Last evening I was talking With a doctor aged and gray. Who told me of a dream he had, I think 'twas Christmas day,

While snoozing in his office The vision came to view, For he saw an angel enter. Dressed in garments white and new

Said the angel, "I'm from heaven, To bring you up to glory And put on your golden crown

"You've been a friend to everyone And worked hard night and day; You have doctored many thousands And from few received your pay;

"So we want you up in glory, For you have labored hard, And the good Lord is preparing Your eternal, just reward.

Then the angel and the doctor Started up toward glory's gate, But when passing close to Hades, The angel murmured, "Wait-

"I have got a place to show you, It's the hottest place in hell, Where the one's who never paid you In torment always dwell,

And behold, the doctor saw there His old patients by the score, And grabbing up a chair and fan, He wanted nothing more;

But was bound to sit and watch them As they'd sizzle, singe and burn, And his eyes would rest on debtors Whichever way he'd turn.

Said the angel, "Come on, doctor, There's the pearly gates I see: But the doctor only muttered, "This is heaven enough for me.

He refused to go on further, But preferred to sit and gaze, At the crowd of rank old dead-heads

As they lay there in the blaze But just then the doctor's office clock ckooed the hour of seven,

And he awoke to find himself In neither hell nor heaven. - Woodyard Kindling.

## THE UNRETURNING

The bride's right shoe pinched intolerably, and her head ached, and her muscles pined for relaxation. The country-made gray traveling dress, pulled down too tightly in the back, forbade her comfortable middle-aged semi-stoop, and com-pelled an unnatural erectness. To sit up straight all day in new clothes, to smile perpetually, to wear one's self out sightseeing, to eat unwholesome boliday things at strange and irregular hours-this, she told herself, was enough to make anybody feel cross and wretched. But in her heart she knew that her trouble lay deeper.

They had finished the luncheon for which they had returned to the hotel, and loitered now in one of the ornate receptionrooms; in which, as in the rest of the es-tablishment, she had already praised everything until she had begun to hate everything-mirrors, rugs, pictures, furnitureonged torture of forced conversation. to be silent, sullen, solitary! But ready prepared with his eternal acquiescent smile, he was banging, as it were, upon her lips.
If he just wouldn't be so polite, so deferossible and impossible point—in a word, so absolutely and determinedly the

In the full merciless afternoon light she looked at him, in his unbecoming, insist-ently new suit—bridal in every hard line and crease, as bridal as the gallantry which would not suffer her to speak without instant, unreasoning assent, or to step across a straw in her path without the assistance of his hand elevating her elbow-and noted with resentment the depth of the crow' feet around his pale blue eyes, the deep lines in his brow, the thinness of the grizzled hair about his temples; above all, the unvarying vague smile creasing his meagre cheeks, betokening the joyfuluess of the on, and compelling something of re-

sponse in kind from her.

Furtively she looked at him. But it was of the room she spoke. 'Things look so different in a real good light,' she said. 'Just see those scratches on that table, and how the furniture is beginning to fade." He assented warmly; and listlessly she let the subject drop. How tiresome it was

for him to be always agreeing, and how uninteresting he was ! Somehow the kind neighbor, the valued

friend, in his new role of bridegroom irri-tated her to an extent at which, in the depth of her good womanly heart, she marvelled. He frested her as one would be fretted in fever by stale, choking, prepos terously, unappealing cake—when all one' soul was crying out for water. She wouldn't go out any more that day,

she told him; her head ached; but he must. No-positively he must not stay with her. She preferred, she preferred that he should And with his usual docility he yielded-with manifest scruples.

And so an hour or two she would have

for her own! The very sanctuary of her he was by. But now--what was to hinder ber sounding the depths of that pain to which her secret discontents and irritations had been but as the surface bubbles of a great sea?

"Oh, Jim, Jim, Jim !" she sobbed.
"How could I-could I—"
The sense of loss, even in the first hour

of loss, had scarcely been so keen, the yearning for him hardly so intolerable. blessed a thing were tears after the strain of smiles, how sweet the freedom from that harassing presence !
"He's good, he's kind, he's well off and

looked up to; there aren't any children to make trouble, and I was all alone. It did seem like it was the right thing to do. But oh, Jim, Jim !" she said-"to think of him in your place !"
She did not know that she had cried ber-

self to sleep, like a miserable child, until she opened her eyes and saw her husband sitting by the window in the clear pallor succeeding sunset—his head resting upon

With the placidity of sleep yet upon her she looked at him without word or movement to show that she was awake, her heart vaguely smiting her—he seemed so old, so tired, so unaccountably bowed and shrunk-

'So you've come back?" she said, with whatever of sprightliness and suggestion of welcome she could infuse into her tone

With a start he turned, obviously trying to summon his accustomed smile. "I came back an hour ago—maybe two bours," he said. He looked at his watch. "Nearer three," he amended. "I ought to have known by the sun. But I wasn't notic-

"I hope you've heen resting-like I've been," she said. "Sight-seeing is mighty nice, but too much of it at a time don't

suit settled people like us."
"No, it don't," be agreed. "I didn't think I'd do any more of it today, except what you could do riding up and down on the street cars. After all, New York is a

didn't get out at all ?' To her languid wonder a deep red mounted to the very line of his thin hair. "I-I didn't intend to." he stammered, "but

we were passing a place where they make She broke into a laugh, the spontaneity of which surprised herself. "Were you of which surprised berself. thinking of getting one for yourself-or me?" she queried. And then she orim-

soned in sudden comprehension.

An awkward silence fell upon themwhich she seemed as powerless to break as

"I would like to get a better one for my for Maria," be said.

He turned his tense face toward her, with

a curious mingling of apology, appeal, wistfulness, and something which savored of doggedness. 'She was a good woman," he said.

"So people say," she answered, vaguely.
She struggled from the bog of speechlessness into which they had again sunk by aid of the first straw which presented itself. "Did you find anything that suited on?" she inquired. "If you didn't and

you'd like for me to go along with you and belp you to pick out one—"

He shook his head. "I didn't mean to bother you about it."

"It wouldn't be bother—it would be in-

teresting," she urged, sensible of missing the note she intended. Even before he spoke there was repudiation of her suggestion so instinctive and complete in the slight contractile movement of his shoulders that she reddened with a

feeling of rebake. "No, I thank you," he said, with finality. "But you must see the stores," ne added, after a moment—"and buy some little things to take back with you."

The uncomfortable blood mantled again

comely middle-aged face. baven't the craze about shopping some peo-ple have," she said. "I never did care about buying things just to be buying."

"Of course not," he said, mechanically. He did not see her chagrin, it was evident, or really note her attempted demurrer to his misunderstanding. For the time anmistakably his thoughts were not upon her. She had longed during the past week, for some such interval in his unremitting attention-so, she would say to herself, that she might call her soul her own! The wall of abstraction beyond which he had withdrawn left her free and solitary. And they sat in silence while the twilight fell, he seeming to soan the street scene below. she with a vesterday's newspaper outspread

upon her lap.
With something of a guilty start he recovered himself at last. "Let me turn or the light so that you can see," he said, rising with the stiffness of overwearied muscles and the hurry of ossiduity.

"gon't the dark come on soon?" she said, to say something. "I always feel when November begins that I'm going into yond it. It sort o' seems that everything is over and done with—"

His assent was obviously more than formal. "But." he said, lamely, "it ain't really so. And-and it won't do for me to abuse November," be added-"after what it's brought !"

She flushed a little at the somewhat gal vanic gallantry. "Don't bother about saying things like that," she said. He stared at her in a blankness which

oanished words.
"I know," she said, "that you don't really feel like saying them." He opened his mouth-and shut it. He ad no talent for deception.

His distress awoke in her an obscur pasm of amusement which sought no vent smiles nor disturbed her essential grav "How long has it been," she asked, with

out preamble, "since she died?"

An overcome reluctance spoke in th sone of his response. "Ten years-next April."

The very pause which followed held theme in suspension before them—to his distaste, as was evident in a certain restlessness of movement. But conversationally

he was always helpless.
"Ten years is right long to wait," she commented. "I suppose you didn't really intend to marry at all?"

Unmistakably the fatuously proper thing to say rose nebulously before his mind and was dismissed—in view, perhaps, of her prohibition; dismissed with symptoms of

"No." he said, again. "I reckon it was with you like it was with me," she said. "You just did what seemed right when the time came. It looked like a pity for you to be all alone in your house, and for me to be all alone, or the same as alone, in mine, when we might be sitting by the same fire and helpng each other out.

He murmured inarticulate assent. "You were always helping me out, anyway," she continued—"about what to do with the little I had to live on-and everything else—from planting my garden to getting up my well-bucket when it dropped to the bottom. There wasn't much I

could do for you, but-" "It's been a great thing for me," he said. "to have you to sit with after supper

"A long evening with nobody to talk is mighty lonesome," she agreed. "It was a sober-sided courtshipcan call it a courtship—wasn't it?"

said, breaking the long pause. He assented, manifestly casting about for some form of apology. "You know I never was much of a hand at talking," he

"I don't see that you can't say every thing you want to say," she rejoined. "And what a person don't want to say isn't worth saying. Don't think I wasn't satisfied," she went on. "Didn't I say Yes, when if anybody had told me, when

Two large sudden tears coursed down he cheeks. She wiped them away.

"Don't old times come back to you times?" she said, parenthetically. like I wanted it to be," she hurried on, "the only way for it to be, with two people like you and me—having what we have to remember—though I didn't know then or lose thy self-respect.

what I do now about what she was to

He looked past her, a great wistfulness "She was a good woman, upon his face.

"And I reckon she was pretty," sh

said, "when she was young?"

He waited to command his voice. "She always was pretty—to me," he answered.

Desire to change the subject clearly struggled within him with impulse to con-

"She was as pretty as a picture," be said—"white and pink and slim in the waist, and with dimples in her cheeks when bigger sight than anything in it."

"That was a good idea," she said—"just to ride up and down on the cars. You she laughed. People who just saw her after her health broke down didn't know what she was. It was her lungs. I wonder, sometimes, if I'd taken her to Florida or Arizona o. somewhere, whether she mightn't have fought it off. But the doctor didn't tell me. Maybe they didn't think so much of those things in those days, or he might have thought I was too poor, and it wasn't any use. I was poor in those days—she never was anything but poor all the time she was married to me—but I'd have got the money somehow, if I'd had to sell the roof over my head and the coat off my back, and live on bread and water the rest of my life. I don't know why I didn't he, who made no pretensions to the gift of ready speech. And, indeed, it was he who ended it.

that I grudged her anything-"
She averted her eyes from the pang upon his face. "You can't realize—some things," she said. "It seems like they couldn't happen. 'Twas that way about Jim. never dreamed that he'd be the one. used to laugh at him about how quick he'd marry after I died, and try to make him promise me not to do it—But he never did," she added, hurriedly.

He ruminated. "I reckon I would have

He ruminated. "I reckon I would have promised," he said, "if my wife had ever asked me. I never denied her anything that I know of, and that wouldn't have been a thing I would have stuck at.'

"But you never were a tease like Jim," she said. "There never was any better husband than he was, but it wasn't in him not to tease. It wouldn't have been Jim if he badn't-'twould have been like bread without any salt. But nobody would have been any slower than he'd have been to put any-

body in my place—"
Their eyes met, and wandered apart in acute embarrassment. 'Not," she said, quickly, "that it really

would have been putting anyhody in my place—if he had married again.' Twonldn't have been that he'd forgotten me; 'twould just have been doing the best he could, with me gone. And 'twouldn't have done me any good, when I was happy in heaven, to look down and see him lonesome and uncomfortable-"

He passed his hand across his furrowed brow. "I reckon we look at most things differently," he said, "when we get up

"We know then," she said, "how to make allowances. Jim would have promised as soon as anybody," she resumed, "if there'd been any use in promising. But it | gan. was a silly thing for me to ask. He was just as tender-hearted as a woman—and tenderer-hearted. There wasn't a thing in this world he wouldn't do for you if he loved you-

"'Twas just that way with my wife," said. "To the very last, almost, she be said. wanted to be waiting on me, and-" He could not go on for a while. "I don't know what she saw in me.

said, with a poor attempt at a smile. "Love," she said, "is somethin can't explain."

occurred to ber, but not, apparently, to Busied with separate memories, they sat

silent, and yet not, as heretofore, apart. An indefinable domesticity of air had taken the place of formality and constraint. Almost one might have fancied, to see their faces, that into the cold electric glare had crept something of the glow of firelight-they had so softened and brightened with the falling of balm upon aching loyalties.

"Some things don't come in life but once," she said at last. She put her hand upon his knee, and he laid his own upon it. "But, thank God," she added, "happiness isn't one of them !"-By Steger Winston, in Harper's Bazar

Seastckness and Equilibration of

Many people have no doubt noticed, when traveling by sea, that the motion of the ship could be seen very distinctly, even when there were no banging lamps, dra-peries, or fixed points, such as the horizon or clouds, within range of sight.

Some may think that seeing the motion in this way is due to the imagination receiving its suggestions from the motion of the internal organs, and especially the stomach, for I am here supposing the body to be held perfectly rigid.

From observations which I have recently

ade it seems evident to me that the cause for seeing the motion is entirely different. In the first place, you can always see the motion a fraction of a second before you begin to feel it. In the second place, you cannot see a perfectly horizontal motion or a gentle vertical (heaving) motion. In the third place, watching a fixed point close to you, such as a pattern on a carpet, when the ship is pitching and rolling, is far more tiring to the eye-sight than when the ship is motionless or running perfectly steadily. All this points to the appearance being due to a true relative motion of the eyes to the ship.

The eyes are suspended in their muscula settings, much in the same way as are ships' compasses in their binnacles. The eyes are, furthermore, perfectly balanced, so as to make their muscular displacements as little tiring as possible. In their normal position, the pull of gravity is exerted ver-tically through their centers, and the mus-

Any angular change of position will dis-place the eyes just as it displaces the stom-ach, excepting that the eyes, being a great deal more sensitively suspended, will regis-ter the displacements more quickly. It is not, however, the motion of the eyes which strains the eyesight, but the act of resisting this motion.

If, with your eyes shut, you attempt to fix the mental representation of a point, which a moment previously you were which a moment previously you were watching with eyes wide open, you will find that, after one or two motions of the ship, the bodily feeling will precede any visual sensation which your imagination can conjure up. The imaginary point is no longer fixed, but follows the eyes as they let themselves go to the motions of the ship. No strain of the eyesight is caused by a manually registence and the displacements. muscular resistance, and the displacements, while felt, ou no longer be seen.—Alfred Sang in Nature.

Never esteem anything of value unto

Slavery and Tobacco in Old Virginia.

A distinguished writer has averred that "a true history of tobacco would be the bistory of English and American liberty." Perhaps it would not be a greater exaggera-tion to say that it had something also to do in popularizing African slavery in America though the peculiar institution was not frowned on in the early days in sections where tobacco culture was not followed.

Everybody knows that the first Negro

slaves of the thirteen original colonies were landed and sold at Jamestown, and has Rolfe's statement pat: "To begin with, this year, 1619, about the last of August, came in a Dutch man-of-war, that sold

ne twenty negars."

It is a fact, however, that an Englishman who was once governor of Virginia was a party to the sale of these "negars." I quote from the work of a prominent and painstaking historian of the Old Dominion: "In August, 1619, the Treasurer, a ship belonging to Captain Argall, and a Dutch man of war, which had been engaged together in robbing the Spanish plantatious in West Indies, arrived with some stolen Negro slaves, twenty of whom they sold to the people of Jamestown. This was the beginning of slavery in the United

States." "The planters readily purchased them to cultivate tobacco, ''says Cooke; "they were scattered among the plantations; and from this small nucleus widened, year by year, the great African shadow, out of which were to issue the lightning and thunder of the future." The number of slaves in the United States in 1756, the generation before the Revolution, was 292,000, scattered through the provinces from New England to Georgia; but the increase was at first slow. By the census of Jamestown in 1625 there were only three Negroes there, two of them women. After the passing of fourscore years there were not more than two thousand slaves in all Virginia, according to Cooke, but probably as many as six thousand, estimates Fiske. It is declared that about 1617 tobacco was worth in England about, in our present money, twelve dollars and fifty cents a pound! It is hardly to be wondered at that—when such men as Jonathan Edwards owned slaves, as is shown by a bill of sale still in existence, aud Geor, e Whitefield purchased a plantation and slaves with it to support his Orphan House, with no one advocating openly the rights of rlaves in America but Samuel Sewell in his Selling of Joseph—everybody almost in Virginia turned attention to growing "the weed" with the sheapest and most suitable labor that could

be procured. It was a resident of Jamestown, John Rolfe, who, in 1612, began the systematic sale of tobacco. When Argall became gov-ernor five years later he found the vacant lots, squares and gardens of the village planted in tobacco, all other industries be-ing allowed to languish. With the first exportation from Jamestown to Europe of this "powerful vegetable," as Queen Eliza-beth designated it American commerce be-

But other things came out of the culture of the plant experimented with by the Jamestown celebrity besides the populariz-

ing of slavery.
In 1616 King James published a book against it. In The Counterblast to Tobacco be characterized it as a "precious stink," and smoking as "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian amoke of the an't explain."

pit that is bottomless." "Is it not the The unflattering implication of her words greatest sin of all," he exclaimed through his pages, "that you should disable yourare not able to ride or walk the journey of He conceived that be could see as sharply

bonse, to kindle your tobacco with!"

Pope Urban VIII issued a bull against it—with no perceptible result, but the preachers of Virginia received their salaries in tobacco, clinging so tenaciously to it as to compel the famous "Parson's Cause." tyranny, no matter if that protest was re-garded as "treason." In a year of failure in the tobacco crop the Business had enacted that all debts payable in that commodity might be paid in money at the rate of two pence per pound. It was a blow to the clergy whose legal salary of 16,000 pounds of tobacco was worth about six pence a pound. They contended that they were entitled to their tobacco or its value at six

John Camm, of William and Mary, was one of the contending clergymen—and thereby hangs a tale which I must digress somewhat to relate. Among those who had listened to his preaching was Miss had listened to his preaching was Miss Betsy Hansford. A young friend who had wooed her without success persuaded Camm to aid him with his eloquence. The parson quoted Scripture to her to prove the duty of matrimony, and urged her to give her hand to his friend. Whereupon Miss Betsy, being somewhat acquainted with the Bible also, suggested that if he would go home and look at Second Samuel 12. 7, he would understand the reason of 12. 7, he would understand the reason of her obduracy. He accordingly looked and read: "And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man !" So the Virginia Gazette shortly afterward announced the marriage of John Camm and Miss Bestsy—The uthern Priscilla

Bowling Green, Ky. —Dr. Wiley, the chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, is endeavoring to learn the wholesomeness of so-called "soft drinks." The inquiry is the result of a request from the War Department for information regarding the different varieties of aerated drinks that are sold at army centeens. Dr. Wiley will select a clear of canteens. Dr. Wiley will select a class of young meu upon whom he will experiment with the drinks usually sold at sods fountains and in "pop" bottles to determine the effect, whether deleterious or otherwise. A soda fountain will be installed at the Department of Agriculture to furnish the requisit firm rates for the class. nish the requisite fizz water for the class, which will begin next month with the free soda water. The result of the exyeriments will be turned over to the War Depart-ment and will also be made the subject of a report by Dr. Wiley to the Secretary of Agriculture.

-Feiend-Hello, old man, I hear you were held up and robbed by footpads last

Oil Magnate-I was. Friend-Awfully unpleasant exper-Oil Magnate—Oh, I don't know. It had its good points. They didn't complain that my money was tainted.

-A man went to Atlantic City last

Forestry Applied to the Farm.

Through a revival of interest in forestry among farmers, by inducing them to devote a part of their land to tree planting, the State Board of Forestry of Indiana in time expects to find a solution of the rapidly-disappearing-timber problem. The large number of manufacturing concerns in Indiana have prospered because of the for-merly abundant timber supply, but they are now facing an embarrassing situation in their inability to get a supply adequate to meet their needs. Railroads are having difficulty in finding lumber for their own use; lumber for building material is scarce and high and the fuel scarcity from a tim-

ber standpoint has become acute.

The forestry board advocates that each farmer set aside a part of his farm for timber growing, to he planted according to the timber needs in various localities. At present the farmer who has disposed of all the timber on his farm is compelled to buy at high prices for his own building and fen needs. Thus, the board argues, he is the loser. Secretary Wm. Freeman, of the

State Board of Forestry, says!
The idea is frequently advanced that when all timber is gone there will be substitutes that will answer the different puroses. Also many say there will be plenty of timber as long as they live and after that they do not care. It will be found impossible to substitute in the majority of There is a quality about wood that is indispensable, and because it cannot be manufactured, but must grow, the future supply can only be hoped for through forestry. Putting to the most wise use the present supply and growing new forests is the only and absolute way to have timber in the fature.

It is frequently asked what proportion of the farm should be devoted to forestry. In the best agricultural districts a fair fractional estimate would be from one-twelfth to one-sixteenth of the land, and where not well suited to farming the area devoted to forestry should be larger. As broken land is far better and more profita-ble when devoted to forest and fruit growing, an estimate of from one-half to one-

sixth would not be too large.

The wood lot in Indiana can be planted in no better kinds of trees than those natural to the woodlands throughout the State. No more valuable trees could be introduced, viewed from every standpoint, than the white, burr and red oaks, American ash, black walnut, shellbark hickory, yellow poplar, wild oberry, American elm, sycamore, maple and linden. For fencingposts cross-ties, telegraph and telephone poles, the American chestuut, black locust, catalpa speciosa, osage orange, mulberry, Kentucky coffee tree and red cedar are the best. The woodlot should contain a mixture of these two classes of trees, as the problem, especially with the farmer, is lumber for fencing, building and wood for fuel. The farm forest should be free from worthless species, and trees of experiment should be given no room and time. Let the experimental stations develop all such doubtful points as growing trees, the character and quality of which in this section are unknown and doubtful.

## A Scrap of History.

While reading of the descendants from General William McAlevy of Revolution-ary fame in the *Herald Dr.* W. H. Flenner, of Tyrone, thought that the following scraps of history as he learned it from th McAlveys in an early day might be interesting at this time.

General McAlevy, the old pioneer from whom McAlevy's Fort, in Jackson township, Huntingdon county, received its a Jew's Sabbath, but you must have a and run as fleetly as any Indian. He had reeky coal brought you from the next potmany conflicts with the red men, which proved his strength and bravery, for he was generally the victor. On one occasion when hunting, after taking an elevated position on a stump to look for game, he saw an old man running burriedly along the pel the famous "Parson's Cause." path a short distance from him. He learn-cause" was an obscure lawsuit, but ed that the man had been severely woundhas now assumed the proportions of a his- ed by Indians, and that they were still in Henry's first reputation as an orator, but his temerity on that occasion emboldened five stalwart savages; the general took his temerity on that occasion emboldened steady aim at the largest and fired; the report of the rifle and the yell of the war-rior cohoed together—there was one Indian less. Bang, bang, bang, whizzed the bul-lets close to the general's head; he thinking all had shot, retreated from his hiding place, when whif, whizzed another bullet into the general's leg. Bleeding and pained, he managed to reach his fort.

This fort stood near where McAlevy' Fort now stands, and was rudely construct ed of logs laid compactly, had a puncheon floor and clap-board roof; it was built during the general's first prospecting, after which he cleared a small patch in which he planted corn and sowed other seeds; then he made a canoe. The tree was found, the axe was laid upon it; the proper length was taken, but the general could not get it to the stream and it was abandoned. Farther up the stream another tree was selected which filled the purpose The cause was made, other arran were prepared, then General McAlevy rowed off for his family. Down the bub ling creek of Stone into sparkling Juniata he glided along

"O'er the waters so blue : Like a feather he floated

In his pine tree cano On to the fascinating valley of the Cumberland. Then in the same cance, and back over the same waters be rowed his family to the, then, wilds of Huntingdon county. This old veteran rests in the McAlevy's Fort cemetery.—Tyrone Daily Herald.

The Ground-Hog Sleeps

The woodchuck's is a curious shift. case of nature outdoing berself. spreads far and fast, and Woodebuck, i order to keep ahead out of danger, would need wings. But he wasn't given any.
Must be perish then? Winter spreads far
but does not go deep—down only about
four feet; and Woodchuck, if he cannot escape overland, can, perhaps, under land. So down he goes through the winter, down into a mild and even temperature, five long feet away—but as far away from the snow and cold as Boholink among the reeds of the distant Orinoco. Iudeed, Woodchuck's is a farther journey and even more won-derful than Bobolink's for these five feet carry him beyond the bounds of time and space into the mysterious realm of sleep, of suspended life, to the very gates of death. That he will return with Bobolink, that he will come up alive with the spring out of this dark way, is very strange.—[Dallas Sharp, in the October

-Armour, the pork packer, began life on a newspaper; he made all his money by

-The postmaster on Pike's Peak bas the highest office in the United States.

In New Japan

Father-love is pretty much the same East or West, and fortunately for the race we find beautiful out-croppings of parental self-sacrifice in all lands. A Japanese monthly affords this instance:

'l'alk of a jinrikisha-man and the mind at once revolts against his trade and associates with him a life eked out in misery and a family steeped in depravity and ig-norance. Rat with the will, even a jin-ikisha man can be respectable and noble in heart and his children exemplary, more o than average folks.

Motojiro Naruse lives at No, 20 Tausumachi, Yotsuya, with his mother and only daughter of sixteen named Ko, whose mother deserted her father when Ko san was a baby. For years the man has earned a living from his solitary vehicle, but failed to save one yen a month to pay the chool fee for his daughter.

Ko on her part well understood and ap-preciated the kindness of her father in thus giving her an education in spite of his hard circumstances, and for eight years has never had a mark of absence put against he name in the school, each year coming out at the head of her class. At the end of the school year just closed she graduated from No. 1 ward School of Yotsoya as a scholar of high excellence on all subjects and conduct, and was awarded as a prize a writing desk and a dictionary. The principal of the school is proud that his institution has sent forth his model girl. The pride should be fully shared by her father

## Autographs and Holographs

"An autograph," said an antiquary, "is worth nothing, while a holograph may be worth \$1,000 or more. An autograph of a man is his simple signature. His bolograph is one of his signed letters, and its value depends on its interest.

Some men are such fools that they think autographs valuable and holograph

worthlesss.
"I know a man who found in his grandfather's chest a lot of important letters of Franklin, Washington, Aaron Burr, Hamilton, Andre and Jefferson. He read these letters; then he burned them, first cutting out the signatures.

"For the signatures be got fifty cents apiece or thereabouts. For the letters in their entirety he would have got ten from \$100 to \$500 apiece. "By this loss of about \$24,000 the man

learned the difference between an auto-graph and a holograph."—Philadelphia

## A Libel.

"I see by the county paper," said the isitor, "that Jouas Jones, the prosperous druggist of your town, is sojourning—"
"I saw that, too, and it's a libel," ex-

claimed the native, with some heat. "Why, isn't he your druggist?" "Yes, but this town's too healthy for him to be prosperous."

-- "I want to tell you, old man," said Krotchett, "how thoroughly ashamed I am of the temper I displayed last night. Your wife and sister must have thought me

"No. they didn't," replied Brightly, "I fixed that all right.' "Ah, so good of you, old man."

"Yes, I told them you were drunk." A Mare Way

Country Doctor .- Thet's the worst case of wryneck I ever see, Peleg. How'd you get it? Peleg-Drivin' thet new mare o'

-Farmer-- My hoy is a base ball pitcher; he has been defeated only twice Visitor- "How many games has he play-Farmer -- "Tomorrow will be the third

--- "I can't understand how that young lawyer lives. I've never heard of him naving a client." "You haven't? Why, he is one of the

people who helped to break old Biggerson's will. He doesn't need clients." -He-Let's go into the conservatory. She-Oh, dear, no.

He-Why not?

She-Among all those rubber plants? Not much! 

"I'd be intoxicated, too," said he,
"Were I a glove upon that hand." -Pon-When I was a boy I used to go to bed with the chickens. Tommie-Did the chickens used to sleep in the house, or did you go out to the coop,

-"Mamma why do so many ladies ory at a wedding?"
"Because most of them are

-The scheme for cutting a canal between New York and Boston is stated soon -He issufficiently learned that knows

how to do well and has power enough to --- A girl generally plays with a man's heart just about as carefully as a baby toys

-A married couple who had eighteen

children called the last one "Anonymous. -A carriage cleaner has to sponge for

-Do Indians travel on scalped tick-

A steamer noticed a sailing vessel flying signals of distress and bore down on her. When she was within hail she asked what was the matter. "Water!" came the answer from cracked lips and parching throats "Give us water, for we are dying of thirst." Pointing to the surrounding water, the steamer's captain cried "Let down your buckets then and drink." Unknown to the thirsty orew they were sailing in the mouth of the mighty Amazon and the water around them was river water pouring out to meet the sea. Many a woman is crying for help from sickness and suffering when help lies right at her door. There is hardly a town or a hamlet where Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not obtainable, and the use of this medi-cine will cure the disorders peculiar to women in almost every case. If you are suffering from inflammation, ulceration or female weakness, get a bottle of "Favorite Prescription" and begin your cure.