They came too late or else arrived too soon-These opportunities the god's prov de, We were too slow to grasp them, spurned the

In some queer fashion we have let them

Now I g we in the race while men deride, Still dimly trusting that our look will mend; But we must creep where we had hoped to

And struggle somehow onward to the end. II.

Here's Jones laments an outing missed in Smith, stocks whose values since have multiplied:

Brown moans the college years he played buf-

And White, the girl he might have made his brid :: And some with sorrows much more dignified

Must all the while 'gainst crael odds con-

Brave souls with cares and griefs they try to Who struggle somehow onward to the end.

III. So many thoughts that ring a doleful tune, So many reasons one's poor self to chide. No wonder hopeless mortals sit and croon

The sad old dirge: "If we had only tried, We might have gained on time and sailed with tide. And reached the port with strength and days

to spend; Now, old and feeble, must we choke our pride And struggle somehow onward to the end."

Toilers, to whom, successful joys denied, Experience comes a tardy, testy friend, Take heart, tak : heed, with patience for your

And struggle somehow onward to the end.

SISTER GABRIELLE. A Reminiscense of Max O'Rell During the Franco-Prussian War.

BY HIS WIFE.

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out I was a young girl, and the awful news of the commencement of hostilities made a profound impression upon me. When, four years later, I met and married my husband, it was one of my great the war." Of the many reminiscences for him!" of his soldier days, none, perhaps, inter-

iliy, near the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris: where I found her. other wounded were not soothing either. his treatment for six weeks.

"The sights, sounds and smell of the I think I could have kissed him when he the time for leaving had arrived. talked of sending me to St. Malo. He It was early morning. A flacre stood

bits of shattered bone: don't you? The air will suit you.'

names while he was digging away at his work on my arm. Somehow it relieved

"In a few days, then, I saw the last of him, and he of me; and glad enough was you and the old place, if ever I find my-I to find myself in the clean, quiet, nun- self in these latitudes again?' attended hospital in the dear old Breton wound, still pretty painful, were recom-mended under the bands of another sur-not Adieu. Bon voyage, mon lieutengeon, who proved to be a very good fel- ant, bon voyage!" low. He and I struck up quite a friendship after a while.

"Well, life was, if not exactly rosy, at brightness and calm were very sweet stretch between the blankets. Away we tal, and a serenity filled the air, like an past the queer old high houses that, as practice in Caen.

nuns from chapel. what they called her—would come directly he had done with me, and would try
the had done with me, and would try
the bandages to make sure they were not

again; and I was going to see my moththe years of separation, and was ready
the ocean. The reason that there were
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The reason that the the bandages to make sure they were not hurting, arrange the pillows afresh, and smooth out the wrinkles in the counterpane, and my brow at the same time, sympathizing with me all the while in the sweetest fashion possible. Her voice was a great part of her charm: very low, and yet the clearest voice in the world.

Gabrielle."

Several years passed before my husband saw again the old steep streets of St. Malo. These years brought great changes to him. His right arm being no longer capable of using a sword, he retired from the army, took to journal and yet the clearest voice in the world.

security and well-being. Sometimes she | first. would sit and talk with me about the and not able to come and see me.

little to do, lying there in bed week day never came. and children climbing about her knees, such happiness. It amused me to 'make used to greet him, nor did she offer to a pretty history to myself,' with Sister | send Sister Gabrielle to him. Gabrielle for the heroine. A woman In a few sad words she told him his Sister Gabrielle's face. It was as if the | drooped and died with the early violets. traveler settled his burden afresh on his shoulders, and with fresh, vigorous resolution, stepped on into the long expanse

"One day-I could not help it-I broke into one of those little reveries of

" 'My sister,' I said, 'sweet and beautiful as you are, how is it that you never "With lifted finger, as one speaks to a

too daring child, she said only: 'Ssssh!' "Then with the movement of the emigrant readjusting his knapsack, she husband. added: 'Allons! half past ten! Dr. Na- 'Sapri delights to get him to tell me "all about daud will be here before we are ready are you doing in St. Malo?"

"From that day Sister Gabrielle avoidested me more than the story of a sweet ed sitting by my bedside. She watched Breton town, and made known to Dr. nun who nursed him in St. Malo Hospi- over me just as tenderly as before; but Nadaud how glad he was to see him able to travel they march off and you see tal. This is the story just as I heard it our talks were shorter, and I never venfor the first time many years ago. I tured to repeat my question as you may lunch at the Hotel de Bretagne, where hope it will not lose too much by not be- imagine. Nevertheless, lying there M. Blout ["Max O'Rell"] had left his ing told in French, as it was then given through the long days, it was impossible luggage. not to go on wondering what had sent We were sitting by the bridge of Neu- this beautiful woman into the quiet life light French dejeuner, the doctor and his vants, when the mistress should give it

about the spot where I was knocked daud came from the same town as her- the hotel, which the sun had not yet dusted and the cord or wire wiped. over. We were fast getting the better of the Communards, and my men were warming to the work in grand style, wash the glass themselves at a little round table, under and polish it until it is perfectly clear. When the work in grand style, they was that her name in the later of the same to dusted and the cold of which when the same to dusted and the cold of the same to dusted and the cold when the piece of spent shell hit me, and world had been Jeanne D'Alcours, and their coffee. some of the fellows carried me off to the that she came of a good old Norman "I will tell you all I know," said the other dirt. If the picture is framed hospital. I remember being puzzled titled family. I did not learn much by doctor, in reply to a question from his with a glass, paste paper smoothly all that there should be relatively no pain in that; it was not necessary to hear that she companion. "It seemed almost a breach over the back to keep dust from sifting a wound of that sort; but the pain came was noble, for she had the stamp of no- of confidence to tell you Sister Gabrielle's through the cracks. Frames of polished soon enough when the fever set in. The bility in every line and in every pose of story while she lived, for I knew that wood, oak, walnut, or in fact anything doctor of the Versailles Hospital was a her body. For a talkative fellow, I she had come away out of the world on but gilt, will be greatly improved by rough specimen, as army doctors often thought Nadaud had remarkably little to purpose to work unknown, and to bury are-in France, at any rate-and you may say about his former townswoman: and. fancy that the groans and moans of the after gently sounding him once or twice on the subject, I came to the conclusion all pleased to see me; no doubt because a dry woolen cloth until perfectly dry. One day the doctor told me I should soon that it was useless to look to him for enbe able to be removed to a country hoslightenment, but I also came to the conof the scenes that she had turned her back clean cloth over the brush end of the pital. That was after I had been under clusion that Sister Gabrielle had a history

place had grown so sickening to me that months in St. Malo Hospital, and now

came in one morning, and, in his brusque at the gate, with my luggage upon it, husband, M. Leconte, the chief notary of placque, or even a bunch of dry grasses way, said, as he probed the wound for and Sister Gabrielle had come to the the town, and a man well considered by doorway which led into the courtyard to all classes of his townsmen. It is the cover the place and add beauty to the "We shall be able to pack you off in see me off. Early as it was, the sun was old story of affection knotted together in room. One lady covered pieces of paste the skipping rope, and proving to be as board with colored satin and fastened transferred to St. Malo, would you not? perhaps it was the strong glare from the unending as the circle of the hoop. My the bunches of grass to them and they You come from that part of the country, white wall that made her shade her eyes "He was a brute, but he had awfully we were saying 'Good-bye.' As for my good cigars, and he used to make me own eyes, there was something the matsmoke one when he was going to have ter with them, too, for the landscape, or an extra go at my wound. I suppose he so much of it as I could see from the St. hoped the goodness might prove infec. Malo hospital door way, had taken on a Jeanne was only eleven; but the two person of medium height. It is considtions. I used to call him strings of bad strange, blurred look since I saw it from childrens's love had so grown with their the window ten minutes before.

"'Adieu, mon lieutenant! Adieu!' me, and, truth to tell, he took it all in cried Sister Gabrielle, in a voice meant pact never to forget each other. to be very cheery.

"'Adieu ma sæur! May I come to see

" 'Yes, yes, that is it; come back and town. There I had a room to myself, as see who is in your little bed under the the shyness which sprang up between each officer had; and to lie there in that window. Take care of the arm!' toucheach officer had; and to lie there in that sweet, sunny room and hear no groans ing the sling that held it, 'Dr, Nadaud ing year. "The boy was allowed to choose his will expect a letter from you in copperheaven. The daily cleanings of the plate style before another month is over.

"Another handgrasp, and I made my way to the cab, feeling a strange intoxi-cated sensation at being once more on any rate once more worth living. The my legs in the open air after such a long after the horrors of the Versailles hospi- attled down the steep stone-paved street, echo of organ tones brought in by the the window-shutters were swung back, seemed to open their eyes and wake up "The nun who attended to me was an with a spirited relish for another day's angel. Don't be jealous. I was there bustle and work. Very different, my ceed, when Mme. D'Alcourt fell ill of inin St. Malo three months. Before one dear, to the lazy drawing up of rollerflammation of the lungs, and so it hap month had passed I had grown to love blind in England is the swinging open of her as I should have loved my sister, if a pair of French persiennes. Whiffs of she had lived. I loved the sound of her new bread and freshly ground coffee voice, and the touch of her deft, gentle hands. I would have gone through the baker, and the earliest risers of St. called upon to take his place. surgeon's probings without a groan, if she might have rebandaged the arm afterwards. But Dr. Nadaud always did that in spite of the mixed odors of the street. himself. Sister Gabrielle-that was It was new life to be out in the open air

"How old was Sister Gabrielle?" Oh for our destination. Trains ran there M. Leconte. I suppose she must have been about only twice a day, and so there was gentwenty-four or five then. She had the crally time enough to climb the dirty, Norman blue eyes, and a fair complexion, picturesque street to the hospital and see which the white wrappings about her sweet Sister Gabrielle, whose face would face seemed to heighten and irradiate. Is light up at sight of her old patient, and it the white lawn, or is it a beauty that whose voice had still the same sympathe self-denying life leuds to them, which makes the faces of so many of those women look so lovely? I called was always the Mother Superior who longing, passionate hope. Sister Gabrielle an angel just now, but came to him in the bare, cool room reyou must not fancy there was any cold served for visitors. And then Sister saintliness about her; in fact, it was her | Gabrielle would arrive with a sweet grave | the operation, and was quickly decided very ready sympathy with all my ac- smile playing about her beautiful mouth, counts of my young life in the outer and there would be long talks about all world that drew my heart towards that he had been doing; of the pleasant her. It was her very womanliness that free life in England, of the English wife set me wondering who she could have he had married, and of Bebe, a regular been, and what had led her to shut her- little Norman, whom he had promised to long greeting of the eyes, that was at self away from the world. There was bring and show her some day. But that once a 'Hail!' and a 'Farewell!'

after week, and hundreds of times as I | One hot August morning, just seven looked at that sweet woman moving years after he had left the hospital with two days she was declared out of danabout the room, I pictured her without his arm in a sling, my husband pulled at ger. the coif, and said to myself that if she the clanging bell, and asked to see Sister were not then a beloved wife, with a Gabrielle. He was ushered into the husband's protecting arm around her, shady waiting-room, and stood drinking in the perfume of the roses that clamit was not because the love that should bered about the open window. Presently throat.' have led to this had been wanting, but the Mother's step approached, but when certainly because some marring chance she saw him she had no longer in her had prevented the realization of voice the cheery notes with which she

with a voice like hers, and such a smile, sweet nurse was dead, that she had died was bound to have loved deeply. Some- as she had lived, beloved by all who times, when she was not speaking, her were privileged to be near her. There eyes had a sad, far-away look. I can was no positive disease, the doctor had only compare it to the look of an emi- said, but some shock or grief of years grant who was toiling a hot, dusty high | before must have undermined her health. road to embark for a new country, might and the life of self-sacrifice she led had turn and give to the dear spot that he not been calculated to lengthen the frail had said a long good-bye to. But that strand of her life. Gently and without look never lasted more than a minute on struggle it had snapped, and she had

Touched and saddened, our traveller turned down the steep street to the lower town. More than ever he wondered of road that went stretching away to the | what had been the history of the brave beautiful woman who had nursed him

seven years before. Turning the corner of the Place Chateaubriand, he ran against a man.

·Pardon, monsieur!" "Pardon, monsieur!" The exclamations were simultaneous. Looking up the two men recognized

each other. "Ah, my dear Doctor!" exclaimed my "Sapristi, my dear Lieutenant! What

The young man having properly accounted for his presence in the old them. But it disgusts them with the again, the two went off together to them no more.

former patient strolled out of the long her personal attention. Each picture as "There," said my husband, "is just "One day I discovered that Dr. Na- dining-room into the central courtyard of it is taken down should be carefully

all that remained of Jeanne D'Alcourt. When she first came she seemed not at Apply with a woolen cloth and rub with upon forever."

"Well," continued Dr. Nadaud, "the the walls are papered, and the paper is torn, or defaced, cover such places with a fine old house on the Boulevard de scraps of the paper, matching if possible, l'Est, and it was there that Jeanne was to the figures. If you have no pieces of born. Next door lived my sister and her the paper, a Japanese scroll or a cheap sister had a girl and a boy. The three were very ornamental. Pictures should so persistently with her left hand while children played together, walked out never be hung too high. You often see with their nurses together, and were a choice little painting hung so high hardly ever separated, until the time that you would have to mount a chair to came for Raoul to go to Paris to school. see what the subject is. Always hang The boy was fourteen when they parted; growth that before the day of parting came, they had made a solemn little com-

"Eight years had passed, during which Jeanne and Raoul saw little of each other.

"The first time the boy came home he seemed to Jeanne no longer a boy, and

profession, and he chose that of sur-gery. News reached Jeafine from time te time, through his sister, of the promising young student who, it was said, Mass., who has been stopping at the bid fair to win for himself a great name Lindell, "I noticed one thing that sursome day.

"At the age of twenty-two Raoul left Paris. His parents, who were growing among those who were brought up near old, wished their son near them; and salt waters, but among those whose steps were taken to establish him in a early lives had been speut in the interior "Time passed on, and Raoul had been

six months in partnership with old Dr. and Southwestern States could swim, Grevin, whom he was eventually to sucpened that the two young people often met beside the sickbed, for the elder partner was not always able to attend ocean feels as if motion in the water the patient, and his young aide was presented no difficulties at all. The sea

one around with a delicious feeling of possessed great interest for him from the took Dr. Grevin to Jeanne's bedside and a few moments' examination showed him One summer (six years after the war) that the poor girl had taken diphtheria. battles, and lead me into chats about my we began to make a yearly journey to a After giving directions as to the treat-mother, who was ill herself at this time, town on the borders of Brittany, and ment to be followed, he said he would always landed at St. Malo to take train return late in the evening, or would send

> "It was Raoul who came. "With horror he saw that the case was already grave, and a great pang went through him as he spoke to Mme. D'Alcourt of the possibility of its being necessary to perform tracheotomy in the morning. When morning came, in fact,

longing, passionate hope. "The day after, however, it was evident that nothing could save the girl but to try the last chance.

"The rest is soon told. In that supreme moment, as Raoul made ready for the work, the two young people told all their hearts' secret to each other in one

"The operation was successful. "All went well with Jeanne, and in

"But Raoul, unmindful of everything except Jeanne's daager, had not been careful for himself, and had receieved some of the subtle poison from her

In the cemetery of Caen, high up where the sun first strikes, can be seen a grave stone with the inscription:--Gi-git

RAOUL LECONTE. Decede le 18 Juillet, 1839. And this is why Sister Gabrielle's path to heaven led through the wards of a

AROUND THE HOUSE.

To GET RID OF RATS AND MICE .- The best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and so induce them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is prepared for their benefit in the most seductive fashion, but they are not so particular about tartar emetic. When a little of this is mixed with any favorite food they will eat as greedily as though the physic were not there, but in two or three hours there will be the most discouraged lot of rats about the place that anybody ever saw. The tartar will not kill them, it only makes them deadly sick. If you put your ear to their holes you can hear them trying to vomit; sometimes they will crawl out and walk about like a seasick man, so ill that they do not seem to care what becomes of whole vicinity, and as soon as they are

How to CARE FOR PICTURES. -- In

cleaning house one of the principal cares should be the pictures. It is too often Having refreshed themselves with a overlooked or left to the care of the serwarm water and rub off all flyspecks and rubbing them with a solution three parts linseed oil and one part turpentine. broom, and wipe the walls all over. If them so that they can be easily seen by a ered to be in better taste to use two nails instead of one, it gives a more symmetrical effect, and indeed, it is worth considering as a matter of safety. Be very careful to hang pictures in the proper light. If they are to be seen in a strong light do not put them in as obscure corner, and if painted in bright colors, do not place where the sunshine will fall on them.

The Best Swimmers.

"While at the seaside last summer," said Henry L. Farnham, of Springfield, prised me very much. That was that the best swimmers were not to be found among those who were brought up near of the country. I also noticed that nearly all the young men from the Southern while not half of the New Englanders were master of this art. The explanation I discovered to be as follows:

"A man who has been training to swim in fresh water, when once he gets in the water is so much denser than the fresh "By the time that Mme. D'Alcourt was that efforts that would send a man along well again, both the young people knew but slowly in the latter give him a racing that the old love of their childhood had speed in the former. The fresh-water smouldered in their hearts through all swimmers always beat those trained by by her parents.

"The touch that should stir the flame of a city, can swim. It was rather hard for us to be beaten by fresh-water swimand yet the clearest voice in the world. She had a way of looking at one all the time, too, with a gaze that was almost like mother's caress, and that wrapped down to a quasi-English life, which so by her parents.

'The touch that should stir the flame soon came.

'The touch that should stir the flame soon came.

'The touch that should stir the flame soon came.

'One day in the summer following, a hasty summons from Mme. D'Alcourt Louis Post-Dispatch.

Facts About the Atlantic Liners. In view of the fact that in a few

months the Cunard Company will have two vessels affoat which are expected to reduce the passage between Queenstown and New York to five and a half or five and a quarter days, some statistics given by Arthur J. Maginnis on the ships, men and working of the Atlantic ferry are of great interest. In a ship like the Teutonic, to begin with, a sum of about \$3,000,000 is invested, and the working expenses are proportionately heavy. In the sailing, engine and passenger departments the large number of 322 hands are required-47 in the first, 161 in the second and 114 in the third. The wages paid to these hands amount to say, \$1,500 for the sailing department, \$4,800 for the 'engine and \$2,300 for the passenger, making a total of \$8,650 a month. When these figures are considered. together with the other expenses of maintenance, office expenses, insurance, agency commission, shore staff, works, port charges, interest on capital, and depreciation, it may be fairly taken that least the sum of \$80,000 must be realized a trip before any profits can be counted on; so that some idea of the enormous sums at stake in the working and management of an express transatlantic line can be formed. Mr. Maginnis holds strongly to the belief that when these vast figures are considered, together with other equally extensive requirements, the chimerical nature of some of the schemes proposed from time to time for forming new lines which promise three and four days passage across the Atlantic can easily be discerned. He regards them as overwhelming proof that insurmountable difficulties are in the way of any company or firm without shipping experience who can create all at once a service more luxurious and having higher speed than that now afforded by the existing lines which would at the same time prove a financial suc-

The New Bread.

Attention is called to the new method of making bread of superior lightness, flueness and wholesomeness without yeast, a receipt for which is given else. where in this paper. Even the best bread makers will be interested in this. To every reader who will try this, and write the result to the Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall street, New York, that company will send in return, free, a copy of the most practical and useful cook book, containing one thousand receipts for all kinds of cooking, yet published. Mention this paper.

She Dresses Dogs.

A dog tailor flourishes in Paris. This tailor is a woman, and her reception rooms cunningly cater to both mistress and pet. Here Prince Bow-wow has rugs, water bowls and biscuit jars, to refresh him during the trying-on processes. Here are the daintiest water-color pattern books to choose from, and anything from sealskin to chamois is provided. A green broadcloth lined and edged with seal, is a blanket that especially becomes milady's greyhound; but scarlet, edged with silver cordings and lined with quilted satin, is a gay coat for the toy terrier. A tailor-made doggie, with a gold clasp under his chin and a monogram well toward his tail, is a sign of the times in France .- Detroit Free

The mother tongue is probably the lan guage of Mars.

Hood's Cures

My Health is Solid As a Duck's Foot in the Mud



Mr. Frederick Earnfred Chicago, Illinois.

"I want to say that I have been made a new man by Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. I was in a wretched condition and paid to one physician \$47 for attendance and prescriptions, which gave me no re-lief. I suffered intensely from gravel, and think I have endured as much misery as any man from that comp gave up hope of ever getting well and was only walking about to

Save Funeral Expenses. Nothing would stay on my stomach. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and found that it did me good, so I kept on till I have

taken fourteen bottles, and now my

health is as solid as a duck's foot in Sarsaparilla CURES

the mud. I shall keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house, as I consider it the cheapest and best medicine in the market. My indigestion is entirely cured, and all symptoms of the gravel have disappeared."
FREDERICK EARNEREN, No. 64 South
Carpenter Street, Chicago, Illinois. N. B. Be sure to get Hood's and only HOOD'S

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and afficiently, on the liver and bowols. 25 cents.

Clever Surgery.

William Frey, who resides on Washngton avenue, Newport, K7., has a ten year old daughter who was afflicted with a compound club 'oot. The bones were twisted and the foot turned to such an and that the girl walked on the side of her ankle and the toes pointed directly up. A local surgeon wes asked to do something. He opened the foot and removed the bones, leaving a large hole in the foot. To remedy this the surgeon killed a large chicken, and taking the thigh bones sawed them to fit the spaces left by the removal of the foot bones. Antiseptics were applied, the incision closed and sewed up, and after the foot had been placed in proper position it was made firm by splints and left alone. The other day the splints were removed when it was found the chicken bones had grown to the human bone, and the foot is now both sightly and useful. It is said to be the first case of the kind on .ccord .- St. Louis Republic.

At Minorca the issuerman simply diver to a depth of seventy feet with a weight in one hand to carry him down. With the other hand he picks up as many pearl oysters as he can carry and brings them up to the boat.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acreptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR. Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use. "My wife, who was bedridden for eighteen months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months is getting well."

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Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies Other Chemicals W. BAKER & CO.'S BreakfastCocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, coeting less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY Sold by Grocers everywhere

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WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Successor of the "Unabridged." Ten years spent is revising, 100 editors employed, more than \$300,000 expended. A Grand Educator A Library in Itself Invaluable in thousehold, and to the

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