#### A DEATH AND A LIFE.

-BY LUCY LARCOM.

Fair young Hannah, Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wood; Hale and clever, For a willing heart and hand he sues, May-day skies are all aglow. And the waves are laughing so ! For her wedding

Hannah leaves her window and her shoes, May is passing;

"Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos. Hannah shudders. For the mild southwester mischief brews, Round the rocks of Marblehead. Outward bound, a schooner sped. Silent, lonesome. Hannah's at the window b' iding shoes.

. . . . . . .

Sailing away!

Losing the breath of the shores in May, Dropping down from the beautiful bay, Over the sea slope vast and gray ! And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind, For a vision comes on the rising wind Of a gentle face that he leaves behind. And a heart that throbs through the fog bank dim,

Thinking of him.

Far i to night

He wat he the gleam of the lessening light Fixed on the dangerous island height That bars the harbor he loves from sight. And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale

Of how they weathered the southwest gale, To brighten the cheek that had grown so

pale With a wakeful night among specir.s grim-Teriors for him.

Yo-heave-yo!

Here's the bank wh re the fishermen go. Over the schooner's side they throw Tackleand bait to the deeps below, And Skipper Ben in the wate - sees. When its ripples curl to the light land breeze, Something that stirs like his apple trees. And two soft eyes that beneath them swim, Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,

And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour! "Steady! we'll scud by the Cape Ana shore.

Then hark to the Beverly bells once more !" And each man worked with the will of ten; While up in the rigging now and then. The lightning glared in the face of Ben. Turned to the clack horizon's rim,

> Scowling on him. Into his brain

Burned with the iron of hopeless pain. Into thoughts that grapple and eyes that strain, Piercos the memory, cruel and vain-Never again shall he walk at ease Under the blossoming apple trees That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze, While soft eyes float where the sea gulls skim,

### Gazing with him.

How they went down Never was known in the still old town. obody guessed how the fish With the look of despair that was half a frown, Faced his fate in the furious night-Faced the mad bi lows with hunger white, Just within hail of the beacon light That shone on a woman sweet and trim, Waiting for him.

Shorty was not one of the chaps who get shuddering sob, he turned away. would go hard with him. Moreover, Jack was not the only "obstacle." Sam Jack and Joe, the other brother, were Parker, Shorty's Nettie's papa, also ob- much worried, but, as Jack for the first jected.

Parker was a shrewd Maine Yankee, care of himself. with a total disbeleif in the ability of was only natural, therefore, for him to about fifteen thousand. object, especially as Nettie was barely

a few months. when Parker walked in.

"Howdy, Flemin', laid up, air ye? He sat silent for a minute, then con-Howdy, Faber; purty warm, ain't it? tinued, "Of, course, this is between outdown on the edge of a chair and began boy had won. He's a good deal of a man, tracing figures on the floor with his big and, now I come to think of it, the affair leave the room, but he waved his hand waited a couple of years, you know." and said: "Set dnown, Faber. Set still. Guess I ain't got nothin' t' say hut what ye mout ez well hear." Waited a couple of years, you know." And Jack walked off slowly, taking long whiffs at his pipe. Several weeks passed, during which I

cided way, closing with: t' th' leetle feller-not a mite, he's a tip- Shorty? I hoped it was Shorty. But top good boy, an' all that. But tain't in somehow when people pine they seem to reason th't I'm goin' t' spend more'n \$3,- lose color and get thin, and Nettie 000 eddicating a young 'un, an' then let Parker did neither. And still no word 'er go an' marry 'nother young 'un, from Shorty, and the day for the wed-'thout ary red. An' that's what it'll ding only a week away. come tew, fust thing we know." It was Wednesday of Thanksgiving

terms, sitting around and occupying a smiling quite happily. large portion of one's attention, it is a matter of getting in love, which, accom- he said. plished, is rather more serious than a

mere fall into the same. Fleming sat up and ran his fingers until to-morrow-tell 'em yours is lame, through his hair gravely. Then : "I and you'll have to lead him. Nobody has quite agree with you, Mr. Parker. I recognized me back of this overcoat coldon't know what to say to Percy, but I will try a little strategy and see if he can't be kept at home. If that don't do head up the road. Hurry up with the I can talk to him."

paper suddenly and turned to me with : heard surpassad.

Shorty Fleming.

progress.

anyheow."

mind.

afternoon and-and ask her."

to-day ? " I tried to dissemble, but Shorty is no- him sworn to silence, after which he probody's fool, and interrupted : "Oh, rot!" ceeded to camp in the cold, little upsaid he, "I reckon you think I'm a fool. stairs storeroom off my den, where no Now, honestly, what was he here for ?" Finally I told him about the conversa- know of his presence, he said, because tion between his brother and Parker. He | "Jack is so thundering honest and persat silent for a few minutes. I could see snickety, and would squeal or spoil the his face twitch. Then he turned his job.'

fied is far more severe man than his could. The poor lad stood still as stone brother Jack for his sake. Besides, for several seconds. Then, with a In over anything easily, and I know failure | the morning he was gone with his horse

time acklowledged, "the boy could take

Jack and I talked it over during the womankind to use reason and a record day, and he expressed a great deal of reof some sixty years of devotion to an gret, thinking, however, that Nettie had earnest hustle for the fascinating but decided for herself, and that Shorty had elusive American dollar. Nettie was the no one to blame for his failure. "If it only daughter and the youngest child in had been different," he went on, "and a family of seven, and the old man, Percy had persevered and won, I would close-fisted as he was, had spared no ex- have given in, and I think Parker would, pense in educating her liberally. It too, for next year Percy will come into

"You see, I've never told him of it beeighteen and had only been out of school cause I wanted him to grow up on his own merits and be self-reliant. I think He called on Jack one afternoon, not it has been for the best. Joe never casually, as he usually called, on his way knew, until he was of age, that he had to or from town, but with a direct pur- anything, and we didn't tell Percy of it pose. Jack was under the weather, and then, because he was only seventeen. Joe ay on the sofa. I was reading to him put his money into the ranch here and kept quiet about it.

Thanks, I will set a spell." And he sat selves. But do you know, I wish the spur. He seemed nervous, and I rose to has hit him hard. They could have

Here the old man stiffened up in his saw Nettie Parker several times. She sent and stated the object of his mission seemed different. Her laugh was not in a good-natured but thoroughly de- the jolly laugh I had been accustomed to hear, and she seemed pensive at times. "Neow, Fleming, I ain't no 'bject'on | Was it her approaching wedding, or-

Now, Parket's remarks were in the week and there had been great preparanature of a revalation to us. Of course, tions at Parker's. The people for miles we knew that Shorty had put in a good around were invited to the wedding, many evenings at the Parker ranch, but which old Sam 'lowed would be "th we had never guessed that his visits bang-uppist thing they ever had in th' there had any significance. A courtship, kentry." I rode to town on behalf of too, with six big brothers loating around Jack and myself for something to pre I rode to town on behalf of is a difficult matter. It is easy enough sent to the bride-elect. In the post of to fall-just fall-in love with a girl if fice some one tapped me on the shoulder. there is no one to hinder. But with six I turned. It was Shorty Flemingyoung men, with whom one is on good Shorty, with a handsome moustache and "How long before you're going out?"

"Right now."

"Bully! Faber, go and borrow a horse horses

And here began my connection with In about twenty minutes I was follow-Shorty's love affair. That evening I was ing him, riding a horse I had borrowed writing busily when some one opened from my friend, the doctor, and leading the door of my den and walked in. It my own. I soon caught up with Shorty, was Shorty. He sat down quietly and and we hurried on. Shorty showed me a took up a paper, which he looked at for letter signed "Nettie," and proceeded to several minutes, while I scratched away unfold a plan he had in mind, which, for at my work. Then he threw down the the quality of pure "nerve," I had never

Faber, what was old Parker here for Manuel, the cook, and Shorty soon had body could find him. Jack was not to

## THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Hardened-In Search of Accent-Queer -Quick Measures-Eager to Con" some more."

dense-Etc., Etc.

HARDENED. Kiljordan-How did you like Dr. Fourthly's sermon last Sunday on "Future Punishment ?"

Shadbolt-I slept through the whole

do?

"How could you go to sleep under such a sermon as that ?" "It had no terrors for me. My wife is cleaning house."-[Chicago Tribune.

IN SEARCH OF ACCENT.

of it.

"Those Germans surely are not ordinary immigrants ?" "Oh, no; they are students who have

been sent over here to acquire the Milwaukee accent."-[Brooklyn Life.

QUICK MEASURES.

Miss Longhead (surprised)-Are you taking Fido for a drive? Mrs. Shorthead-Yes, poor little fellow; baby's crying kept him awake all night, and I fear he'll be sick if I don't. -{Truth.

EAGER TO CONDENSE.

"I-I-must not listen to you, Mr. Capphead," protested the blushing girl, with eyes downcast. "You are only trifling-and-and, besides, it is getting late.

"Please hear me out, Miss Helen!" pleaded the infatuated young reporter. " I'll cut it down to 250 words!"-[Chicago Tribune.

#### POOR JAWKINS.

"Jawkins says he's mighty glad, on one account, that the hoops are returning." "Why, for goodness' sake?"

"His wife will have something else to

try her dress skirts on now."-- [Vogue.

ENOUGH.

"Dear me!" cried mamma, "What is the baby crying for?"

"He's mad at me, mamma," said Moltie. "I was trying tomake him smile with the glove stratcher."-[Harper's Bazar,

USUALLY.

"In the case of the word onion." inquired the teacher, "where does the accent fall?"

And the sad-eyed, thoughtful boy with the freckled face said the accent fell mostly on the nose.

HURRYING UP.

Mrs. Witherby-What are you wearing your new hat for every day? Witherby-I haven't any time to lose

on that hat, Miranda. In a few days it will be out of style.

A BARGAIN.

Young Housekeeper-We cannot af-Maud-Why do you think she's a ford fish at your prices. They cost too strong-minded woman? much. Ellen-Her children always look

Fishman-I have several dozen oysters, so frightfully unwashed .- Chicago na'am, left over from last mo

EXPENSIVE HONESTY.

Mother-Horrors! Do you play marbles for keeps ? Little Son-I never keep 'em, mamma. "That's right." "Yes'm. I play right along till I lose

'em. Please give me five cents to buy

A FEMININE TRAIT. She---If I refuse you what will you

He-Propose to some other girl. She--Then I accept .--- [Chicago Record.

#### AT COST.

Customer-Why, that's an outrageous price! I thought you advertised goods sold at cost? Dealer-Well, there's cost enough about them, isn't there?-[Chicago Record.

WHERE THEY SIT.

Mother-Don't you know better than to put your feet on the sofa? Look at the mud. Suppose some one should come in and sit down on it? Small Son-This is the night Mr. Nicefello comes to see Sis, and they never

sit on the sofa. They always sits on the rocking-chair.-[Good News. CANDID.

Jess-Jack's entire truthfulness was what captivated me.

Bess-What did he say when he proposed to you?

Jess-It ran thus: "I have never loved a woman as I do you, since-since (referring to his notebook)-since-let me see -the 18th of last August."

HIS NAME IS LEGION.

The man who his own praise will sing And is so built he only sees His own big self in everything Is troubled with the "I" disease.

-[Truth. AN INSULT RESENTED.

The Clerk-What is your husband's ame, madam?

The Customer-John Smith. The Clerk-Plain John Smith, ch! The Customer-No, indeed! John's

the handsomest man in Bingtown .---Truth.

A TIRED LITTLE BOY.

Little Boy-I'm tired to death. Mother-What doing? Little Boy-Thinking about the things you told me to do and I forgut .- [Street & Smith's Good News.

WEIGHTY ENOUGH.

"What do you think would make a handsome paper-weight for the profes-sor on his birthday?"

"One of his own sentences," was the sarcastic answer .--- Detroit Free Press. ANOTHER TERM ENTIRELY.

Twynn-I hear that you were relieved of \$500 during your stay in Chicago? Twynn-I never alluded to it as a relief .-- [Truth.

#### A JUSTIFIABLE INFERENCE.

#### Beveriy bells

Bing to the tide as it ebbs and swells ! His was the anguish a moment tells-The passionate sorrow death quickly knells. But the we ring wash of a li ciong woo Is left for the desolat ; heart to know. Whose tides with the dall ye rs come and go, Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim, Thinking of him. . . . . .

Poor lone Hannah. Sitting at the window bindin ; shoes, Faded, wrinkled. Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse, Br ghi-eyed beauty once was she, When the bloom was on the tree; Sping and wint r.

Not a neighbor Passing nod or answer will refuse To her whisper; \*\* Is there from the fishers any news?

Hannah's at the window, binding sho a.

Oh, her heart's adrift with one On an end ess v yags goue ! Night and morning, Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November, Now no tear her wasted check b dews. From Newfoundlands Not a sail returning will she lose, Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen, Have you, have you h ard of Ban ?" Old with watching, Hannah's at the window, binding shoe .

Twenty winters Bleach and tear the ragged shore she vi wa. Twenty seasons-Never one has brought her any news. Still her cim eves silently Chase the white sails o'er the sea. Hopeless, faithful, Hannah's at the window, binding sho s.

SHORTY LOCHINVAR.

I think it may be stated, without fear that she could give him no answer. She of successful contradiction, that at no cared a great deal for him, she said, but period of a man's existence does Cupid she was not sure she cared enough for period of a man's existence does Cupid she was not sure she cared enough for Parker, who remarked: "Wa-al, I strike so deeply and cause so much him. Besides, her father objected to swow! Yew air a nervy boy! Ain't ye sleeplessness as at the age of one score him, and she could never cross her father's both ashamed on't ?" or thereabout. I have known quite a wishes when he had done so much for number of young men of about that age her. to be deeply, passionately, desperately in Sam Parker must have heard of this the runaways were escorted back to the love, and ultimately to recover and go interview, and made up his mind to Parker ranch to receive the congratulaperiences several times thereafter.

ptiable creature, particularly when there are "obstacles," which is usually the case.

I always feel sorry for a chap in this married on Thanksgiving Day, two sort of a pickle, and I felt particularly months later. sorry for poor Shorty Fleming. I know I ought not to encourage him, but he was such a good little beggar, and so much in errnest, that I would have de-

eyes to my face and said, slowly: "Faber, The half-hundred guests at Parker's I know I'm young and all that, but-I know my own mind. Jack's a good had been enjoying Thanksgiving Day to brother and feels in duty bound to take the full. All of Mrs. Parker's good care of me, but I guess I can 'tend to things had been stored away where they that myself. I-I've made up my mind would do the most good. The minister to marry that girl, if she'll have me, and from town was getting ready for the all the Jacks and Sam Parkers in the ceremony, and the guests were bustling world can't stop me." and Mr. Percival about, amid some confusion, trying to Fleming set his mouth hard and walked find the best points for observation. ont. He called at Parker's the next Nettie Parker, pale for once, stood near the front door, pulling her fingers nerevening despite Jack's "strategy." There was another caller at Parker's viously, waiting, supposedly, for her that evening, in the person of Morris father. Cottrell, a wealthy rancher from up the

Some one knocked at the door. Net-"Five-Mile." Shorty, when he got tic pulled it open, gave a little cry, home, mentioned this fact to me, with grabbed a man's hat from the back of a some feeling in his tones. Cottrell was chair and an overcoat from a peg near by no old duffer. He was a man of thirty, and rushed out, slamming the door. and well-read, and a gentleman and the Everybody who saw the performance prospect of having him for a rival would stood still, dazed. Then, as we heard have sent despair to the heart of any pen- horses hoofs clattering up the road there niless young man less determined than was a rush for the outside. Up the road, disappearing fast, were two horses, For two or three months Shorty conwhose riders were evidently in a hurry. tinued his calls at Parker's, growing There was another rush-this time for more and more gloomy and savage as the the stables-led by old Sam Parker. days went by, for old Sam Parker was But, somehow, the doors would not something of a strategist and managed open. They had been nailed up very to keep the poor lad from getting a single securely by a person who was at that private interview with Nettie, thereby moment making hypocritical efforts to get one of them open. When they finally succeeded in mountgiving Cottrell a clear field, which was evidently satisfactory to the latter, al-

though he did not seem to make much ing two or three men for pursuit, the runaways had three or four miles' start. One evening Shorty came to my room At this juncture, Cottrell, as cool as if he in a state of mind. He had seen Sam had never thought of attending his own Parker that day, and the latter had told wedding, came up and spoke quietly to wedding, came up and spoke quietly to old Parker, who was so dazed that he him, as gently as possible, some galling truths about his age and his penniless had not opened his mouth so far.

"The old man started. "By gorry, Morris, mebbe thet's c'rect. No use condition, concluding with the cheerful information that he "reckoned Net had 'bout d'cided t' take up with Cottrell, yowlin' over spilt milk. Come on, boys.' And they rode off, but not very rapidly. Of course Shorty was despondent, but

"I told the old gentlemen," remarked Cottrell to me; as we turned towards the he was none the less determined. "Faber, I'm going to see her to-morrow house, "that it was no use trying to head them off. They'll be married inside of an hour." Then, in a tone that betrayed The time and the hour favored Shorty, but I hardly think Nettie knew her own no trace of bitterness, he continued : "It is far better to have happened now

The boy who came riding slowly home through the shadows next evening than-than later. And-as it is-I think maybe there will be only one unhappy person, instead of three. That was Morwas a very much downcast boy, indeed. He told me all about it later; how Nettie had wavered and finally told him ris Cottrell-philosopher and man,

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Fleming were met at the Justice's office by old Sam

No, they were not; and, after Nettie had had a good cry in her father's arms, something. Although he was usually so tions of their friends, foremost among The victim of this first attack is a bull-dog, and I think he used some in-tiable creature particularies is a bull-dog.

## QUEER.

## "This rage for bicycle riding seems to

"Yes, and it is rather queer, too,"

increase.

Record. down fifty per cent.

Young Housekeeper-Oh, good. Send them up. John is so fond of oysters .--[Harper's Bazar.

SMART BOY.

Tommy-Do you know when a nail cannot be driven? Mr. Figg-No. When?

Tommy-W'y, I don't suppose a nail could be driven if it was lead .--- [Indian-apolis Journal.

DECIDEDLY UNSOPHISTICATED.

Jack-That little girl I'm in love with now is a perfect little wild-flower, fresh as a daisy. Why, she's never even been waltzed with. George-Well, well !

Jack-That's true. Never been anything but engaged a few times .-- [New York Weekly.

OBEDIENT CHILD.

Teacher -- I gave you three examples in arithmetic, and you have not done one of them. Pupil-No; my father told me always

to shun bad examples .-- Boston Tran . script. WHAT HE FORGOT.

Little Johnny-Can I have some more pie?

Mamma-Do not say "can;" say "May I have!"

Little Johnny-I forgot. Mamma-Forgot what ?

Little Johnny-That I have to be particular about grammar w'en I ask for pie.

-[Good News.

EXPERIENCE TAUGHT HIM.

"Dobson must have an extensive exbeing single."

sixteen years."--[Chicago Herald.

search, she turned to him and said :

"The jag. Mrs. Laces says her husband saw you in Chicago with a lovely but it should be cut as near the shape as iag on. Whatever it is, you are not

office. By the way, I saw a handsome spring hat in a milliner's shop down town. If you care we will go down town and look at it and if you like it you can

bar had been there before many a time. "I'd like to know," said the judge,

RELIABLE RECIPES.

ENGLISH SAUCE FOR PUDDING .- Put in a small saucepan six egg-yolks, four ounces of sugar, a glass of sherry, a lemon rind rubbed on two small pieces of loaf sugar, a pinch of salt, and a pint of milk, mix well, put on a slow fire, stir briskly with an egg-whip until the sauce thickens and looks like a light frothy, thick white sauce; pour some over the pudding, and send the rest in a sauce bowl. Do not heat too much, or the sauce will

certainly curdle and be unfit to use. PLUM PUDDING, ENGLISH SAUCE .---Put in a basin a pound of stringed beefsuct chopped fine, twelve ounces of brown sugar, half a pound each of wellpicked currants, malaga and sultana raisins, four ounces each of candied citron, lemon and orange peel cut in shreds, an ounce of ground spices (cinnamon, cloves, ginger, and nutmeg in equal parts), a glass of brandy, half a pint of milk, a pound of flour, four eggs, the rind of two lemons chopped fine, and a little salt; mix well, and let rest two or three hours; wet and press the water out of a large cloth, butter and flour the centre, place it over a hollow dish, pour the preparation into the cloth, tie the pudding firmly with a strong cord, plunge it into a large stewpan of boiling water, cover, and let boil steadily for six hours; drain, remove the cloth, turn on a dish, pour the following sauce over, and serve.

JULIENNE SOUP .- A large portion of the soups in daily use in the French household are made without stock, but of vegetables simply boiled to a puree in "Dobson must have an extensive ex-perience of bachelor life. You ought to head of this list of maigre soups, as the hear him at the club dilate on the joys of French call all soup made without meat, is Julienne. Take two small carrots, "No wonder. Dobby's been married ixteen years."--[Chicago Herald. HE DIDN'T BRING IT HOME. (Chicago Herald.) HE DIDN'T BRING IT HOME. (Chicago Herald.) HE DIDN'T BRING IT HOME. After the return of the drummer from into little shreds, about the size his travels his young wife explored his and shape of matches, but not grip with an expectant face. Failing to over two inches long. There are special find that of which she was apparently in search, she turned to him and said : Julienne. On account of the construction "Where is the jag?" "The what?" he asked in astonishment. of the onion it is not possible to cut it on the exact straight strips which are considered the proper shape for this soup, jag on. Whatever it is, you are not wearing it, and it isn't in your grip." "Oh, that's all right. I left it at the of butter in a hot saucepan and fry all the vegetables in it until they are slightly brown. A quart of the water in which the peas or beans have been boiled should then be seasoned with salt and pepper, if it is not so seasoned already. The fried vegetables should be added to it and the soup should be allowed to slowly simmer The prisoner before the police court for three hours, when a handful of chopped sorrel, or a teaspoonful of minced cheese or a handful of minced "Why you get here so often!" "It's the only place in town where I an get credit, your honor," was the am-dignous reply. "Well, you haven't much credit here, can tell you." a rich stock of consomme in place of water. In this case it is made in exactly same I'm always charged with something the same way, except that the vegetables when I come," and the court gave him are cooked for thirty minutes after adding them to the stock.

eye. I find more yellow in the landscape than I used to. But, after all, these things are subjective, and a man paints what is inside of his head, not what he sees outside of it."-Chicago Herald.

Real Fighting Dervishes.

It is easier to turn a hungry tiger

aside from his prey than a thoroughly

excited dervish from his swoop on an

an enemy, says a military correspon-

dent. His half brother in fanaticism

and creed, the Indian or Afghan Ghazi,

is terrible, but the African and Arab

dervish is superlatively awful, with an

incurable delirium for his opponent's gore. Howling and whirling dervishes,

such as travelers are "specially con-

ducted to see when visiting the East,"

are a comparatively harmless sort of

lunatics compared with those types of

African bigots who, "converted" to

Mahdism, burn to run amuck with the

rest of unbelieving humanity. Once

fairly bitten with the tarantula of Mos-

lem sectarian zeal, the proselyte is

consumed with the belief that the de-

lights of the seventh or any number of

heavens await him if he can only en-

gage in sturdy, steady butchery of

"infidels" of his own or any race. It

is a matter of indifference to him if in

the operation, while he sheathes his

sword in his and his prophet's enemy,

the latter is doing the same to him.

Quick and happy translation he holds

as his sure reward .- London Tele-

Tricked by the Jolly Tars.

A pretty good story is told of the

way in which the officers of a certain

sloop-of-war of the North Atlantic

squadron succeeded in getting their.

ship's slow and antiquated steam

launch replaced by one of a later and

more fashfonable type. It happened that the vessel hauled into a navyyard

for its periodical repairs. While there

the launch was loudly complained of

as too heavy and unwieldly for a sloop-

of-war to carry, and a careful weigh-

ing by the yard authorities verified the

complaint. Thereupon a new and swift

little craft which cost Uncle Sam ever

so many hundreds of dollars was sub-

stituted, and the sloop-of-war steamed

exultantly away. But when the old

launch was sent to the boat shop for

overhauling the workmen found snug-

ly stowed away out of sight along the

keelson nearly a thousand pounds of

superfluous ballast iron. The appar-

ently unaccountable weight of the re-

ected boat was readily explained --

The "Innocence of the Eye."

Painters cultivate what is called the

"innocence of the eye" trying to see

nature simply as forms and colors as a

child sees it, without reference to what

reason and experience may teach them.

No two of them see exactly the same

way. One painter in New York sava

that he is astonished to find how gray

everything is-even sky and foliage.

Another finds the streets full of reds

and purples. A younger artist says:

"When I began to paint everything seemed to me dark. The longer I look

at nature the more light I find in it.

My great trouble now is to get my

pictures as light as nature seems to my

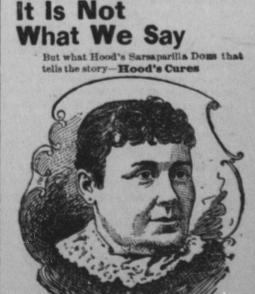
Boston Journal.

graph.

Of Importance to Al' Who Do Business.

Send a check or a postal or express money order for \$3.75 to The Trade Co., 299 Devonshire St., Boston, and you will receive by prepaid express a copy of a handsomely printed and securely bound book telling you how to increase business; how to decorate your store windows; how to advertise in newspapers; about circulars, cards and posters; the cost and use of engraving of every class, the expense of lithographs and their value; how to produce effective billbeads, cards and other commercial printing, with information on the management of employes and everything pertaining to business publicity-the only work of its class in the world; indispensable to every business man whether he be an advertiser or not. Written by Nath'l C. Fowler, Jr., the expert at business and advertising. 518 large pages, handsomely illustrated. You take no risk; if after receiving the book you don't want it you can return it and get your money back.

Syracuse (N. Y.) shoemakers run a co-operative factory.



Miss Lizzie May Davis Haverhill, Mass.

# After the Grip

Nervous Prostration --- No Help Except in Hood's

" Have been suffering for 2 years past with Nervous Prostration which was brought on by a very severe attack of grip. Had Cold Chills

almost every day for nearly 3 years. Have now taken, on the recommendation of my druggist, 3 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. What 5 doctors of both Boston and this city could not do, those 3 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have done for me. I am now well and

# Hood's Sarsa- Cures

can walk without a cane. I feel grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla, as I believe I should not now be alive if it were not for this medicine." MISS LIZZIE MAY DAVIS, Haverhill, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and em-

have it."- New York Press.

"why you get here so often?"

can get credit, your honor," was the am-

I can tell you."

ten days extra. -- [Detroit Free Press.

"Maybe so, your honor, but just the

WHY HE WAS THERE.

bignous reply. "Well, you haven't much credit here,