WAIT FOR ME, DEAR!

Wait for me, dear! Let us walk side hy side Death's valley through, Holding each other's hands, Loving and true. The way will seem less long If thou art near-Wait for me, dear!

Wait for me, dear! Phantoms may stand and bar My eager feet-Shadows so weird and grim Mine eyes may greet, The way will seem less dark If thou art near-Wait for me, dear!

Wait for me, dear! Together let us find Eternity: For thee my love may plead Thy love for me; My heaven will brighter seem If thou art near-Wait for me, dear! -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

KILBY BROOKE.

BY ISABEL J. ROBERTS. backson the snowy streets which the

a cold afternoon's sun.

"You see, Kilby, I am loved to quite an extravagant degree. It is pleasant to be loved. Now, I want to gard as the necessaries of life. His his soaked patent leather shoes on the have paid your debts for the last time. choose the best love that I can getsomething that will satisfy me all my life long. What do you think of Lucien Hargreve, to begin with? He is a brie-a-bracky sort of man, you know, ornamental, always going in for the unique and the beautiful. He works hard for me, Kilby, he really does. And there is no end to his versatility. Now it is a book, or a box of flowers, or some happy suggestion for an afternoon or eveningor, it may be, an exquisite letter marked 'Special' to tell me that he loves me. It must cost him a pretty sum just for messengers.'

Margaret laughed. Kilby looked as if he was thinking hard, his brow fixed in a reflective frown.

after and waited upon-my passing words treated as things of importance -and I don't want it to be a matter of six monshs of a year, but for my lifetime. Now, if I should marry Lucien, there would be a stop to the messengers and things. He would naturally come to the end of his resources in the course of time, and as his surprises are his chief charm.

Kilby replied. "Oh, then you are sure that she

won't refuse you again?" again," Kilby said, in his slow, sen- would say." tentious way, "because I shall not ask her again.

wounded pride.

the Bartrams', if only for a half hour. street gown instead of the usual elab- game-I always lose, you know. He did not often see Margaret alone, orate toilet. but he was satisfied if he only saw her at a distance, or could talk to some said. "I think it is a great lark, and the candy. Why, the money fairly one who knew her.

Kilby liked to have Margaret popu- Mother says she does not feel well lar. Her balls and dances were events enough to go to night. Of course, it but as she knew that she did not have to him, her successes dearer to him is the street cars.' than to her own mother. When she Margaret was never in a happier her doubts go unexpressed. He did went out with another man-it was mood. She felt a peculiar sense of not tell her that for the last month or generally another man-he was nerv- elation as she sat beside Kilby in the so he had done without cigars and ously anxious lest some essential to her stalls in her unpretentious costume. | weekly papers (his choicest literature), comfort or happiness should be for- If she had been in an analytical frame and lived on two meals a day, and gotten. He would frequently send of mind, which she was not, she would walked instead of paving care. roses to match her gown for fear the have probably found that it sprang more favored man would get the from her having come unexpectedly forgot his chrysanthemum. He looked wrong color. Kilby had but one upon a new capacity in herself-that so despairing that Margaret asked him talent, and that amounted to positive of self sacrifice. She had refused a if he was saving up for her next birth genius-he knew how to love.

Kilby had other trials besides those to give Kilby his first lesson in saving. which his loving cost him. When he When the performance was over, came of age, which occurred two or they were surprised to find a rainy three years ago, his father suddenly sky and wet pavements awaiting might as well try to keep back the put into operation certain cherished them. They had no umbrella, deas concerning his son which had no "You will have to let me get a cab," bearing whatever upon his previous Kilby said decidedly. training or anything that he had been "No, I will not. It would be such led to expect. Kilby had acquired a failure-our first attempt. Now, I cannot keep them off any longer. I luxurious tastes and a royal way of spending money. Suddenly his al-lowance was stopped, he was plunged "But you may get your feet wet and him to come to my aid. I was so sick o into mercantile business on the sink take your death of cold," he said, in being dunned that I told every man to or swim principle, and told to strike an agony of apprehension. out for himself. That was Mr. But he was forced to let have her to my father threatening to sue me Brooke's idea of making a man of his own way. When the rain abated they unless I paid up. They followed my parted damask curtains showed under only son. Kilby tried honestly to started out, but they did not reach advice to a man, but it has not turned come up to his father's expectations, home until a smart shower had caught out as I expected. Father merely

to supply what he had learned to re- Kilby stood in the hall and stamped it. You need just such a lesson. I debts piled up and up, and when they tiled floor, and Margaret shook the It will be good discipline for you." reached a certain point, they period- rain in a shower from her drenched Now, Margaret, there is every reason ically toppled over and bore bonnet, an elegant trifle in lace and to believe that my creditors will be as him down under their accumu- roses, they laughed gaily over their good as their word. There is nothing lated weight. The last crash had evening, already exalted to an adven- for me to do but leave the countrybeen so terrific that Mr. Brooke was ture in their eyes. Margaret let Kil- and I don't know how to go, Marforced to come to his son's rescue. by pull off her wet, clinging gloves, garet." The stern old man sat before the pile and gave him her hand for a longer of bills; Kilby stood there, very grave, interval than usual when he said good- smoothed his hair the wrong way, night, promising, with a michieveous very dignified.

"Your tailor's bills I expected to air that mocked his solemning, to folhave to pay --- it would be too much to low minutely his urgent directions as ask you to clothe yourself," Mr. to hot draughts and mustard foot Margaret asked in a liquid voice. (She Brooke said, with biting sarcasm, baths before going to bed, and to do knew quite well what Mr. Brooke turning over the discreditable pile of all that she could to escape the im- thought of her.) paper; "but flowers at ten dollars a minent danger of pneumonis or rapid dozen two or three times a week seem consumption. to me an extravagance which I should The next day, when Kilby sent his could tolerate such a fool as I am." not be called upon to settle for. And clothes to be pressed and his hat to "But, Kilby, I love to be sought candy --- look at this bill. The girl be ironed, he said, with a satisfied

must live on candy --- of course, it is smile : "Margaret is a dear." Margaret Bartram. And carriages; one would suppose that she was a crip-ple. Does she ever walk? Really, Kilby, you ought to be ashamed of that she might teach Kilby to have an invitation to help Kilby to have an her de-business with him. He would be-lieve in me then. He has said as much. yourself. And let me ask you, for inexpensive evening at home. Kilby But, of course, it is not to be thought whom are you ruining your credit and was very happy. He told Margaret of. I would not impose on the old making such a confounded fool of that he had never suspected that the gentleman like that. I have never yourself? A girl who won't have you! mere saving of money could become so done anything dishonorable, Mar-And I respect her for it. No girl in fascinating, and that he feared that it garet.

"There won't be any next time," that !" he exclaimed, with a look of You can't eat your cake and have it." he said, as if uttering a self-evident "I don't say you are. But it is to truth. be your first lesson in saving-a mere

"Tell me just how you got the "Miss Bartram will not refuse the matter of discipline, as your father money together," she said, smiling, and making him sit down on the couch Margaret saw that Kilby was really beside her. suffering when he called for her the

"Well, in the first place, I did not Not a day passed but Kilby was at next evening and saw her in her quiet put any money on the last football And there was the carriage hire "Now, don't be foolish, Kilby," she we saved, and the flowers and we are not to have any chaperon. piled up, dear."

Margaret looked a little mystified, a very good head for figures she let

It was not long before Kilby agair box and a carriage for this very opera | day.

"Margaret," he said desperately, "things have come to a climax. All our efforts have gone for nothing. We ocean with a couple of mops. I have not contracted any new debts, as you know, but that has not paid off the old ones. My creditors are getting rabid. whom I owed a dollar to send a letter but his salary was wholly inadequate them and wet them thoroughly. As said, 'My son, you will have to stand

His voice faltered-he recklessly quite obliterating the even parting down the middle.

"Kilby, does your father like me?"

"Yes-only yesterday he said that he did not see how such a fine girl "If you should tell him that we are

engaged, do you think he would be likely to help you !"

would end in his being a miser. But "Of course not. But I am in earnafter awhile a cloud crossed his serens est. It would not be an engagement Kilby looked depressed. He was sky. Kilby had something on his to be engaged, but an engagement to

That Tired Feeling

will go off after a while."

weariness which all experience after a weak strong.

worn-out feeling which is especially -no strength or appetite. I began to take overpowering in the morning, when Hood's Sarsaparilla and my appetite improvthe body should be refreshed and ed and I did not have That Tired Feeling." ready for work. It is often only the H. R. Squinzs, East Leverett, Massachusetts.

It is remarkable how many people | forerunner of nervous prostration. there are who have That Tired Feeling with all the horrible suffering that and seem to think it is of no impor- term implies. That Tired Feeling and nervousness are sure indications of an tance or that nothing need be done for impure and impoverished condition of it. They would not be so careless if the blood. The craving of the system they realized how really serious the for help can only be met by purifying malady is. But they think or say "It the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one great blood purifier. It expels all impurities, gives vitality and strength, We do not mean the legitimate regulates the digestion and makes the

hard day's work, but that all-gone, "In the spring I felt very much run down

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes Pure Blood.

Secretary Morton's Crest.

One of the most emphasized traits cle out of bamboo. of the nature of Mr. Morton, the Secretary of Agriculture, is his love for trees. Morton possesses for trees almost that sympathetic interest he has for a human being, and betrays all of that admiration for a forest which belongs with the Druids. Indeed. Morton might have made in his love for the oak a famous brother of that dim, far-off twilight priesthood of the woods, if he had only lived in Druid days. It was Secretary Morton who, in 1872, became the suggestor and author of Arbor Day; setting a treeplanting example, which has been followed far and wide, as a standing army of a million trees bear witness. They might all have decayed, or been eaten by a wormy death as acrons, save for Morton and his Arbor Day. While the most obdurate and democratic of Americans, Secretary Morton had adopted a coat of arms. Avoiding all terms of heraldic sort, this coat of arms is the pitcure of a wide-spreading oak in full green leaf; and beneath it for motto is written: "Plant trees."

"And do you know," said Secretary Morton, when speaking of this coat of arms the other day to a reporter of the Star, "I was not a little struck while journeying in Scotland last summer, when I learned that the crest of the Scotch house of Morton was a tree. I began to wonder if after all my admiration for a tree was not inherited from some forest-loving ancestor who lived and died in Scotland centuries ago."-Washington Star.

Curious Accidents,

From time to time there have been found, dead and floating on the surface of the ocean, strange fish, creatures with which no one appeared to be familiar, and no little speculation has been indulged in as to their native lace and habits. Deep-sea dredgings have, however, disclosed the fact that to all and have made it the most these forms of life are dwellers in very deep water. They are killed and distorted by expansion caused by the greatly decreased pressure of the upper water. It is supposed that in chasing their prey they may rise far above their ordinary level, so far, indeed, that the gases of their swimming-bladder become greatly expanded, and they lose control of their muscles. When this point is reached there is steady and increased expansion of the gases as they rise to the surface of the water, the tissues are not able to withstand the strain and their bodies burst or are distored almost beyond recognition. Creatures that live on near the surface of the ocean would suffer death from the pressure of the lower levels. From all of which it appears that all forms of life have their prescribed locations and must, within reasonable limits. remain in them or suffer unpleasant or fatal consequences. - New York Led-

A London genius has made a bicy-

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Why Pay Dectors? A cuaranteed cure for Constipation without medicine or injections, originally sold for \$1: a permanent cure for Disbetes, costing \$5: a California Salve for Piles-gives instant re-ilef: and a positive cure for Hiheumatism. To secure these four home cures, and thus save doctor's bills, send 14 cents (stamps) to Home Cure Co., 1012 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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In Paris one person in eighteen lives on charity.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts genily yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its



there would be nothing left." Kilby looked relieved, and unbent

his brow a little. Margaret went on discursively from one admirer to another, striking off their characteristics with a careless but unerring touch, laughing at them all, her mind showing the variability of the magnetic needle before it has found its true direction. Kilby sat quite silent, his face showing that he was intently considering the eligibility of the different aspirants of Margaret's affections as they were separately brought before him. He seemed to relax, mind and body, when Margaret said, with a glance at the clock, "But it is time for me to dress. Thank you so much for helping me to think. Somehow you always make things plain to me. If you care to wait, you may see my new gown."

"I will wait," Kilby said, and reseated himself as Margaret left the room. It was a matter of vital importance to him what Margaret should wear. He smoothed his glossy dark hair, parted evenly down the middle. away from his serene, white forehead. flicked off a speck of dust from his trousers, and took out a cigar. For an hour he sat before the fire, smoking thoughtfully.

When Margaret returned the color deepened in the clear, olive cheeks, the finely curved mouth red with health and vigor, she said, "Now, Kilby, don't say that I look beauti-You always say that. Lucien ful. Hargreve would convey the idea that 1 was a vision of loveliness without so | ing. much as a definite word. That is what one calls charm. You have absolutely no charm. You are too matter of fact. You suggest nothing to the imagina- passionately. tion. You have no mysterious reserves."

like that to me. Keep it for Har- mind it so much on my own account, greve. He will know what you mean."

Margaret saw that Kilby was teased, so cut up." and said good naturedly, "Oh, well, dear, we won't quarrel. You will in-sist on being yourself. You are noth-you to save. I know how most of the ing if not Kilby Brooke. You are such me in the carriage? I can drop you at your street corner. Or would you prefer to stay and take dinner with father and mother? They would be glad to have you.'

"I will go with you." He put on his overcoat and followed Margaret to her carriage.

asked Margaret to marry him. She so blue that I had to do something." refused him, and he went down with a low fever. When he recovered he shocked voice. went back to Margaret like some poor, faithful dumb creature to the to be blue every nay. A fellow couldn't hand that had struck it. She permitted hun to take his old place because she thought that a man who had of his friends said to him :

fever, Kilby."

her senses would marry such a spendthrift."

> sorry, but he did not see how he could mind. Margaret saw it in his eyes, be married. help it. Margaret had to have those his abstracted manner. One evening he considered all the dainty and chrysanthemum in his button hole. expensive trifles he had coveted for her, but which he had strenuously is the matter?' denied himself on his tradesmen's "It is nothing. Let me have one account, he thought his bills extreme- of those roses. Whose are these, dear position," Margaret said, getting red. ly moderate. But he did not tell his --- Brown's, Hargreve's, or some other father so.

> time. But the next time they may fully adjusting the rose in his bar I found it out long ago. So please tell sue you, do you hear?" hole and thereby regaining some

expressed Kilby's devotion to Mar- was that Kilby was under a great strain. comb your hair?" garet Bartram, it would have gone Margaret's birthday was approaching. as his one saving grace, and he secret- day must be no exception --- that he was

man, was hardly less admirable than had never done it before. He could him down beside her. Kilby thought her.

father. He had made a weak attempt on alone under his heavy burden. He pressed his lips and his face against at curtailing expenses, but he could forgot his chrysanthemum altogether her hands, scattering Lucien Harnot persevere in any resolution, how- after awhile, and grew pale and thin. greve's last roses, which she wore at

welfare. The bills accumulated silent- something on his mind entitled him to sey's Magazine. ly and unobtrusively like a snow storm new respect, and she treated him with in a night, and one day Kilby was con- all the tender consideration which she fronted with a scene of widespread thought he deserved. desolation. He was blue when he called on Margaret Bartram that even- ceived a heavily chased card case, with to be a satirist.

"What is it, Kilby? Have you had another row with your father over your debts?" Margaret asked com-

"No, but there is a fine one in prospect. It will have "Oh, I say, Margaret, don't talk to come, Margaret. I don't

but the old gentleman always seems "It is too bad. Do you know, Kilby,

money goes, you foolish boy. Those an absurd creature that if you did not last American beauties were fifteen take yourself seriously, you might be dollars. I priced them. You told me laughed at. Do you want to go with that they cost you a mere song. You must have alluded to one of Calve's or she added forcibly, under an impulse Melba's. But 1 am not going to scold.' Margaret talked to him seriously. to say the cruelest thing possible, "I

She took his shortcomings so much to heart that he solemnly promised to

try to get out of debt and live within his income. When he rose to go, he said, "By the way, I have some tickets Three years before, Brooke had for the opera to-morrow night. I felt

"Oh, Kilby !" she exclaimed in a

money, Margaret-every cent of it." "They are paid for. I don't expect sorry. Don't you believe me?"

stand it, you know. Margaret looked thoughtful.

"If I go with you, it must be on my

had a low fever on her account was own terms. There must be no carentitled to some consideration. One riage. We will go in the street cars, and if you send me flowers, 1 will

"The next time it will be brain throw them into the street."

"Oh, say, I am not such a beggar as pose. I saved it for the card case. within .- The Southwest.

"Oh, it is not so bad as that! You things ... that was all about it. When he came without the invariable white are a dear to offer to make a sacrifice of yourself. It is just like you. But "Kilby," Margaret exclaimed, "what I cannot consent to it. I will get through somehow."

"You place me in a very awkward "You force me to tell what, if you fellow's? They are lucky to be able were not as blind as a bat, you could "Well, I will help you out this to give them to you," he said, care- see for yourself. I love you, Kilby. it your father, and, if you have a pocket The fact was that had not the bills of his mental equilibrium. The truth comb about you, won't you please

Kilby turned pale and faint. A cold much worse with him. Mr. Brooke He had always shown his remembrance perspiration broke through every pore looked upon Kilby's love for Margaret of that sacred anniversary. This birth- and stood in drops on his forehead.

"Oh, Kilby, don't look like that! ly cherished the hope that some day determined upon---but how to get a Any one would think that I had rehis worthless son might win the girl suitable gift without going into debt | fused you," Margaret said, in distress, who, even to the prim and precise old for it was a new problem to Kilby. He putting out her hands and drawing

"Oh, Margaret, if you only knew!" not break his word to Margaret-that It had been some time since Kilby's was clear. He confided the cause of was all that he could say. With a last unpleasant interview with his his distress to no one. He struggled tremulous smile he bent over her and ever worthy in itself, that so nearly Margaret respected his silence and her belt, in a crimson shower of affected what he considered Margaret's never questioned him. That Kilby had crushed petals about her feet. - Mun-

WISE WORDS.

It is difficult to be a humorist; easy On the eventful day Margaret re-

Opposition inflames the enthusiast, the donor's compliments and best wishes for many happy returns of the never converts him. day, from Mr. Kilby Brooke. When

It is a mistaken idea that loud talk gives tone to society.

tions in person, Margaret treated him Gratitude can sing songs of praise with extreme frigidity and did not with an empty pocket. Elevate the working class by keep-"Margaret, you are angry about the

he called to express his congratula-

card case," he said, fixing his calm,

word. From this day I give you up

entirely. You may pile up your debts

don't see how you got credit for it !"

it would have been wiser to let the

Angry tears were in her eyes. Then

mountains high for all I care.

with a deeply injured air.

never to borrow again.'

debts?

affectionate eyes upon her.

mention his gift.

ing your children in it. That which makes children happy

"Yes, I am. I should have sent it often makes old people tired. back to Tiffany's and had it credited There are some things people want

to your account were it not for the to put off until they are dead. monogram. As it is, I shall never use The man who looks through cobit. I thought you were a man of your

webs will see spiders everywhere. In morals, much is in intent; in

achievement, everything in action. Probably no man approves of the way an old man tries to amuse himself.

A lady-A woman who always re-"I did not-I paid for it," he said, members others and never forgets herself.

"You paid for it! Where did you Nothing in this world equals the get the money? I suppose it is nothpleasure a mother finds in her good ing to you that you promised me son.

Even very poor people have the fad "I did not borrow. I saved that of collecting something: usually it is dogs. "You did! Ob, Kilby-I am so

A mother's patience with her worthless son is as often a fault as it is a Then, after a moment's thought,

she said gently, "But don't you think virtue. When a man accepts charity, some money go toward clearing off the one is sure to say that he is not deserving.

He stared at her blankly. "Why, I Noble desires, unless filled up with did not save the money for that pur- action, are but a shell of gold, hollow

It is estimated that tourists up the Nile spend \$5,000,000 each season in Egypt.

On the Spot.

ger.

"Out damned spot," was what troubled Mrs. Macbeth; but it was something intangible that she saw. In the active season of spring and summer sports-there are spots that are not visionary, but which bring with them pain and great discomfort. Bruises, black and blue, are the accompaniments of every active sport. They often cripple and are always a sore trouble. Come from what source they may, the thing to do on the spot is to use St. Jacobs Oil freely and promptly. There is nothing surer and it wipes out the pain as we would wipe off a slate. In like manner sudden attacks of rheumatism, to which people are liable at this season, can be promptly cured by applying St. Jacobs Oil to the pain spot.

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A Bright Eye

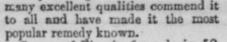
is the sign of good health and an alert min. Strange that it should almost always depend on the state of the digestion, but it does. A Ripans Taivule taken after meals gives the little artificial help most grown people need. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. Zec, a bottle

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