MANHOOD.

*He stands the test where souls are tried,
And truest honor finds,
Who conquers, manfully, the pride
That rules in feebler minds;
Who seeks not rest in life's career,
Nor yet beyond the grave;
Whose heaven is duty's noblest sphere—
Not that which idlers crave.

*He covets not the lordling's place,
Nor vainly strives to scan
'The Master's mind, but asks for grace
To do the best he can.
His peace not torpor of the soul,
But harmony within—
Renouncing self to reach the goal
And triumph over sin.

Once on the plow his hand he lays, His eye ne'er backward turns; Fortune he seeks in virtue's ways,

Meekly he takes life's daily tasks As part of Heaven's great plan; This boon—aught else denied—he asks, To be a manly man. Angels attend on such an one, And stars their courses move

To light his pathway to the throne
And garnish it with love.

John Troland, in Springfield Republican.



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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

On the night of August 14 I went below, fully expecting that but a few hours would elapse ere we went to the bottom. Once in awhile my vitality would assert itself, and a quick apprehension, a living sensibility, would shoot through me like a running flash of driving sparks in burned-out tinder, but without enough heat or force to rout me to action. I slept heavily, as one sleeps in the fumes of burning charcoal, dead to harm or happiness, and was waked from a dream of feasting by the sound of a report like that made by a bursting sail. Half conscious I crawled to the deck to see what had happened. The dawn was well forward, a strip of bright sky of pearly clearness heralding the sun which was already scattering the clouds aloft. Patches of the deepest blue, flecked with fine vapor like clotted cream sailing far above the rap-CHAPTER XXIV .- CONTINUED.

like clotted cream sailing far above the rapdidy dissolving storm wrack, foretold fine weather. The wind had sunk to a most a calm, and was blowing a soft warm breath from the west. The sea was a vast series of hills and valleys, their crests no longer like teeth, and so rhythmical was their run. that the half-submerged vessel swung with the regularity of a pendulum, only at times swollen surge brimming over the bows, sending a cascade to the deek. Just vis-tible to the north was a clear, dark, indigo-colored lift of land, which I instantly knew

colored lift of land, which I instantly knew to be Montauk point, and even my dull senses responded to the knowledge of the wonderful drift we had made.

I noted these details with a slow, dreamy satisfaction, but on turning my gaze southward, I became fully alive to the fact that the awakening day had put a period to our misery. There on our larboard quarter, two cable lengths away, lay a schooner twice the size of the Phentom, her sides pierced for guns, and forward of her foremast the brine-tarnished brass of her pivoted rifle stood out against the horizon. She had luffed into the gentle breeze, and all her sails were shivering and swinging as she bowed to the shivering and swinging as she bowed to the swells. From her main peak blew out the flag of the United Colonies, and over her taffrail was drifting the tawny smoke of the shot that had aroused me.

For a space I stood like a man of stone, my look fixed on the ensign so long a stranger to me. As I swad at the gargeous hunting

me. As I gazed at the gorgeous bunting any heart rose in my throat, the tears welled from my eyes, the frost which had long bound me suddenly thawed, and, putting all any remaining power to my voice, I gave vent to a wild shout, threw both arms above my

to a wild shout, threw both arms above my head, and staggered below.

That night, under her own remaining canwas, the Phantom sailed into the harbor of Holmes Hole and dropped her spare anchor. We had been rescued by the American privateer Jenny, of New London, out of that port bound home with prisoners and booty of the action of the port bound home with prisoners and booty after a four months' cruise.

after a four months' cruise.

With my story told, there had been emough help offered to equip me for a voyage to the Indies, but I asked for only provisions, water, fuel, and a couple of hands, which had well-nigh slipped my grasp. We were freed from the load of water taken in during the storm, the Jenny standing by and lending men to the work until the gumps "sucked," and then, promising not to lose sight of us until we entered Vineyard wound, stood for her home port.

Not a word did I say about the two sailors whom I had captured, and who had got the storm of the sailors whom I had captured, and who had

ors whom I had captured, and who had served me well. The doctor I had found half served me well. The doctor I had found half dead from fright, the effects of his debauch, starvation and seasickness, and I determined to hold him myself still as a prisoner on parole. I had no idea of transferring Ames or his sister, for I doubted if the Jenny, crowded as she was, would prove more comfortable than the Phantom. The more comfortable than the Phantom. The remainder of the trip would be short; at my own home there would be the best of nursing, and my surgeon prisoner would make a fair attendant, if he could be kept sober, a matter I would take in my own bands.

There were other reasons why I would not ensent to be separated from my friends even had they been willing (which they were not), the weightiest of which not being the danger of transshipment, but one I deemed unnecessary to mention, and which as yet I would not fully acknowledge to my-self.

Knowing nothing of the march of events. Anowing nothing of the march of events, I confided to the captain my fears of Gen. Sullivan's safety, and told him what I had Acarmed of Cinton's intended movement to the relief of Pigot, hoping he would be able to transmit a warning to the American records in time to account march of the contract of

general in time to prevent surprise.

Thus suddenly relieved of care, we sailed Thus suddenly relieved of care, we sailed away under mainsail, foresail and jib, and had made the remainder of the voyage without incident. It was with emotions almost boyish and uncontrollable that I marked the mingled reds, yellows and blues of the great clay foreland of Gay head, doubly brilliant in the light of the westering sun. By then our consort was well to the northwest, but I now feared neither the British nor the devil, for, if closely pursued by the former, I should have run the Phantom ashore and taken to the woods, even though it broke my heart to do it.

haven of Holmes Hole and dropped the only anchor we had left, creating a flutter among the inhabitants of the hamlet, who were mightly alarmed at seeing a schooner bearing no flag sail up within gunshot of the shore and round to as though for a broad-side. Herefolger they have not been more

ing no flag sail up within gunshot of the shore and round to as though for a broad-side. Heretofore they had not been molested, but perhaps it was an inward sense of trouble impending which made them quake at the mysterious action of the Phantom, for barely a fortnight was to elapse ere Grey, the "Hand of Iron," sailed up as I had done, and under the guns of the fleet demanded the usual tribute of blood and an unusual one of forage.

But now, saving a few fishermen drawn up on the beach, there was not a craft in the harbor. The peace of the evening, the quiet beauty of the green land, and the feeling of safety fell on my spirits like a benediction after an impressive sermon, and I breathed as one breathes on waking from the horrors of nightmare. War and danger had vanished as had vanished the storm clouds of the day before, and, indeed, so far as vanished as had vanished the storm clouds of the day before, and, indeed, so far as the events of the past few days had affected me, they had been but as a nightmare or as had been the storm to the land, leaving but a few marks to tell of its fearful reality.

In a week I had recovered from the terrible strain to which I had been subjected, reciping only that my head had taken on

rible strain to which I had been subjected, noticing only that my head had taken on a few white threads I had never seen before, but my nerves, which had been my mainstay through life, were neither loosened nor frayed by the desperate tune circumstance had thrummed upon them.

I had suddenly shot from an era of conflict to one of peace. I thought, nor did I

I had suddenly shot from an era of con-flict to one of peace, I thought, nor did I dream I should be aroused again, unless I voluntarily took the field. I became a hero, too, nor was my notoriety a cheap one. From Edgartown to the heights of Gay's head the fame of my achievements spread, even the half-breed Indians, whose ground lay about the latter point, being unstinted

even the half-breed Indians, whose ground lay about the latter point, being unstinted in their sober congratulations to the "Big Thorn," as I was called by them.

Seafarers and those drawing their subsistence from the sea are stolid to apparent indifference as to the fortune, be it good or bad, fate deals out to them. They become inured to the fickleness of the great element which is at once a threat and a mainstay, and the rack of uncertainty on which they are stretched for most of their lives makes wild demonstration impossible, be their joys

are stretched for most of their lives makes wild demonstration impossible, be their joys mighty or their griefs deep.

And so, when I appeared before my mother, who, as I feared, had given me over as dead, there was no violence of emotion; only a stunned, ghost-seeing look on her white faced as I entered her presence and opened my arms to her, and the single articulate cry of "My son! my son!" as she fell into them. It was but little more from my sister, who had been brought up in the same stoical school, and by the time my long story had been told, much as I am telling it here, the quiet round of daily life had been regained, the sick and wounded transferred to the small house overlooking the sound, and the doetor, full of protestations as to his good intentions, and yet surly withal, ingood intentions, and yet surly withal, installed medical attendant.

stalled medical attendant.

After my arrival my earliest business was to clear up my mind of two responsibilities weighing thereon: the first to get word to Gen. Sullivan of the intended move of Si Honry Clinton, as I feared that by some slip my first message through the Jenny's captain might have miscarried; the second. to have the Phantom's cargo delivered at New London.

The news of the arrival of Howe and the departure from Newport of the French to



Home!

fight him had already reached the Vine fight him had already reached the Vine-yard, but I was not deceived by this into thinking that Clinton had worked ahead of his expressed intention of relieving Pigot in the course of two weeks. It would be too unlike the man to act with such promptness, and there had been no force landed to suc-cor the beleaguered royalists. Lord Howe's maneuver had been a move to open the gates for reenforcement, and it had been gates for reenforcement, and it had been successful. The doughty British general to whom I had offered personal violence would hardly have altered his plans because they had been breathed into the ear of one who, according to report, had never escaped to according to report, had never escaped to transmit a warning, and who now presum-ably lay dead at the bottom of the ocean. With his mistress he doubtless felt a vil-alinous satisfaction on hearing that the Phantom, with Beverly Ames on board, had not followed the Sprite into New York, but had foundered in the great storm. I to this day wonder as to their thoughts regarding Gertrude King (who to them had entirely disappeared). To the man she must have been a sword of Damoeles, which dropped at a time when he had gotten to dropped at a time when he had gotten to live in the fancied security of believing it ould never fall.

live in the fancied security of believing it would never fall.

If my conjectures regarding Clinton's movements were right, I had something like a week in which to act, and, as luck would have it, there staggered into the harbor a privateer sloop-of-war, storm scared, under a jury mast and in a sinking condition, with half her men lost in the tempest. And hardly had her anchor reached bottom when she suddenly tilted and followed it, taking with her most of her remaining crew, and to-day her oaken ribs lie petrifying in the salt sands just east of West Chop, from whose bluff the red eye of the lighthouse now winks its warning.

Her captain, whom I well knew, was a Providence man, though his ship hailed from New London (as did most of the privateers cruising to the east), so to him I committed the Phantom and my message to Sullivan, and within three days, from the pine heights abreast of the house, I saw my schooner disappear west of Naushon, and felt that my duty had been done.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION. The series of adventures in which Donald west, but I now feared neither the British mor the devil, for, if closely pursued by the former, I should have run the Phantom ashore and taken to the woods, even though it broke my heart to do it.

But no further necessity for heroic action bresented itself, and we slipped into the learned that he was loved by the best womber of the brought God's just retribution down on the head of Donald's bitterest enemy.

Dr. McCary was allowed to roam in and about, Donald thinking he might yet be needed for his skill. Thorndyke was anxious for the return of the Phantom, and was now in the habit of daily taking a walk up the gently sloping cap of the cliff, which suddenly breaks away to the sea in an almost sheer precipice, to get, if possible, a glimpse of his craft. Oftentimes on these occasions Gertrude would be with him.

One day Ames asked him to give McCary an overhauling for some papers taken by

an overhauling for some papers taken by his sister from Mrs. Badely's desk, which his sister from Mrs. Badely's desk, which were now missing. Accordingly, when next he met the doctor, he asked him for the papers. McCary had his gun with him and his gray eyes were bloodshot, betokung a free use of liquor. He started, and the gur slipped from his hand. If there were any doubts before that he was the thief, they were now dispelled. Before he could formulate an answer Thorndyke leaped for and laid hold of him. With one hand he twisted him around, with the other drew from his breast pocket a mass of papers, then with a breast pocket a mass of papers, then with a finishing push thrust him backward. By the time the surly redocat had gotten to his feet, Donald had found what he wanted, and then walked off with the gun over his shoulder without even looking to see what might be McCary's next move.

A few days later when Donald walked to A few days later when Donald walked to the cliff Gertrude was with him. He was a hundred feet in advance of her as he reached the brow of the promontory. He gave a shout as he sprang forward, for there, stretching out for miles, vessel after vessel, was the British fleet.

Then he heard behind him a piercing shriek. Turning he saw Gertrude throw herself on the form of McCary, just as he sent a bullet whizzing by his head. In a moment he tore himself from the girl and put off in full flight, and Thorndyke after him. They met on the verge of the cliff, from which by a mighty effort the doctor was thrown head-

Then, turning, Donald hurried to where Then, turning, Donald hurried to where the motionless form of Gertrude lay. His passion broke against all restraint, and he poured into her deaf ears the story of his love, and kissed her white lips. Her eyes opened slowly, and he knew she had not been deaf to all he had said. She looked him squarely in the eyes and said: "Donald, have you only courage while in the grip of a murderous monster and—and over the body of a lifeless woman? My poor boy—my hero—oh, my love."

On the morning of the 5th of September

On the morning of the 5th of September Mrs. Thorndyke was too ill to rise from her bed. John Phillipse, the doctor at Edgartown, was called.

"Nothing ails your mother," he said to Donald, "saving the disease of old age. You may have her with you for awhile yet, but she's tender, lad."

Next morning the British landed on the island, with but little varning of what was to come. Capt. Seammeil with several marines was at the house. Dr. Phillipse and Rachel Thorndyke were in the main room, Donald had had time to hide himself to await developments. No one seems to have known at the moment what had become of Gertrude. Ames, of course, was still confident this reason. of Gertrude. Ames, of course, was still con-

fined to his room.

Without knocking, Scammell entered and demanded that Gertrude King, Beverly
Ames and Donald Thorndyke besurrendered
to him. At that moment the hall door
opened and Gertrude entered. Her face was
flushed as though just awakened from a nap. Seeing Scammell, she uttered a scream, and turning, fled through the door by which and turning, ned through the door of which she had just entered, slamming the portal behind her. Rachel placed herself against the door, but one of the marines pulled her rudely away and sprang up the stairs, with Scammell close behind.

As Thorndyke appeared on the scene he As a normayse appeared on the scene nemet a marine, who opposed his advance, but he was shortly laid out by a blow from the butt of a gun. A third marine had attacked the doctor, and Donald dealt with him in the same summary fashion. Then up the stairs to his mother's room, where he knew the would find Gertrude, he rushed.

Armse was leaving against the wall con-

Ames was leaning against the wall con-fronted by the marine who had come up with Scammell. In front of the bed stood Gertrude with a cocked pistol in her hand and facing Scammell

and facing Scammell.

As Donald entered the room, he heard As Donald entered the room, he heats the brave girl say, in answer to some ques-tion: "Never alive, sir! Settle with him! I am the promised wife of Donald Thorn-dyke!"

Donald drew his sword, and with the

ery: "Turn, you villain, turn!" he smote Scammell across the shoulders with the flat of the blade. As the two men shifted, circling for an advantage, Scammell neared the door, and quickly turning, rushed to the room below. Here there was more room for the play of swords. The officer was clever, but Donald drew him foot by foot. Suddenly throwing his wrist out of line, his point fell off. Like lightning Scammell took the bait; the next instant his sword was spinning through the air. Before the whirling steel reached the ground, Thorndyke's blade had passed through the throat of the within. villain.

In the meantime in the room above the narine had shot at Gertrude. The bullet had missed her, but had done its deadly work on the aged sufferer in the bed. Ger-trude fired with her pistol, and the marine lay on the floor dead.

Over the bed, where lay his beloved dead, Over the bed, where lay his beloved dead, Donald swore a vengeance which should not cease until his country was rid of the butch-ers invading it. Ames reached out his hand, and thus was cemented anew the covenant between them.

between them.

For the two days the British remained on Martha's Vineyard Donald and his little party lived in a disused shed deep in the heart of the forest. On the second evening he returned alone to the house, and was surprised to find it still standing, showing a straight page, entired single and the second evening the straight page and the strai surprised to find it still standing, showing no evidence of having been entered since they had fled from it. A crude cossin was constructed and the mother was buried in the woods near the edge of the home lot, Dr. Phillipse doing the last offices. And there she still rests, marked by the stone Donald lived to see begin to crumble away under the hand of time. under the hand of time.

THE END. The Brutes.

Brute No. 1-What is marriage after Brute No. 2-Taking a wife for better

r worse.
Brute No. 1—Yes—mostly worse. Brute No. 2 (also a married man)-Ah! come and have a drink, old chap.—

Ally Sloper.

But She Didn't Want To. "Yes, when Jack proposed to me thought of the grammar class when went to school."

"What an idea! Why?" "Well, you see, I-I couldn't decline." Philadelphia North American.

Tears of Men.

"How heart-rending," said Romance "it is to see a strong man weep!"
"Yes," retorted Realism, "it is. It is a pretty sure sign that the idiot is drunk."-Indianapolis Journal.



ARISTOCRATIC DOGS.

Yew York Society Women Exhibited Their Weight in Gold.

To be literally worth one's weight in gold is an ambition laudable enough even for a dog. An estimate of the dogs in this world having such a value places the figures at one eight-thou sandth of one per cent. So it can readily be seen that only the tip-toppers of dogdom are eligible to such honors. With gold quoted at some thing like \$16 an ounce, it is obvious that none but the little fellows of the canine world can be included in such a classification. At the recent show of the American Pet Dog club a number of diminutive animals that were valued at their weight in gold were exhibited. They included toy terriers, Japanese spaniels, a Yorkshire terrier, a King Charles spaniel, toy Pomera nians and a Chihuahua (Mexican longhaired) dog. Mrs. Frederick Senn, of No. 278 West

Eleventh street, New York city, exhibited her Japanese spaniel Senn-Senn, by Kobie, dam Nasan, a strik-ingly beautiful little creature, very finely marked, which weighs but four pounds and is valued at \$2,000. The



MRS. SENN'S TOY YORKSHIRE "GEM.

same exhibitor showed Gem, a toy Yorkshire, sired by Blackburn Major, dam Floss, weight three and a quarter pounds, value \$1,500, and Perseverance a handsome King Charles Spaniel, by Champion Defender Princess Anne, weighing only three and a half pounds and valued at \$1,800. Another precious bit of flesh and blood shown by Mrs. Senn was Ali-Baba, a heavy-coated and short-eared Pomeranian, two years old, by Ali, dam Annie. This dog weighs four pounds and is valued at \$1,200.

Ashton Premier, a three-and-a-hall pound Yorkshire terrier with a strike ingly long coat, was an admired exhibit, with a value of \$1,000.

The long-haired Chihuahua (Mexican) dog Fonso, shown by Mrs. James Noyes, weighs but three pounds and is valued by its owner at \$1,600. This species of dog is very rare, and Mrs. Noyes' exhibit attracted a great deal of attention. Fonso is pure lemon and white in color (that has a great deal to do with his value), is two years old and was sired by Bromo, dam Oulita

Nubian Rebel and Haughty Brownie toy Pomeranians, exhibited by Mrs Smyth, of Germantown, Pa., weigh five pounds each and are valued at \$2,400

A 14-ounce toy black and tan puppy owned by Mr. W. W. Fuller, of No. Fifth avenue, was valued at \$300. Trixie, a toy black and tan terrier, the property of Mr. Jefferson Seligman. weighed a pound and a half, and its owner places a value of \$1,000 on it.

Mrs. Winifred Harrison exhibited Chesi, a two-and-a-half-pound Japanspaniel, valued at \$1,100, and Snow ball, a three-pound toy terrier, which she values at \$1,300.—N. Y. Herald.

A Startling New Theory.

Again attention is called to those es sentially feminine habits of putting pins in the mouth or moistening a pencil with the lips. A pin swallowed means only a surgical case, but the greater danger lies in the contagion that may be lurking in the pin itself. Under the head of the pin, or in the point of the pencil all kinds of malignant germs may be located, which will be transmitted by the mouth quicker possible that anyone needs to be cautioned against holding money between their lips, yet a person can scarcely go a block on a street car without noticing some one indulging in the dangerous

Queen Wilhelmina's Sayings. Some of the anecdotes told of Queer

Wilhelmina, the young queen of the Netherlands, are interesting. One day the little queen was busily occupied in bringing up her dolls in the way they should go. One of them, however, was particularly obstinate, and the queen was seen to shake it violently, and say: "Look here, if you don't behave your-self I'll make you a queen, and then you'll have no one to play with." When on a visit to England, and asked by the prince of Wales what she thought of the English people, she replied: are very nice and amiable, but I should never have thought it from the speci mens I have seen in Holland."

Extravagant.

Uncle William-I read that Gladstone used to go out and cut down a big tree each mornin' before breakfast.

Aunt Mary—Well, I declare! How reckless in usin' stove-wood his family must have been .- Brooklyn Life.

FORTUNE IN COFFINS

Little Woman Snowed Up in the Klondike Displays Rare Versatility and Enterprise.

"There have many stories come out of the Klondike country of the people who have made fortunes there. Some have been of moving, some of packing, some of gambling, some of salooning, some of feeding the hungry and so on, but none of undertaking, so far as I have heard, and I know of a man and his wife who have got rich by burying people." Thus spoke a Seattle man who had been at Dawson since the beginning. "It was really the wife who did it," he continued, "and her story is interesting. Her husband, whom she greatly admires and affectionately calls 'Jim,' was a worker in an undertaking establishment, and when the rush began toward the gold diggings she hus-tled him out and came along to take care of him. At Skaguay some friend gave her a lean and lank little Eskimo dog, broken to harness, and apparently broken in health. At least he could scarcely drag himself around, but his new owner cuddled him up carefully, and by the time she was ready to go on the road the dog was able to pull a fair

"So she and her husband and the dog which she had named 'Jim' as a compli ment to her liege lord, started on their long, hard journey. They got along quite well or better than many others on the trail, and when the first tollgate was reached the woman's wit manifest ed itself still more. She was in advance with the dog and the sled, her husband watching the remainder of their goods some distance back. The tollgate keeper looked her over a minute, took a squint at her measly little dog and frankly told her that he would be darned if a lone woman like that would have to pay to go through his gate, and he sent her along free of cost. Smiling and thankful she passed on and unloaded a mile or so further on and came back to her husband after another load. Telling him to stay right there till she had brought everything through free she finished the job and Jim came sauntering through the gate unscathed of

know just what to do at first, never thinking of the undertaking business which they had run away from. one day a man died on the creek where they were, and there wasn't anybody in particular to bury him. This was the little woman's chance, and she hustled Jim out after the job. He got it, of course, and in a short time he had his carpenter's tools out and was at work building a coffin. He turned out a very good one, got everything ready in true professional style, and the funeral was a great success. Jim got \$250 for his efforts, and Jim's wife knew what their mission was in the Klondike.

"Other funerals followed, and Jim got them and took in \$200 or \$300 for



WITH A SMILE SHE PASSED ON.

ach one. Now and then a man would die who wished his body sent outside and for this kind Jim got \$800. In the winter it was impossible to take bodies out, and Mrs. Jim arranged a cold cor-ner of their cabin, where she had the vaiting boxes piled up, with a portiere drawn over them to make them more ornamental, and there they remained until spring.

"Grave digging was hard work in the winter, and it required two or three days of thawing and digging to get a grave sufficiently deep for its purpose. A little incident will show what kind of a business woman Mrs. Jim was when it was necessary. One winter night word came to Jim's cabin to come six or seven miles over the mountain to look after a man who had died. Jim was not at home, but Mrs. Jim was and without a word she hitched her little dog to his sled, took her lantern and started over the snew and the mountain, entirely alone in the darkness of an arctic winter. She arrived at the place without mishap and the live man wait ing with the dead one for Jim thought it was a ghost when lee saw Jim's wife at his cabin door. He offered to do anything he could for her, but she said there was nothing he could do except to help her put the load on her sled and back she came to her home, leading the way with her lantern for the dog and the dead man to follow.

"When the springtime came again Mrs. Jim went down to Seattle, where she laid in a full supply of funeral fix-ings, except coffins, which are all home made, and she and Jim have a first-class tune, besides owning several claims or which they have not yet realized."

A Commercial Suggestion. Customer-Look here, I

change this coat I bought yesterday. My wife doesn't like it.

Heidelberg—Change that coat? You

must be crazy! That's the finest piece of goods you ever wore. I tell you what, my friend, you'd better keep that coat and go home and change your wife!-Tit-Bits.

TO MEET STEAMSHIPS.

A New Service by the New York Com-

George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, has added a steam ship bureau to the equipment of the passenger service of the road. He has engaged Captains Louis Ingwersen and F. A. G. Schultze to superintend the bureau, and one of their duties will be to meet all incoming trans-Atlantic and the principal coastwiss steamships to assist passengers who wish to leave the city via the Vanderbilt system. Capt. Ingwersen will have charge of the American, Cunard, White Star, Atlantic Transport, Wilson, Anchor and Allan-State lines, and Capt. Schultze has been assigned to the North-German Lloyd, Hamburg-American, French, Rotterdam, Red Star and Thingvalla lines.

They will meet all incoming steamships, and will be prepared to furnish railway tickets, parior and sleeping car accommodations and to assist passengers with their baggage and check it to points on the line of the railroad, after it has been passed by the customs inspectors. They will also furnish passengers with cabs operated by the railroad company, and furnish time tables and general information to passengers. The two men have also been directed to assist passengers who come to this city with a view of going abroad, and such passengers will be met at the Grand Central Station on incoming trains and conducted to the steamship. Their baggage will be attended to, and steamship tickets can be procured in advance by communicating with Mr. Daniels.—From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

Hard on the Doorkeeper.

Hard on the Doorkeeper.

On the opening day of the session of the Fifty-sixth congress, a tall, gaunt man, shambling of gait, with "high-water" trousers, a slouched hat mashed in any old way, and an overcoat that needed brushing, presented himself at the center door of the house of representatives. He started to walk right in, but was stopped by one of the doorkeepers, who said to him, testily: "Say, don't you know you can't go in there?" "No, I didn't know it, my friend; I thought I could," he said, mildly. "Nobody but member; Congressman Cushman, of Washington." "Oh! I beg your pardon; walk right in." As Mr. Cushman strode into the hall the astonished doorkeeper looked after him for a moment, and then, turning to his assistant on the door, said: "Say, Bill, did you see that? Well, after that I ain't got the nerve to stop anything."—Criterion.

Points to the New Man.

Points to the New Man.

A shopkeeper named Danger moved across a street and put up this notice:

"J. Danger, from over the way."
Another man, who took the premises, put up this notice:

"This is a safe shop; no Danger here."
Answers.

Give the Children a Drink

Give the Children a Drink called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, and drink it with great benefit. Costs about as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

Cause for Complaint. City Editor—Mr. Strong has been in to-day, and he had murder in his eye. How in time did you come to speak of Mrs. Strong's "alleged husband" in that paragraph about

"alleged nussanu her accident?
J. Fresh-I did it to steer clear of a libel auit. You know you told me always to say "alleged thief," "alleged murderer," and that sort of thing.—Argonaut.

Potatoes, \$1.20 per Bbl. and Up. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. [k]

Suggested by the L.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, you know the eagle stands for America. What animal typifies Great Britain?
Johnny-I dunno.
"Oh, yes you do. Think for a moment; it begins with L."
(Eagerly)—"Lobster!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

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