AT' TWILIGHT.

I stood at twilight by the shimmering lake.

And watched the shadowy, autumntinted leaves.

Inverted, swaying in the evening breeze.

And the red tower and the pretty boathouse make

A picture that no future years can take From out my memory; shadows such as these

The beautiful unreal-make oases In every earnest life; we dream and wake

To nobler duties from such times of rest beaven;

Love floods the soul with colors richer far

Than even nature in the glowing west. The hopes of youth come back; new strength is given,

As through the twilight breaks the evening star.

rapidly again.

social heart of the region.

-[Sarah K. Bolton, in Clevand Leader.

EPERRIM'S PINCH.

BY REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

A little to one side of the track parted off from Runnage tenement that leads to Widdecombe in the Moor and that branches from the main artery of travel which runs from Tavistock to Moreton Hampstead, sequently the youngest, Ephraim, and thence to Exeter, is an ancient was obliged to seek work away from tenement in the midst of the waste, called Runnage.

Runnage lies in a very lonesome spot; the hills that fold about it to Creeber had engaged him as a laborer the back and west afford sufficient on his farm. Not for one moment shelter for sycamores to have grown had it occurred to the owner of Runto a considerable size-sycamore, the nage that this might lead to results one tree which will hold its own anywhere.

The tenants of these holdings enjoy great right by custom. The heir his daughter stoop to love the laborof each and every one, on the death | ing man. eight acres of the forest or waste closure is called a new-take. No money. The husband he had in his have subjected him to such a strain. wonder that the Duchy of Cornwall eye for his daughter was a man who does all in its power to rid itself of had capital wherewith to develop the these encroaching neighbors. The resources of the farm, to enlarge the tempting this impossible task? new-take walls have wrought the de- new-takes, to break up fresh soil, to ments; avenues of upright stones, number of oxen, and quadruple that right ones have been seized upon as eas, that is to say, Archelaus Weekes, gateposts, or thrown across leats and the eldest son of his neighbor at rivers as bridges, or have been util- Walna, a handsome fellow, with a ized to prop up linhays, and the song or a joke always in his mouth, lesser stones that perhaps commem- who loved to romp with the girls, hir set up in honor of his chief has girl would care for him, plain, silent, disappeared. Sometimes the builders without wickedness (i. e., mischief) of the new-take walls threw down a in him, who never made or undergreat manolith with the intention of stood a joke?

breaking it up, and then abandoned Sysly was aged seventeen when it because they found smaller stones Ephraim, a man of twenty-three, more handy; sometimes they trans- came into the service of Quintin Creeported such big stones part way to ber. He served faithfully for seven the new wall, and cast it down, it years, and never gave the farmer being too heavy for their arms to cause to reproach him for inactivity. convey any further. The marvel is was ever docile, obliging and industhat so much still remains after trious. Such a man was not to be over a thousand years of wanton found elsewhere; such a combina- sack." ravage.

said, all done by pinching, that is to this sack o' rye on your back to the sack. "By gum!" said he; say, by leverage. But he used more Widdecombe mill, and bring it home "flour!" than a lever-he employed rollers as full o' flour-and I will."

well. Without other than a ready He had set the man an impossible wit, and a keen estimation of weights | task. It was five miles to the mill, | and had come back with it in the conand forces drawn from experience, and the road a mountainous one. Ephraim was able to move and get in- But he had put him off-that was to place blocks which two and even all he cared for.

three other men would avoid touch- In the room was Sysly. She had stumbled forward, turned out of the accused was a young boy of sixteen ing. He was not a tall man, but was heard all. She came out; she saw road, and too, the track to Runnage. years of age, named Francois Beradmirably set and proportioned. He Ephriam tying up the neck of the had fair hair and blue-gray eyes, a sack. "Help her up on my back, grave, undemonstrative manner, and Sysly," said he. a resolute mouth.

"Eph !-- you do not mean it! Instead of wearing bair about his can't do it. It's too much.' fuce, it was Ephraim's custom to He said: 'Carry this sack to ing So they went on till they

Earth seems a paradise reflecting state big back had been and chin; the Widdecombe mill, and bring'n back reached the farm. Then, in the nair of his head he wore somewhat full of flour, and you shall have outer chamber, without a word, Ephlong, except only on two occasions her." when he had his hair mown by the "It was a joke." "I don't understand a joko. He appeared at the door. blacksmith at Widdecombe; one of

these was Christmas, the other mid- said it. He's a man of his word, summer. Then for a while he was straight up and down." short-cropped; but his hair grew Sysly held the sack up. But her

heart misgave her. 'Eph," she said; "my father only brought'n back again. Sysly-yours He was a quiet man who did not

speak much, reserved with the said that because he knew you farmer, and not seeking companion- couldn't do it." ship at the nearest hamlet of Post "I can do it-when I see you be-Bridge, where was the tavern, the fore me."

"How do'y mean, Eph ?"

Ephraim was the youngest son of " 'Bring back the sack o' flour, and a small farmer at Walna, a house you shall have her.' Sys, I'd carr' with a bit of land that had been the world on my back for that." He was strong, broad-shouldered, at some time in the tenth century. and he started with his burden. Walna could not maintain four men. Sysly watched him with doubt beside the farmer and his wife, con-

and unrest. Was it possible that he could reach Widdecombe with such a burden? If the parental house; and he had been he reached the mill, could he carry employed repairing fallen walls and back the sack of flour? She watched constructing new ones, till Quintin him down the hill, and across the Wallabrook that gives its name Walna (now corrupted into Warner) to his father's farm., Then ensued an other than those of business between ascent, and she saw him toiling up the hill of Sousson's Moor with the master and man--that it was possible sack en his back. Was there any Ephraim might aspire to Sysly, and avail in his undertaking this tremendous exertion? Surely her father, if It was quite true that in the mat- he had intended to give his consent, custom the privilege of inclosing ter of blood the Creebers and the would not have made it conditional Weekeses were equal, but a moor-Surely, if he had designed to make annually to the Crown and this in- sider blood; he looks to position, to Ephraim his son-in-law, he would not

Sysly knew the resolution, the lova struction of the rude stone monu- buy well bred horses, and double the of the silent, strong-hearted man; circles, cromlechs, kistvaens, have of sheep kept on the farm and the on under his burden, toil up the steep been ruthlessly pillaged, used as moor over which he had free right of slopes-struggle, with perspiration quarries which have been handy. In common. Quintin would have hesi- streaming, with panting lungs and a great many cases the largest up- tated to take into his employ Kill- quivering muscles, up the great ridge of Hamledon-that he would pursue his purpose till nature gave way. And for what? She did not share his confidence in the good faith of her father. She watched Ephraim

the house.

"I want to have the mare blistered-

EXTRAORDINARY CRIME.

At His Own Request an Old Man Is Murdered by a Boy.

The Assize Court of Aix-les-Eain has just had before it one of the most Half-supporting the sack, the extraordinary cases which can be farmer attended his man as he found in the annals of crime. The thollier, who was charged with the Ephraim could not speak. He looked out of his great, starting eyes | murder of an old man named Blanat the master, and moved his lips; chard. Barthollier did not deny the You but foam, not words formed on them. crime, but made the curious defense They were purple, cracked and bleedthat he had killed his victim with the latter's own consent, but in response to his very pressing request. The following extract from raim dropped the sack and sank his examination by the president of against it, and pointed to Sysly, who the court gives his version of the crime.

Prisoner-On the day of the arrival "Gammon!" said Quintin: "you weren't such a fool as to think to of the Russians, Blanchard and I went to Toulon. On the way he told have she? Her's not for you-not you've took the sack and me how miserable he was and how much he desired to end his life. For several hours he tried to pursuade me to deliver him from his miseries.

President-Did you not ask him why he did not commit suicide?

Prisoner-He said he had not the necessary courage, and that he had religious scruples. Two days later he came to my room and waked me. saying: "Francois, I count on you for to-day ; I want to get it over before the evening." I was very much astonished. He added : "I will sign a bill for you for 1.800, francs, which you will get from my notary at Carpentias.'

President-So this sum of 1,800 francs caused you to consent.'

Prisoner-I went down stairs and bought a bill stamp for sixty centimes and drew out the bill, which he signed. Then we went to Joliette to take the tramway. While waiting for it we went into a cafe, where Blanchard made me drink several glasses of peppermint. Then he gave me sixty centimes to buy a knife in a shop. When we were on the tramway Blanchard said to me, "Smoke as much as you can. It will stupely you." At Estaque we again went into a cafe, where he made me drink four or five absinthes. Then we continued our route for some time, when suddenly Blanchard stopped, saying "This place will do." We then went un-"What a wonderful creation is the der the bridge which is there. Blanchard undressed and bandaged his eyes

President - Blanchard laid down himself on the stones there?

President-How many blows did you give him?

"Strike me several times, so that I vein is. My death will be easier.'

A NOBLE FIGHT. AN EMINENT SOUTHERN LAWYER'S

LONG CONFLICT WICH DISEASE. Twen'y-five Years of Prosperity, Adver-

sity and suffering-The Great Victory Won by Mcleace Overa Stubborn Disease.

(From the Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.) Foremost among the best known lawyers and farmers of North Carolina stands Col. Isaac H. Sugg, of Greenville, Pitt Co., aman who has been on the edge of eternity and whose life had been measured by minutes,

"It has been twenty-two years sin " I became a resident of this town " said Col. Sugg in telling his story to a reporter ; "even then the first symptoms of Gravel were asserting themselves but were slight. Gradually, however, my disease developed, and fight it as I would it seemed to gain a stronger foothold day by day until my misery was complete. For sixteen years I never knew what it was to be free from pain, not pain as an ordinary man thinks of it, but agonizing, excruciating, unendurable pain. Tortured from head to foot, at times thrown into spasms when it would require the unite ! strength of four men to hold me until I was stupified with stimulants and oplates. I could not sit, lie or stand in any one position but the shortest time. Sleep was out of the question unless brought about by the strongest stimulants or opiates. Oh, how many, many times have I thought of putting an end to that life of suffering. But then my mind would revert to my wife, my children, my home, and I would restrain my hand with the hope that some other means of escape would be offered. I searched the archives of medicine for relief. Doctors were consulted, lithia waters, mineral waters, drugs, opiates and stimulants of all sorts were tried without avail. Why, I sent clear to the West Indies for medicine and yet the result was the same.

"I kept at my work as long as I could but nature gave way at last and I succombed to the inevitable. My entire nervous system had been shattered by the stimulants and opiates I had taken, my blood had actually turned to water, my weight had dropped from 173 pounds to 123, and it seemed to everybody that the end was in sight. Why, I could not bear the gentle hand of my wife to tathe my limbs with tepid water. I wassim-ply living from hour to hour. I had made my will, settled my business and I waited for the last strand of life to snap. "It was at this time that a somewhat simi-lar erse as my own was brought to my no-

lar case as my own was brought to my no-tice. This man had suffered very much as I had, his life had been despaired of as mine had and yet he had been cured. Think what that little word meant to me—CURED. The report stated that the work had been a plished by a medicine known as Dr. Willpinsnet by a mencine known as Dr. whi-imms' Pink Pills for Pale People. I investi-gated the report thoroughly and found that it was true in detail. Then I procured some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began taking them and began to get better. I began to sleep like a bealth'ul chi'd, sound, caim and peaceiul. My appetite came back and my nerves were soothed and restored to their ormal condition and I telt like a new man. But the greatest blessing was the mental im-But the greatest blessing was the mental im-provement. I began to read and digest, to formulate new plans, to take interest in my law practice, which be an to come back to me as soon as my clients realized that I was me as soon as my civits realized that I was again myself. After a lapse of 10 years I ride horseback every day without faugle. "That Dr. Williams' Pink P.lls saved my life is beyond doubt, and I am spreading

their praise far and wide."

Inquiry about the town of Greenville sub-stantiated the above facts of Col. Sugg's case, and that many others are being benefited by Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pals People

would do himself an injury in at-

till the tears so clouded her eyes that was well for this morning that it was man no longer.

Hours passed. The evening came on: and Quintin Creeber returned to

"Where is Ephraim?" he asked. she can't put a foot to the ground. "Ephraim is gone to Widdecombe," answered Sysly.

The man could not speak. He sank, slipped down, and fell before the sack, that partly held him up. His head dropped forward on his breast. "Look up. Ephraim; don't be a fool!" said the yeoman. He was past looking up. He was dead. On the old ordnance map of 1809,

tho'

-never!

dition of flour.

I see that the steep ascent up which Weekes made his last climb, laden with the sack of rye flour, is marked as "Ephraim's Pinch.

It was even so. That man had car-

ried the burden of rye to the mill,

As a moorman said : "That was a pinch for Ephraim-such a climb with such a weight after nine miles; but there was for he a worser pinch. when old Creeber said, 'It is all for naught. You sha'n't have she. That pinched Ephraim's heart, and pinched the life out of he.'

But I observe on the new ordnance of 1886 "Ephraim's Pinch" is omitted. Can it be that the surveyors did not think the name worth preserving? Can it be that Ephraim and his pinch are forgotten on the moor? Alas! time with her waves washes out the writing on the sands. May my humble pen serve to preserve the memory of Ephraim and his Pinch .- The Independent.

In an Indian Canoe.

Indian canoe! Light as foam, blown like a feather by the slightest breeze, with a handkerchief. responsive as a cork to the least ripple; yet this same fragile bark is adapted to the wildest waters. It leaps in safety from crest to crest of the cataract, or buoyantly surmounts the billows of the stormy lake. It dotted with white caps. We were soon far enough out to feel the full

have been left, while the great men- but Ephriam was different. What she could see the patient, faithful so, for we were heading toward a wont suffer. Strike in preference on force of the gale that stung our faces | his counsels well. Your hand struck with wind and spray. To go against with a dexterity that a professional

Prisoner-Yes, monsieur.

Prisoner-Four. He had told me,

President-You certainly followed such a wind with a bark canoe would might envy. Did Blanchard die at

The ancient farm dwelling has been most lucky in having such a servant. rebuilt in recent times, but at the Ephraim did more than two other to the mill, and bring back flour." time of our story the old dwelling men, and never asked for increase of "It was nonsense. I never meant was standing. It was a typical moor- wage, never grumbled at the tasks it. It was a put-off. He can't do it. time of our story the old dwelling men, and never asked for increase of house. A gateway in a high wall of imposed upon him. rude granite blecks built up without mortar gave access to a courtyard Sysly was twenty-four, and Ephraim without it." paved, yery small, into which all the was thirty. There had come suitors windows of the house looked. Here for the girl-among them the eldest also, were the outhouses, stables, pigstyes, the well house, the peat store, the saddle and farm implement refused him. The young farmer of had attempted the impossible. Well, houses. All opened inward, all could Hexworthy had sued for her, and had there was this advantage. When be reached with very little exposure. been rejected, greatly to the wonder Weekes returned without the four or The main door of the dwelling did of Quintin. Now, when the seven rye, he. Quintin, would be able to not open into the kitchen, but into a years were over, then Ephraim, in laugh at him and say: "You have sort of barn in which every sort of lumber was kept, with the fowls said to the owner of Runnage: roosting on the lumber. This served "Maister, me and your Sysly likes as a workhouse for the men on rainy one another, and we reckon us'll farm buildings and went to the Widor foggy days; here they could re- make one. What sez you to that, decombe road. pair damaged tools, hammer out nails | Maister?" and rivets, store potatoes, nurse the sheep in "yeaning time," prepare the ishment, and did not answer for three have known that, and not have atrushes for thatching. Here at the minutes, while he gave himself time tempted it." end were heaped up high to the root for consideration. He did not want vast masses of dry bracken to serve to lose a valuable servant. He had as bedding, and in this, in bad no thought of giving him his daughweather, the children played hide ter. So he said: "Pshaw! you're and seek, and constructed them- both too young. Wait another seven selves nests. At Runnage at one years, and if you be in the mind then. time lived the substantial tenant, you and she, speak of it again." Eph-Quintin Creeber, paying to the Crown raim took Quintin at his word, witha slight acknowledgment, and thriv- out a remonstrance, without an ating on the produce of his sheep and tempt to persuade him to be more The weight is too much for him des- culiar forms. He would travel up kine and horses. He tilled little yielding. grain, grew no roots. There was al- He remained on another seven ways grass or hay for his beasts. If years. the snow lay on the ground deep. Then Sysly was aged thirty-one, drunk, he reels so. There he is now bread.

died of scarlet fever, and the third was filling a sack with rye. had fallen into the river in time of "I say-Ephriam," he spoke, as Well, I recken this is a pretty bit of perfectly same now, but forty-five flood, and had aquired a chill which Weekes entered : "there's the horse a strain for Ephraim, up this steep years of his life are a blank to him. had carried him off.

-inherit Runnage, his savings and there hain't a crumb of flour more in the right, on her father's death, of the bin, and her wants to bake to toiled up the road, step by step; it inclosing another eight acres of once." moor. On the loss of his sons, Quin- "Maister," said Ephriam, "I've and he must collapse, go down in a which could not be stirred by three Win'y now give her to me?" ordinary men. It was all knack, he | "Look'7 here, Ephriary, Carry | Quintin Creeber put his hand under

tion of great strength, skill and so-Runnage tenemant house is new, briety. Creeber esteemed himself

son of the farmer Weekes, the light- ished. The man had taken him at hearted, handsome Killeas. She had his word. The more fool he. He

Quintin stared, fell back in aston- ass. He couldn't do it. He should

then only had he recourse to the hay- and he-thirty-seven. On the very at the bridge. Ha! he has set the daft. He was the butt of the small rick. What little grain he grew was day fourteen years on which he had sack down, and is leaning-his head rye, and that was for the household entered the house at Runnage, ex- on it. I reckon he's just about dead actly when the seven years were con- beat. The more fool he! He Quintin Creeber had a daughter. cluded, at the end of which farmer should ha' known I never meant it. the local physicians decided to ex-Cecily, or. as she was always called, Quintin had bid him speak of the What! he's coming on again. Up Sysly, a pretty girl with warm com- matter again, then Ephriam went in hill! That'll try him. Gum! plexion, like a ripe apricot, very full quest of him, with the intent of snail goes faster. He has a halt soft brown eyes and the richest au- again asking for Sysly. He had not every three steps. He daren't set burn hair. She was lithe, strong, wavered in his devotion to her. She down the sack; he'd never get her energetic; she was Quintin's only had refused every suitor-for him. up on his back again. There he is, child; his three sons were dead. One He found the old man in the outer down on one knee; kneeling to his first question he asked, when he rehad been killed in a mine, one had barn or entrance to the house; he prayers, be he? or taking his breath? covered from the operation was,

Sysly would be the heir to Quintin What is to be done? Sysly tells me and four to five miles behind him."

tin had taken into his service one waited as you said this second seven heap at the next. Slowly, however, Ephraim Weekes, a young man, years. The time be up to-day. Me he forged on till he came up to Quin-broad-shouldered, strongly built, no- and Sysly, us ain't changed our tin. Then the yeoman saw his face. ted as a constructor of new-take minds, not one bit. Just the same. Ephraim was haggard, his eyes startwalls. Ephraim had a marvelous only us likes one another a thousand ing from his head; he breathed skill in moving masses of granite times dearer nor over us did afore. hoarsely, like one snoring, and there

"To Widdecombe? Who gave him leave?'

"Father, you told him to carry the

Old Creeber stood aghast.

"To carry the sack 'o rye!" "You told him he was to take that No man can. He'll chuck the sack When seven years were over, then down on the way and come back

"He'll never do that, Father." Quintin Creeber was much aston-

his wonted quiet. composed manner. not fulfilled the condition. therefore -no Sysly for you.'

Quintin Creeber walked out of his

"Pshaw," said he, "the man is an

As he said these words to himself he discerned in the evening glow over Sousson's Moor a figure descending the path or road.

"By gum !" said the farmer, "It is Ephraim. He's never done it; he has come back beat-turned halfway. How the chap staggers! By crock! he's down, he's fallen over a stone. cending. I swear, if I didn't know he were as temperate as-as-no one claiming proprietorship, and refuselse on the moor, I'd say he were He's up again and crawling on.

gone lame, and we be out of flour. ascent wi' a sack o' flour on his back, The farmer watched the man as he seemed as if each must be the last,

was froth on his lips.

be an utter impossibility, but to ran

with it was great fun. Our safety depended upon the skill of the steersman in keeping her before the wind. Certainly the day had commenced time. The complacent Irishman wis | yards away.

taking to himself all the credit for this gale as though it were a part of his business. I was forbidden to paddle, but with Capt. Mick's consent 1 tfed the tails of my rubber coat to

the handles of two paddles and inserted the blades in the armholes. This extempore sail greatly added to the speed of our flying craft. On we flew, outstripping the spray that leaped after us and fell short. This kind of sailing furnished sensations

for which no analogy can be found in the whole range of navigation. Instead of plunging deeply and laboring heavily as a wooden boat would, our buoyant vessel scarcely deigned to plunge at all, but seemed to skim like a sea-gull on the very foam itself. So we crossed Lake Talon in a boat which a man could carry, doing eight miles of angry waves without shipping a thimbleful of water."-[Outing.

A Strange Experience.

About forty-five years ago Clem Wallis, then a boy fifteen years of age, went out to his father's pasture to catch a frisky colt. As he was about to place a halter about its neck, the colt kicked him in the head, making a ragged wound. The wound healed, but it soon became apparent that the boy was slightly demented. His hallucination took peand down the bay on the steamboats. ing to pay fare. The steamboat men humored him, as he was considered boy's jokes and banter. He has lived 1 in the village since, and is now sixty years of age. About six weeks ago periment on his cese. They found that a portion of his skull had been

forced into contact with the brain by the blow, and by a skillful operation they removed the pressure. The man recovered his reason, and the 'Did the colt get away?'' He is --- [Portland (Me.) Advertiser.

Apples for Coffee.

German papers report that apples cut into little pieces, well dried and pulverized, make an excellent coffee substitute. When this is mixed with equal parts of ground coffee, only an expert can tell it from genu- he said : "Gentlemen, now be good ine unmixed coffee. The apple flour alone mixed with a little chicory is low me." And thus saying, he led said to give a palatable "coffee."-New York World.

Prisoner-Yes, he raised himself up slightly and gave a sigh; that was all. I had some blood on my hands, so I went and washed them in the auspiciously; we were making quick | sea, which is about two hundred

President-Then you returned to Estaque?

Prisoner-Yes, I stopped at a shooting gallery, where I fired some shots to divert myself.

President-And did you not feel any remorse, any terror? Prisoner-Yes, a little.

The jury decided that the prisoner had acted without discernment and acquitted him. The court, however, ordered him to be kept in a reformatory until the age of twenty years.

Our Early Diplomats.

Congress had some difficulty in regulating the expenses of its foreign Ministers so as to give them an opportunity to appear with dignity in foreign courts and at the same time conform to the economical ideas that prevailed in the matter of public expenditure. At the time Franklin was writing home that he could not make. a respectable appearance at the court of France, the President of Congress was receiving letters alleging a wasteful expenditure of money by Franklin and his nephew, Jonathan Williams. Some of these strictures may have been warranted, for John Adams was found including a charge for the education of his son in an account of his expenses abroad. The item was disallowed on the ground that the investigating committee did not find "any book or proceeding of Congress, nor are they informed of any general or received custom on which the charge of moneys for the education of the accountant's son can be admitted, and, though the same is inconsiderable, they are of the opinion that a precedent be not established."-- San Francisco Examiner.

An Odd Man.

The eccentricities of Henry Stephen Fox, an early English minister at Washington, were the laugh of the town. Fox generally did not arise until people were about ready to go to bed. When duty compelled him to rise earlier. Fox was like a an owl in the day time. "How strange," said he to Mme. Calderon, one morning at a State "function" how strange we look to each other by daylight." His debts compelled him to economy, and he rarely gave dinners. He once invited a large party to his house-Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster, and all the giantsand when they were all assembled. enough to put on your hats and folthe way to a neighboring eating house .- [The Argonaut.

considered an un'ailing specific for such diseases as locomotor staxia, parilal paralys.s. St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheomatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired fee ing resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitlated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic crysipe-las, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of workness. In mon they effect a ratioal care in all cases In man they effect a Frinch Care in a cross arising from mental worry, over work, or "x-cess of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Punk Pills are sold by all dealers, o 'will be sent post paid on receipt of price. (5) cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50 -they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Will-tams' Medicine Co., Schennectady, N. Y.

On the day when we have not done a little good we have done a great deal of mischief.

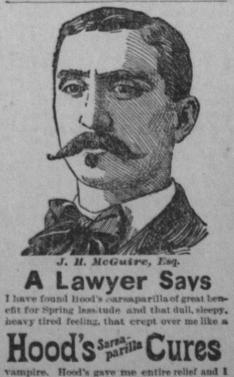
Why Put Off

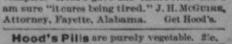
taking medicine until you are sick? You can keep a box of Ripans Tabules in the house and at the first signs of a headache or bilious at-tack a single tabule will "elieve you.

Precepts may lead, but examples will

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.-Mary Thomson, 29% Ohio Ave, Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

A reformer is often a man whose neighbors wish he would begin on himself.





WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value seat Idwin & Ca., 6 Wall St., Z. Y.

