

**PATIENCE.**

Be patient! Easy words to speak  
While plenty fills the cup of life,  
While health brings roses to the cheek,  
And far removed are care and strife.

Falling so glibly from the tongue  
Of those—I often think of this—  
Whom suffering has never wrong,  
Who scarcely know what patience is.

Be patient! when the sufferer lies  
Prostrate beneath some fell disease,  
And longs, through torturing agonies,  
Only for one short hour of ease.

Be patient! and the weary brain  
Is racked with thought and anxious care,  
And troubles in an endless train  
Seem almost more than it can bear.

To feel the torture of delay,  
The agony of hope deferred;  
To labor still from day to day,  
The prize unwon, the prayer unheard.

And still to hope and strive and wait  
The due reward of fortune's kiss—  
This is to almost conquer fate,  
This is to learn what patience is.

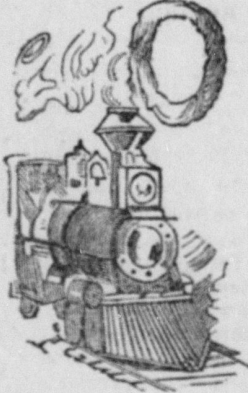
Despair not! though the clouds are dark,  
And storm and danger veil the sky;  
Let fate and courage guide thy bark,  
The storm will pass; the port is nigh.

Be patient! and the tide will turn,  
Shadows will flee before the sun,  
These are the hopes that live and burn  
To light us till our work is done.

—All the Year Round.

**LILLIAN'S LOVER,**

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.



"You'd like a place?"  
"I must have one."  
"Then," said Mrs. Parkhurst, "we'll think of it. Fourteen professors and one hundred and ten boys—that's a family to take care of, isn't it? For the colonel's wife is an invalid, and don't trouble herself about the house-keeping. I and my widowed daughter run the whole establishment, and there are nine of us sit down to dinner in the housekeeper's room. There!" as they drove in between two massive stone gate-posts, into an avenue of rustling tamaracs. "Do you see that pretty young lady gathering holly berries? It's the colonel's daughter, Miss Lillian Bassett."  
"You've come back, have you, Parkey?" cried a sweet, girlish young voice. "Did you bring my chocolate caramels?"  
"The candy store was shut up, Miss Lilly."  
"Oh, how perfectly shameful!"  
And a cluster of glaring red berries, aided by a not unskillful hand, hustled through the air, and hit the housekeeper exactly on her nose. But, instead of evincing offense, Mrs. Parkhurst only laughed.  
"Isn't she pretty?" said she, "and such a mad-cap. Well—perhaps marriage will sober her down."  
"Is she to be married soon?" asked Jessie.  
"We don't quite know," said Mrs. Parkhurst. "But one of the young professors admires her very much, and we think she don't quite dislike him."  
Jessie looked wistfully back to where Lillian Bassett's scarlet mantle lighted up the snowy terrace. Why were some girls so happy, while others toiled ceaselessly on in life's shadows? Why was life such a problem? For awhile, however, the wheels revolved smoothly. Jessie's references, forwarded from the Wilberforce Protective Agency, proved all that could be desired, and she was engaged to take charge of the linen-room.  
During an outbreak of scarlet fever she found herself particularly efficient as a nurse, and Mrs. Parkhurst soon began to wonder how it was that she had ever got along without her.

"Married, Lilly! Really married! And to that handsome young professor of mathematics!" cried Adela Maurice, Lillian's ex-schoolmate. "Well, I never expected to see you caged! And he's quite a self-made man, they tell me."  
"I tell dear Lillian," said Miss Bella Bassett, the sharp-nosed maiden sister of the genial colonel, "that she should not make too sure of anything in this world. The captain is very handsome, and all that sort of thing, but—I'm afraid he's inclined to be a flirt."  
"Nonsense!" cried Lillian, coloring wrathfully.  
"Oh, but indeed, I've met him twice at the shrubberies, walking with that pretty yellow-haired girl that takes care of the linen-room," persisted Miss Bella.  
"What!" exclaimed Miss Maurice. "One of the servants?"  
"Now, Aunt Bella, why can't you hold your tongue," flashed out Lillian, "when you know very well that old Parkhurst says she is a reduced lady?"  
"Reduced ladies have no business wandering about the laurel hedges with handsome young engaged men," viciously retorted Miss Bassett. "And I really think my brother ought to inquire into it. There she goes, flourishing off of the room. Well, I'm really afraid, Adela, that our Lillian's temper isn't altogether perfect."  
"I don't think mine would be," said Adela Maurice, "if I were badgered like that."  
"It is a dreadful trial, isn't it, to see your lover drifting off into another woman's snares?" said Miss Bella, wistfully misunderstanding things.  
While Lillian, running up stairs, paused to catch her breath at one of the big mullioned windows on the staircase.  
"How I should like to cram a big bath sponge into Aunt Bella's censorious old mouth!" said she. "Only to think of—"  
Suddenly she paused. Down on the lower pine walk, where the west winds had swept the path dry of snow, Captain Moreton was pacing up and down with the gold-haired young girl at his side.  
"Well, why shouldn't they?" said brave Lillian, swallowing the rebellious lump in her throat. "I suppose he happened to meet her, and—"  
At this precise moment, however, the couple, paused beside a group of dark spruces. She could distinctly perceive her lover bend his tall head to kiss—yes, to kiss the yellow-tressed lassie. And then they passed on into the tamarack thickets and were lost to view.  
Lillian stood still, her bright eyes brimming over with tears, a pang transfixing her heart as if some poisoned arrow were buried there.  
"Oh, how I loved him! But this is an end of it all. To-night, when he comes to talk to me—to-night there must be an end of it all!"  
The young professor was certainly a very handsome man, with his brilliant blue eyes, his brown hair, shot with golden gleams, and those straight, clear-cut features of his; and when he came cheerily in that evening, Lillian's heart failed within her.  
"How can he bear himself so bravely?" she thought. "Where is his conscience—his manly truth?"  
"I am glad, Lilly, to find you alone," said Captain Moreton, tenderly, taking her hand in his.  
She jerked it away.  
"I hate sitting hand-in-hand," said she, in answer to his surprised glance.  
"It's so—so spoony!"  
"Well, just as you like, darling," he acquiesced, seating himself beside her.  
"To find you alone, for I wanted to

talk with you very particularly. I have a secret to tell you."  
"There may be more secrets than one in the world," said Lilly, in a low voice.  
"A secret that is not entirely my own—a secret that may, perhaps, alter all our existing arrangements—"  
"It undoubtedly will," said Lilly, rising to her feet in her excitement. "You need not go on, Captain Moreton. I know all, and I give you my betrothal ring back to you!"  
"Lilly, I would scarcely have thought this of you!" he said, gravely.  
"No? For what did you take me, then? Am I not a woman, with a woman's spirit? Do you think I can continue to love a man who is false to me?"  
"False to you, Lillian? But I am not that. Sweet, whether you marry me or not, I shall go on loving you loyally to my life's end!"  
"How many girls do you love at once?" bitterly asked Lillian.  
"I? Why do you ask that question?"  
"Because I saw you this very afternoon in the pine walk with another woman. I saw your arm around her waist. I saw you stoop to kiss her!"  
"Oh, you saw me, did you? Then my story is half told already. It is but a short time, Lilly, since I knew it myself."  
She stood looking at him with large, surprised eyes.  
How dared he speak so lightly—and to her?  
"Lilly, that sweet young girl whom Mrs. Parkhurst has employed in the linen-room—Miss Moreton, she calls herself—is my own sister, and she has concealed herself from me, fearing that the knowledge that she was in the institute in such a capacity would prejudice my future unfavorably. She was a governess in New York—she was coming here as companion to poor old Mrs. Bucknor, who was killed in the fire—and Mrs. Parkhurst, ignorant of any relation between us, brought her here. And, noble heroine that she is, she would have gone away without betraying herself, had I not chanced to meet her by accident. She thought I would be mortified, but instead I am proud of her beyond the power of words to express."  
"But Miss Bassett?" said she.  
"And then I told her that this evening you should know all. I have kept my word. Now I await your verdict. Have I not reason to triumph in such a noble sister as this?"  
Lillian burst into tears; she hid her face on Moreton's breast.  
"Oh, Will," she cried, "what a dreadful goose I have been to doubt your love! Go and bring her here at once. Tell her I want to see my dear new sister. Tell her that, hereafter, her home must be with me. There's plenty of room in the new house for your sister. But first, Will, kiss me and tell me that you forgive me, quite."  
And so the brave young girl, who had subordinated her whole life to her brother's success, was promoted to her proper place on life's ladder.  
"I could have been happy anywhere had I known that Will's future was assured," said she.  
And Lillian laughingly told her that she could be as happy in the new college as anywhere else.  
"And we," said she, "will be a deal happier!"  
Miss Adela Maurice and Jessie were the bridesmaids.  
Aunt Bella put her disappointment in her pocket, and the wedding came off at Easter, greatly to Mrs. Parkhurst's delight.  
"I knew," said that worthy dame, "that she was something out of the common the first look I had in her face. Physiognomy never yet failed me!"—Saturday Night.

**At Sea on an Ice Floe.**

Recently the lifeboat society at Cronstadt received news that toward the south shore of the Gulf of Finland, about thirty miles from Cronstadt, some 200 fishermen and peasants, and their horses and sleighs, had been suddenly carried out to sea on a large ice floe, which had been detached apparently by a recent storm. The ice-cutting boats at Cronstadt were laid up for the winter and could not be used. Twenty sailors, however, with two officers and assistant surgeons, were dispatched over the ice with two lifeboats on runners, and a similar party started to the rescue from Orenbanon, on the other side of the mouth of the Neva. The latest telegrams from Cronstadt state that the fishermen and others have been found and all rescued by means of a bridge made of poles and planks, which were thrown out from the firm ice. They had been cut off from the mainland for at least forty-eight hours, during the latter part of which provisions were passed over to them by the inhabitants of the nearest shore.—Scientific American.

**A Dog of Destiny.**

Phoenix, Arizona, has a bottled dog which is destined to make a place for himself in history. Recently he broke up a race between horse teams. He acts as chief mourner at all funerals held in the city. But now one more has been added to his accomplishments. On several occasions recently he has stopped runaway horses by seizing the lines in his teeth and holding on till the animals stopped.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Cerphilly Without Care.**

Apropos of the prevailing inability of trainmen on our elevated and other railroads to call out the names of stations with distinctness, a gentleman who has lived for several years in Wales says that there is at least one station in that country which the railway guards are bound to pronounce carefully. It is Cerphilly.—New York Tribune.

**NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN**

A solid silver glove stretcher costs \$15.

Black satin sashes are worn by young ladies with light dresses.

French models show violets and cowslips mingled in charming confusion.

Of the large body of property owners in Great Britain one-seventh are women.

Marion Harland has gone to Palestine with the intention of writing an Oriental novel.

Military braid sprinkled with gold or embroidered in Oriental fashion is used to trim wool dresses.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, the writer on birds, did not know one bird from another until she was past middle age.

Sculptors contend that the height of the Venus de Medici, five feet five inches, is the perfect stature for women.

One of the prettiest trimmings for the new bastistes and gingham is open-work embroidery wrought on the goods.

Flowers are tied in huge knots of ribbon in front of or at the back, many drooping low over the hair, but very little side trimming is seen.

Mrs. Amelia A. Frost, of Littleton, Mass., is the first woman preacher to be ordained by the straightlaced Congregationalists of the Bay State.

A little handbook of "Women's Employments," recently published in London, schedules fifty-six recognized callings at present open to the sex.

The bouquet that will be most fashionable in London this season is called "The New Victoria Shower," and is composed chiefly of orchids.

An American colored woman, Mrs. Amanda Smith, is a temperance evangelist in England now, lecturing under the auspices of Lady Somerset.

The directors capote is announced in London for elderly ladies, but American women did not take kindly to the shape when it appeared before.

The regulation sailor's hat has appeared with a very high crown and a narrow rim, which gives it a very mannish effect, not becoming to many faces.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, it is said, received the very magnificent sum of \$5 for the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and \$10 for her poem, "Our Orders."

Mrs. Nancy Gilman, aged ninety, recently secured 100 signatures to a petition asking the New Hampshire Legislature to grant the right to vote to women.

The unpleasant habit that young mothers have of insisting upon kissing the baby has resulted in a Philadelphia organization called "The Anti-Baby Kissing Society."

Mrs. Frances Crosby, authoress of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and three thousand other hymns, is sixty-four years old. She lives in New York, and has been blind since she was six weeks old.

Miss May Philbrook is the first woman to apply for admission to the bar of New Jersey, and the justices are so bothered with the problem that the whole Supreme Court of the State will consider the question.

When writing a letter the Empress Eugenie always uses the "diamond pen" with which the Treaty of Paris was signed. It is a quill plucked from a golden eagle's wing, and mounted with diamonds and gold.

Judge Newton, of Uniontown, Penn., has made Mrs. Sarah Elkins a tipstaff of the court, to have charge of the ladies' waiting-room and look after the female witnesses and prisoners and take charge of their rooms.

Miss Helen Carroll is said to be the richest girl in her own right in Washington. She is a sister of Royal Phelps Carroll, and inherited an income of \$40,000 a year from her grandfather, the late Royal Phelps, of New York.

The philosophical faculty of the University of Heidelberg has resolved that women students can be admitted to the degree of doctor there. In Göttingen also similar facilities are permitted, and two English ladies, who have already studied mathematics at Cambridge, are attending lectures there.

The Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, by a severe system of fasting and exercise, massage, and training like a sporting man, succeeds in keeping her waist measure to twenty inches, in spite of her fifty-six years. And there are some foolish persons in the world who will think that a Queen might have a rather more laudable ambition than this.

Zara M. Freeborn, an American artist in Italy, is credited with having one of the most attractive studies in Florence. It is an old palazzo in Viale Filippo Strozzi, and is filled with the rarest bric-a-brac, China rugs and everything else that delights the heart of an artist. Her "Naïad," a study in marble, is nearly finished, and is pronounced by connoisseurs a masterpiece.

Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, of New York City, who has been elected President of Sorosis, is hardly the woman to please the "advanced" element, for she disavows any belief in the general superiority of one sex to the other and owes a great deal of her influence, her knowledge and her liberality to her gifted husband, who has made her his confidante, his assistant and his other half on all occasions.

**BEYOND DESCRIPTION**  
The Misery Before Taking  
AND  
The Happiness After Taking  
**HOOD'S.**



"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:"  
"Dear Sirs—I have been in poor health for 20 or 25 years, and have been taking doctors' medicines more or less all the time. I did not get much relief. My blood was in a bad shape and my system was all run down. I thought I must die, but noticing several testimonials in the papers in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla I bought three bottles and found that it did me so much good that I continued taking it. I was without appetite, sleepily sleepy, and had a headache most all the time. In fact I cannot describe my feelings. After using one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I found it was doing me  
much good and now I cannot praise the medicine too much for what it has done for me. I am a disabled soldier 49 years old and was afflicted with many ailments, including kidney, bronchitis and catarrh. Since using 8 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am like another man. In fact I think Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my life." R. H. BISHOP, Box 600, Hammononton, N. J.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy on action. Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

There are 237 Baptist churches in New Jersey, divided into six associations, 264 ordained ministers, ninety-four licentiates, 202 pastors, and 42,597 church members. During the last year there were raised \$427,606.59, of which \$337,037.48 were for current expenses. The State Convention aided forty-seven missions and churches, and the total number of baptisms in the churches of the State was 1777.

Mme. Marie Huot wants the dog tax in Paris raised from \$1 and \$2 to \$6, because she believes that then the animals would be better watched and would not so often fall into the hands of vivisectors.

Mrs. Janet Baldwin, of San Francisco, wants Mexico to pay her \$100,000 for the murder of her husband by bandits in that country in 1887.

**How Very Delightful.**  
"What charming weather," we all say in the opening days of the early spring; then off go the wraps and up go the windows to let the balmy air come in—with it comes in numerous things that ought to be kept out. We feel sore from stiffened limbs, and many go tottering around with lame backs. Mr. Harry Williams, Greenville, Cal., under oath writes on this subject as follows: "A lady suffered so severely with pains in the back for two days that she could not sit up. One application of St. Jacobs Oil gave the sufferer a good night's rest, and in the morning she was well." That was charming.

WESTERN UNION telegraph profits reach 300 per cent. a year, it is claimed.

Dr. Kilmer's **SWAMP-ROOT** cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The first French railroad line was opened in 1825.

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We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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The lady whose portrait heads this article is Mrs. Mary F. Corvill, of Scotland, Bon Homme Co., S. Dak. She writes to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: "I was sick two years with 'falling of the womb' and leucorrhoea previous to taking your medicines. I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and was entirely cured of both in six months; it is four years this month, since I was entirely well of both those diseases and have never had any signs of their appearance since and I am satisfied the 'Favorite Prescription' saved my life, for I could hardly walk around when I commenced taking that medicine and I think it is a God's blessing to me that I took it."

I was pronounced incurable by the best doctors here in the West. I gave up all hopes and made up my mind that I was to be taken away from my husband and baby of two years old. I was sick all of the time—could not eat anything at all. In one week, after beginning the use of the 'Favorite Prescription' my stomach was so much better that I could eat anything; I could see that I was gaining all over, and my husband then went and got me six bottles; I took three of them and my stomach did not bother me any more.

We went to you and got the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, and found my case described just as I was; we did what the book told us, 12 every day; in one month's time I could see I was much better than I had been; we still kept on just as the book told us, and in three months I stopped taking medicine, and to-day, I can proudly say I am a well woman, yes, am well, strong and healthy.

When I began to take your medicine my face was poor and eyes looked dead. I could not enjoy myself anywhere. I was tired and sick all the time. I could hardly do my house-work, but now I do that and tend a big garden, help my husband and take in sewing."

The following will prove interesting to feeble women generally, and especially so to those about to become mothers. Mrs. Dora A. Guthrie, of Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn., writes: "I never can thank you enough for what your treatment has done for me; I am stronger now than I have been for six years. When I began your treatment I was not able to do anything. I could not stand on my feet long enough to wash my dishes without suffering almost death; now I do all my house-work, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine to take before confinement that can be found; or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last and she is the healthiest we have. I recommend your medicine to all of my neighbors and especially 'Favorite Prescription' to all women who are suffering. Have induced several to try it, and it has proved good for them." Yours truly,  
Dora A. Guthrie.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unequal suppression and irregularities, prostrating, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness, anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness of the ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness or nausea, due to pregnancy, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use will prove very beneficial.

Dr. Pierce's Book, "Woman and Her Diseases," (108 pages, illustrated), giving successful means of home treatment, can be had (sealed in plain envelope) by enclosing 10 cts., in one cent stamps, to pay postage, to the Doctor, at his address, as given at the beginning of this article.

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