Facts of Interest To Women Readers.

Symposium of Information, Partly Grave, Partly Gossipy and Partly Gay.

A SUBJECT FOR A SONNET: So you wish a tiny sonnet,
Lady fair!—
Shall it be upon your bonnet,
This most complimented sonnet,
Or your captivating whirls and twirls of

hair.

Lady fair?

Or your eyes of greyish blue,
Or your little foot and shoe,
Or the airy, fairy dresses that you wear
Lady fair?

Or shall my verses tether,
Lady fair?
Shoe, foot and maid together,
Happy lovers in the heather,
When the hot love sun of June is setting

there,
Lady fair?
While, most kind of chaperones,
The calm cows rest their bones,
the bees sing, "Love, Love, Love"
through the air
Lady fair?

Let him know your will and pleasure.
Lady fair.
And your rhymester's lazy leisure
With no stint of toil or measure.
Shall be given day and night with ceaseless care.
Lady fair.

less care,
But a mouth like Cupid's bow,
With pearls set all a-row.
Or great eyes of greyish blue,
Or a something that is you,
Should you choose this for your sonnet,
He could write a book upon it,
Lady fair.
—Chicago Journal.

Is it wise for public men to marry?
This singular question is raised by the veteran journalist, Jo Howard, who answers it in the Chicago Times-Herald swers it in the Chicago Times-Herald by citing, without expressing either in-ference or judgment, a few instances along the line of fact. Says he: "The first public man of great note I was privileged to know was Henry Ward Beecher. He married when very young. The girl whom he sought and won was a well-born, well-bred child of a New Escland elergyman quite attractive in a well-born, well-bred child of a New England clergyman, quite attractive in appearance, but giving no sign at that time of the tremendous virility of her character, mental and physical. It would be idle to tell the present generation of Beecher himself. His was one of five names of the century—Napoleon, Cavour, Morse, Bright being the other four. The early life of the married Beechers was prolific in children and trouble. They were poor as Poverty's pocket. Mrs. Beecher's ill health was a moving factor in the great preacher's determination to leave the west and come east. Beecher, fullpreacher's determination to leave the west and come east. Beecher, full-blooded, good-natured, zealous and forceful in every nerve and sinew, looked like a boy when he made his first great success on the platform of the Broadway Tabernacie, along about 1846 and 1847, but his good wife, undertoned, undermined, physically exhausted by the frightful exactions of her western experiences, was thin and pale, haggard and apparently with one foot in the grave. So marked was the foot in the grave. So marked was the contrast that a sympathizing old lady in the car, Beecher having jumped off to get his wife a glass of milk or some-thing, leaned forward and said to Mrs. Beecher, 'How thankful you should be, madam, for so good and thoughful a son.' If ever there was a socially dis-posed man, with full bannered hospi-tality and wide horizoned desire to be surrounded with affectionate and responsive friends, Beecher was. It's a very different thing, however, for a man to fill his house with friends, he buoyant with life, the red blood of per-fect health coursing through his veins. and for a woman in poor health, tired, anxious and much of the time in pain, to prepare for their entertainment. The consequence was in this particular instance that the Beecher home was not. as it would have been under other circumstances, a particularly attractive place or one in which many intimates

THE SAILOR MAID:

She's as trim and trig as the tautest brig That e'er was seen on the sea;
In her yachting gown from foot to crown
She's fair as a maid may be.
She can reef and tack like a "jolly Jack"
Though the billows chop and churn.
And she knows the ropes as a bard his tropes From the bowsprit to the stern.

felt at ease. A curious ending was that

reit at ease. A curious ending was that, however, which years ago removed the foremost orator and preacher of his time from the scenes of his earthly labors, leaving his good wife in perfect health, mental and physical, to mourn his loss and to battle with the world he left.

She is up and out with a laugh at doubt
Though the whistling gale be high;
And a deep-sea blue is the witching hue
Of her charming weather eye.
There's not a pink on the ocean's brink
In the heart of a blushing shell
That can match the glint of the tender tint
Of her soft check's delicate swell.

Ah! happy ship that can dance and dip With her from the dullard shore, For she's friend to the wind that blows behind

behind
And the wind that blows before!
With such a lure, O, my lads be sure
I shall try the life of a tar,
And sall away to Proposal Bay,
With love for a guiding star.

"The name of Abraham Lincoln," continues Mr. Howard, "stands in the estimate and affection of the American people side by side with that of George Washington. Idncoln married young and when public life wasn't dreamed of by him or his friends. He and the young woman were poor, and, in the broad sense of the term, uneducated. Experience at the bar, on the stump, in congress, broadened him somewhat in Experience at the bar, on the stump, in congress, broadened him somewhat in public affairs and general information, but socially regarded the Lincolns were in 1860 precisely where they were in 1860. To him the presidency meant an awful responsibility before God and man; for him it was an opportunity for the display of patriotism, humanitarianism, loyalty to principle and a study of diplomacy, to the outworking of which he fully rose. For her it was an amazement, not only a picture of, but a participation in, the glories, the deszling splendors of an utterly new and unknown existence. She had been the wife of Abe Lincoln, a highly respected, universally loved Hilmois lawyer. She became the wife of the president of the United States, the first lady of the land, a target for every artist, a subject for every writer. She was a picture of the beard. of the land, a target for every artist, a subject for every writer. She was a plain-faced, stockily-built, easy-natured kindly hearted woman, honestly judged. If, however, she were to be considered from the newspaper point of view, her bearing was regal, her face perfection, her hair superb, her figure faultless, her character the ne plus ultra of womanly results that. us ultra of womanly possibility. The uff written about Mrs. Grover Clevestuff written about Mrs. Grover Cleve-land isn't in it when compared with that written about this good lady as she stood on the threshold of power, of dignified possibility, from which dimly dawned the horison of a na-tion's agony. Briefly put, the president stood the test and stood it alone. He had no help in any line from any mor-tal latth or kin.

THE DIFFERENCE:

ictim of Guiteau's pistol. There never ras a truer wife than his. It would be folly to assume ignorance of that which was very well known immediately before the nomination. The situation was simply an argument in favor of bachelorhood, for men whose sole aim, ambition and desire is success in while the Carald was in it from his ilm, ambition and desire is success in public life. Garfield was in it from his sarliest manhood. His success in the legislature of his state, in the national congress and on the field, was such as warranted his hope of further preferment. That, it will be remembered, ame in his election as United States senator. Whether he intended treason to Sherman or not has nothing to do with the fact that the nomination and election to the presidency quickly followed. He had no time to think of aught beyond fidelity to the public service, as steps to his own advancement from station to station. Domesticity played no factor in such a career. The story of the Blaines is a household played no factor in such a career. The story of the Blaines is a household word. In many senses the greatest of American statesman, he never lived an ideal existence in domestic circles. Neither did nor could Roscoe Conkling." Upon the whole, Mr. Howard inclines to the belief that young men who intend to lead public lives, in politics, on the stage, in the pulpit, on any one of the several highways artracting universal attention, can very much better go it alone, which may seem treasonable, but which it at least no more than poetic retribution for the audaction.

than poetic retribution for the audacity of the new woman in planning, as she so busily does these days, a

ONE RELIEF:

There's the mannish new woman and the smart new woman. And the new woman awfully rude, But let us thank heaven that up to date no

man Has discovered a new woman dude, —Indianapolis Journal,

In these rays of fun-poking at the new woman, it is pleasant, observes Walter Wellman, to be told on the au-Walter Wellman, to be told on the authority of a government department chief, that women are the most efficient clerks employed by Uncle Sam in his great offices at this capital. "The average woman clerk knows her job with the government is the best she will ever get," said the experienced chief, "and her sole anxiety is to hold fast to a good thing. Therfore she puts in solid

thing. Therfore she puts in solid, earnest work, is faithful and painstaking, and striving all the time to please her superiors and to give no possible cause for criticism. The average man employed in the departments is dis-contented. He imagines he was in-tended by nature for better things. The civil service is to him merely a stepping stone. Perhaps one-half of the men clerks are scheming to get into some business or profession. They neglect their duties more or less and have no pride in their work. The women are paid the same as the men and worth a good deal more."

HAS TO PLEASE THE BOYS:

HAS TO PLEASE THE BOYS:

The Topeka Press had two reporters in Atchison last Thursday, and its issue of yesterday says that John J. Ingails wore a placard bearing the following words:

This is to certify that I.

ANNA LOUISE INGALLS.

THE LEGALLY WEDDED WIFE OF JOHN JAMES INGALLS.

Do herby permit my husband to go where he pleases, drink what and when he pleases, and stay out as late as he likes, and I also permit him to keep and enjoy the company of any lady or ladies if he sees fit, as I know he is a good judge. I want him to enjoy life as long as he lives, as he will be a long time dead. This permit valid only during corn carnival, Atchison, third week, ninth month, 186.

month, 1895. MRS. J. J. INGALLS.

SELECTED RECIPES: SELECTED RECIPES:

A preserve that is generally liked is made with cantaloupe, peaches and pears. Take the inside of a half dozen lemons and remove the seeds and chop the pulp. Put it in a preserving kettle with two quarts of water and ten pounds of sugar. Place over the fire and let the contents cook fifteen minutes after they commence to boil. Have six pounds of pears peeled and cut into slices and add to the syrup. Cook fifteen minutes before adding six pounds of cantaloupe, weighed after it has been peeled and cut into thin pleces. Lastly, add six pounds of peaches, pared and quartered. Cook together very slowly three-quarters of an hour. Turn into glass jars and seal.

glass jars and seal.

Apples are fine and plenty this season, and make a delicious sweetmeat as well as being suitable for canning for early spring use. For sweetmeats, select ripe golden pippins, russets or greenings. Peel, quarter, core, and weigh them. Put them in a porcelain kettle and cover with boiling water. Let them cook slowly until tender enough to pierce with a straw. Meanwhile make a syrup of one quart of water, two pounds of sugar and the juice and grated rind of one lemon to four pounds of fruit. When the apples are tender, take them from the water, drain, and put them into the boiling syrup and cook until clear. Place the fruit in glass jars, pour the syrup over them and seal, Equal quantities of apples and pineapple, omitting the lemon, make an exceedingly nice sweetmeat.

Apples make a pretty as well as excellent jelly. The tart and julcy fail pippins are perhaps the best apples to use for this purpose. Wash them and cut into quarters without peeling or taking out the core. Put them in a porcelain kettle and pour water over them. Cover and cook until the fruit is soft. Wet a jelly bag in boiling water and suspend it from a stick placed across two chairs. Pour the cooked apples into the bag and let them drain. Do not press or the jelly will not be clear. To every pint of juice allow a pound of granulated sugar. Put the juice in a porcelain kettle and let it boil steadily twenty minutes. Place the sugar on this and put in the oven. Stir to get thoroughly heated, and, when the jelly has boiled the required time, turn the heated sugar into it, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon until the sugar is all dissolved. Heat the jelly glasses by standling them in hot water and place in each glass a rose granium leaf. Let the jelly boil up once and pour it into the glasses. The geranium leaf is said to improve the flavor of the jelly and certainly is very pretty to see when the mould is turned out on a dainty cut-glass dish.

Quinces make a rich preserve. Peel, core and quarter them, or when peeled cut in slices across the fruit and core, making rings of them. Have half as many apples as you have quinces (pound sweets are the best) and cut in the same manner. Put the quinces in a preserving kettle with water enough to cover them. Place over the fire and let them simmer. When partly cooked add the apples and cook both until tender. Skim out the fruit and lay on platters, and to every pint of juice use three-quarters of a pint of sugar and let the whole cook half an hour. Return the fruit to the liquid and cook ten minutes longer.

Green tomatoes make an admirable preserve. Select very small green tomatoes

Green tomatoes make an admirable preserve. Select very small green tomatoes and prick each one with a fork. To eight pounds of fruit take seven pounds of sugar and the juice of four lemons. Put all together in a porcelain kettle and let them simmer until the tomatoes are clear. Take out the fruit with a skimmer, filling glass jars three-quarters full. To the syrup add two teaspoonfuls of extract of ginger and boil until as thick as required. Pour over the fruit, filling the jars, and seal.

A recipe worth trying is for tomato honey. Secure ripe yellow tomatoes, wash them, cut into pieces, and put into a porcelain ketile. Let them cook slowly three-quarters of an hour. Strain through a fine sieve, and to every pint of liquor put a pound of granulated augar and four tab espoonfuls of lemon juice and holl it until it is a thick syrup. A felly may be made in the same way with and comeloes.

In place of the lemon, flavor with ginger extract, and cook until it will jelly. Put it in glasses, and when cold cover.

it in glasses, and when cold cover.

An old-time and always good sweetmeat is preserved pumpkin chips. To prepare them select a ripe pumpkin of a deep yellow color and cut it into strips, pare off the outside rind, and remove the seeds. Cut the strips into thin shavings, weigh them, and to each pound of the shavings allow a pound of granulated sugar. Place the shavings and sugar in a porcelain lined kettle, with the juice of three lemons to each pound of fruit, and add to this a quarter of a pound of finger root to three pounds of fruit. Wash, scrape, and cut the ginger root into thin pieces. Cover and let it remain over night. In the morning put over the fire and cook slowly until the pumpkin bacomes tender and clear. Stir as little as possible to avoid breaking the pieces. When the pumpkin chips are sufficiently cooked skim out carefully and put in jars or glasses. Strain the liquor through a fine wire sleve and pour over them. Cover when cold.

Another very old recipe is for apple butter. To make it fill a large preserving kettle with cider and boil it down to two-thirds the original quantity. Pare, Core and slice apples enough to have the cider just cover them, and cook slowly until the apples are soft. Siir frequently with a wooden spoon. Take from the fire and let the mixture cool in the kettle. The next day put it over the fire again and boil down to the consistency of mush and as brown in color. It may be spiced or not to the taste. Put in a stone jar and keep in a cool place.—New York Sun.

"I see according to recent statistics that marriages are decreasing rapidly in num-ber," he said, as he looked at her soul-

ber," he said, as he looked at her soulfully.

"Are they?" she asked, without much show of interest.

"They are according to this statistician." he replied. "I think there must be something wrong with the present social conditions, don't you?"

"I don't know. I haven't given it any thought," she returned.

"Of course, it may be the effect of the new woman," he continued, "but I wouldn't care to say positively. Still, I think it's very much to be regretted, don't you?"

"I suppose so."

"It doesn't seem just right to me. It seems as if the world was sort of going wrong. The population is increasing, but marriages are decreasing. That is a state of affairs that threatens grave danger, and I think that it is the duty of every true-hearted individual to do what he or she can to change such conditions, don't you?" you?"

She had become interested by this time, and she straightened up and looked at

and she straightened up and looked at him sharply.

"What are you driving at? she exclaimed. "What are you talking about, anyway?"

"Why, I-I-yes. I was just about to--"

"Well, then, I'm yours, and the matter is settled. Now, never try any of your foolishness again, and we'll get along all right. All those old-fogy, round-about methods are out of date. I'll name the day after I have discussed the matter with my bloomer-maker.—Chicago Post. HEALTH HINTS

HEALTH HINTS:

Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and taking deep breaths. If this habit was universal there is little doubt that pulmonary affections would be decreased one-half.

The Philadelphia Record gives this remedy for gall stones: At the time of the attack when the pain is severe apply heat. Wring a cloth out of hot water and apply to the seat of the pain. Keep the cloth hot by placing a bottle of hot water against it—the hot water rubber bag is the most comfortable to use; also drink a teacupful of sweet oil. Every day for six months take the phosphate of sodium; a teaspoonful in a teacupful of boiling water (sip while hot) half an hour before breakfast, dinner and supper for two weeks, then but once a day, before breakfast.

Here is one cure for dyspepsia: "Never eat a meal when you are tired. Either sit down or lie down ten or fifteen minutes to rest before cating, if you have been walking or doing anything of an exciting nature. Half of the cases of dyspepsia are due to nervous debility. Eggs. If eaten three times a day for any length of time, will produce biliousness and often dyspepsia. Never go to bed with cold feet. Gentle exercise before retiring is conducive to sweet slumber and a healthy digestion. Exercise a little before breakfast and never eat oatmeal with sour cream. Avoid stimulants, for they only give a false appetite and no relief. Do not swallow hastily ice water. Better not use lee water at all. Never eat in a hurry. Avoid quick lunches. Exercise moderately every day in the open air and healthy digestion will drive away dyspepsia." Avoid quick lunches. Exercise moderateiv every day in the open air and healthy
digestion will drive away dyspepsia."

The peculiar properties of the grape
fruit give it marked medicinal value.
When eaten at luncheon it is prepared in
a different way than for breakfast service. For the second meal the contents
of two halves should be scraped out, the
seeds and tough cone of dividing skin
taken out and the pulp and juice thus obtained used to fill up one of the halves,
which it will just about do. At breakfast,
with the long-pointed orange spoon, the
meat is eaten out as is that of an orange,
and little sugar is used, as the fruit's medicinal value is better obtained without.

IN THE AUTUMN:

The summer girl comes back to town, A symphony in tan; She now can wear a low-cut gown, And see a real live man. Philadelphia Record. BACKING HIS PRIEND:

Bagley—You might help a fellow, if you wanted to. I'd like to have Gertrude find out of all my good points from an outsider.

Balley-I'm helping you, Bagley. Why, it was only yesterday that I did my best to convince her that you were no fool!

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS: Wear a clean apron when ironing or bed

making.

To clean bamboo furniture, use a brush

Mear a clean apron when ironing or bed making.

To clean hamboo furniture, use a brush dipped in salt water.
Oil stains may be removed from walt paper by applying for four hours pipe clay, powdered and mixed with water to the thickness of cream.

In dusting, carefully take up the dust on a cloth and shake it out of the windows. Do not flirt it from one piece of furniture to another and call it dusting.

For stains in matting from grease, wet the spot with alcohol, then rub on white castile soap. Let this dry in a cake and then wash off with warm salt water.

To remove indelible ink stains from handkerchiefs, steep them in a little chlorine water for about half an hour, then wash in ammonia water, which will obliterate the stains, then wash in clear water. They may also be removed by spreading the cloth with the ink marks over a basin filled with hot water, then moisten the marks with tincture of iodine, and then immediately after take a feather and moisten the parts stained by the lodine with a solution of hydrosulphate of soda or caustic potassa of soda until the color is removed, then let the cloth dip in the hot water. After a while wash well, and dry.

MM. Lumiere Brothers find that one of the most expeditious and, at the same time, a very simple and economical method of slivering mirrrors, is to utilize the well-known reducing properties possessed by "formalin," which is a strong solution of formic aldehyde. They use a bath of ammoniacal sliver nitrate, which, it is to be noted, should barely contain an excess of ammonia. To this is aided quant, suff, of a solution containing I per cent, of formic aldehyde. The mixture is poured quickly over the clean glass plate so as to cover it immediately. In five minutes the deposition of the silver is complete, and the mirror can be washed and dried.

Rev. James Murdock Is Benefited in Five Minutes—A Remedy Which Will Rid the World of Catarrh.

When I know anything is worthy of recommendation, says Rev. James Murdock, of Harrisburg, Pa., I consider it my duty to let my friends know it. I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for the last two months and am now almost, if not completely, cured of catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me within five minutes. I would not be without it in the house if it cost is a bottle, as it will cure any slight cold I may have, almost instantly. I recommend it most freely and heartily to all who are troubled with cold in the head or catarrh in any stage. At all druggists. Sample with Blower will be sent by S. G. Detchon, 47 E. Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

AT GETTYSBURG.

[Composed and read at Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 14, 1995, on the occasion of the dedi-cation of the tablet of the One Hundred and Forty-third Pennsylvania volunteers, by Edward A. Niven.]

Where cannon roared and all the air.
Rang with the awful echoes of dismay;
Rang in the night and through the furious
day.
Rang while the blood of patriots ebbed
away.
Here men made mad with fighting met
And charged like demons on the crimson
field; field; Here Hope's fair star arose and quickly Such changing fortune did the dark day

yield; Here fury built on fury, and the ear Grew dumb to all save shout and roar Like deafening thunders on an angry Like deafening thunders shore shore the wild surges of the swaying tide, That left its crimson tokens everywhere; On ridge, in woodland and the meadows clear, Where'er battalions fought and brave men died

At Gettysburg. 150

CAST-IRON

25

STEEL

RANGES

RANGES

Behold today these hills serene and fair! No more we view War's horrid front, no more The clanging sabre and the flying hair Of trooper hurrying to carve his way Through walls of fire to fortune or dis-

No more the night breaks into blaze and roar

And yells defiant pierce the gloomy air,
Startling the soldier dreaming for an how
Of home and peace and joys that centered

there. Changed is the view, and like a gentle Changed is the view, and like a gentle dove
Peace broods upon the place instead.
Soft are the stars that deck the blue above
When Night roils on her car and slumber brings
Its meed of glad refreshment; the morning sings
Its songs, and night croons requiems for the dead
At Gettysburg.

Behold today this scene! The passing Years Have soothed the sorrow and the crue of grief and pain, and God's omnipotence Transformed to jewels bright a nation's tears.

As out of chaos the awful penalties of war Came glad rewards, richer for their blood-bought.

Heritage—atonement for each scar.
Behold the flag! Its splendid beauty waves Serenciy o'er a land of love and light; No more it mocks the pensive prayer of

The dawri of greater glory for the land, Broke when the sounds of sorry battle caused Upon these hills; by Fortune's stern command mand mourning millions were in creased At Gettysburg.

The ancient bendsman halls it with de-

At Gettysburg.

High tide at Gettysburg; Beneath its crimson wave
Full many a patriot found a hero's grave. Here on the eve of Independence Day
The starry banner fluttered in dismay.
Opposing legions cradled 'neath its glow
Strove to defeat or gain its overthrow.
On veterans gray, is not that day
Like hideous nightmare to your view?
Here on this line in grim array
You stood, while Pickett's maddened crew
Rushed on to pierce your stubborn center
through
Here, where today you piace the tablet
gray.
That evermore shall tell in night or day
The story of the fury and the fray.
Shall gather children of the coming years
From North and South, and East and
West.
And mingling in one common flow of
tears.
Shall may a tribute to the dead who rest.

tears,
Shall pay a tribute to the dead who rest
At Gettysburg.

the past!
Oh slim battaion of this later day!
What was it nerved you at the very last,
When hope to grim despair gave way,
To bare year breasts against the fierce attack
And in the end, drive the invaders
What impulse moved day? day? Was it remembrance of the patriot sires Who braved the foe and cleared the

For Freedonm's flashing altar fires-That made our Independence Day? Whate'er it was its silent force was there. Responsive were the vows that rose on

Responsive were the vows that rose of high;
You bade defiance to the wild despair
And forward plunged to win or nobity die:
And when the carnage ceased and night
came on
It saw another victory for Freedom won
At Gettysburg. But hush! The grave gives up its dead,

and here
In spirit ranks, as if on grand review
They pass. See at their head, with noble
mien and clear
Reynolds and Hancock, gailant men and And Doubleday and Dana, soldlers brave Who led their proud battalions till the day Closed, and night changed your dismay To wildest Joy, for Lee had lost the fight, And o'er these hills his broken corps took flight.

Oh hills, that once to dread alarms awoke, Veiled in the murky mists and battle smoke, Where death played havoc on those Sum-

where death played have on those Summer nights.
The years of peace have kissed you and you smile.
The dews of love have washed your griefs away.
The lark, returning, chirps his merry lay And gladness broods in every sylvan aisle.
Gone are the cannon and the broken wheel. And daisles hide the crumbling parapet. Aslant the meads the rosy shadows steal And hill and vale are in their spiendor

Only the shafts that sparkle in the sun, Only the billows of the unknown dead Recall today the deeds of valor done, The glory that on his try's page was At Gettysburg.

MY CHRIST.

Written for The Tribune.
One night, oppressed with toll and care, Enwrapped within my good old chair,
In missing mood—
I watched the falling twilight gloom,
Diffuse athwart my little room
Its solltude;
The pictures hanging on the wall
Seemed at its touch to vanish all—
I know not where;
Anon my thoughts became confused—
I thought I mused—
My mind gred bare.
Lo! the wintry winds were blowing

Lo! the wintry winds were blowing Wild and furious o'er the moor; When I heard a gentle knocking At my humble cottage door; Doubtful, to the door I hastened, While the storm with fearful, din, Bore a plaintive piea of anguish— "Stranger, will you let me in?"

Opening wide the door I peer'd
Through the gloom, and lo! a form
Stood before me, dim, obscured,
In the shadows of the storm;
Stung by shame I warmly welcomed
The benighted stranger in
To my cottage, poor and lowly,
Till the storm should cease its din.

"Who art thou?" I gently queried;
"Where, O, stranger art thou bound?
All the roads are roughly buried
In deep floods and gloom profound,"
Then in accents sweet and tender,
Bpoke the stranger unto me:
"I am Christ, thy God, thy Savior—
He who died on Calvary."

Terror-stricken-fear did seize me-Tremblingiy I turned away.
When the loving voice of Jesus
Whispered softly. "Sinner, stayr"
Oh, the anguish, happy hour!
As I gazed upon His face;
And within me felt the power
Of His boundless love and grace.

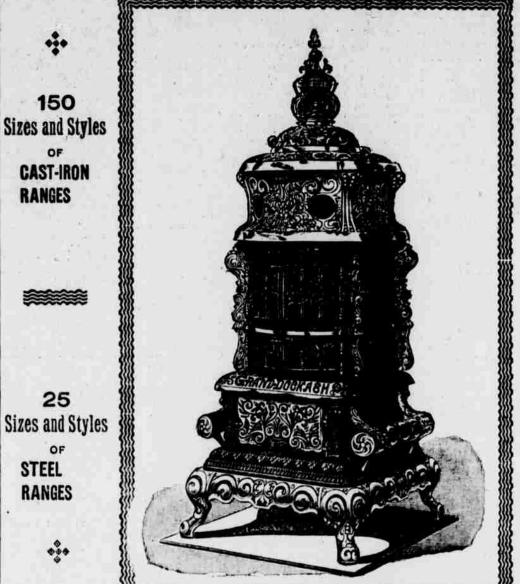
Of His boundless love

"Yes," I muttered, then He vanished
Like a transient flashing beam;
Stupefied, 7 robbed my eyelide,
Scarce believing 'twas a dream!
The hour was late—my book, still op
"Little Dorrit"—heavenly theme—
On the floor my pipe lay broken,
Sileht witness of my dream,
Sileht witness of my dream.

"George W. Bow

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