AT THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE. success; but they had also formed a

The dead leaves rustle at my feet; The moon is shining brightly; Something has softly dimmed my eyes. Across the path one shadow lies, The path two trod so lightly,

It was upon a night like this Love left us only sorrow; I held her little hand in mine; That parting is to me divine. Then there was no to-morrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well, Hearts are not easy broken. To-night all joys I have forgot ; There's something sacred in this spot, Whate sweet good-bys were spoken.

I'd feel less lonely with myself If I were broken-hearte 1; Would I could live that night again, With all its sadness sweetened pain, When love from love was part d! -[Lippincott's Magazine.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

tifying to her mind.

band, and to slave for the common good ;

forbade her to request the services of

details of household slavery.

rose in her.

'hired help" in the house, and her hus-

There was a din of carpenter's tools and the rasping of a painter's scraper on the west wing of the house when Mrs. Hunter s'opped in the midst of her work and shaded her eyes from the glaring rays of the spring sun. Besides being a little nearsighted, overwork with the needle by lamplight had made her eyes weak. Facial neuralgia had left indelible marks of suffering and nervous ir-ritableness stamped on the thin outlines of the pinched face, and the entire muscular system twitched sympathetically with the blinking eyes. The sound of work on the west wing of the large country house had 'attracted her attention, and she gazed as earnestly at the workmen as if this constituted her sole purpose in life.

Far away in the distance the hazy outlines of the hills rose up majestically in the bright spring sunlight, wooded to the summit of their bold heads with the green verdure of another season's leafy growth. Long stretches of flowerdecked fields, shaded with fruit and ornamental trees, sloped down from the hills to the closely-cropped lawn surrounding the old mansion. In the clean-swept yard clumps of early roses were opening their buds to the mild, balmy air, and sweet honeysuckle vines were twining their delicate tendrils over arbors and trellis-works.

Mrs. Hunter's eyes passed by all of these sights, and saw only the dark side to the whole scene. She turned from her position near the front yard, and walked back to the hot kitchen with her quick, nervous tread. A girl with flushed cheeks and an old calico dress on was bending over a sideboard scrubbing the knives and forks. She did not hear her mother's footsteps, and Mrs. Hunter remained quiet a moment, gazing at the bent form. When she spoke it was in a quick, sharp and unmodulated voice.

"'Mandy, what are the men doin' on the west wing?" The girl s'arted at the sudden inter-

ruption in her work; but she replied mer was not mentioned until the west

success; but they had also formed as tried to had her tear-stands of the was the rock-ribs of his hilly land. Ambition not so easily baffled. He had watched the rock-ribs of his hilly land. Ambition to accumulate money led him on to enand pitied the careworn face too carerich his mind with knowledge, not for fully to fail to notice a change. the pleasure which it could afford, but

"Hullo, Mother, you've been cryin'," for the higher reach of power and wealth he said, in his frank way. "What's up which it would inevitably bring. His spacious, well-cultivated fields now? Broke a chiny plate, or spilt the dish water on the carpet? No? Well, yielded him no greater joy than his well-filled library, stocked with all of the valuable books which he than what is it? Don't be afraid to tell." He passed a strong arm around her

wife.

to.

slight waist, and nearly lifted her off the It was a wan sort of smile which he needed. In this comfortable room he ground. The tear-wet eyes blinked and tried to put on his face as the parlor door spent a part of his time each day, watchwinked hard to keep back the signs of opened and the two boarders appeared ing the course of events in the world of her recent sorrow. in the dining room. He stood with his

business, politics, science and literature. "Oh, come, don't keep anything back. face toward the door, and he surveyed The rest of his time was employed in I know something's wrong, an' it must them silently for a moment. But the be serious this time. You're all broken smile slowly disappeared, and a look of conducting the affairs of the farm, or in scheming new plans for furthering his But here comes 'Mandy; she'll puzzled confusion succeeded it. up. know."

financial interests. By degrees he drifted away from his family, associating how's this?" 'Mandy, in search of her mother, diseven less with them in thought and sym-pathy than in person, but always with covered the two in the orchard, and soon approached them. A long consultation the self-satisfied feeling that he was prowas held, during which the whole secret was exploded. The keyword to the was turning red and paie by turns, and viding comfortably for them. Their life began and ended in the affairs of the whole difficulty was "boarders," and her quick breathing prevented her from household, and John Hunter firmly be-'Mandy's active mind filled out the rest speaking. John Starrow approached lieved that such a narrow, restricted of the story, the astounded man and said : sphere was essential to the happiness of

Mrs. Hunter felt better when she rewoman, for a broader field of thought turned to the house. The force of the and action would be confusing and stulblow had been deadened by the sudden and I wanted to get board out here I outburst of tears, and then by the com-Mrs. Hunter had always been a meek, forting words and attention of 'Mandy modest wife, ready to console her husand her lover. John Starrow owned a boarders, and pleasant at that." neighboring farm, and had been courtand during the dark, gloomy days of their early lives she had toiled and econing 'Mandy for years; but he had not so much," chimed in the new bride. pressed his suit owing to the fact that Mrs. Hunter could not spare her daughomized bravely as her share in the mutual burdens. These early lessons of ter. So the big, frank, handsome lover self-denial formed her character and had equally divided his time between be angry with me for the deception. I method of life, so that when prosperity working hard in the fields and in com- didn't want city boarders; they spoil the came she still clung to her work. As the forting the two forlorn women. His farm and house were increased in size the services this time were inestimable, and work assumed gigantic proportions, and he took advantage of the scene to bring her eyes with her hands. 'Mandy and her mother were pushed things to a climax. The wedding day night and day to get through with it before bedtime. Mrs. Hunter's modesty for the young couple was set.

John and 'Mandy have decided to get strong arm. "I didn't know you felt --married in three days," Mrs. Hunter ex- felt this way. It's all right. I don'tplained to her husband that evening. | don't want any city boarders either. Let band, absorbed in his own work and They want to get married in the west thoughts, seemed oblivious to the fact wing, and they've got to do it before the and we'll live together. that a servant was essential to the city boarders come.

household. He had his own men to "Well, I don't like it; but I supwork in the fields by the dozen, but pose they must. Can't they wait until table to conceal it. these were all necessary during the short fall?

harvesting period, and the farm could "No; they are determined to get marnot be carried on without their help. ried in three days, and then go to the city Mrs. Hunter and 'Mandy toiled on under on their wedding trip.' the additional burdens, and found very

Mr. Hunter made no further comment; little time for self-culture and improvebut two days later while holding an open ment. In this way the separation of the letter in his hand, he said : family gradually widened; for the suc-"Well, it's lucky they didn't put the

cessful man developed in the line of wedding off any longer. I've got boardthought and action in a larger sphere. ers for the west wing coming the very while the wife and daughter narrowed night of the wedding." "Oh, how fortunate!" exclaimed his and restricted their existence in the little

wife, examining the letter. The new wing had been built on the "Yes; but we must get the couple off already large house without Mrs. Hun-

before noon, so's we can fix up the rooms ter's advice, and, although she secretly a little before the boarders con rebelled against the enlargement of the "Yes," assented Mrs. Hunter, mod-

old paternal home, she made no open opestly position. The idea of opposing her husband's wishes had never yet The excitement of the approaching wedding prevented the little woman -[Independent." yet entered * her mind; but when she from indulging in any grief, and if she found that the new addition was being rebelled against the coming of city fitted up for city boarders a defiant spirit boarders she kept her own counsel. She and 'Mandy performed a prodigious amount of work during the hours of the John Hunter never considered it necessary to tell his wife of any new arday, and willing neighbors offered their rangement until it was all completed. help. The couple were to be married The fact that he was going to take early in the morning, and then depart boarders from the city during the sum-

for the city on the morning train. The wedding morning was a bright and promising one, and long before the nished. Then one day he remarked to sun was up there was considerable bustle around the house. 'Mandy looked pretty make hasty preparations for the coming ceremony. John Starrow soon appeared and caught the blushing girl in his arms, to steal his first kiss on his wedding day. The bridal couple were as handsome as could be wished, and even John Hunter complimented them on their appearance. He looked at his own worn and faded wife; but if memory brought up feelings of regrets he kept them to himself. He was strangely silent and observant, and did not appear as happy and smiling as the occasion might have warranted. When the ceremony was over, the breakfast partaken of, good by kisses and sobs exchanged, the happy pair were carried off to the station by their father. He kissed 'Mandy good-by on the platform, and then stood still and watched the train disappear in the distance. The full uniform .-- [San Francisco Examiparting from his daughter made him thoughtful and absent-minded. When ner. he reached home he found his wife sweeping and wiping the furniture in the west wing, preparing everything for the new boarders. The sight made him feel angry with himself, and he wandered from room to room, and then out into the orchard. The guests had all departed, and the place seemed strangely lonesome and deserted. The afternoon dragged along wearily, and the man was glad when night approached. It was dark when he reached the station again to meet the evening train. He found his two boarders waiting for him-a short, well-formed lady, deeply veiled, and a large, well-built man. Owing to the veil of the lady and the surrounding darkness, he could not see the features of either one distinctly. The journey from the station to the house was a short one, and 'Mr. Hunter could not find words with which to entertain his new boarders. The events of the day had unsettled his happiness, and he could think of nothing but his lost daughter and his poor, lonesome wife. The thought then occurred to him that, in his negligence, he had not asked how long 'Mandy intended to stay in the city. By the time he had left the boarders at the front door he was heartily sick of the whole day's doings. His conscience pricked him some, but most of the blame he attributed to a bilious stomach. "I don't feel well," he muttered, as he

stumbled over the stooping form. She better," sympathizingly replied his little THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

"Yes, but those confounded-that is JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN I wish we'didn't have company. I don't OF THE PRESS. feel like entertaining.'

"Why, we only have the boarders. will call them now." Modesty in Letters-Unearned Incre-"Well, go ahead," the man replied, pulling himself together with an effort. ment-Distinction-The Bliss of Ig-'If I've got to entertain them I've got

MODESTY IN LETTERS.

norance-A Literal View, Etc., Etc.

"The inventor of the alphabet must nave been a modest man," said Hawkins. "Why so ?" asked Mawson.

"Because he began it with A," said Hawkins. "Most men would have begun it with I."-[Harper's Bazar.

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

The sick man turned from John Star-Teacher-When water becomes ice row and his new bride to the blushing what is the great change that takes place ?

Pupil--The change in price.--[Detroit Tribune.

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

"I read in the city Herald, Father, "Why are the heads of the figures in the fashion plates always turned as if that you wanted boarders, and as 'Mandy they were looking back ?' "So they cannot see what guys they are." -- Truth.

A LITERAL VIEW.

Writer-So this is your apartment? Why, you haven't room here to swing a subjects ?" cat. Poet-I don't keep a cat, and if I did dwedful.

I don't think I would want to swing it. DISTINCTION.

"My father's quoted in the last novel," says the poet's daughter proudly. "Pooh," sniffed the rich girl from Chicago. "My father's quoted in Brad-street's."-[Club. her husband said, supporting her with a

AN AGREEMENT OF OPINION. 'Mandy and John keep the west wing, "She is what I may call a breezy girl." "Yes, I notice she has a good many airs." There was a little moisture around his

AN OLD STORY.

Jackson Ball-I never kissed a girl in "Well, come, we'll have the wedding my life until I met you. feast now," he said. "Everything is May Ketchum--I've heard that from ready. I don't feel sick any more. I

others haven't been to a wedding feast since-Jackson Ball-Who told you? May Ketchum-Ever so many ; it's an awfully old lie.-[New York Herald. why, mother, not since we were married, and that's-bless me!-nigh on to twenty-five years. This will be the an-

A WORLD'S FAIR INDIAN.

"May I ask what your Indian name is ?" inquired a visitor at Jackson Park the other day, addressing a doleful youth with a coppery complexion, who was leaning against the Indian school building.

" Injun name Not-Stuck-on-My-Job," answered the noble young red man unwinkingly .- [The Chicago Tribune.

GIVE IT TIME.

Eastern Man-Considering the price Free Press. you ask, it seems to me that this lot is very small.

Western Hustler-But you must remember that this is a new town, and growing like all possessed. That lot is young yet. A BAD SLIP.

Dora-And so your engagement with Mr. Hardhead is off Clara-Yes, I sent him flying Dora-Mercy! What did he do?

A PRACTICAL VIEW.

Struggling Pastor - The collections have fallen off terribly.

Practical Wife-It's that new vestryman who passes the plate. He never watches to see what people put on .-New York Weekly.

A WAITER.

"If you go first," murmured the wife of his bosom to the sick man, "you will wait for me on the other shore, will you not, love?"

"I s'pose I'll have to," he grumbled. "I never went anywhere yet without having to wait for you at least half an hour."- New York Times.

WE WILL.

Now that the summer's with us We'll hear the savage cry And selected objurgations Of the baldy at the fly.

-[New York Herald.

THE BLIND SIDE AND THE SEASIDE. "I am trying to get on the blind side of papa."

"For what?"

"I want to go to the seaside." NOT BOUND BY GEORGE'S ACTS.

"Chollie," said Chappie, sorrowfully, ' did you evah weflect that if it wasn't for that beastly wow Gawge Washington got us into in the lawst century, you and I would have been weal English

'Ya-as, and it makes me feel weal

"Well, I say, let's sweah allegiance to the Queen now, old fel. Wash ington's acts need not bind us. He did not wepwesent us in the least, faw ye know, Chollie, we weren't bawn then, so how could he ?"-[Harper's Bazar.

THE GLAD BELLS RANG.

With a joyful cry she threw herself pon her father's bosom.

The old man stroked her golden brown tresses, but dared not press her for her motives.

"Oh, pa," she murmured ecstatic-

ally. "What is it, my child ?" "Only think. Charley ---- "

Her eyes grew moist at the mention of

the beloved name. "-has arranged so that we can-

can-" She faltered, and in her confusion she was doubly lovely.

"-be married."

The parent's lips moved, but gave no sound. 11 Pa "

"My child."

"Would you believe the sacrifice he has made for love of me ? He has just told me that he would try, oh, so hard, to live within your income.

It were a captious nature that would withhold parental sanction .- [Detroit

HE WOULDN'T TELL.

First Broker-Did you win or lose in that cyclone to-day?

Second Broker (loftily)-That's my business. Say can you direct me to a five-cent lunch counter?

A PECULIAR OBSERVATION.

"Ethel's young man came to see her last night and she was considerably tickled.'

niversary of that event.' With that he kissed the lips of his wife for the first time in years, and the four sat down to a wedding feast that marked a new epoch in the household. It was not many days before a servant lightened the burdens of the two newlymarried couples; for Mrs. Hunter always maintained that she was married anew that night, and that it was just

King George Tubou, of Tonga, after lying in state for a fortnight, was buried recently in Princess' Park, at the capital, Nukualofa. The malae, which was specially constructed to receive the remains of the late king, was made of

as much her wedding supper as 'Mandy's. Funeral of the Tongan King.

1,200 tons of stone, sand and earth. In shape the malae is at present at quadrilateral-meant for a square-of sixty feet and five feet high. Upon this is and happy as she hurried around to erected a vault of New Zealand stone. The vault itself is encased in heavy masonry some two feet in thickness, solid square blocks of coral laid in cement being used for the purpose. The coffins con sist of an inner one of lead and an outer of two-inch cedar. The funeral procession formed just outside the Royal Palace and started at the fire of the first of ninety-five minute guns for Princess' Park. First came the Royal Guards, then came the Band, with muffled drums, playing the "Dead March." The "maefakaeiki," or bier, with the coffin enveloped in rich mats, then followed, borne shoulder-high by some score of bearers. The bier partook of the nature of a catafalque-with tassels, etc. Immediately after the bier followed the chief mourners and at a considerable distance came Prince Taufaahau-"Koe Tui"-the King, dressed in

wrote to you. We've engaged the west wing for a year. We'll be very good "And we'll help you and Mamma ever

"Don't home so, an'-an' "

She burst out sobbing, and covered "There, there, Mother, it's all right,"

eyes, and he turned hastily toward the

"Why. bless me-what's this? Mother,

"Oh, Father, don't look at me so!" finally exclaimed Mrs. Hunter, unable longer to control her feelings,

without looking around : "I don't know, mother, unless they're fittin' it up fur-fur"-

"Fur what?" "I heard Father say as how he 'spected boarders from the city this summer."

Boarders !" Mrs. Hunter emphasized the word, but made no further comment for some time. She was looking straight ahead at her daughter, but 'Mandy did not heed the steady gaze. She kept on in her hard, humdrum, daily work.

'When did you hear Father say this?" Mrs. Hunter always addressed her husband as Father.

"Day before yesterday," replied the

"Why didn't you tell me before ?" the worn-out woman continued, asking her questions pointedly.

"I thought-as-how it might worry you, Mother, and"--

"I see," interrupted Mrs. Hunter.

She became quiet again, gazing this time out of the window. It was an unusual thing for Mrs. Hunter to remain idle even for a few minutes, and 'Mandy grew nervous and restless at the change. She scrubbed away at the knives more vigorously, and ventured several low remarks about the grease and dirt, but her mother did not notice her.

'Mandy, haven't we work enough?" the little woman inquired, in a peculiar voice.

"Yes, Mother, we have morethan"-

Her eyes looked around the room, at the dirty dishes, untidy furniture, unmended clothes, and articles needing attending to that had been stowed away in every hook and corner.

"Then what would we do with boarders?'

"I don't know," the girl replied, in the same weak, monotonous voice, "unless-unless-we cared for 'em as we do fur other things."

"' 'Mandy, I ain't likin' city boarders, an' specially them that Father will bring out here. They're too high-flutin' an' stuck up. We ain't goin' to work fur 'em neither."

"But, Mother, how ----"

"Never mind how-we ain't goin' to."

Mrs. Hunter jerked her words out with a decided air, and then, picking up the drying towel, she beg a to wipe the knives and forks with quick, deft mo-tions. Neither wagker spoke for a long time, and the bright spring morning waned into the calm, peaceful afternoon; but the labors of the two pairs of busy hands were not finished until long after darkness had settled over the earth

study, where he spent the greater part was white, and the bloodless lips wers of the afternoon and evening in consult- drawn tightiy over the teeth. Her breatha self-made, successful man and one who her grief, and wept bitter tears of poignhad met and overcome many difficulties ant sorrow.

lage: "The rooms are fitted up nicely, and I guess our city people will find it to their liking."

Mrs. Hunter gulped down a lump in her throat, and then said in a voice that seemed unnatural to her: "We can't take

city boarders here, Father." John Hunter did not seem to comprehend the meaning of his wife's remark, and he continued in an absentminded way: "We can accommodate a young couple, or even three, in the west

wing There was another hard gulp, and then, in the same unnatural voice: "But, Father, I say we can't take city board-

ers. The man began to understand the meaning of the little woman's opposi-

tion, and he looked a little embarrassed. "We have no servant to do the work." his wife continued, "and we do not need the money. 'Mandy is worn out with work, and I cannot do any more. We can't take city boarders."

One of the farm laborers interrupted the conversation here, and the meek woman retired thankfully from the scene. Her courage was fast ebbing away, and the little body was all in a tremble.

Nothing more was said about the city boarders for some time, and Mrs. Hunter in her quiet way was thankfully congratulating herself on her easy victory. It was the first time she had ever objected to any of her husband's plans, and the grace with which he yielded made her love and respect him all the more. She half regretted that she had openly refused to take his boarders, and she endeavored to atone for it by numberless little acts of kindness and attention.

"Have the papers come from the post office yet, mother? Ah, yes, here's the Herald.

John Hunter always followed the news of the day carefully, and, as he dropped into a chair to rest, he tore the covering from the paper, and opened the sheet hastily.

"Any news in partickler?" asked his wife, rubbing a few specks of dirt from the furniture.

"No-that is," the man replied slowly, "my advertisement appears to-day, want to see how it reads."

Mrs. Hunter's bright face changed in an instant, and she asked, in a trembling whisper: "What advertisement? "

"Why, for boarders," was the impatient answer. "It is time we did something. The west wing is all ready for occupants."

He soon became absorbed in reading John Hunter returned from his work the paper, while the poor woman stole on the large farm, and repaired to his stealthily out of the house. Her face ing books and diagrams. He was a strong, well-formed, and handsome man of his age, with a large, massive brow, and a hard, determined mouth. The few iron-gray hairs and prominent wrin-the control of blackness rather than of light. kles of his face wire in perfect harmony Under an old apple tree, where strange with the rest of his appearance. He was eyes could not see her, she gave way to

in life. The very adversities which he John Starrow, to, scalwart lover of had encountered were the secrets of his 'Mandy, found hes there and nearly

walked toward the house, after seeing that the horses were properly housed. "It must be another attack of billousness. I'm all out of sorts. I'll get Mandy to"-

Then he stopped and made an ejacu-ation when he remembered that she was so longer with them. He entered the house, where the supper was already on the table. Mrs. Hunter was looking pretty in a new dress, with ruffles around the throat and hands, and two bright burning spots on her cheeks. She was busily flying around, from one thing to another, and when her husband entered she greeted him with a smile. "Are you ready for supper, Father?"

she asked. "Yes-no-I don't feel well," he stammered.

"Well, eat something, and you'll feel be set on the ice.

Nutmeg Culture.

Nutmeg is becoming a source of much profit to many islands of the West Indies, and especially in Grenada. For many years the nutmeg tree has been grown; it is only recently that its cultivation has received serious attention. To start a nutmeg plantation the ground must be cleared at a cost of \$30 per acre. Saman trees should then be planted, forty-five feet apart. Meanwhile, the nutmeg seeds should be carefully reared in a nursery. In about two years the seedlings should be planted out.

Unless the locality is very favorable, ten years must elapse before the trees begin to be productive. A large number will be of the male sex, and, as the proportion of male to female trees should not exceed one in thirty, the planter will have to cut down the trees freely as soon as their sex is declared. It is reckoned that nutmegs should yield an annual profit to the planter of about \$2.50 per tree.- [Fortnightly Review.

Flerce Carnivorous Fish.

Such fierce carnivorous fishes as exist in the depths of the ocean are unknown at the surface. There is the "block swallower," which devours other flany creatures ten times as big as itself, Meer ally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then with the other Another species is nearly all mouth, and having no power of locomotion, it lives ouried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its head alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that may wander into its cavernous jaws. There is a ferocious kind of shark, resembling a huge cel. All of these monsters are black as ink. Some of them are perfectly blind, while other have enormous goggling eyes. No ray o! sunlight ever pierces the dark, unfath omed caves in which they dwell. Each species is gobbled by the species nex bigger, for there is no vegetable life to feed on. - [Chicago Herald.

Meat should not be put directly on the ice, as the water draws out the juices. Always place it in a pan, and this may

Clara-In looking for something in his pocket, he dropped a little clipping from some newspaper, but did not notice it; and after he had gone I picked it up. What do you think it was?

Dora-Horrors! I'm sure I could never guess. Tell me quick. Clara-It told how to clean rag carpets.-[New York Weekly.

SOMETHING LACKING.

the courage?

Mr. DeCynique-No, not exactly. Miss Flirtsome (coquettishly)-Well, surely you have not lacked the opportunity

Mr. DeCynique-No, not exactly. Miss Flirtsome-What was it, then, you lacked?

Mr. DeCynique-The pretty girl .--[New York Herald.

CONSOLATION.

"I don't think this lady would suit me, because I have made up my mind never to marry a woman who plays the piano."

"Oh, if that's all you needn't worry yourself, because, though she does play the piano, she doesn't know one tune from another, and so she only goes strum, different from any other itch. You strum all day long .- [Schalk.

TOO MANY CLOSETS.

Wife-I'm so tired and wretched in this house !

Husband-Now, look here. I consented to move up here to Harlem en-tirely on account of those sixteen closets. Wife-That's just it. I thought I wanted more closet room ; but now that I've got it, it takes all my time to hunt for burglars.-[Puck.

CANDY HUNGRY.

Wee Son-When Johnny Jumpupp's papa died, his mamma gave him a whole lot of candy.

Mamma-What of it ? Wee Son-Nothing, only I was won-dering if it wouldn't be all right if you'd just pretend my papa was dead instead of waitin' for a truly funeral.-[Good News.

AN EASTER CYCLONE.

Western Child-Do you ever have cyclones here?

Eastern Child-What is they?

"Oh, yes. Once I saw a wind blow cure you. Take six of the little pills at a market wagon across the street one dose, four doses the first day-mornand the wheels turned around."-[Good News.

SHE MAY HAVE BEEN RIGHT.

Laura-Mamma, can I sing awhile? Mrs. Figg - You mean "may I

Mr. Figg-How do you know she does? Perhaps she really has her doubts.-[Indianapolis Journal.

JUST PRIDE.

"I guess the day for me to be on ton is past," soliloquized the battered Derby hat in the ash-barrel, "but even now I am no slouch, and never will be. See. -[Indianapolis Journal.

"Was she? I didn't know he had a mustache."- [New York Press.

POISON IVY.

How to Cure the Poisoning-Some Useful Hints.

When you go into the country this summer don't "monkey" with all the Miss Flirtsome—And you say you have never kissed a pretty girl? How singu-lar! You don't mean to tell me you lack beautiful, three-leaved plant you may find growing around the base of trees, stone walls, and old fences. An attractive plant, just the kind of glossy glitter to its bright green leaves as impels one to "just take a little of it home" with Don't do it, unless you are vou. one of those few that may with impunity handle Rhus toz. That's the botanical name of the plant, that, familiarly known as poison ivy, has caused so

much suffering to many. The writer has suffered, and on many occasions has struggled for its cure by means of neighborly suggestions, by doctor's efforts, potions, lotions, harrowing days of dread and itch. Does it itch? Yes; you'll know whan you've fooled with Rhus tox. by a strange itch. It's scratch it, and it seems as though you had conquered the irritation; it fooled you. You look for a cause, and find none. The skin is normal, no blemish shows, but it itches again. When you are warm and comfortably asleep, you will be awakened up scratching that same spot. You "could dig it out with your nails." You can't do it, That's

Rhus tox. poisoning. Soon a small, insignificant swelling lumps up where the itch is; then it be gins to look watery underneath the skin, but it itches none the lassa rather more. You scratch through the skin, the water underneath is released, and the nails and fingers carry the watery poison to fresh spots; possibly to the face, the ears, the body. The same tedious itching, scratching is multiplied. You are now a case for sympathy. Without means of cure, your existence is a realized sheel. I propose, now that you understand the cause and the symptoms, to tell you of the cure. It is simple, it is effective. Procure from the drug or other stores where they are sold 'a small bottle of "They is winds, awful winds that little sugar pills, labeled "Rhus tor." makes things turn right around." A "hair of the dog that bit you" will ing, noon, evening, and bedtime. The next day the itching will be mollified a degree. The second and third day, take three doses of six pills each dose. You will, by this time, be so free from irritation that you may carelessly take a few pills until nature heals up the sores. So oon as the healing begins, be very chary of taking many of the pills, as they will, in excess of requirement, produce an in-tolerable, though harmless, itching over the whole body.

The writer, poisoned on an average four to six times a year, finds this remedy a permanent check on the first appear-ance of poisoning symptoms.-Scientific Americap.