Abou Ben Kelly (may her tribe increase) Was much disturbed one night and had no

peace,
For there upon the wall within her room,
Bright with the moonlight that dispelled the

A man was scribbling with a wand of gold.

Now, Mrs. Kelly was a warrior bold,
And to the presence in the room she said:
"What writest thou?" The scribbler raised his
head,
And with a look that made Ben Kelly hot,
Answered: "The name of that which leaves no
spot."

"And what is that?" said Abou. "Not so fast,"
Replied the scribbier. Kelly opened vast
Her mouth angelie; then in whisper said:
"What is this marvel, quick? I must to bed."

The scribbler wrote and vanished. The next

He came again with much awakening light, And showed the names that nations long have blessed

And lo! Sapolio's name led all the rest.

STORY OF A CHAMPION LIAR.

A Unique Character Who Could Not Tell the Truth.

He Was a Poet as Well as a Professor of Pseudology, and His Lies Were Like the Truth-An Experience With Him In London-The Story Told by His Victim.

Stop right here, gentle reader, unless you want to be deceived. This story is the story of a liar. Although he has misled me, as this marrative will plainly set forth, and although his art of lying assumed, like Hamlet's devil, "a most pleasing shape," and has almost, if not altogether, won me over from the side of truth, I have still some relies of honesty in my composition, and I urge you not to read further unless you are prepared to be taken in.

Business called me to London last Spring, and I was trying to hammer American methods into British forms and shape American ideas into phrases which would suit the British mind. No easy task, I assure you. In a country where a wagon is a van and Fall was never heard of; where the shopkeeper gasps for breath when an Amerjean asks for Canton fiannel, and thirteen traveled representatives of the house are vainly consulted on the subject because the article is known there as "swans-down calico," where pie was never heard of and tarts alone fill the aching void in the Ameriean stomach-under such eireumstances my

task is not an easy one. The Hebrews have a proverb, which, like many of the popular forms of expression, tells a long history while it gives point to a single thought. "When the tale of bricks is doubled Moses comes." So for every necessity there is a relief, and my Moses

was at the door. I was in no amiable mood when they passed me an envelope enclosing a note and a card. The card was thrown carelessly on Printed matter in such form rarely appeals to anyone. Type was only meant for the oracular columns of the newspaper. There alone it arrests attention. The note began:

"DEAR SIR-I beg to submit herewith a few original couplets." Down went the letter on the desk. It was the same old story. I thought; some scribbler who has failed in all his efforts on the press, and who attempts to storm business men with his miserable work. "Tell him," I began testily-but before concluding the sentence I glanced at the card which lay before me. It rend as follows:

> Don't Believe Me. JOHN T. BLACK, Professor of Pseudology.

Something original about that surely, and what on earth was Pseudology? Rare Ben Jonson, fortunate man, who knew, as the lawyers say, "of his own knowledge" that Bacon wasn't Shakespeare, or Shakespeare Bacon, attributed to that gentleman a knowledge of but little Greek. I can scarcely form an estimate of his opinion of a nan who did not recognize the Greek word

But the reverse of the card told the whole story: PRESS NOTICES.

Trust him not, he is fooling thee .- New He lies like truth,-St. Louis Globe-Dem

To him truth is far stranger than fiction, As an 18-carat liar he takes the beanery Chicago News.

After once hearing him we lost all respect for Annuiss .- Philadelphia Public Ledger. To a vivid imagination he joins a quiet contempt for facts which renders him

unique among mankind,-San Francisco Not content with lying all day in business

he even lies in bed at night .- Detroit Fre He differs from George Washington in

this particular, that whereas George could not tell a lie, John T. finds it impossible to tell the truth.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

[Further proofs on personal application.] I always loved a frank man, and withou estimating the danger I was in, or the warnings which his card contained, I stepped out of the private office to shake hands with him, and in a moment of good nature as-sented to the price which he asked for his couplets without giving them more than a

easual clance. The week had not passed before another note was handed to me inclosing more verses from the same hand, the note signed "John T. Black, the champion liar, "N. B.-My title is not necessary for pub-lication, but as a guarantee of good faith." I was more busy than before, and as he waited outside for a reply I again author-

ized the bookkeeper to accept his terms, and his verses went into a drawer to keep company with their predecessors,

When a moment of leisure was reached the manuscript was taken from its retire-ment and examined. Every variety of form and metre was present. But my eye caught

the complet: Ill fares that land, to hastening ill a prey, Wherein Sapolio is unknown to-day.

That seemed like common sense. A rec ognition of the many difficulties that beset the England of the present, in which, alas! the most useful of American inventions, was but little known. A little further on came

EUREKA!

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see corsels as there see us."
That power, which Bobby Burns would know,
Is furnished in Sapollo.
For, used on pewter, brass or delf,
Like others—you can see yourself.

On the impulse of the moment a note was hastily written, telling the Professor that al-though he had been paid his own price, we felt in honor bound to double the compensa-tion, since we found that we had received as desirable matter as we had sup-

This act of conscientiousness sealed my fate, for letters came thick and fast inclosing "A few samples of how the muse amuses itself with me," one of which read as fol-

BOBBY AND MARY JANE.

The policeman crept quietly into the kitchen To court on the sly Mary Jane, so bewitching, But was startled to view, on all sides around Other policemen, who seemed to surround him, But he very soon found it was but his reflec-In the pots and the pans polished up to perfec-

And the servant explained how she had made such a show By the everyday use of SAPOLIO. The accompanying note said: "I have a 22-carat sketch of this advertisment under way, and will haul the artist and his picter

round to-morrow. He gives me points in lying-beware. I am hovering round the stage door of your show for a reply. Yours, impecuniously, John T. Black."

The cash was forthcoming, and I had added another link to the chain of my captivity.

After this the deluge. Sonnets, couplets,

After this the delage. Sonnets, couplets, wise sayings, and many foolish ones, tumbled down in a perfect avalanche. The old chestnut, that "The spots on the sun were washed a year ago, but came off quickly with Sapolio," somewhat altered our humor, and would have ended our intercourse had I not read further down this judicrous than "The leavered rannot change his spots. idea: "The leopard cannot change his spots, we know, but he can move them with

We (collectively) had an interview in which we assured the Professor that we were not running a comic paper. We offered him a letter of introduction to the Detroit Press Press at its London office. He declared that he would never do so any more, and referred to his card and his correspondence as

a corroboration of his frankness and honesty. We believed him.

That week had not ended before the following note was handed in: "I have perpetrated another crime and enclose it, but shall get out of guushot for half an hour until you have become reconciled to it. When I return at 10:15 I would like either

\$10 or ten years, which ever you think the most suitable reward. The inclosure was longer than the rest: "NOT A "HEATHEN CHINEE." With apologies to first Harts.
While I wish to remark.
And my language is plain,
That to take out a mark

SAPOLIO is quite peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain. Ann Jane was the name Of a servant we had, And a good girl the same, Though her language was had; For to see her weep over her cleaning Was a sight most affecting and sad.

move any stain,

She would toll day and night Would this plucky Ann Jane, Just to keep the house quite Free from blemish or stain, And she tried all the soaps in creation; But, alas! it was labor in vain.

She went shopping one day At my express command,
And returned home so gay
I could not understand,
But I smiled when I saw she'd a cake of
SAPOLIO clasped in her hand.

Then she tucked up her sleeves And caught up a small tub
As she murmured, "It grievesme
To labor and scrab.
But they tell me this is the boss cleaner."
In response I said, "Aye, there's the rub."

On the oilcloth a stain, Which had been there for years At the touch of Ann Jane
Now at once disappears,
While from mantelpiece, tinware, and table
Ev'ry spot, stain, and blemish she clears!

Then I looked at Ann Jane, And she gazed upon me, And she said "It is plain That in this you'll agree Pye been wasting my time and my labor By not using SAPOLIO, you see."

In the scene that ensued I did not take a hand, But the backyard was strewd
Like the shells of the strand,
With the soaps which Ann Jane had been using

Ereshe heard of SAPULIO grand. Now her copper and brass Shine as bright as the sun, And for her looking glass Often duty have done,

Which the same is a pleasing reflection-

Which is why I remark,

You relief from toll may know
If you use SAPOLIO!
By these pans so clean and bright,
By this paint a shining sight,
By the floor as white as milk,
By that hearthstone amooth as silk,
Eug the soap that keeps them so—
Always use SAPOLIO,

Maid of England, I am gone, Think of this when left alone; Though I fly to beach or hill, Let my warning haunt thee still, Can I cease to love thee? No! So thou use SAPOLIO.

Both of these he assured me on his honor as a gentleman were purely original, and I paid for them on that representation.
I am at home now, where I fondly supposed that I would be free from the entangling acquaintance which I formed in London. Far from it. Every steamer which arrives brings proof that my persecutor still lives. I tried to keep a record of them

.....By the "Umbria. Aug. 10 A wealthy young man had a yacht,
Disfigured with many a spacht;
Sapollo he tried,
Which, as soon as applied,
Immediately took out the lacht!

Aug. 17.....By the "Etruria. Our girl o'er the housework would sigh, Till Sapolio I urged her to trigh; Now she changes her tune, For she's done work at nune, Which accounts for the light in her eigh!

tug. 24..... Per "City of Rome." There's many a domestic imbroglio,
To describe which would need quite a foglio,
Might of: be prevented
If the housewife consented
To clean out the house with Sapoglio.

Sept. I......Via Steamer "Celtic."
Maria's poor fingers would ache
When the housework in hand she would tache, But her pains were allayed When Sapolio's aid Her labor quite easy did mache! Sept. 8.... Per North German Lloyd "Aller."

We have heard of some marvelous soaps, Whose worth has exceeded our hoaps; But it must be confest That Sapolio's the best, For with grease spots it easily coaps. Sept. 15......Per "La Bourgogne,"

The wife of a popular Colonel, Whose troubles with "helps" were el Whose troubles with "helps" wer Now her leisure enjoys, For the "new girl" employs Sapolio in housework diolonel.Per "City of Parts." The servant went off in a pique A new situation to signs w situation to sique As the mistress declined Some Sapolio to find—

But she sent for her back in a wique. I have abandoned hope. I see my error clearly now. Regardless of proper princi-

sand feathered owls and fifty thousand puz-zies, besides thousands of hand-painted Though the grime may vex thee sore Settling over wall and floor,

> Some Varied Opinions Upon a Subject of Real Interest.

> > Why Social, Political, Literary and Business

Mhy Social, Political, Literary and Business
Ambitions Enchain Men's Attention—Diligence, Perseverance and Genius May Be of Some Help, but it is Ingenieus
Advertising That Tells in the Long Run—Many Instances
That Prove This True.

Every man who is worthy of that title desires public recognition. Socially he would be better known and respected. If he assumes to ignore what is generally known as "Society," he surely turns to some other kindred ambition. Politics may engross his attention, and if he would rise in that line he must, by personal address, by party serhe must, by personal address, by party services or by public speaking, win the confidence and good will not only of his own party but of the wider public. If as a student he buries himself in a library and works through lonely days and nights, still it is only in the hope of leaving some work "so writ as future ages shall not willingly let die." Socially, politically, in art or literature, yes, even in commerce, the de-

sire for a wider publicity is inspiring and ennobling. Ambition is a strong virtue until it steps beyond prudence or proper modesty. "By that sin fell the angels," and thousands of thoughtless mortals who try to rush in where the better angels fear to tread, destroy all hopes of public approval. Their rudeness ruins them socially. Their eagerness for office defeats their political aspirations. Their ambition for rapid recognition clouds. their literary efforts. Their "penny dips" are blown out before they have set the river afire. In business little fools ape the actions of successful men until whole hordes are following Wansmaker's advertising or imitating the Rising Sun stove polish or copying the plans of really suc-cessful houses. The public measures them quickly—they are asses clothed in lion's

The first rule of real success is to be original. Not strangely, queerly, original -but that every act and utterance shall spring from an honest interior. It is not possible to achieve greatness by imitation. Real greatness often comes to men of hum-ble birth and surroundings, whose hearts NOVEL INVESTMENT.

Domestic puzzles passed away long ago, but not until millions of them had been used. Pamphlets are printed in vast numbers, and the famous Sapolio alphabet has already reached its tenth million. Five bundred STRANGE COMMERCIAL FAITH, dollars will rept a large farm, but it goes to pay for one-half page insertion in a daily paper. Yes, one thousand dollars has been paid for a single column in a weekly paper, low Bread Cast Upon the Waters of Trade Comes Back After Many Days-Enormous Investments in Modern Business Methods. "What's in a Name?" Trade Marks and Their Defense.

If our forefathers could look down on modern business methods they would at the first glance conclude that modern merchants were as mad as March hares. After they had become thoroughly acquainted with the magnificent systems which are used by our magnificent systems which are used by our great railroad corporations and mammoth trusts they would conclude that the age was an age of magicians, and not of fools. The machinery of business has kept pace with the improved machinery of our mills. newspapers continually remind the public of its merits. But even it it was not so Indeed, the merchant of to-day avails of no little machinery in the conduct of his everyprominent in its own behalf, the dozens of imitators who try to impose their wares on the public as "just as good as Sapolio," would prove to the world that it was the day office work. Patented systems of copy-ing, of duplicating, wonderful letter files, and hundreds of neat aids to office work have multiplied very fast during the past few years and within the last month. The would prove to the world that it was the standard.

Who can read the bright verses which tell us how to make this world brighter without the tribute of a smile? Who can glance at graphophone has gone into active use in business offices, so that the merchant can dictate all his correspondence to a machine which records it on a wax-coated cylinder, their pictures without admitting that advertising is an art itself? We have not room for many, but feel that this article would be

from which, at a later hour, the typewriter can reproduce it for the mail. The marvelous developments of modern ousiness show more strongly in the matter of advertising than in most other branches. Vast sums of money are apparently thrown away in this direction. When a great comnercial house spends two hundred thousand dollars during a single year in newspaper advertising, there is nothing in the inven-tory at the close of the year which will represent the outlay. The papers have been printed, distributed, read and again reduced to pulp in the paper mill, while the merchant's good money has been paid to the publishers. Prudent men, even of the present generation, hardly comprehend it. Thousands shake their heads, and invest their own money in bricks and mortar, teeling assured that they can depend on possessions which they see rather than in-vest their money in building up something which to them seems visionary.

A true philosopher of the olden time put over his door the legend: "Things invisible deceive not." The bankers and builders of over his door the legend: "Things invisible deceive not." The bankers and builders of his day sneered at him as they counted their modern advertising, and we have coupled

ure or to drag out a profitless existence through a few years. The public is too dis-eriminating to buy an inferior article on the assertion that it "is just as good as

The man who attempts to deceive by imi-The man who attempts to deceive by imitating the name or appearance of another man's goods is a self-proclaimed liar, and however general the vice of falsehood may be, it is a fact that even liars have no sympathy for one of their kind. The public asks no better proof of inferiority than that the goods are pushed forward under the cover of a better reputation, and the Chamber of Horrors in the Sapolic building tells in plain terms how the public recognizes and despises such attempts. and despises such attempts

It is not an empty faith or visionary spec-ulation that leads these well-known manu-facturers to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars in constantly reminding the world of Sapolio. Years of intimate acquaintance have taught them that the public good article and is willing to pay for it; that the market for fine goods, whether it be but-ter or fruits, or laces or diamonds, yes, or good scouring soap, is never glutted. They have become intimate with the people. Sapolio is a household word, aiways spoken with good will, as if it were a familiar friend. The thousands who pass by the Sunbuilding on their way to and from the Brooklyn bridge, look up with a smile as they recognize the great sign which now overhangs the ruins of French's Hotel, and say: "There it is again," when they recognize the seven letters arranged under the seven days of the week with the brief state. seven days of the week, with the brief state-ment that "if used every week day it brings rest on Sunday." The great white wall looks as though it had been cleaned with Sapolio, and a verse underneath gives the comforting assurance that

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's litusion given;
But woman, with Sapolio,
Can make that show a heaven.
Poets, artists, designers, clever writers,
many of whom would not condescend to touch on trade topics in an ordinary way, do not hesitate to set forth the merits of Sapo-lio. It is a simple solid cake of scouring soap, but the sun never sets upon its sale. From New York to San Francisco it is found in every household, lightening the housewife's care, and, like the great men of the world, wasting itself to make everything around it brighter. In Honolulu, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Bombay, Ceylon, Calcutta and Alexandria, it forms a chain which binds the West of civilization with its Eastern edge; while over Australasia the African colonies and the construct of Seath African colonies and the countries of South Africa, its sales are very extensive.

CRISP FORMS OF THOUGHT,

Solomon and Tupper Twisted to Suit a Modern Trade.

The Wisdom of the Sages and the Wit of the Masses-Even the Work of the Missionaries, Are Grist in the Mill-They Are Posched Upon by Authors and Advertisers.

Whether Solomon invented all his proverbs or gathered them from many sources with a nicer sense of permanent worth than Mr. Tupper exercised in his latter compendium is and ever will be an open question. Solomon's copyright ran out long before Tupper's time, and both are now poached upon with impunity by all classes, from authors to advertisers. But, taken by themselves, proverbs well repay careful study. Students of ethnology find in the proverbs of different races the clearest proofs of their real characteristics, for they are the shrewdest and yet most intimate expressions of their daily life.

Judged by the comparison of these homely sayings, it will be found that all nations are of one kindred; possessing common needs, common aspirations, and seeking similar re-liefs from toil and labor. On the dustiest shelves of our libraries may be found collections of all the proverbs of the different nations, quite a large properties of the different nations, quite a large proportion of the work having resulted from the interest which missionaries have taken in their earnest studies of the uncivilized peoples whom they seek to instruct. That the shrewd sayings of the Scotch or the bright hits of the Irish should be carefully collected, gives little cause for surprise; but a collection of Abyssinian proverbs, of those of the Tamil language, of Icelandic lore, of the Sanscrit, South Sea Island, Chinese and Hottentot Solomous does excite curiosity. The missionaries have found it a pleasant as well as a profitable task. It delves deep into the idioms of the language, tells with unerring accuracy the mental tendency of the people, and by introducing the foreigner to the inner thought of both home and trade, shows him the real life of those who adopt them as everyday expressions.

It is impossible to read the well-collated proverbs of the Chinese without realizing that a home life exists in that flowery bingdom which rivals that of many more civilized countries. No Solomon, no descend-ant of Abraham could eclipse the trade proverbs of the Chinese. They touch on trade with a keenness and thoroughness which proves them to be masters in the school. The baser life of the Hottentot, the loose morals of the fellah, the independent spirit of the Briton, are all crystallized in their national proverbs.

In England and many other countries it was formerly very usual for a tradesman to select some proverb as his motto, and thus post his principles plainly over his shop door. It remained, however, for an American house to appropriate the proverbs of the world en masse and use them for their own advancement. New Yorkers who ride on the elevated roads, or people who, in less favored localities, still joy along in the slow street cars, are familiar with the white proverbs which proclaim the merits of Sapolio to the world. Every omnibus in London and almost every "tram car" in England is similarly adorned.

They made their first appearance on the Broadway omnibuses in New York, were gathered out of over 4,000 pages of the world's collections and twisted to suit the case. Many of them are beyond easy recog-nition in their new dress, many are entirely original, but these are also printed between inverted commas, which lends a glamor of antiquity to them. To-day we are told that over 20,000 of these blue cards are displayed in public conveyances carrying over 6,000,-

Condensed thought generally requires padding to make it intelligible to the masses, just as the stomach of the horse must be distended with hay to make the oats digest readily; but with proverbs it is quite other-wise. Their popularity is only reached because they have passed muster as being clear to every mind. They tell their story with a directness and brevity which pleases the public, as the dictionary did the old Scotch woman—"They air braw storles," she said;
"but unco' short." Turned to tell the practical story of Sapolio, they often acquire
new interest. Who reads the advice: "Be
patient and you will have patient children," without an innate respect for the advice which follows, not to fret over house clean-ing, but do it easily with Sapolio? And who can repress a smile when the Sapolionic ar-tist pictures the patient father and the im-

patient twins delying the proverb?

But the mother will be back sooner if she follow the advice. Our familiar "The pot calls the kettle black" takes a new interest in its Italian form. The pot says to the pan, "Keep off or you'll smutch me." The universal toil of the world finds expression in the Catalan phrase, "Where wilt thou go, Ox, that thou wilt not plow?" Almost all nations possess a proverb which declares that "If you forbid a fool a thing, that he will do," and with confidence in the goodwill of the public the advertiser of Sapolio puts it in this form: "Forbid a ool a thing and that he will

So we say for variety: "Don't use Sapolio-but then you are not a fool."
"A touch of nature which makes all the

world akin" springs out of the quaint thought that "A needle, though naked itself, clothes others." Who can hear it once and ever see a needle without recalling it? Who tails to recognize the picture it suggests in the aid given to the poor by the poor, and in the help which is everywhere rained by the humblest of assistants.

Slang never can be confounded with proverbial phrases. It seems universal, but it is merely a local form used to express a transient but popular idea. Years ago when a general rush at hotel keeping resulted in many failures, the slang ran: "He's a very good man, but he can't keep a hotel." All such phrases are local and temporary. They do not survive—indeed, rarely possess merit enough to reach a second year without evident decline in popularity. We have noticed that none of the advertisements of Sapolio make use of slang, and probably for this reason.

Naturally, many of the best proverbs used in this connection relate to household cleanliness, and all the original ones are framed to that end. "Dirt in the house builds the highway to beggary," deserves recognition, despite its origin. Household verbial phrases. It seems universal, but it

recognition, despite its origin. Household sayings in the sense of four-walled buildings full of furniture are quite lacking in many Eastern tongues. We believe that no refer-ence to clean housekeeping can be found in the Koran or even in the Bible, except that deemed important in that intellectual but deemed important in that intensectial but dirty age or because he soared to grander things, we will not discuss, but the England of to-day well says of home, "The cleaner 'tis the cosier 'tis," and our American advertiser improves the opportunity to add that humble homes made bright with add that humble homes made bright with Sapolio are better that tawdry palaces. Alse, for the thoughtlessness of the man who lorgot to ask whether his bride used Sapolio. The Scotch proverb records his case: "Ye has tied a knot wi' your tongue ye winna loose wi' your teeth."

Fifteen Boys Missing. RALEIGH, N. C., May 24.-There is much excitement at Goldsboro, caused by the sudden disappearance of 15 boys with-

out notice to their parents. It has been dis-Georgia, induced the boys to go South with him and work for themselves. No news can be had as to their whereabouts.

Sabbath School Convention Delegate DECATUR, JLL., May 24.-Mrs. George W. Bright, of this city, has been chosen one of the Illinois delegates to the National Sabbath School Convention to be held as



And my language is plain,

Or remove any stain SAPOLIO has not an equal, Which the same I shall always maintain.

Like the little boy who was offered the Once more we expostulated. Unless we used these productions to paper the office wall or to offer as prizes with every cake of our goods—a thing abhorrent to us as a business method—we could see no outlet for the Pegasus, and he assured us with every evidence of good faith, that the very money which we were then paying him would be promptly invested in a cow chain of the most approved Birmingham make. For a week we breathed freely, and then

the tamiliar handwriting told us: "My friend the artist may call upon you with sketch. Don't break the window with him it he does. He thinks a lot of his pict-ures-but 'to err is human.'

Under cover of this jocularity at his friend's expense, in spite of his assurances to the contrary, he enclosed a parody on "Ye Mariners of England," of which he said: "Herewith I forward 'Ye Matrons of Old England," at least quite as many of them as an average human being cares for at once. They have been made to follow carefully in the footsteps of their time-honored ancestors 'Ye Mariners of England,' and the song and meter are in this country as familiar to the ear as household words worth. I will call in an hour, my lie-abili-

ties are greater than ever!"
Once more I succumbed. But this time with an inward chuckle. My passage had been engaged by the next week's steamer. In the land of the free I would find relief from the pen of the Champion Liar. I have met many men who were hard up—have even known that distressing condition my-self—but the whole range of my experience shows nothing to compare with the Profes-sor's condition. But Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and whenever his pocket was empty an idea flashed into his brain. He called to say that he was tired of parodies. Would I like something before I left England which would be pure-ly original? Did I think him capable of producing something? I assured him I thought him capable of anything. The next day he handed me the following verse, which contains a very beautiful sentiment, and proves him to be a poet as well as a pro-

nd proves him to be a poet as well as a
essor of pseudology:

Oh, Woman! In our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
Yet in your house you well do know
The value of SAPOLIO!

Accompanying this was the following: ON LEAVING TOWN. Maid of England, ere we part, Lay this counsel to thy heart;

ples. I had been dealing with the father of lies, and, like Faust, I cannot free myself from his toils. And now the contagion of his falseness had so perverted my moral nature that I rather enjoy "taking in" the public under the guise of telling a story. his falseness had so perverted

QUAINT PROVERBS.

Out of the proverbs of Sapolio-which number over three hundred-we publish today the following as quaint specimens: "Dirt in the house builds the highway to beggary." Be wise in time and use Sapolio. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it

in your next housecleaning.

"A bright nome makes a merry heart." Joy travels along with Sapolio. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it in your next housecleaning.
"Well-bred, soon wed." Girls who use
Sapolio are quickly married. Sapolio is a solid cake of Scouring Soap used for all

cleaning purposes except the laundry. Try "He is a fool who makes a wedge of his fist." Yet such ridiculous things are done every day. Think, for instance, of attempting to clean house without Sapolio.
"A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul."

and no amount of good manners, high birth or finished education will make dirty house-keeping endurable. All three say "Use "If things were to be done twice all would be wise," and every housekeeper who tries housecleaning without Sapolio comes to the

same conclusion. Try a cake.
"Wheat is cleaned with wind and the soul with chastenings," but a house should be cleaned with Sapolio to bring it to perfection. Try a cake.

Labors about the house done by Sapolio

are like good sermons, short and sweet. Sapolic is a solid cake of Scouring Scap used for all cleaning purposes, except the laundry. "Sloth is the key to poverty." Don't he too lazy to clean the house, but if you are, try Sapolio. It is a solid cake of Scouring

"A dirty house creates a strife
Between the good man and his wife."
To secure peace use Sapolio. It is a solid. ake of Scouring Soap. Try it.
"He is, indeed, a friend who speaks well of us behind our backs." Present or absent your house will praise you if you use Sapo-lio. Try it in your next housecleaning.

"A good thing is soon snatched up." The rapid sales of Sapolio need surprise no one. Sapolio is a solid cake of Scouring Soap that

works wonders.
"A disease known is half cured." If your house is dirty buy a cake of Sapolio. It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap used for all cleaning purposes except the laundry.

are true and firm, while in times which try the souls of men the feeble and vacillating ones are swept aside as by a plague. Ar-noid of Winkelried was a private soldier, but his brave act in burying a dozen spears in his own breast to make way for his fel-low soldiers won him a deserved immortality. Bunyan's simple but heart-told story surpasses in wide publicity any literary effort of the greatest of scholars. The simplest articles have built up the greatest trade successes. It was a farmer who was kindly trying to amuse his little children who invented the now-famous "Pigs in Clover," and it paid him better than a gold mine. But as an instance of solid success, built up by houest means, used to popularize a simple but original article, Sapolio gives us a capital illustration. It is a solid cake of scouring soap, but it is the best of its kind. Its manufacturers have never altered or neglected its quality. It is an article naturally of moderate consumption, but it is used everywhere. Not in the United States only—where from Cal-ifornia to Maine, it is a household word —but in India, China and Japan, in Aus-tralia and all the countries of South America, it marks the progress of civilization by its mere presence. Its traveling salesmen can claim, in common with itself, that they scour the world. The methods used in conducting its vast business, rival in careful consideration the conduct of enterprises apparently more important, but the secret of its success is that no honest method of obtaining and retaining public attention is neglected. Look at the simple little cake of Sapolio, lying half used, perhaps, on the kitchen sink, and try to realize that the sun never sets on its sales. Consider that it cost you but a few cents, although its manufac-turers spend hundreds of thousands in advertising it to the millions whom they wish to remind. It is like a fairy tale. Aladdin rubbed his lamp to no better purpose than the public does Sapolio, for, as a universal servant, its services are without measure and its worth brings back golden returns to its owner.

How has such wide popularity been ob ained? By original merit and patient perseverence. Probably the most interesting side of the story lies in the well-known advertising which has been used. We can reveal some of its methods. Its advertising department is presided over by a man who talks proverbs at breakfast, dinner and supper, and twists them to fit Samplia while the per, and twists them to fit Sapolio while the rest of the world sleeps. An artist is em-ployed by the year, although countless sketches and ideas are contributed by out-siders. Poets—not mere rhymsters—are paid to tell its merits in original verses, and the most novel schemes are made use of to attract attention. Two hundred and fifty thousand boxes of dominoes were sent out last year. Japan furnished twenty thou-

THE MONOGRAM U. S. There is a little monogram
We see wherever we go;
It offers us protection
Against a foreign foe,
It stands for light and progres

In every foreign clime, And its glory and its greatness Are the themes of many a rhyme But few have ever really known, And few would ever guess
What our country means by marking
All her chattels with U. S.;
It may stan! for United States,
Or yet for Uncle Sam;

But there's still another meaning To this simple monogram. We see it on our bonds and bills And on our postal cards; It decorates our Capitol, Shadowed by Stripes and Stars. In all our barracks, posts and fort

It plays a leading part, And the jolly sailor leves it And enshrines it in his heart, Now, have you guessed the message Which these mystic letters bear? Or recognized the untold good They're spreading everywhere? Echo the joyful tidings, And let the people know That the U.S. of our nation means We—Use Sapollo.

-Married life is made up of many trials and troubles, not the least of which is how to keep your house clean and neat. SAPO-LIO is a boon to woman. With it she can clean her house in half the time and with half the trouble. Time, trouble and money can be saved by using SAPOLIO. Teach your children how to use it, too. If you don't you will neglect their education. If you do, they will bless you when they become wives for having taught them the use of SAPOLIO.

-Don't you want a friend who would ake half your hard work off your shoulders and do it without a murmur? What would you give to find an assistant in your housework that would keep your floors and walls clean, and your kitchen bright, and yet never grow ugly over the matter of hard work? Sapolia is just such a friend, and can be bought at all grocers.

-The old ruts and old methods are not the —The old ruts and old methods are not the easiest by iar. Many people travel them because they have not tried the better way. It is a relief from a sort of slavery to break away from old-fashioned methods and adopt the labor-saving and atrength-sparing inventions of modern times. Get out of old rnts and into new ways by using a cake of SAPOLIO in your housecleaning.

gold and reared their solid buildings. But | it with some facts relating to the disasters he had Scripture for his warrant and modern advertisers are the direct followers of his philosophy. He labored to show men that gold might be stolen, buildings might burn, substantial possessions turn to dust and disappointment, while skill, education and character, though invisible, could not be stolen or destroyed. The modern advertiser goes much further and proves conclusively that a mere name may be worth a million if it is well known and well re-

"What's in a name?" finds foreible answer in the columns of our daily papers. The shrewd schoolboy who puzzled his companions by daring them to spell housecleaning in seven letters and then solved it by spelling Sapolio must have recognized the intimate connection between these two ideas which has been built up by a vast expenditure of money. The five letters, P-e-a-r-s, though valueless singly, are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars when used in connec-tion with soap. The printed matter, painted signs and countless devices to make the name popular pass away annually, almost as tast as they are paid for; but if properly managed the trade name accumulates and carries forward the value as a permanent in vestment. An article of real worth, clearly named and widely made known to the publi is sure of a brilliant success. Sapolio affords abundant evidence of this. Its great use ulness, its distinct but descriptive name and its almost universal use has resulted in as great success to its manufacturers as i assistance to the housekeepers of the world. Such an investment as the trade-name Sapolio needs no fire insurance, and can not secretly be conveyed to Canada. If tam pered with or infringed upon, it must be done openly, and modern law with each suc-ceeding year recognizes more forcibly than before the rights of trade-name owners, and punishes with greater alacrity attempts at in ringement. The manufacturers of Sa-polio have successfully overthrown countless imitations, and we understand that they are now prosecuting dealers who silently pass another article over their counters when the customer has plainly asked for Sapolio. This is a new departure in law, but is clearly equitable. It promises to add another link to the laws which assist in the defense of trade-marks and the laws which assist in the

their own, because we would not, by paint ing a tempting picture of success, lure thoughtless people to make the mistake of supposing that servile imitation would lead them to the same thing. Josh Billings shrewdly covers the ground: "Never oppose a success. When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I say that hole be-longs to that snake, and I go about my busi-PARSON WILDER CALLS ON MRS. PUFFY. "It did my soul good," said Mrs. Puffy,

f those who have not followed the broad

theory of advertising and created a name and reputation for something distinctively

to see old Parson Wilder come in, the dear old soul; he looked as smiling as a basket of chips, and it was a nice morning, the sun shining right into our sitting room; and, as luck would have it, I'd just got all cleaned up and had put on a clean calico and white apron, and, if I do say it, I looked as slick as a whistle; and our garden-well, you'd oughter seen it-a mass of posies and blossoms everywhere; and as it had rained in the night, everything was as fresh as a cowcumber. 'Well, well!' says the parson, 'this is a picture one could never forget,' and he looked at my floor and kitchen table; they were both white as snow, and my milk of the woman who swept the house to find her lost coin. Shakespeare rather slights the subject, but whether because it was not the subject whether because it "I cut him a pie and got him a pitcher of

mitk, 'cause I could see he was powerful hungry, and when he got filled up he commenced: 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness; now,' says he, 'what makes this home look so bright and pure as the lily?' Says I, 'It's

Sapolio!'
"'How?' says he, putting his hand to his
ear. 'No.' says he, 'no:' it's virtoo, moral
virtoo, that's er shining through it all.' and he kept that up till supper time, and stayed and eat a big supper (I'm alraid they ain't er feeding the old man as well up to his house as they oughter); and after he had gone hum I couldn't help thinking, as I looked at my floor, table, pans and etceterers, that it may be moral virtoe shining through but it takes Sapolio to fetch it out!" 'em, but it take Neil Burgess.

defense of trade-marks and trade-names.

An attempt to imitate is always despicable, except when monkeys or stage mimics are thereby enabled to amuse an audience. Yet, aithough the history of trade furnishes no instance of a really successful imitation, still hundreds attempt it every year.

In the office of the Sapolio manufacturers there is a Chamber of Horrors where the proprietors keep samples of the many cakes of imitation stuffs which have been vainly put forward only to meet with prompt fail-