HER PHOTOGRAPH.

- You are posing for a lassie,
 But I vow you are an elf.
 In the morn that you were taken
 How the sun en oyed him elf!
 Lucky Sol! I feel quite certain
 That he turned an azure hue
 Wi ou he cou dn't catch the color
 Of your winsome eyes of blue.
- I gare upon your features;
 Fairer none will ever find.
 I'm glad that I'm not Cup d,
 For you know that cupid's blind.
 Do you like my jest? You're smiling.
 Pretty picture, let us laugh.
 I am tempted much to kiss you,
 Oh, you witching photograph.
- All the world proclaims you cherming;
 I can well belie e it so.
 Yet there is a look about you
 Wakes my pity for the beaux.
 You mook them when their hearts ach,
 And their wound you see n to heat;
 And you're lacking in compassion
 For the panys you never feel.
- Alss, I'm growing stlemn,
 And you re much too sweet to scoll;
 Who could blame a prerty blosso.n
 That it is not sad and old!
 Like the roses and the lillies,
 You were born the earth to grace;
 And the men, like silly mothlings,
 Should be taught the r humble place,
- It is theirs to kneel before you,
 It is yours to be adored;
 But the seaux are stup-d beings,
 And I'm sure you re of en tored,
 So for fear I, t.o. may bore you,
 Ju ta wish, and then adied;
 May the skio that heam above you
 Match your winsome eyes of blueBeaton Tanns rive.
- -Poston Trans ript.

HOW IT TURNED OUT.

"Now, that's the oddest thing!" said Mrs. Moss, as with a troubled look she tied on her clean apron at the head of the breakfast table. where she awaited the appearance of her boarders. "Isn't it, Joanna?"

But Joanna, her cousin, after a vain attempt to assume an expression of sympathy, troke into a laugh.

"It's just too funny!" she said. "Only think of Mr. Dawson coming here to get out of the way of what he calls 'husband-hunting old maids and g ggling young ones,' and before he's been here a week, Miss B.sset arriving, in hopes of being rid of 'seitish old bachelors!' He, he!"

"They'll both blame me!" sighed Mrs. Moss. 'But it's all Sophronia Bissel's fault. If she had come when taken Mr. Dawson; and now to think of her taking us by surprise and finding him here! And I had assured them both that no unmarried people ever came to our farmhouse, but only

"Hush!" whispered Joanna. "Here they are."

Mr. Dawson was always the first to obey the summons to table: and now as his portly form and florid face appeared at one door, there entered at the one opposite a neat little lady in gold eye-glasses and a cluster of prim and shining curls above her forehead. They met face to face at the foot of the table, and an ominous shadow immediately descended upon the face They had instinctively recogni ed each other as old maid and

old bachelor. "I declare," said Joanna, after ward, "it was exactly like our old Towser and Tabb/ when they first met. Don't you remember how he glared and how she put up her back?

He, he." "Mrz Moss," said Mr. Dawson after breakfast, "I understood you to say that no single ladies ever came to your house."

Mrs. Moss explained about Miss Bissel's unexpected arrival that morn-

"But I assure you," she added, earnestly-"1 assure you that she won't be in your way, for she came purcosely because she had heard that

there were no single men here. She hates bachelors." "Hates bachelors!" echoed the boarder, incredulously. "She does, indeed. You see, she

never received any attention from young men when she was a girl, and now that she's middle-aged, she don't expect it. She calls bachelors selfish and disagreeable, and avoids them all she can." "Hum!" said Mr. Dawson, doubt-

And taking his newly arrived pawhence he had permanently banished | the utmost!" all children by scowling ogreishly at

And now, to his disgust, he found leaves of a magazine.

place," thought Dawson, resentfully. of her pencil. "However, I won't be driven out."

est notice of him. Presently, glancing around, found that she had quietly removed until presently aroused by a low, mut- from the start, and on some farms to herself and her chair to the opposite | tered sound resembling distant thun- | this very day the money coming from end of the pizza, and piacidly re- der.

sumed her occupation. "Hum!" thought Dawson, looking be going to rain." after her. 'Strapge woman that. Hates bachelors, does she? Why, I've never known an old maid who terror. From the opposite side of in a wholesale way, is destroying all didn't come simpering and mincing the meadow was slowly approaching the traditions of cheese. One steamround one, and offering lozenges for a large black bull. staring fixedly at er lately carried to England 750,050 colds, and button hole boquets, want- her, tossing his head, and pawing the America cheeses. Perhaps after a ing to pin 'em on themselves, and ground, with low muttered bellows chemical treatment, many of them, penwipers and pincushions and watchcases, and I don't know what other trash. Dare say she will in frantically made for the nearest rall by their fine foreign unish.

time.' But Mr. Dawson found himself of safety. mistaken. As the days went by, not only did Miss Bissel not favor him | she knew that the dreadful animal | cently invented the tronometer, a dewith any of the above-named articles, must be gaining upon her, when-oh, vice for gauging the trembling of but she kept away from him as much as possible, and ignored his presence, and at table never noticed his remarks, and invariably declined the waving his cane in the air. He had graduated scale, and a needle, which dishes which he sometimes found made a circuit in his walk, and ap- the patient endeavors to put into the himself compelled to pass to her.

How could she do less, when not avert an awful tragedy. only did she dislike 'selfish old Never before had Miss Bissel ran pletes an electric contact and rings a bachelors," but had been frankly told with outstretched arms toward bell. The immoderate use of coffee by well-meaning Mrs. Moss that this an old bachelor! Never before had or stimulants, as well as lead or merspecial old bachelor hated old maids? Mr. Dawson c asped an old maid in curial poisoning, produces tremblings

found in this neighborhood.

forth on this quest, and it more than once happened that in the field or woodland paths she would come sudhe called his "constitutional," on avoid him, as though he had been a hay into the air. toad or an adder.

had formerly annoyed him.

One day, passing along a marshy of an old oak tree a splendid speci- thicket." men of maiden-hair fern.

For an instant he paused, remembering how often he had heard Miss | waik alone. Bissel wishing for one; but then passed on, with the thought that Miss Bissel's wishes were no concern of his.

twenty paces when, at a turn of the at each other. pathway, he met that lady tace to fare, and then his better impulses

"Looking for ferns, Miss Bissel?" he said, abruptly, before she could pass him.

"Yes, sir," she answered, frigidly. "I have just passed a very fine specimen, which I can point out to you if you like."

Miss Bissel's bright gray eyes grew brighter through her glasses. Without a word she demure y followed strips carefully bandaged the wound. him, and he rointed out with his cane the coveted treasure at the foot Dawson, "would have fainted at the of the oak tree.

"I am extremely obliged to you, Mr. Dawson," said Miss Bissel, with by the bellowing of the bull now aperemonious politeness. 'This is indeed just what I have been wishing Bissel, leaving her companion to his I will not detain you further," she added stiny.

she first intended it, I'd never have other old maid would have done finding their way to his room. under the circumstances

But he observed at dinner that Miss Bissel for the first time seemed late him was Miss Bissel. to be listening to h s conversational at one of them.

The talk chanced to turn upon different kinds of bread, and Mr. Daw- Bissel, if only to thank you for your son expressed his partiality for Sally Lunn and flannel cakes.

Mrs. Moss promised that those the tea table, but subsequently ex- ing my life on that dreadful day,' pressed her fears lest her attempt and tears started to her eyes. should not prove successful. In fact. for some undiscovered reason, all her Sally Lunns had proven failures and her flannel cakes only abortions.

"I will help you if you will let me, Mrs. Moss," said Miss Bissel. "I am been a mulual help to each other,

Lunns and flannel cakes." "Why, Sophronia, I wouldn't think you'd care to take the trouble, as it's agree to to help and take care of for Mr. Dawson," said piain spoken each other always." Mrs. Moss, to which Sophronia replied, slightly coloring .-

feros. You see, I don't like to re- heard her say, faltering y,main his debtor for anything, and if the man likes Sally Lunn and flannel | son." cakes, as he says, why let him have them and enjoy them. Only he's not retiring, and hastened to communito know that I had anything to do cate he convictions to oanna with it."

son, leisurely passing beneath the think about it. And it's the oddest kitchen window, screened by the thing:" honeysuckle vines, overheard this speech, and when at supper the table appeared adorned with a beautiful have thought that it would have of delicate cakes, he was in no doubt as to who was the accomplished maker | Cheese, Here, There and Elsewhere thereof.

"Pity that woman is not married," of September 25th we take the folhe thought. "she'd be a treasure to lowing interesting data about cheese: some man matrimonially inclined; especially," pausing and hesitating, was requested by an editor to write pers, he repaired to his own exclusive anything. And she didn't wish me more do you want! In the same seat on the broad farmhouse piazza- to know about it. Why, any other fashion it may be said of cheese that a cozy nook at the farthest end, from oid maid would have paraded it to the best article on cheese is mould,

them whenever they ventured too Miss Bissell, having from her window and the presence of bacterial life. In carefully watched Mr. Dawson out of a word, cheese is the glorification of sight, set forth on her own morning | decay. The history of cheese may be that Miss Bissel had conveyed a small | walk, taking an exactly opposite di- considered as condensing the whole cane rocking-chair to this chosen rection. This led to a meadow through pastoral poetry of the Arvan race. spot, and was serenely cutting the which ran a pretty streamlet, along The mild and gentle cow, sacred still Dare say she knew this was my hand, seeking for some object worthy less by reason of her gentleness in the

And he drew up his own big arm- old sycamore tree, on whose mossy guage proves this. Our word daughchair and sat down with his back to roots was perched a large, green bull- ter comes from the Sanscrit duhitar. the lady who hadn't taken the slight- frog; and delighted at this choice bit meaning the milker, from the verb of "art-subject," she seated herself duo, to milk. Cheese making has, he and forthwith commenced sketching, therefore, been a feminine profession,

Miss Bis el, though a strong nerved like good citizens, will have returned woman, dropped her sketchbook and home to delight unwitting natives fence, which seemed her only chance

But the ground was uneven, and blessed sight! there appeared a form nervous people. This instrument -the stout form of Mr. Dawson- consists of a metal plate, pierced with hastening toward ber, shouting and twenty holes of different sizes in a

Mizs Bissel, when visiting the hisstalwart arms, as lifting the slight which can be tested with this simple country, was foud of sketching and figure, he almost tossed her over the appliance.

making collections of wood plants, rence, and himself prepared to fol. HOME LIFE IN PERSIA. in fear and trembling, and whatever and just now her special desire was low. His right leg was already ac oss for a specimen of maiden-hair fern, the top rail, when his enraged purwhich she had been told was to be suer was upon him, and but for Miss Bissei's rare presence of mind might Day after day she would sally probably then and there have ended his days.

Seeing his danger, she sprang up and seized him by the coat-tails, upon denly upon Mr. Dawson, taking what which she exerted all her strength, while the bull, catching him by the which occasions she w uld recoil and left leg, tossed him like a whisp of

Fortunately, owing to Miss Bissel's This treatment began to ir itate unfl nching grasp, he came down on him almost as much as the attention the inside of the fence, while the and man suvrings of other old maids balked enemy tore bellowing around the meadow.

"He'll come back!" gasped Pawson. hit of woodland he espied at the foot | "Let us get out of sight behind that

But upon struggling to his feet, he found that he could neither stand or "Lean upon me," said Miss Bissel.

And with his hand upon her shouder the two tottered away, and at a safe distance sank exhausted Scarcely, however, had he gone upon the ground, and stared blankly

"Miss Bissel," said Mr. Tawson, solemnly, "you saved my life." "No, no! you saved mine!" she replied, tremulously. "But, good heavens! your are hurt-you are bleeding!"

'It is only my hand-torn on a splinter of the fence." "Let me bind it up," she said,

pityingly. And down she went on her knees, and tearing her handkerchief into "Any other old maid," thought

sight of blood." Fortunately, Farmer Mess, alarmel peared upon the scene, and Miss

care, made her way home unassisted. For a whole week Mr. Dawson was So Mr. Dawson touched his hat and confined to his bed by reason of variwalked away, wondering that she ous sprains and bruises, and in that had not requested him to assist her time the most delicious Saily Lunns in removing the plant, as almost any and flannel-cakes were continuously

When he again appeared down stairs, the last person to congratu-

"I'm glad to see you well again, witticisms, and even smiled faintly Mr. Dawson," she said, and her voice trembled a little. "And I'm glad to see you, Miss

kindness to me." "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Pawson. It is I who am indebted to dainties that evening should grace you for coming to my rescue and sav-

"Don't cry, Miss Bissel," he said,

He looked around, and observing that they were alone, resumed .-"I am glad to think that we have considered a firstrate hand at Sally and I have been reflecting that it would be a good thing-don't you think so, Miss Bissel?--if we could

Mrs. Moss, entering the parlor about that time, found Miss Rissel "It's on y on account of those apparently very much agitated, and "I will think about it, Mr. Law-

> The good lady made an excuse for "It's surely going to be a match,

Now, it so happened that Mr. Daw- Joanna, where she sa s that she'll And Joanna answered .-

"It's just too funny. Who'd ever loaf of his favorite bread and plates turned out so? He, bc.' - Waverly.

From the London Grocers' Feview

"One of the greate-t wits and w gs some poor bachelor dependent upon a good article on milk. He replied boarding-house keepers. A woman by return mail, The best article on who can make such bread can do milk I can think of is cream.' What or chemic i cor. uption. In truth, It was some days after this that | cheese owes its value to degeneration which she wandered, sketchbook in among the Aryans of India, doubtfamily economy, fell especially to the She came at length to a gnarled charge of the women. Our very lanthe sale of the cheeses is considered "Dear me" she thought; "it can't as the special perquisite, pin-money of the wife. England has long been Giancing around, she beheld what famous for the quantity and quality for an instant paralyzed her with of its cheese. America, however,

To Gauge Trembling. A Continental physician has repeared upon the scene just in time to holes. When he has succeeded in placing the needle in a hole, he com-

PLEAGURES.

The Average Persian Reveres His Wet Nurse More Than His Mother -- Queer System of Temporary Marriages -- The Baabite Creed.

[Special Teheran (Persia) Letter.] Home life is not quite so devoid of intellectual pleasures, nor as dull as mother-having, he thinks-imbibed the low state of education of the his talents with the milk he drank, modern Persian would lead one to than to the real one who gave him suppose. The Persian enjoys the so- | birth. ciety of his womankind of every species, and while he undoubtedly is their bondmaster and their undisputed lord, he is on the whole, very indulgent to his wives, his seeghays and his slaves. They play on the Persian lute to him and they tell him stories of the interminable, wildly imaginative sort, in the true Scheherezade style. They are lively, talkative, good-natured, and they make both good and affectionate wives and mothers. A natural talent for music, for artistic embroidery and for entertaining gossip is theirs, and they share with the men that thorough liking for and appreciation of poetry. Persian women, even of the lower classes, all know how to play on the lute or threestringed guitar, and with the music they improvise songs of every kind, or they compose, on the spur of the moment, sonnets, love songs, or odes -a fact not so astonishing when it is known that every third Persian word rhymes and that prosody is taught to every child. Like the men they smoke-almost

incessantly, and nearly always the



PERSIAN NURSE AND ATTENDANT.

water pipe. Nearly every Persian medan sect the Persians belong) but girl learns to recite page after page not to Sunnites, such as the Turks, of the favorite national poets, Fir- Afghans, Arabs, etc. about their worth and beauty, about itance on the death of the father. romance, the national legendary lore, It goes without saying that the leor oriental literature or science in gitimate wives of the Persian mergeneral. The pipe, filled with fra- chant are not quite as enthusiastic meanwhile incessantly around, and their husbands. sherbert or tea.

certain that every European connoisseur who puts his lips to it at onco declares it delicious. Some dozen or so of the curiously shaped bottles in which it is put up, bottles that look much like an exaggerated copy of the pocket brandy flask, once found But no attempt has been made to introduce Shiraz wine in large quantities into Europe or America.

It is not expensive, even the most exquisite brands of it rarely exceedintrusion-incredible quantities, for see what happened. in this, as in other respects, the pre-



WIFE OF A PERSIAN MERCHANT,

wine at one sitting.

she says is law. She is, for the time. shown more respect than the unfor-NOT DEVOID OF INTELLECTUAL tunate mother, and the whole household shakes at her slightest word. In after life, too, this veneration continues in a sensible degree. Men who have climbed to the highest positions in the state show an affectionate deference to their old nurses that borders on filial affection, and, as a matter of fact, the average Persian believes that he owes more to his foster



Besides these nurses the child of the well-to-do Persian up to the age of eight or nine, commands the services of a female page-about what a nursery governess would be in England-who is his playmate, his constant companion, his only instructor and his best friend. For this protector of his childhood, too, the Persian shows a great deal of regard when grown up.

Among the merchant class of the country family life is quite different from the rest of the population. As the Persian merchant has to travel a great deal about the country buying up the goods, in city after city and village after village, which he on his return wishes to sell in larger quantitles to the small traders, he has to choose between a life of virtual celibacy-since his absence from home fills about two-thirds of his time-or else to adhere to the custom of seeghayism. In other words he is permitted both by the law and by the manners obtaining in the land, to marry for a specified time any woman he chooses, the rights of his first and legitimate wives always reserved. This custom is one reigning, so far as I know, in Persia alone, being permitted to Sheeites (to which Moham-

duzi. Djellal Eddin, Saadi, but es- It is certainly an odd custom, and pecially the songs of Hafiz, whose it, besides, is the fruitful source of anacreontic poetry treats exclusively most of the lawsuits in Persia, since grant Ispahance or Shirazee, travals believers in this queer custom as

servants bring in dish after dish of Lastly, let me say a word about the Baabite women. These are ad-A great deal has been said about herents of a sect founded by Baab, Persian wine. The Persian poets, some fifty years ago, and as such do Hafiz especially, had waxed eloquent not observe a number of the rules centuries ago whenever touching the which sit so heavily on the rest of subject. To a non-Persian palate, their Persian sisters. They do not however, only the Shiraz wine seems | veil their faces, and they do not have worthy of praise. That, to be sure, to share the affections of their hushas a most delicate and fine flavor, bands with other wives, since the comparable to none other. The Baabites are monogamists. The famwonder is that this wine has not ily life of the Baabites is, therefore, long ago become a staple article of the purest and resembles most close- all the time. It was very cold weather

WOLF VON SCHIERBRAND. A Point About Addressing Letters.

"Don't address your envelopes "city," said the giver of advice. you are in New-York City write 'New-York City.' If you are in their way into a London restaurant Brocklyn write 'Brooklyn,' and the and were eagerly bought and drank. postoffice people will be grateful, and your letters will be more likely to get to the right place. I'll tell you how I got broken of the habit. 1 gave an office boy half a dozen letters to mail on his way home. The lttle ing in cost a half dollar for a quart idiot lived in Brooklyn, and waited bottle. Of this wine the average until he got across the Bridge before Persian nobleman or grandee con- he mailed them. They were all adsumes-when at home and safe from dressed 'city,' and you can easily

The Tribune had an illustration several weeks ago of the danger of using the address "city." In Oakland, Cal., there is another "Tribune." Some one in Oakland, sending to that paper, used the address simply, "The Tribune, city." That letter took the first mail for New-York City, and came plumb into The Tribune office here. The "city" was written obscurely, and looked as much like "N. Y." as anything else. It "Oakland" had been written on the envelope the chances are that the letter, which fortunately was only a circular, by-the-way, would never have gone astray .- [New York Tribune.

The Sea Anomone.

The sea anemone resembles in shape cepts of the Koran remain a dead a morning glory. Its mouth opens letter. An uncle of the present shan, like the cup of that flower, and above Ardashir by name, who enjoyed a it are seen a number of tentacles wide reputation as a great drinker, is waving in the water. Its food consaid to have made away with six bot- sists of anything it can get, but gentles of this beady, strongly alcoholic erally it gets the minute insects that float in the sea. At any alarm it But to return to the women-ami- closes its cup and is then hardly disable, pretty creatures when young, tinguishable from the rock on which spiteful and quarrelsome when faded. It is rooted. It has a set of sucker In Europe the wet nurse is a person muscles that attach it so firmly to of great consideration in the houses the rock that it will sometimes be of the wealthy-in Persia she simply | torn in pieces rather than let go .lords it over all. She is looked upon | | t. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Are weak and she suffers terribly from nervou-ness, headache and loss of sleep. Such is the testimony of many a man. The poor, tired woman is suffring from impure and impoverished blood. Her fool does not digest. She is living on her nerves, her strength is gone. Her nerves and muscles

NEED STRENGTHENING

By the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla which makes pure, rich blood, creates an app tite, and gives tone to all the organs of the body. This is not what we say, it is what Hoo i's Sarsaparilla do-s. "My wife began taking Hood's Sarsup will about three months ago. She has been in poor health for 15 years. Hood's is doing her good. Her appetite is better, she looks better and there has been improvement in every way." J. W. ROBERson, Greenfield, Tennessee.

lood's sarsaparilla Be Sure to get ures Hood's 20000

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

The Clam.

The clam is commonly taken for an example of all that is unprogressive, but he is by no means a stationary creature. Every man bred at the seaside knows how a clam left upon the sand will utterly disappear by sinking himself below the surface; but the clam also has a forward movement, and will travel thirty feet in the course of a week. The large muscle of the clam, which belps to make him indigestible, is his single leg, and by the aid of this he makes his progress.

'Tis Strange But True.

We read of strange happenings and results sometimes, like that of a mau who was caught by a revolving wheel and so threshell against floor and ceiling his body turnel blue from the bruises. A doctor writes of a man who fell from a ladder and was covered with bruis s. He, the doctor, applied St. Jacobs Oil; in the morning, he says, all the blue spots had disappeared. There is another way of feeling oue all over, and that is after the endurance of prins and across for a long time without relief. Use the great remedy for pain at once; it will cure and change the color of your woes.

thould Be the Mud City. New Orleans is the crescent city, from its situation on a bend of the Mississippi.

> DO YOU EXPECT To Become a Mother? Pavorite Prescrip-tion is indeed, a true " Mother's Priced," FOR IT MAKES Childbirth Easy

by preparing the The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also of love and wine. These recitations every child born of a seeghay (or and built up, and an abundant secretion of temporary wife) is entitled to inher- nourishment for the child promoted. Send to cents for a large Book (168 pages), giving all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH. Mrs. FRED HUNT, of Glenville, N. says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorite Prescription being so good for a wo-man with child, so I

got two bottles last September, and December 13th I had a twelve pound baby girl. When I was confined I was not sitk in any way. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another round went to bed. keep your Extract of Smart-Weed on hand

and our room was Mas. Hunt. very cold but I did not take any cold, and MRS. HUNT. never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Fa-It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suf-fered everything that fiesh could suffer with the other babies. I always had a doctor and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only seven days old when I got up and directed seven days old when I got up and dresse and left my room and stayed up all day."

* WORLD'S-FAIR * !HIGHEST AWARD! ON-THE LIFE ! MEDICINAL Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Salvator for

INVALIDS The-Aged. AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the

GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed

depending on its retention;-And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGUISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.