A PHETTY GOOD WORLD

Pretty good world if you take it all round-Pretty good world, good people! Better be on than be under the ground-Pretty good world, good people! Better be here where the skies are blue as the eyes of your sweetheart a-smilin's

you—

Better than lyin' 'neath daisies and dew
Pretty good world, good people!

Pretty good world with its hopes and its fears—
Pretty good world, good people!
Sun twinkles bright through the rain of its

tears—
Pretty good world, good people!
Better be here, where the pathway you

know—
Where the thorn's in the garden where sweet roses grow,
Than to rest where you feel not the fall o' the snow—
Pretty good world, good people!

Pretty good world! Let us sing it that

Pretty good world, good people!

Make up your mind that you're in it to

At least, for a season, good people!
Pretty good world, with its dark and its bright—
Pretty good world, with its love and its light;

Sing it that way till you whisper: "Good-

Pretty good world, good people!

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution



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CHAPTER XXV .- CONTINUED.

I looked sharply at the third man, expecting some word from him, but he shifted his eye from mine, giving me something like a sneer and shrugging his bony shoulders, but vouchsafing nothing in the way of words. He was a dogged looking rascal, with a broad, red scar across nose and cheek, a saber slash without doubt. Rawboned and light of weight, he looked like a sleeping cat as he lolled against the upright, his lack of brute strength probably balanced by great activity. balanced by great activity.

balanced by great activity.

"Come, lads!" said I, ignoring the attitude of the silent man, "I'll be frank with you. I'm Donald Thorndyke, of the American forces. The schooner was taken by me single-handed, and the Sprite is beyond all bearings. Lounsbury is overboard, there are two sick in the cabin, and the surgeon is at my mercy. So are you if you abide not by the terms I offer. The schooner is in danger, and unless you turn out 'tis like you'll find the forecastle a coffin. If I make no mistake, we're in for a waft that will ganger, and unless you turn out its may you'll find the forecastle a coffin. If I make no mistake, we're in for a waft that will come night to blowing us out of water if we don't roll our spars out before. Get on deck and work the schooner under my command cuntil we make Holmes Hole in the Vine-yard, an' when you set foot ashore you are free men. I have no rations and no water. The scuttle but thas launched itself overboard, and I am afraid of the supply in the forehold. There's not a shilling in it for any of you, but 'tis a fair way of escaping the king's navy without deserting, for I'll put you on parole. I tell you, lads, I'm a bad one to foul, but you'll find I have an easy thelm and never miss stays if handled honestly. Now choose betwitt this hole and the deck, and choose in a hurry! If you are to save neck and freedom, throw down your knives as a sign; I've no more time to waste."

The two who had spoken looked askant each at the other, and the knife of the original spokesman fell to the deck. As the hand of the Yankee sought the sheath the third man spoke, unfolding his arms and seconding like thunder as he gave vent to his woords.

"Ye two be domned fools to be trustin ** two be domined fools to be trustin ** rebel an' runnin' yez head into th' noose. Be yez a couple o' babbys not to mark his firearm is useless wi' th' wet? 'Ee's in our 'ands! Wot's to 'inder our takin' the craft an' gettin' th' price that lies on the 'ead of this 'ere—"

He got no further. I strode up to him and snapped my fingers in his face, then, thrusting my eyes close to his, I thundered:

thrusting my eyes close to his, I thundered:

"On deck with ye, ye blatherskite! I'll
see that ye sing a tune with old iron in it
ere sunrise to-morrow! On deck, I tell ye!"
Notwithstanding the din already existing in the forecastle, my voice rose far above
it, its violence and the suddenness of my
move making the man shrink back as though
frightened. But he was not cowed. Gathering himself, he uttered a curse and sprang
past me, placing himself 'twixt me and the
ladder; then whipping out his knife, he
called aloud to his companions: called aloud to his companions:

"Take th' chance, lads, while yet we 'ave 'im! 'Twill be th' makin' o' us, an' 'tis fafty puns to each! Stand by, bullies! we'll make meat o' th' cussed spy!—Up, Larry, an' close the 'atch on 'im! I'll 'old the

His action and outspoken hostility was so sudden as to take me by surprise, and, had the others responded to his call, it would surely have gone hard with me. But instead of springing to the succor of their mate, they remained standing as though the mate, they remained standing as though the quick shifting of the situation had for the moment dazed them. The earnestness of the fellow's purpose showed in the rapid change that came over his face. From a sulky expression it had altered to one of wide-awake ferocity, and the listless droop of arms and shoulders given place to tense runseles, and required chest through the muscles and rounded chest, through the hairiness of which the perspiration stood

Even with this menace before me I could but think what a simple fool the man was. Instead of quietly following my lead and getting me at a disadvantage, he had chosen to beard me against the odds of my cutlass and the lukewarmness of his mates. At the same time, it was no case for argument, nor twould it do to temporize an instant. Ere the promise of reward for my capture or the easy chance to regain control of the schooner could act upon the slowly maying minds. easy chance to regain control of the schoon-er could act upon the slowly moving minds of the well-disposed seamen, I had nipped the mutiny (if it could be so called), and had the ringleader begging for mercy. Without drawing my cutlass, I advanced

mpon the fellow as though to close with him. I mind me now that he was left-handed, and, as the fist holding the knife swayed aloft and came down, I seized its wrist and with a violent turn whipped his elbow out of joint as one twists the leg from a well-cooked fowl. As my hand stayed his he clutched my throat with his right, but as his joint garted he gave a howl of agony, dropped the senife and my collar at once, and sank to his knees roaring like a bull.

Physically the man had been no match

knees roaring like a bull.

Physically the man had been no match for me, and I might have hammered the

He from him and met with little opposition or resistance. Holding him for a brief space, that my power might impress his companions as well as himself, I dropped

companions as well as nimsen, I dropped him, and he sank to the deck with a moan that made me almost regret my act. But the demands of war, self-preserva-tion, pride, and the safety of others leave little latitude for the sentiment of pity in time of action. Had I in anger alone disjointed the groaning man my conscience (which, thank God, has never been seared into inactivity) might have upbraided me, but now I felt no great pang of remorse as I sprang up the ladder, calling the two to

If the plucky resistance of the disabled seaman had impressed the others, such impression seemed to have disappeared as they came with me into the air above. Like owls suddenly brought into sunshine, they blinked in the now broadened light, and, hanging on to the halyards of the foremast, and with plain interests the tunnit paging on to the naiyards of the foremast, gazed with plain interest at the tunult about them. Sailors though they were, I would have wagered that never had they faced such a sight from so small a craft, and this was made certain when the man named Larry bawled at me, while for a mo-

named Larry bawled at me, while for a moment I gripped the same rope with him:

"Barrin' an ease o' breath, ye might as well ha' left us below. The craft can't live long this way here. 'Tis a matter o' wind or Davy Jones, an' ye had better whistle for the first, let it come high or low. Belay all, an' stand by!"

an' stand by!"

His exclamation was caused by a sudden jerk of the schooner, followed by a sidelong dip, and a whole green sea came aboard over the starboard bow. The full force of it was broken by the house on the forecastle hatch, but the bulk swept over all obstacles like a starboard starboard starboard starboard starboard starboard starboard. like a cascade, and, rising to our hips, drove us clear of the deck in a twinkling. In a bunch we hung on to the halyards until the rush subsided and let our feet come to the planking once more. I saw the flood sweep aft and foam over the break of the sweep aft and foam over the break of the poop, while torrents poured down the galley and into the forecastle. It was the worst drenching the craft had yet experienced, and a few more such visitors would send enough water into the hold to make her loggy, and that would have been the last straw, as I guessed the pumps to be useless for want of care. Had I had a full crew, nothing could have been done to ease our state or render our position less perilous. The fact that the seas were now more boisterous, though the calm had lasted above an hour, told me that a vicious force was boisterous, though the calm had lasted above an hour, told me that a vicious force was still at work over the breast of the ocean. Though the sun might have been fairly up by this, there was no certainty of the fact, for the light was a greenish gray, and the clouds hung low and in furrows, fold on fold, to where the horizon was blotted out in a thick foglike haze. No land was in sight,

a thick foglike haze. No land was in sight, and all about nothing showed save the hellish turmoil of the sea and the 'lowering menace of the sky above.

How long the schooner might have lived thus there can be no surety, and even to me, knowing as I did the soundness of each beam, rib and treenail, it was a wonder she had thus far held her spars and timbers so heavely.

bravely.

But she had no longer to test a broadmide battering. Having at present nothing
to fear from the men (for even had they been given to plotting it were against human na given to picting it were against numan na-ture to strike at me while death threatened all), I was about descending into the cabin after ordering the two to take the limp sur-geon forward and stow him in a bunk. For a moment I stood and watched them careening along the deck with their burden, won ing along the deck with their burden, won-dering if it were wise to allow them to come in contact with their disabled mate. I saw the passage made in safety and turned to go my way when, on casting my eye over the taffrail, I beheld a wall of spray tearing slong the sea off the starboard quarter. The line of its advance was as clear as that of a thunder gust, and I had barely time to cast loose the main sheet and raise my voice when the squall struck us. Terrible as was its appearance, it had not the weight of the blast that had opened the ball the night before, but it heeled us far on our beam's ends, while sea after sea planted themselves blast that had opened the ball the night before, but it heeled us far on our beam's ends, while sea after sea planted themselves against the bilge and rolled on deck until I cared we would founder under the sheer pounding of the brine. Like lightning the boom had flashed to larboard, and that apar with most of its canvas lay on the waves. I had grasped the wheel and hung on for my life. It seemed that we would never right again, and I was watching the flood pouring over us when, with a clap like the discharge of a cannon, the staysail burst, a cloud of rags blowing away to leeward like wads from a gun. The very angle of the vessel saved her from carrying the tons of water that had beaten in, and, as the headsail let go, as an animal goaded to desperation, the Phantom rose and, gathering way, fled before the gale.

We fled before the gale, and like the spinning spoondrift picked up by the wind and scattered broadcast without form or consistence so also fled my notice of details. Of the three terrible days during which this storm lasted I mind me only of a few poignant facts standing out against a background of remembered misery. The second stage of the tempest was fierer by far than was the first, and the wind came from a quarter almost exactly opposite the point from which it broke on the night of August

quarter almost exactly opposite the point from which it broke on the night of August 11—namely, southeast. And with it came rain—a pent-up deluge that laced the sea and sky with parallel lines like strings of polished steel wire. While we held the wind astern it was endurable, but later, when we have just the gale one of the good of the strength of the gale. bore into the gale, one's face could not suffer long exposure to the blast that drove th liquid pellets before it like volleys of buck

We had not held our way for long when it became plain that to escape by running was impossible, as the following seas reached was impossible, as the following seas reached a height and speed that threatened to poop the schooner at any moment. It had finally came to laying to or being wrecked out of hand, and every opening in the vessel was closed as tightly as possible in preparation for the move.

It was an anxious moment when the manuver it come about was made. Each one was the contraction of the move.

neuver to come about was made. Each one was lashed to his post, and, when I gave the order to jam down the helm, I knew that

order to jam down the heim, I knew that salvation or destruction might lie in the coming brief minute.

The wind with which we had been fleeing fell as we struck the trough of the sea, the mountainous billows making a fair lee to the deal. deck. I had closed my eyes as the wheel deck. I had closed my eyes as the wheel flew over, and when from an instant of comparative calm the gallant vessel rose and I felt the solid blast in my face instead of on my back, I shouted a thanksgiving, and in the eestasy of my relief from long nervous tension shook hands with the sailor by my side as though he had been my lifelong friend instead of an enemy or whose death I had instead of an enemy on whose death I had

determined the night before.

Even though we were safely hove into the wind the gale so increased in force as to make it impossible to carry even a double-reefed mainsail, and there were no means at hand for further reduction of canvas saving to take all in. I met the difficulty by making a sea anchor of the wreck of the top hamper, binding the mass together and heaving it overboard with a line attached, then, by stripping the vessel of its last rag, to this drag we rode across the fearful billows with less straining, now pointing squarely into the wind's eye. determined the night before.

But, though the Phantom's antics were educed in violence and we existed in com parative comfort, the schooner was far from

reduced in violence and we existed in comparative comfort, the schooner was far from being secure, since the whole seas that rose and combed over the bows threatened again and again to swamp the craft, for, ere her scuppers could relieve her of the terrible weight of water from one wave, another would follow and tear aft, at times driving her bow fairly under. There was nothing to do but knock away great sections of the bulwarks to give free drainage to the flood, and, this done, we could but stand and wait for what fate had in store.

It was when we were thus driven to inaction that one life was lost. I was standing by the wheel, drenched, exhausted, and fast falling into my former state of dull apathy. The galley doors had been fastened to keep out the water, and the forecastle hatch was closed, though not secured. Larry and the New Bedford man were close to me, crouched in the lee cabin house. To go forward was to court death, and, though the quarter was no place for a seaman off duty, all attempts at discipline and sea etiquette had given way before the common danger, and both men kept aft to be clear of the rush of the sea.

In a half-dreamy way I was conning the horizon dead ahead when I saw the fore-

In a half-dreamy way I was conning the horizon dead ahead when I saw the forecastle door open and the man who had defied me step to the deck at an interval when for a moment the deluge had subsided. He was suffering agony from his wrenched arm, for his face was working, and he held the wounded limb in his right hand. The pain of it had probably driven him to desperation, or reduced his spirit into getting aft and seeking possible relief to his torment. Behind him appeared the head and part of the body of the now sobered surgeon, at whose advice he had doubtless taken the reckless step of leaving the forecastle. The man in advance seemed dazed, for he hesitated and almost fell as the head of the schooner rose to a billow, but with an effort he turned toward me and staggered a step forward. At that instant I saw a huge sea lifting ahead, its ridge tottering to a fall, its fine crest rent by the wind, blowing to leeward like smoke, and as I marked it I threw up one hand and shouted to the man to get back. Whether he understood or not I shall never know, for ere he had gotten abreast the foremast the vicious roller boarded the schooner with a roar and at once the fellow disappeared. I saw him a In a half-dreamy way I was conning the gotten abreast the foremast the viceous ron-er boarded the schooner with a roar and at once the fellow disappeared. I saw him a second later borne swiftly along the deck toward the bulkhead passage, and before one could shout "Man overboard!" he was went into the sea as a bucket of water would have swept away a chip. Again I marked him drifting sternward on the crest of a wave, with one hand in the air, as in appeal, his set, white face looking like paper as he gave a last terror-stricken glance at me and a short wheard says by his Maker. and a shout unheard save by his Maker.



To lift a finger for his rescue was beyond all but Divine power, and, though he was no more than the boom's length from me, he was as fairly seized by death as though clutched by a satal malady.

CHAPTER XXV. A RESPITE.

It was a tragic episode, but I had seen so much tragedy crowded into my life for the past few days that this quick and probably painless passing of a human soul made in my state but little impression. I looked for the doctor, but saw the doors of the forecastle fast closed, and afterward found that the force of the water had slammed them on him, knocking him from the ladder to the deck below. A pity it was that there and then it had not been he instead of my plucky enemy who had first planted foot to come aft. Better for my subsequent happiness would it have been if, instead of the sailor, that red-faced drunkard had choked in the element he so despised. It was a tragic episode, but I had seen se in the element he so despised.

The heaving into the wind and the drow

ing of the seaman were the only events which roused my blood to a heat which make the details stand out in memory. I might tell of the sufferings of Ames and Gertrude tell of the suiterings of Ames and certrude King, and of their utter indifference and total abandonment to what appeared cer-tain destruction, but it would be useless. The greatest agony of either sprang from seasickness and its attending miseries. There seasickness and its attending miseries. Inere was not one of us who thought of food, which was probably fortunate, as our stock brought on board was brine-soaked and ruined. Even my toughened self and thre tougher sailors bost heart and stomach in the deadening nausea that gradually seized us and kept its hold. The doctor, imprisoned forward by the seas and too cowardly. oned forward by the seas, and too coward; to show his head after his one attempt to to show his head after his one attempt to come aft, might have been in another world for all we heard or saw of him. The last drop of stimulant had gone, and with it had gone the last of even fictitious spirits. An unshakable apathy clutched our company, and, save that one lurch of the vessel was and, save that one lurch of the vessel was of greater violence than another, nothing marked the events of hours. Fear had passed; anxiety was dead; day and night were meaningless terms. We were only waiting the final stroke, a wrench, an open seam, and then the blessed end.

Mechanically I placed rain-soaked cloths on the wounded ribs of my friend and on the gashed head of his sister, and offered to them rain water squeezed from a square

them rain water squeezed from a square cloth of canvas. It was not because my in-terest in either ran high; friendship for one and love for the other had fallen with my nerve force into a latent state, and I bar ly responded to their needs—to my own I responded not at all. Mechanically I went responded not at all. Mechanically I went to the deck, only to meet the same lead overhead and the same towering majesty of water, neither of which impressed me (for I was far past being impressed) more than I have since been by a flat calm. The pitiless rain in my face and eyes would rouse in me a dull sense of discomfort, just as a sleeping child unconsciously resents dis-turbance, but that was all. I would go be-low, meeting the lack-inster eyes of the sail-ors, who had also sought shelter in the

cabin, azd the deathlike forms of the two on the floor, and feel that we were all sink-ing into the languor of starvation and pro-

longed strain.

By the end of the third day the Phan By the end of the third day the Phantom was practically a floating wreck, though for all I could see not a line had parted, nor a spar, other than the topmast, been displaced. But there was no longer a buoyant lift to her bows, and the seas ran dangerously near the level of the deck—a fact that plainly spoke of water in the hold, it having drained from above or leaked between her strained planks. There had been no attempt at pumping, for no man could have stood at the brakes in the deluge that came aboard, and now we were settling, helped aboard, and now we were settling, helped migheily by the nature of our cargo. But the knowledge of it gave me no trouble, nor was there a comment made on the fact, though to three of us at least the conditions were clearly apparent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAST GLORY.

The Moral Effect the Ruins of Copar Have Upon the Visiting Traveler.

In 1576 Don Diego Garcia de Palacio, an officer of the king of Spain, jour-neying from Guatemala to San Pedro, passed through the ruins of Copan, and in a letter to Philip II.—a letter that is still preserved in the British museum—describes what he saw there. His description is such as might be written to-day by any intelligent traveler; the buildings were in complete ruin and the Indians who lived in the vicinity were unable to give him any enlight enment concerning them. Yet this was only 46 years after the expedition of

There is but one reasonable conclusion—the city was abandoned and in ruins long before the arrival of the Spaniards; all tradition concerning it was lost, and its name forgotten. Its glory was never beheld by Europeans. Could we conceive of that privile having been theirs, what would have been their astonishment, when, issuing from the rocky passes and dangerou defiles of the cordilleras, they first beheld the vision of this enchanted valley with its guardian city? Standing in such a situation and gazing on that scene in its present aspect, clothed in the melancholy charm of the wilderness, I was filled with admiration at the consciousness of what must have been, from the beauty of the situation and the barbaric grandeur of its architecture, the effect of that proud city in

its prime.

The moral effect of all these ruins on the traveler who sojourns among them is not easily described. They have an atmosphere that is not shared by any other ruins in the world. The silence of the tomb pervades them. The solemn and sympathetic shade of the for-est wraps them like the sacred dead as in a shroud of living verdure, where clinging moss and ferns, as though in pity, seem to hide what time has worn away. — Bulletin of American Geographical Society.

GAINED HIS POINT.

"Chronic Kicker" Who by Queen Reasoning Got What He

Some years ago an Irishman named Pat Noonan had a vegetable stand in one of the city markets. Pat was a chronic kicker for what he considered "his rights," and at the same time about as shrewd and witty a specimen of the Emerald islander as could be found in a week's travel, outside of the "ould dart;" and no matter how awk-ward a predicament he found himself in his mental quickness generally showed him a way out.

One day he was complaining to the superintendent of the market that the rent of his stall was altogether too high, and after giving various reasons why is should be materially reduced, he wound up by solemnly declaring that he was losing at least a thousand dollars a year.

"Well, Pat, if that's the case," said the superintendent, dryly, "I'd advise you to sell out and quit the business at You certainly can't afford to keep on if you are running behind a thousand dollars a year."

"Shure, an' I know it," said Pat, philosophically; "the business is ruinin' me intoirely, but I moight ez well sthick to it now that I'm at it. I've got to do somethin' to make a livin', an' if I quit sellin' cabbages an' praties an start at some other thrade I moight be afther losin' more yet, I dunno."

The superintendent concluded

lower Mr. Noonan's rent and allow him to remain in the vegetable business. N. Y. World.

Gordon's Courage

Sir W. H. Russell, the veteran was correspondent, tells this characteristic story of Gordon: During the Crimean war there was a sortie and the Russians actually reached the English trench. Gordon stood on the parapet, in great danger of his life, with nothing save his stick in his hand, encouraging the soldiers to drive out the Russians. "Gordon," they cried; "come down!
You'll be killed!" But he took no notice. soldier who was near said: all right: 'e don't mind being killed 'E's one of those blessed Christians!"-Youth's Companion.

The Continent of Platenus. Africa is the most elevated of all the

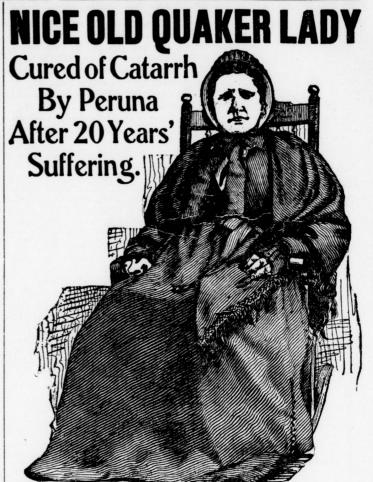
continent. It is the "continent of plateaus." The great tableland in the south has a mean altitude of over 3,500 feet; the wide tableland on the north has an average devation of about 1,300

Effect of His Tools "There is seldom any point to what he writes," said Triplett.

"He nearly always uses a stub pen," explained Twynn.—Detroit Free Press

Teacher (in grammar)-Now, Johnny if your brother says he loves his teach er, what is teat?

Johnnie.-A lie.-N. Y. World.



MRS. POLLY EVANS, A LIFE-LONG FRIEND OF PERUNA.

"My wife (Polly J. Evans) says she feels entirely cured of systemic catarrh of twenty years' standing. She took nearly six bottles of thy excellent medicine, Peruna, as directed, and we feel very thankful to the for thy kindness and advice. She did not expect to be so well as she is now. Twelve years ago it cured her of la grippe. I want to tell thee there has been a great deal of Peruna used here last winter. Peruna does not need praising. It tells for itself. We can and do recommend it to anyone that is afflicted with catarrh." John Evans, South Wabash, Ind.

As ever, thy friend,

When catarrh has reached the chronic membranes of the whole body. It prowhen catarrh has reached the chronic stage, of course it has gone beyond the reach of all local remedies. Nothing but a systemic remedy can reach it. Peruna is the only remedy yet devised to meet such cases. Peruna eradicates catarrh from the system. It does its work quietly, but surely. It cleanses the mucous of the whole body. It produces regular functions. Peruna restores perfect health in a natural way. No one should neglect to procure one for the whole body. It produces regular functions. Peruna restores perfect health in a natural way. No one should neglect to procure one form the system. It does its work quietly, but surely. It cleanses the mucous of the whole body. It produces regular functions. Peruna restores perfect health in a natural way. No one should neglect to procure one form the system. It does its work quietly, but surely. It cleanses the mucous of the whole body.

A Competent Defense.

The homeliest man in congress is Eddy, of Minnesota. He rather glories in the distinction of ugliness, especially as all his other characteristics are enviable. During his last campaign the enemics of Mr. Eddy charged him with being double-faced. He met the charge in a manner that disarmed all criticism. "Great heavens," said Mr. Eddy to his audience, "do you think that if I had two faces I would wear the one I am showing you now?"—Argonaut.

Criticising a Professor.

A professor of English literature in the Kansas university once posted this notice: "In communicating with themselves the students will whisper as often as possible." He was horrified next morning to find this written under his notice: "That is to say, talk to yourself in whispers as much as you can."—Chicago Chronicle.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Flat Comfort.

Mrs. Flatte—What do you suppose they re leaving a load of ice down at the door

are leaving a load of ice down at the door for?

Mr. Flatte—Why, that's what they heat the flat with, isn't it?—Detroit Free Press.

Florida, West Indies and Central America. Florida. West Indies and Central America.

The facilities of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad for handling tourists and travelers destined for all points in Florida, Cuba, Porto Rico, Central America, or for Nassau, are unsurpassed. Double daily lines of sleeping cars are run from Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago and St. Louis through Jacksonville to interior Florida points, and to Miami, Tampa and New Orleans, the ports of embarkation for the countries mentioned. For folders, etc., write Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

No word is oftener on the lips of men than "friendship," and, indeed, no thought is more familiar to their aspirations. All men are dreaming of it. It is the secret of the universe.—Thoreau.

There are no accurate statistics of the total number of persons engaged in library work in the United States toan average of two employes to each library would indicate at least 16,000 such persons. Probably three-fifths of these are women.

The eccentricity of genius is one thing; the foolishness of mediocrity quite another. It is one thing to have your farm muddy now and then; another to have it all swamp.—Hudor Genone.

An All-Year Resort.

An All-Year Resort.
The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark., opens March 1, 1900. A most desirable, attractive and convenient resort for health and pleasure seekers. Ideal climate, pure sparkling water, best accommodations. Through Sleepers via Frisco Line. Write for particulars to Manager Hotel or to any representative of Frisco Line.

Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?—Oliver Wendell

Florida and Cuba.

Write to J. C. Tucker, G. N. Agent, Big Four Route, 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ills., for full information as to Low Rate Excursion tickets to all Winter Resorts in the South-east, via Cincinnati, Louisville, Asheville, Atlanta, Jacksonville and East and West coasts of Florida, as may be desired.

Silent neighbors make a desirable neigh-borhood.—Chicago Daily News.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Colds. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. A man is seldom sidetracked to success.-Chicago Dispatch.

A Blessing.—Topeka has a deaf mute bar-

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Leroy,
N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It
cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen,
aching feet. It makes New or tight shoes
easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoestores sell it. 25c.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase.—Colton.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Some people enjoy any weather but the kind prevailing.—Chicago Dispatch.

"Shallow Brooks Are Often Noisy."

You have headache, backache, eruptions or kidney troubles, or "that tired feeling." These are the shallow brooks with their noise. Seek the source of the brook and it is deep and quiet. The source of illness is impure blood. America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is Nature's own means of cleansing the entire system. It has no

superior, no equal, only imitators,

Debility—"My system was all run
down. I had blackheads and that tired feeling. I began taking Hood's Sarsapa-





