

WHAT'S THE USE.

What's the use to talk of sighing
When the meadow shows its green
When the ripples on the river
And the lillies toll and lean?

AN EPISODE AT EPSOM.



HERE was a wide-spread opinion among the married ladies of his acquaintance that Tom Villars thought rather too much of his charming self and rather too little of his charming wife.

None of them, however, was quite so indignant with him as was Miss Pippingstone, his wife's sister. Maisie was a somewhat exacting young lady. She entertained the strictest ideas of marital duty.

"My dear," he said to his wife in the course of dinner. "I shall not want breakfast till nine o'clock tomorrow, as I'm not going to business."

"Well, Morden looks so jolly rural that it excites a vein of poetry in a fellow, you know. I've felt less sentimental in Devonshire—pon my soul, I have."

"So shall I—and I—and I," chimed in several others. In fact, it appeared to be the general opinion of the party that driving to Epsom was the hungriest morning's work a man could undertake, and that partridge-shooting, or even deer-stalking, was not "in it" with that occupation.

"Oh, really, Kittie," he cried, "you shouldn't say that of the little beggar. I think he is just the most nailing baby that was ever—what d'ye call it?—short-coated."

day of his stumberous little life," said Tom; "and I kiss that jolly pink head of his every time. But, of course, a man cannot always be in the nursery. That is a woman's place—isn't it?"

"You have made up your mind that it is Kittie's place," retorted Maisie, with a toss of her head. "Hush, hush, Maisie, dear," said her sister, looking distressed.

"All right," said Tom, with that lazy grin of his. "I don't mind a bit; and I believe Goring's an awfully good-tempered fellow, too."

"Morning, Mrs. Villars—Morning, Miss Pippingstone," said the jovial Charles, raising his hat. "Glad to see that the hamper is ready for us, by Jove! These horses of Tom's are so fresh this morning that they're almost out of hand. We have had more than one squeak of a collision already."

"Oh, bother, I forgot!" cried Tom, hastily, checking his sister-in-law in her prophetic string of evils. "Good thing you mentioned it, Maisie, by Jove! Where shall we have it, Singleton?"

"There will be plenty of room for the hamper inside with me, sir," answered the butler, touching his hat. "All right, in with it, then."

"Now then, you young folk," shouted Tom Villars, with a paternal air, from the box, "I can't hold these beggars any longer. Hamper safely stowed, Singleton?"

"All right. Let 'em go there. Ta-ta, Kittie. Ta-ta, Maisie." Tom cracked his whip. The groom behind tootled on the horn. The horses bounded forward, Kittie and Maisie waving parting salutes.

"The day was fine and fresh; the roads were in good order, but not dusty; the team went well together; Tom's friends were a party of congenial souls. All these things combined to give them a thoroughly pleasant drive."

"Hang it," pronounced Charles Goring, who looked particularly rakish this morning, and wore his hat un-speakably cocked. "I don't know how it is, you know; but when one's driven down to Epsom, Clapham seems less Claphamish, you know, and Tooting less Tootingy, you know, and Cockneyism less Cockneyish, you know. As for this little shop—what's its name?"

"Morden," prompted somebody. "Well, Morden looks so jolly rural that it excites a vein of poetry in a fellow, you know. I've felt less sentimental in Devonshire—pon my soul, I have."

"And I've felt less hungry on the Alps," added a more prosaic gentleman. "How much farther to Epsom, Tom?"

"Six miles—on to the course." "Great Caesar! Six mortal miles between me and luncheon. Egad! I shall punish the provender when I get it."

"So shall I—and I—and I," chimed in several others. In fact, it appeared to be the general opinion of the party that driving to Epsom was the hungriest morning's work a man could undertake, and that partridge-shooting, or even deer-stalking, was not "in it" with that occupation.

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There was nothing he enjoyed more than helping to unpack and distribute the eatables.

"Thank you, sir," said Singleton. The hamper was soon deposited upon the grass. Goring took out his knife and began to cut the strings which bound down the lid.

"By Jove," he exclaimed. "I am peckish, and no mistake. But there is no fear of one's not being satisfied when you do the catering, Tom."

"Thanks," laughed Villars, taking off his hat, with a jocular sweep. "But spare your compliments, old man, or rather wait till we get back and pay them to—Maisie."

Goring grinned, colored slightly under his bronzed skin, and proceeded with his task. He had soon cut all the strings and thrown back the lid. Tom saw him give a sudden start; then put his glass to his eye and examine the contents of the hamper with a sort of fascinated stare.

"I say, old man—does your cook take us for cannibals?" "Cannibals!" ejaculated Villars. "Yes," said Goring, again fixing his glass in his eye and staring down into the hamper with a serious face. "I am not particular myself, but if I have to lunch on this sort of thing I confess I'd rather have it disguised as pork pie or sausage roll. Still, old man, being your son and heir, and such a fine, fat little beggar into the bargain—"

Tom Villars was not easily taken aback. He was considered by his friends to have the self-possession—not to say self-assurance—of three ordinary men. But when he stepped up and looked into the luncheon hamper he was completely dumfounded and overcome. He stood there stock still, staring at its contents as though his eyes were eternally riveted upon them.

"By Jove," remarked Goring, feelingly, as he bent down and placed the tube in the tiny, groping fingers. "The nipper's hungro after his drive. He wants his lunch as well as we. And I wish," he added, with a lugubrious look, "that we had half as good a chance of getting it!"

"Upon my word," gasped Tom. "I wonder whom we have to thank for this?" Amid the general consternation which this discovery occasioned, the butler turned away his woe-begone face and stealthily chinked some gold in his breeches' pocket.

"Why—which—which—on earth is—the—the—real one?" gasped Tom Villars. He had just entered the nursery, holding his son and heir in his arms, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Kittie, with another baby on her knee, scrubbing, combing, and otherwise persecuting that helpless infant.

"Eh?" exclaimed Kittie, looking up, and starting violently. "Whose child have you got there, Tom? Why, it is dressed up in some of Tony's things," she added, sullenly. "That is his best cape. I—"

"Er—er—I—s—s—n't this one T—T—Tony, then?" stammered the dismayed Tom, who seemed almost bereft of his senses by this new surprise. "I—I—thought—"

"You never mean that you mistook that hideous little goblin for our Tony!" cried Mrs. Villars, with unusual energy. "N—no," replied the unhappy father. "You see, if I'd looked at the little beggar rather more closely, I should have known the difference at a glance. Of course, Tony's nose is a trifle t—t—turned up."

"Turned up?" interposed the mother, with something like a scream. "Oh, Tom, how can you say such a thing, when he has the sweetest little Greek nose—"

"J—j—just so," said Tom, hurriedly. "I meant that. And then, of course, Tony's eyes are blue—"

"Blue? Oh, Tom—hazel!" expostulated the outraged Kittie, moved to the verge of tears. "To be sure. I—I meant hazel. I—I—"

A loud burst of laughter from behind saved poor Tom Villars from further floundering in the mire. Maisie had entered quietly during the above dialogue, and could now restrain her merriment no longer.

"I had better explain," said this young lady, when she could speak, "before your respective heads, or Tom lands himself in still more hopeless difficulties. The joke was mine, Tom. Kittie knew nothing about it. I borrowed a baby of about the same size and coloring as Tony—"

When he was gone, Maisie told the whole story to her sister.

"You see," she said at the end of her narrative, "Singleton was in the secret, and so was Ch—Captain Goring. So there was no danger of the baby being suffocated. But don't tell Tom that, mind."

"It was a great shame upon Tom, said Kittie, taking side now, as ungrateful women will, with the husband against whose ill treatment she had just been vindicated. "I wonder you could play him such a horrid trick."

"Pooh! Serve him right," retorted Maisie, with a toss of her head. "I will teach him, for the future, not to treat you as a nursery maid."

It did.—London Truth.

There are fireproof stockings. Gold in circulation—875 tons. Twenty deer are assessed as "live stock" at \$2 a head in Stenben, Me.

The Duke of Elinburgh, when a midshipman, used to cut the signature of Queen Victoria out of his letters and put it up at auction.

A man at Auburn, Me., just had to sneeze the other day, while his mouth was full of carpet tacks. One went down his throat, but the doctor got it out.

Edison's great grandfather lived to the age of 102. His grandfather died at 103 and one of his aunts at 105, while his own father is still alive at ninety.

In 1630 no gentleman, either in England, or France or Germany, thought for a moment of going abroad without his cloak, even in the hottest days of summer.

A North Sea codman carries an outfit of lines which extends eight miles in length, and has usually fixed upon it the amazing number of 4680 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

There is a gang of boys in Philadelphia who make fun for themselves and great trouble for the motormen by running in front of the electric cars and throwing themselves into the fenders.

An unusual growth is noticed in the garden of George D. Coit, at Norwich, Conn. A wistaria vine has entwined itself around an elm so tightly that it is gradually strangling the growth out of the latter.

Stockings are first mentioned in literature as being worn in Italy about the year 1100. They are alluded to as a great invention and far superior to the former practice of wrapping the feet in cloth bandages.

Ontario, Cal., has a woman who is sixty-six years old and has had thirteen children, ten of whom, with her husband, are living. Her grand children aggregate the neat total of fifty-six, and there are six great grand-children. Notwithstanding this startling array of progeny, the old lady has to work out and support herself.

A single log, thirty-two feet long, six and one-half feet in diameter, and containing 10,158 feet of lumber, was cut from a tree felled in Mason County, Washington, the other week. This log was cut off twenty-five feet from the butt of the tree. Several short logs measuring eleven feet in diameter were cut from the lower part.

Value of a Brother's Ashes. A novel claim is being made upon one of the great French railway companies. A gentleman who came to Paris to have the body of his deceased brother cremated at the crematorium at Pere la Chaise Cemetery, took the ashes away in a handbag, and, previous to setting out on his return journey to his home in the country, deposited the bag at the "consigne," or cloak room of the railway station. When he came back to claim it, it had gone. Someone had come and claimed the bag, and it had been given up, probably in mistake. Inquiries were instituted, but the missing bag could not be discovered. The gentleman has brought action to recover damages for the loss he has sustained, and the judges will be called upon to decide what is the money value of a brother's ashes.

Remarkable Yarn About Hoptoads. "Hoptoad Hollow," near Morris-town, N. J., is again the scene of its curious annual gathering of those harmless but unattractive creatures. Scientific men cannot account for their singular habit of hopping about in squads of several hundred each, or why they lie on their backs on moonlight nights, and old Jackson Lully, the hermit sassafras root farmer, who is the only human being the toads do not show fear of, refuses positively to tell what he knows of their breeding ground on his place. One peculiarity of the patriarchs of the colony is that they always hop backward on the day preceding a steady rainstorm, and the efforts of the little toads to imitate them is said to be a very amusing sight.—New York Mail and Express.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Angler's Guide—Her Choice Faithless—The Imperious Hired Girl—A Humorist, Etc., Etc.

Burnish up the reel and rod. Straighten out the line. Take a spade and turn the sod—Fishin's gettin' fine. Tramp along to where they say Speckled beauties swish. Sit around for half a day—Go and buy your fish.—Buffalo Courier.

A HUMORIST. A—"I fail to see how you can laugh at such a silly remark."

B—"My dear fellow, I can't help it. I owe the man a hundred dollars."

UNDER THE BAN. Teacher—"Speaking of imports, with what does Canada supply us?"

Bright Boy—"Silver coins that won't pass in the horse-cars."—Judge.

HER CHOICE FAITHLESS. "I love, and I am loved."

"Then you must be perfectly happy."

"But it isn't the same man!"—Life.

THE IMPERIOUS HIRING GIRL. "Are you the boss here?"

Mr. Meekly—"Do I look like a man that would allow his wife to get along without a cook?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PRESUMPTIVE PROOF. "When your son graduated did he leave anything behind him to enrich the traditions of the college?"

"I guess so; his manners are gone."—Puck.

BATHER SNAPPY. Man (to Baker Boy)—"What is your dog's name, sonny?"

Baker Boy—"Ginger."

Man—"Does Ginger bite?"

Baker Boy—"Naw, Ginger snaps."—Atlanta Journal.

RAIL REPARTEE. Trolley Car Conductor—"Settle now or get off."

Dignified Citizen—"What do you take me for, sir?"

Conductor—"F' cents, same as anybody else."—Indianapolis Journal.

A COAL-OIL JOHANNA. "Rich," exclaimed one emancipated woman to another; "why, she's the queen of the stock exchange."

"She's very lavish, I'm told, in her display."

"She can afford it. She's so rich that she uses hundred-dollar bills for curl papers."—Washington Star.

NOT UP TO DATE. Jones found Smith vigorously polishing his shoes.

"What are you doing that for? I always thought you wore patent leather?"

"These used to be patent leather," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinal column into its normal position; "but the patent on them has expired."—Washington Pathfinder.

UNLIKE ALL OTHERS. Several men were talking about how they happened to marry.

"I married my wife," said one, after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I had ever met."

"How was that?" chorused the others.

"She was the only woman I ever met who would have me."—Detroit Free Press.

HOW HE GOT IT. "Did that farmer's wife give you the cold shoulder?" asked Wobbly Wiggles of his pal, as he came running down the road.

"She didn't give it to me," replied Wiggly Waggles, with a grin, "I swiped it when her back was turned."

And, as he produced the remains of a fine piece of roast mutton from under his coat, his comrade saw the joke and joined in the laugh.—Brooklyn Eagle.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER. "Please, sir," whistled the boy with two front teeth missing, "Minnie Williams's mother says Minnie can't come to school, 'cos she's got a stitch in her side."

"Who is Minnie Williams's mother?" the new school teacher asked.

"She's the dressmaker."

The teacher turned reflectively to the blackboard.

"How wonderful are the influences of heredity," muttered he.—Rockland Tribune.

THE EULING PASSION. "Gentlemen," said the college President at the meeting of the faculty, "we must take means at once to stop the game of football. It is bringing our grand old institution into disrepute."

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and the President demanded the cause of it.

"News has been received," explained one of the younger professors, apologetically, "that nine of our eleven will surely be back in college next year, and that our chances of beating Yale next fall are of the best."

"Good!" shouted the President, flushing with pleasure. "Er—I think—er, young gentlemen, we had better not be too—er—hasty in this matter."—Harlem Life.

It is stated that Assam tea is the richest in theine, that Ceylon and Indian teas will not keep, and that Day-eeling is the best of all.

THANK THE LOVELLS!

To Them More Than to Others Is Due the Fair Play Accorded to Wheelmen.

From the beginning of cycling in this country the makers have been its strongest bulwarks, and to them is due the credit for the proud position riders of the bicycle hold. To the members of the trade, therefore, we owe much, as it was their pluck and their money that have made for us our position.



COL. BENJ. LOVELL.

Among the men who early felt the benefits of cycling, and did not hesitate to expend money, is Colonel Benj. Lovell, of Boston, Treasurer of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of that city. Their firm name has been a familiar one for over fifty years, having been established in 1840, doing a sporting goods and gun business. Being in a kindred trade, it was but natural that they should engage in the making and selling of bicycles. Their success has been unbounded, as they have made a name for the Lovell Diamond Cycles that is a familiar household one in every hamlet in the land. It is not possible to have done that without cost, and a considerable one, too, as readers of current literature will admit, for have not all of us encountered the symbolic words "Lovell Diamonds"? To estimate the gross amount that has been expended for advertising would be a difficult task, but it is said that considerably over \$100,000 was spent by them during 1894. All the big Eastern dailies had entire pages, which cost lots of money, and the magazines filled many pages exploiting Lovell Diamond Cycles.

Can it be wondered at, then, that cycling has become popular, when men like Colonel Lovell spend such sums to make it so? Colonel Lovell is Treasurer of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, and is a man of rare business attainments, acquired by long experience and an aptitude possessed by few. In private life he has won the respect and esteem of every one who has been brought in contact with him, while his public record is equally good, on five different occasions representing his town in the Legislature, serving in both branches. He served on the staff of Governor Long for three consecutive years, and is now a member of Governor Greenhalge's staff. He has been a delegate to four National conventions, and there is not an office in the gift of his townsmen which would not be at his disposal were it not for his great business responsibilities. There is no man in the bicycle business more respected than Colonel Benj. Lovell, and no better bicycle is made in the world than the Lovell Diamond.

Miss Jessie Gray, a young Scotch woman, has been appointed sanitary inspector of women's workshops in Kingston, London.

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

Japanese workmen wear on their backs an inscription describing their business.

Tobacco Stinking Breath. Not pleasant to always carry around, but it don't compare with the nerve-destroying power that tobacco keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impatient. Drain all of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up—quit. No-To-Bac is a sure quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

The Ladies. The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

You Think It Is Something Else. The "why" of the bad feeling is what puzzles you. It is easy to imagine so many causes, when the real one is indigestion. You think it's something else. The cure is Ripans Tablets. A single tablet gives relief. Ask the druggist.

E. A. Root, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh of the eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up—quit. No-To-Bac is a sure quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's last summer. Write, ALLEN DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Always Tired

Describes a dangerous condition, because it means that the vitality is becoming exhausted by reason of impoverished blood. Give new life to the vital fluid and the nerves and muscles will grow stronger. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength, because it makes pure, rich blood. Remember

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the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

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