deserted rancho at a distance from the city, and there by the help of a vicious priest unite me to Garcia. My father when dying gave Don Saltillo full power over my wealth, though not over my person. If I marry without Don Pedro's consent my estates revert to him. He covets my wealth for himself, but is forcing me to marry Garcia in order to gratify his base passion for me. I succeeded in escaping to-night and came here, knowing I should meet you, who would rescue me from my peril, but you will take to your heart a dowerless bride, dear Manuel," and she sobbed at the thought of her friendless condition.

"Fear not, Isabella," said her lover. "There is but one course to take; come with me to my kind old tutor-priest. Our marriage shall be performed at once, and then Don Pedro and Garcia cannot molest you unless they pass over my lifeless body."

The lovers prepared to leave the grove.

"Be cautious, even now the spies of my uncle may be on our track," I heard Isabella murmur as they peered from the dense foliage out upon the walk. When I first came upon the lovers I had stopped from sheer astonishment, and had thus overheard the first part of their conversation; but in endeavoring to retrace my steps I lost the path by which I had reached the grove, and took one which brought me still nearer the lovers.

"Hist!" whispered the lady, as in my blundering I broke a dry twig, causing a slight rustle among the shrubbery.

Her cavalier listened apparently, but I could hear no movement as if he were searching for the supposed spy. The next instant I felt myself grasped tightly by the throat, while a sharp, stinging sensation told me that I had been

struck. I made an instinctual struggle, but soon sank into unconsciousness. Not long did I remain in this state. The stinging pain in my breast soon roused me to a knowledge of my wound, but where to look for aid in my present feverish, bewildered condition, I did not know.

Rising to my feet, I staggered blindly forward through the darkness of the early morning twilight. Blinded by pain, and totally ignorant of my whereabouts, I stumbled on until my feet became entangled in the long grass and utterly exhausted, I sank by the bank of a tiny rivulet which crossed my path. How cool and pure it sounded as it rippled lightly on!

I strove in vain to draw myself to the water to lave my burning brow and moisten my parched lips, but loss of blood made me weak and a second time I fainted. When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in a bed in a luxuriously furnished apartment, while beside me sat a venerable looking old man in the garb of a priest.

As I moved he put aside the book he was reading and bent over me with a soothing glance from his soft, black eyes.

"Where am I?" was my first question, as I motioned feebly toward a pitcher of water on the stand near by.

He pressed a goblet brimming with the pure, icy liquid to my lips as he replied:

"Thou art in good hands, my son; thy wound will not long trouble thee. Thou wilt soon be able to exchange this darkened room for the glow of heaven's sunlight. But tell me, my son, how it happened that I found thee in such a sorry plight?"

The old man's face inspired me with confidence and I told him the whole story.

He started and looked at me keenly as I mentioned the names of the lovers and Donna Isabella's unworthy guardian.

"And now, holy father, tell me where I am," I asked again, as I finished my story.

The old priest looked at me steadily a few minutes and then asked:

"Canst thou keep a secret, my son? one of importance to those young lovers? Thou art now in the house of Don Manuel de Monza, who, in his rashness nearly slew thee as an emissary of Don Pedro de Saltillo. Donna Isabella entreated that some one should look after the body as soon as possible, for she dreaded lest it should be discovered in the grove and her flight become known before she could make good her escape. I traced thee, myself, to the little brook near the mansion and committed thee to the care of Donna Julia, my dear Manuel's only sister. Since thou hast acquitted thyself of all complicity with Don Pedro, thy treatment shall be that of an honored guest."

As I promised not to reveal anything which might be committed to my ear, the priest told me of the union and flight of the lovers, imploring me to keep secret my adventure in the walk and grove, as my story might afford the means wherewith to trace out their hiding place. Father Ignatius now urged me to remain quiet, as any excitement would retard my recovery. He at length gave me a narcotic potion; and late in the day I sank into a profound slumber which lasted until the next morning. Father Ignatius soon came to me, and, after bathing and dressing my wound—he was an expert surgeon—he brought me a tempting repast, and told me that Donna Julia would call on me to apologize for her brother's mistake, and to ascertain if I was carefully nursed. I hastily finished my breakfast, and eagerly awaited the appearance of Donna Julia, who soon entered accompanied by her duenna. I started with surprise and delight as a beautiful girl of about 17 years entered the room and greeted me as "Senor Americano" in the softest and sweetest of tones.

I acquainted her with my name and place of residence. Father Ignatius had told her of Manuel's marriage and flight with Donna Isabella de Saltillo, and his previous assault on me as a spy of Don Pedro.

Donna Julia made many apologies for the brother's almost fatal mistake. Don Manuel de Monza had fled to his rancho with Isabella, who dared not remain with Julia lest she should be kidnapped by Don Pedro during her husband's absence. Don Manuel was collecting a sufficient number of servants to resist any attack on the part of Don Pedro. For six weeks I remained at the house of Don Manuel, until my wound was nearly healed. Donna Julia was very kind to me, and kept me informed of her brother's welfare.

On discovering Isabella's flight, Don Pedro started in pursuit. But not having force enough he hired a number of Indians, who murdered him for refusing to pay a sum of money they required before joining the expedition.

On hearing of the death of his father cowardly Garcia fled, dreading Don Monza's anger; and when Isabella returned she found herself in possession of her fortune, so by Don Pedro's death I reverted to her.

Long before my wound was healed Don Manuel and his bride returned to Mexico, and I soon became intimate with the cavalier whose first meeting ended so unpleasantly. Our congenial tastes made us the best of friends, and now we are like brothers.

Another tie has drawn us together. By the time my first wound had healed I had received a more dangerous one from Donna Julia who struck home to my heart but when informed of my love for her she undertook to heal the wound by marrying me. Her task has proved one of the most successful physical experiments I have ever known, as our conjugal happiness can bear witness.

HORRORS OF HEART DISEASE.

Uncle Abnegado Told It as an Incident to be Added to the Symptoms of It.

He is a chronic complainer, is old Uncle Abnegado; when an amateur hypochondriac. His health is his god, and never was a god more faithfully worshipped. He came home one night last winter convinced that he had acquired pneumonia, and was a winning candidate for a bright immortality, but the heavenly prospect did not appear to please him, as evinced by his loud lamentations. Aunt Amy, his wife, and a wholesome, cheerful body, had too much experience, however, with his active attacks of divers deadly diseases—very acute, for they always disappear before morning—to be seriously alarmed. So she placidly compounded a strong mustard plaster, and getting him to bed, applied it to his chest. After grumbling himself tired, Uncle Abnegado fell asleep, and his wife followed suit, convinced that the crisis of the trouble had been passed.

"Oh, oh, oh!" groaned Uncle Abnegado, waking his wife in the early morning.

"What is it now?" demanded Aunt Amy, somewhat impatiently because of her disturbed slumbers.

"My heart, my heart!" gasped Uncle Abnegado.

"Have you lost it?" asked Aunt Amy sleepily.

"I've always known that heart disease would kill me, in spite of what that fool doctor says," continued Uncle Abnegado bitterly. "Oh, I'm dying! I know I'm dying!"

"What can I do for you, Abby dear?" asked Aunt Amy, prepared for anything from getting him a drink to going for the doctor and minister.

"Nothing. I'm beyond human help!" replied Uncle Abnegado with many groans and ejaculations. "All you can do is to watch me pass away in this frightful agony. Oh, my heart! A hundred knives are cutting at it, a thousand pangs are piercing it, a million flames are consuming it! You'll find my will in my desk, and mind, you get nothing if you marry again. Oh, oh, how it burns and scorches! Thank heaven I'm prepared, and don't forget I've paid the pious rent yesterday, and Deacon Doughty promised to mail the receipt last night. Ugh! Ugh! I'm on fire! I'm a holocaust! I'm a conflagration!"

Aunt Amy began to laugh as a dawning idea of the real trouble rose in her mind.

"Laugh, woman!" shouted Uncle Abnegado, clanking at the bed clothes in an ecstasy of fear, pain and rage. "Laugh, for the female, at the mortal agonies of him you pretended to love! Laugh, for he is now a corpse, and I shall lie dead, and no one can hear witness to the tortures you have added to the lurid pangs of dissolution. Oh, my heart, my heart! How it burns and consumes within me! The unquenchable fire, the—"

"Tut, tut, Abby!" remonstrated Aunt Amy, checking her mirth. "I laughed because I know what's wrong. That mustard plaster has slipped down over your heart."

An immediate inter-rogation proving the correctness of this theory, Uncle Abnegado now takes it as an insult to be asked the symptoms of heart disease.—New York Journal.

Resigned It.

"Doctor, will the boy be very badly deformed?" asked the anxious parent. "I am sorry to have to tell you," replied the eminent physician, "but he will always be misshapen. His legs will be crossed like a swabuck and he will have to walk on his hands and feet."

The stricken father wiped away a tear.

"Well," he said, bravely trying to smile, "I shall try to do my duty toward him. No dime an even shall ever have him for less than \$75 a week."

Well Paid for Being Jolly.

A jovial old lady of Paris, after providing liberally for some distant relatives, left by will \$400,000 in small sums to a large number of casual acquaintances that she picked up in the streets. She was an invalid and had been left without near relatives or connections, but, being decried to have jolly people about her, she gave balls and parties to which she invited any person whose face attracted her in omnibuses or shops. When she died she remembered all in her will.

Not Properly Fixed.

General Gomez (angrily)—Colonel, why did not your command attack and capture that large Spanish wagon train last night? It was almost entirely unguarded and camped in the open field right in your front.

Colonel—Well, sir, you see, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who belongs to my command, did not have his dress suit and white tie along, and said he could not think of going out in the evening in business costume.

As It Seemed to Her.

Mrs. Mary Lizzie Lease—Do you know, I think that woman over there must be insane.

Mrs. Helen Morse Gougar—Do you?

Mrs. Mary Lizzie Lease—Why, I heard her singing to herself a while ago, and the words sounded something like 'Home, home, home, sweet home. There's no place like home!—Somerville Journal.

Chicago Whisky.

Watts—Did you know they could make whisky out of sawdust? Potts—H'm! Last time I was in Chicago I got hold of some that I think must have been made from the buzz saw itself.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Bad Break.

"I am afraid it is all up between Jones and the rich widow." "Made one of his ridiculous breaks, I presume?" "Yes. He asked her if he was the only man she ever loved."

A More Beginner.

Newlywed (proudly)—I always make it a point to tell my wife everything that happens. Old Sport—Pooh! That's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all.—Tribune.

AN AFRICAN POISON STORY.

Several Persons Were Killed by the Poison of the Snake.

Charles M. Stone, of Chicago, who has just returned to this city after a journey through northern Africa, told of a curious meteorological phenomenon which he observed in a district called Gwallah. "The vegetation in that region is very luxuriant," said he, "and the plant life must give off an unusually large quantity of carbonic acid gas. At least, that was the conclusion I reached after seeing three natives die and four or five dogs."

"The moment the animals put their noses to the ground, they would fall over and gasp, and die in about five minutes. The natives who died slept on the ground instead of in hammocks, as others did. I saw hundreds of dead birds. My theory is that a strata of a deadly gas covered the ground for a depth of three or four inches, and any living thing breathing in that area was asphyxiated."

"I could not understand, however, how the gas was not distributed in a thinner layer, and what kept it in one place for a whole day. Nothing like it had ever been known there before. The deaths of the men and dogs all occurred within twenty-four hours. Then the gas, if it were really gas, seemed to be dissipated. It was a very strange occurrence, and I might have been induced to make a more exhaustive investigation if my presence had not excited distrust. I got away as quickly as possible, rather than be accused of being the cause of the sudden deaths. The natives are superstitious, and attribute most of their misfortunes to witchcraft, so I thought it the part of wisdom to get away.—Mail and Express.

A Dog's Broken Heart.

W. L. Murrell, brother of the well-known novelist, "Charles Robert Cradock," recently related a remarkable instance of a dog's affection for his kind.

It was during the war, when the Murrell family lived near Murfreesboro, Tenn. The children owned two dogs, a great St. Bernard named Hugo, and a tiny white poodle Fleece. The two were inseparable companions, and wherever Hugo's dignified self appeared, there gambled beside him the absurd bundle of curls and wool. It was Landseer's picture of Dignity and Impudence in life. Hugo looked with anxious solicitude after Fleece. If the little fellow ran away, which he frequently did, and never gave it up until he brought Fleece home again in safe conduct.

Battles were raging all around them and one night the fighting was so near and incessant that the dogs slept.

The next morning Hugo and Fleece were missing, and while the children searched for them, Hugo wearily walked through the grass, carrying poor little Fleece's dead body.

He walked to his mistress and laid his burden gently down at her feet, then with a look of utterable grief laid himself down beside it, nor could they coax, nor drive him away. Little Fleece's white coat was blood stained. A stray bullet had hit the happy little life, and the poor dog, apt over the sorrows of war, realizing as never before what it meant.

They had a most elaborate funeral and buried Fleece with military honors, with his body wrapped in a flag, and they marched to the grave to the beat of a toy drum. With Hugo, who followed close, as chief mourner. When the little mound, flower-covered and draped with a flag, was finished, Hugo laid himself down across the tiny grave and refused to be comforted. He would neither eat nor drink, and the next morning they found the great fellow stiff and cold in death, still faithfully guarding the mound that covered his dear little friend. His great loving heart was broken with grief.

Smallest Dog in the World.

Over in Japan, where the people are fond of everything in miniature, the smallest breed of dogs in the world has its home. They belong to the family of spaniels, and are black and white or yellow and white in color, and the smaller they are the more money they will bring. A pup of one year, weighing five pounds, is worth \$200. If the breeder is fortunate enough to raise a spaniel weighing only three pounds or less he can get almost any price he wants for it. Sales have been made to the sum of \$500. One of these queer little dogs can easily lie on a man's hand or find a comfortable nook for sleeping in a bootleg. They are very delicate and tender and they have to be watched and cared for like a baby. If given proper attention they will sometimes live to the age of ten years.

A Good Wheel Wrench.

A good screw wrench is a necessity to any one who desires to keep his bicycle in good order. If the wrench is not true, it slips continually when used for tightening or loosening purposes. This not only means barked knuckles and lacerated fingers, but the sharp corners of the nuts themselves are rapidly worn away. This not only detracts from the appearance of a wheel, but becomes a positive danger in consequence of the impossibility of screwing them up sufficiently. A screw wrench should remain at one size without a symptom of shifting, and then, but then only, can a good grip be secured.—New York Evening Post.

Chimes of Normandy.

Do you want to hear the chimes of Normandy? If you do, all you need is a heavy silver spoon and a piece of string. Tie the string at its centre around the handle of the spoon, leaving the ends three or four feet long. Now wind the ends around your two forefingers near the first joint and then thrust your fingers in your ears. Bend over and allow the tablespoon to knock against the wall or the door or a chair and you will be surprised at the really beautiful imitation of church chimes which you will hear.

In Chichester.

Sunday School Teacher—Now what is the striking feature in the story of Jonah and the whale? Pupil—They separated on account of mutual incompatibility.—Puck.

BE PLEASANT AND

TO EVERYBODY

If you feel cranky and out of sorts look to your Kidneys, Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Diseases of these organs causes nine tenths of all the mean feelings in this world. If your kidneys are not acting properly or are breaking down from Bright's Disease there is only one remedy that will build them up and restore them to a healthy condition; that is, Mrs. B. French's Crown Kidney Cure. When you have indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, waterbrash, jaundice, impassioned bile, gall stones, or bloating take Mrs. B. French's Crown Stomach and Liver Cure.

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Would you take the Piles for \$1.00? Then why suffer when Mrs. B. French's Crown Pile and Pile Ointment will cure you? Guaranteed if used together.

Remember that Mrs. B. French's Crown Cough Cure is the only remedy that destroys the germs in the air passages. It is not a dose.

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Mrs. B. French's Crown Skin Ointment for all eruptions, skin, sunburn, chapped skin and chafing. Nothing equals it. If you do not derive benefit after taking two boxes of any one of these medicines return it to your druggist and get your money back.

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