

A Regular Sell.

An Irishman in hardest luck Had tramped through many states...

He reached a city though one day And tried to buy a meal...

While passing by a junk shop which A shabby pedlar owns...

"Good morning sir," said Pat inside "Do you buy rags and bones?"

"Well then," said Pat, "my luck prevails For once in many a day."

ND did I know Jim Meadows? Well, I rather guess I did.

The Lord only made a few like him, and a reck on the model's broken long ago."

Cal Swanley heaved a deep sigh, knocked the ashes from the bowl of his corncob pipe and laid it on the table near him.

It could be seen, however, that Cal was intent upon telling a story whether they wished it or not...

"Seems to me I can see Jim Meadows right now," continued Cal, after a pause...

"Well, one day came the news that Jim Meadows had grown suddenly rich. A distant relative of his had died in Australia...

"How much will I subscribe, gentlemen? Not a red cent," he would say emphatically.

"And he wasn't going to squander any money on building or endowing churches, either."

"But his great desire in life as a poor man was to relieve the wants of humanity, to succor the needy, care for the sick and cheer the unfortunate."

"Knowing his disposition, the directors of local charities were not slow in approaching him with appeals for aid to help swell their funds for the poor."

"How did he die? Well now, it does seem a shame that a fellow like Jim ever should die, but the fact is his big fortune dwindled away by reason of his prodigal generosity, and in eight years every cent was gone."

"But from the day the lawyers deposited Jim's money in the bank for him, and gave him the pretty little check book to draw whatever sums he wanted, Meadows made it a practice to go around the poorer districts of the town and inquire into the wants and condition of the people."

"Did Jim hear of a case of sickness where the family was too poor to afford a doctor? He had one there pretty quick, and the physician was commissioned to let no expense bar the way to good diet for the invalid."

"Did he hear of a death in any house where funeral expenses could not be raised, or would be ill afforded? He assumed the responsibility himself and paid all the undertaker's bills."

"Did he hear of an honest bread-winner out of work with a family looking to him for bread? He took care they had bread, and butter too, for both butcher and grocer received orders to supply the family with such necessities as were required."

"Did a good and respectable workman need tools before he could start a job? Jim bought them for him. And he never was known to meet a

boy or girl upon the street whose shoes or clothing indicated distressful poverty, but their wants in the way of garments were promptly attended to.

"Love him! Bless your hearts, there wasn't a man in all the State more loved than Jim Meadows, and if the prayers of the widow, the orphan, the sick and unemployed have any weight in heaven, there's enough of 'em up there to offset any sins the poor fellow was ever guilty of."

"He used to take the keenest sort of delight in doing good in the quiet, and in unexpended ways. Ever hear of the way he paid off his old score against Tom Moody, the foreman down at Gaspers? Well, it was this way, Jim and Tom were courting the same girl—the one that is Mrs. Moody now."

Tom was of a jealous disposition and began to be very bitter against Jim when he found he was after his girl. So he used his mean influence down at the factory and Jim was thrown out of work without any reason. Soon after that he had his fortune left him, and just about that time Gaspers got in difficulties and they had to shut down the factory the very week after Tom had married. Moody hadn't saved any money for a rainy day, and as a consequence he and his new bride were face to face with poverty and starvation. Yes, and how'd you think Jim Meadows got in his revenge on Tom for the mean trick he had played on him? He just rented a cosy little house, put \$500 worth of furniture in it, and presented it with a year's rent receipt, to Mr. and Mrs. Moody as 'a gift from an old friend.' That's the sort of man Jim Meadows was."

"He never dressed stylishly or even expensively himself. The plainest kind of clothes were good enough for him. If he was ever told that his coat looked shabby he would quietly say, 'Well, I can't afford a new one this month,' but he would very likely buy a new suit that very day for some poor devil or another who needed clothing badly. He was frugal in his eating, but nothing was too good for any invalid in whom he took an interest."

"Jim used to go to the police court nearly every morning, not out of a morbid curiosity, but just to see what good he could do the poor wretches who often find their way there. Many a fine he has paid out of his own pocket to set a prisoner free, but he never showed any sympathy for a real criminal unless there seemed to be evidence of a desire to reform. He had a kindly word for all, but his was not mere verbal sympathy, his practical charity went hand in hand with his cheering disposition."

"One night he saved a young girl from suicide. She was one of the class that so-called honest folks turn up their noses at, but nobody was too low for Jim to lift up if he could do it. That girl was tired of her life of shame and wanted to end it in the river, and she would have succeeded if Jim had not happened by at the time and rescued her. She was brought up at the police court after leaving the hospital, but Jim secured her discharge and placed her in charge of a laundry which he had started for just such poor creatures as she. She has led a good life ever since and owns that laundry now herself, but she has never worn anything except black since Jim Meadows died, and she says she never will."

"Once he was told of a poor but proud family, who were living in a somewhat fashionable locality. They had suffered severe reverses and, although brought up in a luxurious way, were now living on almost bread alone. The head of the house was dead; the eldest son had been the sole support of his mother and three sisters since their loss of property, but for the past six weeks he also had been incapacitated for work by illness. Though desperately poor and on the verge of starvation, these people, it was known, were too dignified and proud to accept charity, so what does Jim do but take a few directories to the house and beg the three young ladies to copy the names and addresses for him at \$10 a week each. He claimed that he was in a hurry for the work, but he kept them at it nearly six weeks, and it is said that when their labors were completed Jim just piled the manuscripts away in an old tool chest, where they were found years afterwards all mildewed and useless. That's the sort of man Jim Meadows was."

"How did he die? Well now, it does seem a shame that a fellow like Jim ever should die, but the fact is his big fortune dwindled away by reason of his prodigal generosity, and in eight years every cent was gone. Jim was so much occupied in providing for others that he had forgotten to provide for himself. He never looked after his financial affairs, but just kept drawing money out as he needed it and giving it away right and left. So in the end of course the crash came, and Jim was as poor as ever. He went to work at his old trade, but the thought that he could no longer benefit his fellow man as he used to, preyed upon his mind. He could not bear to look upon suffering and be unable to relieve it, and so, in the course of a very few months, the worry broke down his health, and after a brief spell he died, and his last act was to will all his little personal effects to the poor cobbler who had attended on him in his final days."

"A funeral! Gosh, such a one as that was! There were more real mourners followed Jim to the grave, more tear-stained faces and sorrowing hearts in that sad procession than ever attended any funeral. There was a spark of selfishness in Jim's whole nature. All he thought about was helping others, and the grief-stricken crowds that stood around in their anguish and sobbed aloud in their anguish when that coffin was lowered into the grave, had experienced his generosity themselves. The city put a monument over his head, but bah! what's a piece of cold marble amount to? His name is engraved indelibly in the hearts of thousands, and they will hardly ever tire of telling their children and grandchildren in coming years the sort of man Jim Meadows was."

Quite True.

"Don't you think that liberated convict is like a period?"

"In what way?"

"He's at the end of a sentence."

Anecdotes of Actors.

WRITER says that no vocation in life is so susceptible to the influence of wit and humor as that of the actor. The stage is practically the distributor of amusement, so it is but natural that its votaries should excel in the production of entertaining stories and anecdotes. Many volumes have been published which were devoted to the bright sayings and witty repartee of famous actors, but a few hitherto unpublished anecdotes of living Thespians may prove both new and interesting.

In Nat Goodwin's early days in the profession he had the misfortune to work under a manager who was much addicted to drink, and who, in such cases, became very irritable and quarrelsome. When laboring under the influence, it was not unusual for him to discharge the whole staff, from star down to property man, but of course the company took little notice of these spasmodic ebullitions of temper, as they were pretty well used to him. One night this manager, while morosely nursing one of his periodical "greens," came across Goodwin in the stage room.

"See here, Goodwin," said he, trying to steady himself, and closing one eye so as to get the right focus on the comedian. "I've a d—d good notion to discharge you on the spot!"

"No doubt," replied Nat calmly, "and perhaps you would if you were sober enough to find the spot?"

Roland Reed boasts of a nasal organ which is certainly not obscure. He has been frequently twitted about his prominent feature, but never more rudely than one winter's day when an acquaintance accosted him on Broadway with, "Hallo, Reed, I met your nose on the other block and it looked awfully cold."

"Can't help it, my boy," replied the comedian without stopping, "I scratched it as far as I could reach!"

Walter Q. Seabrook was formerly a bank clerk in Mt. Vernon, N. Y. The first position he secured on the stage was at a very low salary, and he sometimes found it difficult to make ends meet. A Wall Street broker owed him a little money, and one day Seabrook went to see him with the intention of collecting. While patiently waiting in an ante-room for an interview, another gentleman, evidently a stranger, came in in some what of a hurry and asked, "Excuse me, are you the broker?" "No," replied Seabrook doggedly, "but I'm the fellow that is broke!"

When Henry E. Dixey was playing at the Gaiety Theatre in London he gave a very successful and artistic impersonation of Henry Irving, the popular English tragedian. A certain section of the Cockney play-goers resented Dixey's burlesque, clever as it was, to make fun of Henry Irving seemed almost sacrilegious. Said one bitter critic to Dixey, sarcastically, "But of course you are bound to introduce that part, as your caricature of Irving is the only 'meat' you have in the play." "Yes, that's so," replied Adonis sadly, "and I'm bound to make game of him, you see!"

De Wolf Hopper, of "Wang" and "Panjandum" fame, as those who have seen him will remember, possesses a pair of wonderfully long legs, which he uses to good purpose in his grotesque and amusing dances. On one occasion the comedian had to travel from the depot to his hotel in the regular stage, which was nearly crowded. The man opposite to Hopper complained loudly about the latter's knees and rather rudely exclaimed, "Your darned legs fill the whole car. That's nothing," replied Hopper cheerfully, "they frequently fill the whole house!"

JOHN KINGSTON.

Reciprocity.

Jiggy Jones and I, perforce, were friends of long years standing. With a friendship still expanding by continued intercourse. Till we met a lovely creature Like an angel from above, Beautiful in every feature— With her we both fell in love. Jimmy won her—won her fairly, Though I strove to get her hand With such loving words as rarely I was able to command. Jimmy married her, and placed her In a mansion next to mine. When her bridal costume graced her—Heavens how I envied Jim! Years have passed, and I'm still single, Fancy free, enjoying life. With my friends I dally mingle All unmoved by worldly strife. Jimmy's grown quite this and weary, Quite a saddened man to see. Married life to him is dreary— Mercy, how he envies me!

FRANK PERRETT.

Some Notes on Etiquette.

Don't walk in a stooping posture in public places. It shows bad form.

Never pass bad money in a street car. It is not *in vogue* to the conductor.

Don't pick your teeth before company. Go pick them by yourself and pick the best you can get for the money.

It is bad taste to eat peas with a knife, but the peas will taste just as good.

Do not try to kiss strange ladies on the street or you might get a return smack.

Don't write letters to any girl but your own. Courting is all right, but not breach-of-promise courting.

Do not speak insolently to a bigger man than yourself or the result may be striking.

Never eat or drink more than you can carry. You are liable to give yourself a weight.

Do not sit opposite a lady in a public conveyance. She is likely to look cross at you.

It is not correct to swear before ladies. If they want to swear first, let them do it.

Don't try to have the last word, especially with your wife. That is her prerogative.

Never strike a man when he is down. When he gets up again he might knock the stuffing out of you.

Don't say "No, thank you," when a fellow offers you a 25-cent cigar. It is rude, besides being untruthful. C. S. Both Alike.

JERSEY.—What became of the rascal who bit a piece out of Chumley's arm? MEADOWS.—He was bound over to keep the peace. And what did they do to Chumley's arm? That was bound over to keep the piece too!

Not Good Enough.

"Keep your own counsel!" the words are a warning To all who are apt to be free with the tongue. Do not such wish admission be scoring— Ponder it deeply, life a duties among.

"Keep your own counsel!" the motto is chiefly Meant for the people who chatter too loud, A bit of advice that is given quite briefly To speak not too much of yourself in a crowd.

"Keep your own counsel!" 'tis wiser and better Not to talk much of your private affairs, Gossip is certain to be the begueter Of doubts and misgivings, of troubles and cares.

"Keep your own counsel!"—that is, if you're Mine charges very extravagant fees, And I doubt if he'd satiated feel at my table, Or whether my bank-book his wants could appease.

JOHN H. TRICE.

What She Says When Kissed.

Boston girl—Mr. Bunkerhill, your conduct shocks me beyond utterance. New York girl—Thanks awfully, don't you know.

Philadelphia girl—Are you sure nobody saw us? Baltimore girl—Dear George! Washington girl—Well, I suppose I'll have to pardon you.

Pittsburg girl—Oh Harry! Cincinnati girl—What bad form! Indianapolis girl—Ah, there! Chicago girl—More! More! Detroit girl—Well, I declare! Louisville girl—Yum, yum!

St. Louis girl—How shocking! Nashville girl—Oo! Oo! Atlanta girl—Golly! New Orleans girl—Oh, my! Kan. City girl—Breakaway, there! Denver girl—Gosh!

San Francisco girl—Rats! Texas girl—Whoop! Every girl—Oh, don't!

Bad Thing to Walk On. JOE.—Talk about fasting! Why Jilkins walked 27 miles the other day on an empty stomach!

Stink Her Up. "Do you think I am a nice girl?" asked Edith of her lover, as she leaned her 160 pounds on him while they sat in the armchair.

Smiling Room Needed. The fellow who laughs in his sleeve Should have, we must presume, If we the statement would believe, A lot of "elbow room."

It is Given Him. The judge may be in greatest haste, The jury be quite hurried, The counsel have no time to waste And the witnesses be flurried, The ushers and spectators, too, May think delay a crime, But the convict one thing has to do And that is, "take his time."

A Pressing Engagement. MAUD—Just look at Arthur kissing and hugging his cousin Julia! MAMIE—Yes, I knew they were un-friendly.

A Unique Firm. JACKSON—I am dealing exclusively at Neverblow's now. It is the most reliable house in the country to-day.

In the Green Room. LEADING GENT.—The stage manager has cast that new fellow for Hamlet.

Low Comedian.—What on earth for? "He said he was hungry for bread, so they gave him a heavy role."

Facts About the Heart

Surprising as it may seem, diseases of two of the most vital portions of the human body have received but little attention from medical writers and investigators. They are those of the heart and nervous system. The former is the hardest worked organ of the body, whose duty it is to keep every part of the human frame constantly supplied with the vital fluid called the blood, and the moment this important organ ceases to beat death ensues, while in the nervous system reside not only the mind but the seat of life, and upon its condition depend the health and activity of the whole or a part of the body. So delicate is the nervous system and so intimately is it connected with the heart, that the prick of a needle, in the upper portion of the nerve which controls the action of the heart are located, will cause instant death.

Weakness and diseases of this organ are therefore exceedingly important, as well as common. High authorities state that one person in four has a defective heart, while those of a whole family are often imperfect, and what is more surprising is that two-thirds of the persons thus affected are not aware of the fact, but in their ignorance, attribute the symptoms of a diseased heart, such as shortness of breath, palpitation, pain in the chest, etc., to other causes. And what is more strange still, physicians commonly make the same mistake. In the first stages of heart disease they almost universally fall into this fatal error, because too little is taught concerning this all important organ in our medical colleges. The symptoms of heart disease are given below, and should be carefully read by everyone.

Seriously a daily paper can be found that does not contain a notice of the sudden death, from heart disease, of some prominent person who was stricken down without warning while apparently in the best of health and bodily vigor. But this condition was all apparent; premonitory symptoms had long existed but were not recognized, or were attributed to some other affection, as were those of General Sheridan in his first attack, when physicians treated him for derangement of the stomach, but which subsequently proved to be organic disease of the heart. Few physicians are aware of the fact that heart disease is a frequent cause of functional and organic disorders of the stomach, lungs and kidneys. Few persons die of chronic disease of the heart whose stomachs, if examined, would not be found to be affected. The frequent and fatal error is in mistaking the effect for the cause.

The heart is a hollow muscle situated between the lungs, a little to the left of the centre of the chest. In the adult it is about five inches long, three and a half wide and two and a half thick. The average weight in man is three-fourths of a pound, while in woman it is two-thirds. It is divided into halves, the right and the left. Each side is sub-divided into two cavities.

The right side of the heart receives the dark blood from the veins of the body, and forces it into the lungs to become purified by coming in contact with the air. While in the lungs the blood throws off carbonic acid gas and absorbs oxygen. This process changes the dark red blood to a bright red. It then returns to the heart, entering the left side; from thence it is forced through the arteries to all parts of the body. The heart contains four sets of valves. Two of these separate the upper and lower cavities of each side. These, like the valve, or sucker in a pump, perform an important duty. From this necessarily brief descrip-

tion it will be seen that this important organ is quite a complicated machine, and like all other complicated apparatus may readily get out of order, which, experience shows, it often does. Yes, a great deal often than people usually imagine. A little investigation will convince any one that there is ample reason why it should, when it is remembered that the heart is but a hollow muscle, and by far the most wonderful and important in the body, and that it works incessantly from the beginning to the end of life. Day and night it labors without rest, performing such an enormous amount of work as to be almost beyond belief. Physiologists inform us that with each pulsation, or contraction, of the heart, it exerts 50 pounds of force, which amounts to 3,500 a minute, 216,000 an hour, and the inconceivable number of 5,184,000 in a single day! Now, it is necessary that all this vast amount of labor should be done, and well done, every day. If not, the health will surely suffer in consequence of the least failure on the part of the heart to perform its duties.

When it is remembered that the lungs are often weak, as are the eyes, stomach, liver, kidneys, and in fact every organ, is it at all surprising that such a hard worked organ as this one should also become weak or diseased? Again, is it astonishing that when injured by overwork, when exhausted by the use of coffee, tobacco and other heart stimulants, or by tight clothing, which interferes with its expansion, rendering its labors more difficult, or by many other causes that might be given, would such permit, that the heart becomes weak or diseased? Nor is it strange that, when thus weakened and exhausted it should suddenly give out in consequence of any undue mental or physical strain, and the possessor drop dead. This can perhaps be intelligently explained by comparing it with the eye.

Contrary to the general supposition, heart disease is readily benefited by judicious treatment as disease of any other organ. When people learn to recognize the symptoms of this dread destroyer, they will then readily discover that there are as many defective hearts as there are eyes, lungs, stomachs, kidneys and wombs. It therefore behooves everybody to carefully investigate this interesting and important subject.

There are two classes of heart disease: First, the nervous or functional. Second, the organic, those in which the form or substance of the heart is changed. These two classes are not, as the majority of physicians suppose, distinctly separated from each other. The nervous class is, according to Dr. Miles' extensive experience in treating heart disease, often only the first stage of the organic class. Or, at least, nervous heart troubles, are so frequently followed, in the course of time, by the worst and most fatal forms of disease as to show that nervous affections strongly predispose to form the first stage of the disease. Dr. Miles has kept for years careful record of the cases treated by him. It includes inherited tendencies and the very first symptoms of weakness of the heart observed by the patients. Of thousands of cases thus recorded by the Doctor, most of the worst ones began with the nervous symptoms, which physicians decided were merely due to the stomach or liver.

All who experience any of the following symptoms should promptly secure relief.

Shortness of Breath, Fluttering or Palpitation, Pains in Left Breast, Side, Shoulder or Arm, Neuralgia or Intermittent Pains, Oppressed Feeling in Chest, Choking Sensation in Throat, Weak or Hungry Spells, Dreaming or Nightmare, Smothering Spells, Difficult or Asthmatic Breathing, Swelling of the Feet or Ankles, etc., etc.

is incurable according to most doctors, but recent discoveries have proved that the contrary is true. In medical knowledge there has been rapid progress, the acme of success was reached in the discovery of

DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE, which not only relieves heart troubles of every kind promptly, but in almost every case effects a permanent cure. Letters are being daily received testifying to the marvelous cures that it has made in cases where the sufferers had been given up to die. No matter how bad or chronic the case may be, "where there is Dr. Miles' Heart Cure there is hope." For sale by all druggists at \$1 per bottle, or will be sent on receipt of price, prepaid, by the

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WRITE for Dr. Miles' Book on Nervous and Heart Diseases entitled "New and Startling Facts." Everyone should have and read it. Address the President of the DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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