

Alexander and Bucephalus.

One day King Philip bought a fine horse called Bucephalus. He was a noble animal, and the king paid a very high price for him. But he was wild and savage, and no man could mount him, nor do anything at all with him.

They tried to whip him, but that only made him worse. At last the king bade his servant take him away.

"It is a pity to ruin so fine a horse as that," said Alexander, the king's young son. "Those men don't know how to treat him."

"Perhaps you can do better than they," said his father, scornfully.

"I know," said Alexander, "that if you would only give me leave to try, I could manage that horse better than any one else."

"And if you fail to do so, what then?" asked Philip.

"I will pay you the price of the horse," said the lad.

While everybody was laughing, Alexander ran up to Bucephalus, and turned his head toward the sun. He had noticed that the horse was afraid of his own shadow.

He then spoke gently to the horse, and patted him with his hand. When he had quieted him a little, he made a quick spring and leaped upon the horse's back.

Everybody expected to see the boy killed outright. But he kept his place, and let the horse run as fast as he would. By and by, when Bucephalus had become tired, Alexander reined him in, and rode back to the place where his father was standing.

All the men who were there shouted when they saw the boy had proved himself to be the master of the horse.

He leaped to the ground, and his father ran and kissed him.

"My son," said the king, "Macedon is too small a place for you. You must seek a large kingdom that will be worthy of you."

After that, Alexander and Bucephalus were the best of friends. They were said to be always together, for when one of them was seen, the other was sure to be not far away. But the horse would never allow any one to mount him but his master.

Alexander became the most famous king and warrior that was ever known; and for that reason he is always called Alexander the Great. Bucephalus carried him through many countries and in many fierce battles, and more than once did he save his master's life.—Selected.

The Christian Scientist.

The papers tell us that 15,000 followers of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy made their annual pilgrimage to Concord, N. H., and saw at some distance, the founder of their faith. It is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the times. The lady appears to have been arrayed with an aim towards spectacular effect: "attired in royal purple and white silk and over all a magnificent cap of white ostrich feathers, with black tips, that fell almost to her knees. The effect was ethereal. It was such as might be expected in a great spiritual leader, and seemed to awe the people." So says the imaginative reporter, whose ideas of a spiritual leader may not be drawn from John the Baptist or the New Testament. Mrs. Eddy made a short address, composed largely of passages of Scripture. "To-day," she said, "is fulfilled the prophecy of Isaiah, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." After the address her coupe appeared with coachmen

in livery, and the "spiritual leader" took a short drive, passing through long lines of her devoted adherents. Like Mr. Dowie, the prophet, Mrs. Eddy seems well aware of the influence of rich and costly garniture. Camel's hair and leathern girdles are antiquated outfits. The two systems are alike, too, in the profitable returns that accumulate to the leaders.—The Interior.

A Boy's Essay on Bears.

Bares are of many sighses and all big. The chief kinds are the grizzly bare which is black; the sinnermon bare which is good and gentle; the white bear which bleaches its skin to hide in the snow and make a rug, and the black bare which is common and is careful of its cubs. Bares fight bees for honey, which is mean because the bees are little. Once a bare fovnd some currant jelly sitting on a garden bench to dry, and he ate it, and the lady hadn't any more, which was greedy. Bares are pigs.—Exchange.

A Queer Little Cradle.

There's a queer little cradle in each little flower
Where the wee seed babies are sleeping,
Though so small, they are growing hour by hour,
And the nurse-flower watch is keeping.
All around and about are the stamen trees
Where the gold pollen cakes are growing.
And the birds and the butterflies shake these trees
And the seed-babies think that it's snowing.

But the snow in flowerland is yellow snow,
And the wee seed-babies loves it,
And it eats and eats, and this makes it grow,
While the nurse flower smiles above it.
—Silver Cross.

A certain West Philadelphia family has an invariable rule that the children shall take turns in saying grace before meals. This grace follows a set form, but at the Sunday dinner, when papa is at home, an extempore addition or enlargement is required. The household had been suffering from a long succession of incompetent cooks, and the other Sunday as the family assembled at the table the mother lamented that she feared the dinner was spoiled, and that unless a good cook could be obtained immediately a contemplated trip to the country would have to be abandoned. It was little Ernest's turn to say grace, and he echoed the prayer of all present: "Bless, O Lord, this food for our use, and us to Thy service, for Christ's sake. And, Lord, please send us a good cook before Friday."

A Phosphorescent Crab.

There was recently added to the aquarium at Calcutta a gigantic crab, about two feet in diameter across its shell, and having legs three feet long, which was captured in a drag net in the Indian Ocean about a mile from the shore and at a depth of 45 fathoms. After being placed in a large tank it devoured the fish and smaller crustaceans that were its fellow-prisoners, and later, in the evening, surprised its keepers and visitors by emitting a white phosphorescent light, strangely illuminating the gloomy corner where it had concealed itself between two boulders.

In a recent speech in London to working people John Burns, the famous labor leader, laid earnest stress upon the enormous evils

OF INTEREST TO MOTHERS.**A Safeguard for Children Cutting Teeth in Hot Weather.**

The time when children are cutting teeth is always an anxious one for mothers and when this occurs during the hot weather solicitude often deepens into alarm. So many ills that often result fatally are liable to ensue that every mother will be interested in a medical discovery that robs this period of many dangers. Mrs. R. Ferguson, of 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, Que., gives her experience for the benefit of other mothers. She says: "My baby has always been small and delicate, and suffered so much last summer with his teeth that I did not think he would live. The medicine the doctor ordered for him did not do him much good. Then he was attacked with dysentery and a very hot skin and cough. I sent for Baby's Own Tablets, and they did him a wonderful amount of good, and he is now getting on splendidly."


Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid, at twenty-five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

of drink. He recounted, with facts and figures, the overcrowded housing conditions of London, the amount of pauperism, the great though decreasing amount of criminality, the prevalence of betting, the tendency toward increased isolation of rich and poor. "But," he added, "I deem it my duty to say that but for drink and its concomitant evils our problem would be smaller and our remedies more effective."

A Novel Railway System.

The only suspended electrical railway system in existence is soon to be opened in Germany. It has been built between Bar men, Elberfeld, and Wohwinkel, and runs for most of the way over the river Wupper. It was found impossible to make a surface railway of the line, as there was no available land to spare for it, and an underground road would have been too costly; so the plan of a suspended system above the river was decided upon as a way out of the difficulty. It is believed that the suspended railway system will solve the problem of high-speed passenger traffic abroad, and already there are projects on foot for a hundred-mile-an-hour suspended line between London and Brighton. Harper's Weekly for July 11 publishes a page of photographs showing the system in operation.

Odd pieces of lemon dipped in silver sand and rubbed well on the outsides of copper pans and moulds brighten them beautifully, but the pans and moulds thus treated should be well rinsed in soap and water and thoroughly dried after the process before being put away.

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