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ESTABLISHED 1827

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Sciatica and the Piles Adds to the Sufferer's Misery
Four Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla Effects a Wonderful Cure.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Gentlemen: As a result of the memorable blizzard of March, 1888, I contracted muscular rheumatism; at that time I was engaged on a job of steamfitting in Plainfield, N. J., and it was necessary for me to wade through the snow to the building, a new residence, in which we were working. For eighteen months afterwards I was laid up with muscular rheumatism and sciatica. I then joined my son-in-law in Denver, Col., where I was engaged in steamfitting and engineering, and where I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for my rheumatism. It cured me not only of the rheumatism and sciatica, but also of outward piles, from which for thirty-three years I had suffered.

A Thousand Deaths.

Previous to going to Denver I visited the University of Pennsylvania to be operated upon. The doctor pronounced my case elongation of the bowels and the worst he ever saw. He refused to perform an operation, saying that after having suffered so many years it was not worth while that I should die at that late day from the effects of the knife, and die I would if he used it.

No Man Can Conceive

what I suffered for thirty-three years. I tried all sorts of remedies and treatments, often without the slightest relief. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla not only relieved, but cured, both the piles and rheumatism. The

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

only trace of rheumatism which I feel now is a little stiffness when the weather changes, and as I will be 72 years old in August that is but incidental to my age. This is a simple statement of facts." JAMES R. BOND, 209 West Norris Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost petrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs. Morgan, 509 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

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Where Mother Is.

Old fashioned flowers, with fragrance sweet,
Bloom where mother is;
Life's a psalm—a song replete
With joy—where mother is.
There all woes and sorrows cease,
Naught but rest and heavenly peace
Dwell where mother is.

The jostling crowd, the wearing din,
Are not where mother is;
The taunting rags of shame and sin
Reach not where mother is.
Heart-sick, brain tired, nerve-racked soul
Before thy tear dimmed eyes a goal
Exists where mother is.

All grief and doubt and unbelief
Flee, where mother is;
Hope and faith and sweet relief
Come, where mother is.
Mother! mother! name most sweet,
Heaven guide my weary feet
Home, where mother is.

The Fate of Jim Wah.

FAITH HOMER.

"So this is Bang-up City? Then the place is a living geographical lie."

Rose Kenyon looked indignant as she said this.

As she gazed about the collection of saloons and other dingy shanties which constituted the only visible portion of the far famed mining camp, the indignant expression on her face deepened in intensity.

For Miss Kenyon had been led to expect a very different sort of place.

She had been told that Bang-up City was a species of earthly paradise, whose inhabitants were so well satisfied with life that they did not care to make even a short excursion out into the outer world.

"From what I can see of the place," she murmured, "I cannot understand how any one can ever be induced to remain in the place over night. Where is all this Western bustle of which I have heard? Where is the enterprise which builds complete new cities in a month? Bah! I have been imposed upon."

She paused irresolute upon the platform of the little depot that was half a log shanty and half tent.

Rose Kenyon was a very fair vision to gaze upon. Young—not over twenty—and pretty—delicately pretty—she was the kind of woman who can be depended upon to set masculinity by the ears.

Suitors were no novelty to Rose. She had had many lovers, but had sent them all way. Not one of them had ever approached her ideal.

And now she had been allured to the Rockies by the illiterate invitation of three men who subscribed themselves as the School Trustees of Bang-up City.

They had confessed in their queer letter, that Bang-up City was as yet without schools of any description, but they had invited her, at a salary which had astonished the New England school teacher, to come out and change the state of affairs at Bang-up City.

And Rose had accepted. She had expected that the trustees would be at the station to meet the first teacher of their new community, but there was not a soul near the depot. Then Rose remembered that she had not told them on which day she expected to arrive.

Finally Rose's eye fell upon a nondescript looking Chinaman who was coming leisurely up the road. He was not an inviting specimen of the Mongolian race. To begin with, he was dirty. To add to that, he was very ragged. And, to cap all, he had one of the most hideous faces ever seen.

"Cally yo' glip missy?" he demanded as he came close to her and picked up the heavy valise which lay at Miss Kenyon's feet.

"Is there a hotel here?" Rose asked.

"Yes, missy; you wantee go there?"

"Yes."

"Then I cally yo' bag."

"How much?" asked Rose. She had a New England eye to the cost of things.

"Two bittee, missy."

"All right. Lead the way to the place.

The Chinaman started down the dusty road, followed by Miss Kenyon.

As they got into what might be called the heart of the city, Rose saw that there were a good men about. As she walked along the number became larger, and she noticed, not without uneasiness, that they all appeared to be following her. For, in some way, it had got noised about that this decidedly pretty young woman was the new school ma'am.

And every mother's son of them felt that he had an interest in the school ma'am, to pay whom all were to be taxed.

By the time the Chinaman came to a stop before a shanty which looked just a shade more pretentious than the rest the street was crowded with miners.

They all stared at her, yet Rose could not help feeling that she was the recipient of attention most respectfully meant.

Jim Walker, a big, handsome fellow, made so bold as to step up to her and inquire:

"Beg pardon, but mebbe yer the new school ma'am?"

"Yes, I am."

Walker turned to the Chinaman and said authoritatively:

"Drop that grip right there, Jim Wah, I'll look after it."

"You pay me, missy," said the Chinaman.

Any miner would have given $5 bonus for the privilege of paying the Chinaman, but all felt, after a brief inspection of Miss Kenyon, that it would not be a safe offer to make.

Miss Kenyon took out her purse and drew from it a silver quarter.

"Four bittee, missy," said the Chinaman.

"Why," expostulated Rose, "you offered to carry it for 25 cents."

"You heap lie," retorted Jim Wah; "me say four bite"—

Jim Wah did not finish his sentence. There was a loud, sharp report, and the Chinaman rolled over and over on the ground, holding his side and yelling with agony.

Walker pulled off his sombrero, and, bowing with native grace, as he held the smoking pistol pointed at the ground said:

"I beg yer pardon for scarin' yer, miss, but no Chinaman galoot can insult a lady when I'm around."

For Rose Kenyon had given a startled shriek and now looked as if she were about to faint.

The next instant, to the amazement of all the miners, she was kneeling in the dust by the side of the wounded Chinaman.

Jim Wah lay silent under the touch of her fingers, as she examined his wound.

"He's not very badly hurt, after all" she said finally.

Jim Walker stood over her with a shamefaced air and said:

"No, miss, he ain't very bad hurt, that's sure. I'm ashamed of myself; I ought to have done better. The next time I'll make sure of killing the moon-eyed galoot."

Rose glanced up at him with a look of disgust.

Then she turned to the others and said:

"Gentlemen, will some of you pick up this wounded man and take him to a bed in the hotel? No, sir; you needn't offer to help," she cried, as Jim Walker stepped forward eagerly. "You've done quite enough already."

"I'm sorry, honest, miss, if I've hurt your feelings," faltered Jim Walker, and there could be no doubt that he was sincere.

"And the Chinaman—are you sorry for him?" she demanded sternly.

"No, miss; nobody out this way is ever sorry for a Chinaman."

"But he has a life, sir."

"So has a monkey or a rattlesnake."

"But a Chinaman's life is human."

"You're the first, miss, who ever said so in Bang-up City. We hain't been used to looking at it that way. All we know 'bout 'em is that they're more low down than Injuns. I beg yer pardon for saying it, miss, but when you've been here longer you'll think the same way about it that we do."

"Never!" retorted Rose, with a shudder. "If I thought that I could ever become so hard-hearted by remaining here, I would take the next train East."

At this declaration the men looked apprehensive. The vision of trim, pretty, dainty womanhood had just dawned in Bang-up City. Better even that a Chinaman should be mayor than that she should go from them.

"Boys," proclaimed Walker, "from this day forth no Chinaman is to be shot at. Do you hear?"

A chorus of affirmatives came from the crowd. Then came a gust of sighs. It was a difficult law to live up to.

"We are losing time," cried Rose, "and the poor victim is losing blood. Take him on to the hotel, if you please, gentlemen."

From that day on, Jim Walker was in disgrace with the new school ma'am. For two weeks she attended the wounded Chinaman in all her leisure time. At last Jim Wah was discharged as cured.

It was months before Jim Walker could get back into the good graces of Miss Kenyon. And when she did once more condescend to treat him as an equal, the poor fellow, who was desperately in love with her, felt that it would be worse than folly to ever dream of declaring his passion to her.

"All over a cussed Chinaman, too," he would mutter.

One night in winter Rose Kenyon sat all alone in her room at the hotel. It was dark, but she had not lit the lamp, for she preferred in her then mood to sit in the dark and think.

Suddenly she became aware that the door opened though it was done noiselessly enough. Her eyes being accustomed to the darkness, she was able to make out the nondescript figure of Jim Wah. He stole toward the table on which she had deposited her satchel containing her last month's salary.

The Chinaman must have figured or must have known where the little satchel lay, for he went to it without hesitation, picked it up and started to leave the room.

"Give that to meat once, Jim Wah," cried Rose, springing to her feet and seizing the Chinaman resolutely by the arm.

Jim Wah struggled to get away, but she only held him the tighter, and screamed for help.

The noise of footsteps wes heard. Jim Wah uttered a Mongolian curse and drew a gleaming knife.

Just at that instant the door opened, and five or six men burst into the room. One of them carried a lamp.

A shot rang out, and Jim Wah sank to the floor. He was dead.

The shot had been fired just in time to save Rose Kenyon's life.

It was Jim Walker who had fired the shot, and it was he who said triumphantly:

"I told yer, Miss Kenyon, that the next time I fired at that Chinese galoot I'd kill him."

But Rose didn't hear him. She had fainted.

"Boys," order Jim, "carry that yellow snake out"—pointing to the blood stained body.

The remains of the murderous celestial was tugged out with little ceremony. The coroner of Bang-up City would not take the trouble to hold an inquest.

When Rose came to she was lying on a sofa in the hotel parlor. The landlord's wife was bending over her, but Rose saw only Jim Walker, who stood at the foot of the sofa.

Beckoning him to bend over her, she whispered:

"My preserver!"

"Don't say another word about it, Rose."

"But won't you even let me thank you, Jim?"

* * * * *

James Walker and Rose Kenyon were married in the spring.—*N. Y. Journal.*

Help Is Wanted

by the women who are ailing and suffering, or weak and exhausted. And, to every such woman, help is guaranteed by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For young girls just entering womanhood; women at the "critical change of life"; women approaching confinement; nursing mothers; and every woman who is run down or overworked, it is a medicine that builds up, strengthens, and regulates, no matter what the condition of the system.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nervine, and the only guaranteed remedy for "female complaints and weaknesses." In bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation and every kindred ailment, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Fast Enough.

An employee of a large granite company was driving from the station with several kegs of blasting powder and dynamite cartridges in his load and overtook a young man walking. Without waiting for an invitation the pedestrian sprang up into the wagon and sat down upon one of the powder kegs.

He was a talkative young man, and began at once to make derogatory remarks about the speed of the wagon, or the lack of it.

"We're passing everything on the road," he said cheerily—"that is, everything that is stationary."

Not receiving a reply, he continued, "I was half a mind to hire a landslide or aglacier just for speed, you know, but I guess we are doing about as well."

He was silent for some time; then he broke forth again:

"I say—stop the horse! The earth is revolving fast enough to get us there."

Just then he prepared to scratch a match on the keg. The driver spoke rather lazily:

"If you are goin' my way, this is just as fast as it will be, but if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road just light that match on that powder—an you're there now."

The young man decided to walk.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Trousers Episode.

A dignified and elderly spinster who sits at an editorial desk in town was asked by the manager of her paper the other day if she knew of any poor but deserving person who would like a pair of his discarded trousers, and replied that her furnace man would doubtless hail them with joy. Accordingly a morning or two later she found on her desk a brown paper labeled plainly: "Old trousers for Miss W——'s furnace man." At night she carried the parcel home in her hands, together with another smaller package.

Sitting in the trolley car between a couple of gentlemen, she noticed that one of them seemed to be much amused about something in her lap.

What was her horror and disgust, on looking down, to observe that she had partly covered the larger parcel with the smaller, concealing the last part of the inscription, so that it read in bold, black script, "Old trousers for Miss W——," giving her name in full!—*Boston Globe.*

He Was Embarrassed.

There was something about his appearance and something about his manner that proclaimed the office-seeker, and the old-time politician recognized the symptoms at once, "Mr. Bliggins," he said, motioning his visitor to a chair, "I am glad you called." "Thank you, sir." You are one of the few people to whom I feel under obligation." "It's very good of you to say so. I called to see—" "It is an obligation which I feel deeply, and which I always hope to feel." "Perhaps you exaggerate," the hopeful visitor said in an effort to be modest. "No I don't. You are one of the few of my acquaintance who never asked me for an appointment." And the applicant was so embarassed that he concluded he'd go home and send his remarks by mail.

Not Growing Worse.

Is the world growing worse? We do not think so. All observing, intelligent men know that the world, however, appearances contradict it, grows steadily better. One reason of the contrary seeming true is that we now have facilities for gathering all the news in the world—and evil makes news while good does not—and presenting it in a single day. When we take up the morning journal the villainy of the entire civilized globe is thrust upon our attention; whereas, only a few years ago, we got it in fragments, at intervals, and often but a small portion at most. Another is that during periods of commercial dullness and mentary pressure, men, driven to their wits' end to avoid failure in business, are tempted in a hundred ways that they would not be in active and prosperous times. Moreover, their irregularities are hidden by subsequent success, while, with continued strain and stagnation their misdeeds are forced into light—there is no method of covering them up. Sinners are "found out" nowadays, and cannot lead wicked lives undiscovered.

At Last.

She let her hand be taken, and with confidence unshaken he tried his best to waken in her heart some sentiment.

With a wondrous burst of feeling round her waist his arm was stealing, yet her face showed no revealing of her mind's ingenious bent.

His voice, quite low and pleading for himself was interceding, but the maiden paid no heeding in the words that he might say.

And no lover persevering ever had so dumb a hearing to his terms of love endearing as she gave to him that day.

Until his chance he waited with a guile premeditated, and with cheek unmitigated up and kissed her. Then she cried:

"There, you monster! I just knew it! I was sure, or quite near to it, if I waited you would do it. Now I hope you're satisfied."—*Life.*

How to Keep Ice.

A very simple but little known method of keeping ice is to draw a piece of thick flannel tightly over some deep vessel, like a bowl, for instance, and fasten it there. The ice is placed on top of this drumhead and covered loosely by another piece of flannel.

In this condition the ice keeps cold and even freezes to the flannel. Thus a small piece of ice can be kept near the patient all night, so as to avert many weary marches up and down to the refrigerator.

To break the ice a sharp needle or hat pin is the best thing. Force it in and you will be astonished how easily it will divide the ice.—*Youth's Companion.*

Where will the increased whisky tax come from? We can tell you where some of it will come from. Go down to that drunkard's house, where his wife is starving to death and where little children are shivering before a chill grate, and that's where part of it will come from.

News Items.

Judge Savidge, of the Northumberland county court, refused to grant naturalization papers to Stanislaus Reigel, a Polander, on the ground that the applicant is not a peaceful inhabitant. Reigel has been arrested for drunkeness on several occasions.

Guilty of carrying the Commonweal banner and walking on the Capitol grass was the verdict found in the District Court against Citizen Coxey, and Marshal Browne Christopher Columbus Jones, the Philadelphia member of the trio, was convicted of only the first count. All were released under bail, pending a new trial.

Poison ended the life of Mrs. Job Mitchell, wife of a prominent citizen of Independence, near Harrisburg, Pa. Mitchell stood guard with a shotgun, it is said, to prevent any one from going to her relief. Later he tried to hang himself, but neighbors interposed. They have been married less than two weeks. Sensational developments are expected.

William B. Marshall, senior member of the mercantile firm of Marshall & Kline, Indiana, Pa., committed suicide, Friday morning. Marshall was a bachelor, aged 65 and was a man of large means. He boarded with Mrs. James Sutton a relative, who resided in one of the finest dwellings in the town. Marshall was one of the most prominent citizens of the town. The cause of his suicide is unknown.

The burial of a young married woman, Mrs. Mary Gruble, at Altoona, brings to light a very remarkable condition. Soon after retiring last Sunday night she was awakened suddenly in a very nervous condition and acted, from all accounts, like a person badly frightened. She had just dreamed that some person had been attempting to kill her husband in the cellar with a hatchet. The poor woman's weak nervous system could not stand the shock of the horrible delusion and in a few hours she lay cold in death.

Prohibition is in force in South Carolina, according to Supreme Court decision on two test cases. The suits were brought to determine the status of affairs in that State and knock out the Dispensary law of 1893. The Court in its decision does not touch the Dispensary law of 1893, but decides that, under the law as it now stands, "there is no authority vested with the power to grant licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors within the State." The saloons have not closed, and Governor Tillman has not indicated what course he will take.

The German tariff bill—the Wilson bill no longer—was reported to the Senate last week, fresh from the ax of the harmonizers. The bill which passed the House on February 2 and was presented then to the country as the prefection of tariff reform, has since been two months in the hands of the Senate Finance Committee, having its lilly painted and its refined gold gilded, and one month before the Senate for discussion, and now makes its final entry adorned with 869 amendments. A little improvement is made in the bill by changing ad valorem to specific duties and adding a little duty here and there, but the bill is far from a satisfactory schedule.

A Long Season.

"It is one of the surest signs of rain when you hear it on the shingles." So said one New Hampshire prophet. Another was less careful.

He was at work in the hayfield with a companion.

"I tell you what," he said, "if the sun se's clear of a Friday night it is sure to rain before Monday night."

The second man could not see the reasonableness of this rule, and so expressed himself.

"Well, it's so, whether you believe it or not," cried the prophet. "I've noticed it more than a hundred times this summer."—*Youth's Companion.*

When a girl is making good, wholesome bread, digestible pies and cake, and keeping a house homelike and comfortable for her father, mother and brothers, it is said she is missing the "higher education" necessary to a woman's life. This "higher education" is one of the mushrooms that grow in the brain of poets, spiritualists, theosophists and fools. It means that her father, mother and brothers should be content to eat saggy bread and grow dyspeptic on canned goods, while she sits on the bank of a stream and reflects upon a lot of things that do her harm. Every good and useful woman avoids what is popularly known as the "higher life," the literal meaning of which is the higher foolishness.—*Atchison Globe.*

Serpent Bites Harmless.

Dr. Calmette is continuing, at the Pasteur Institute, a series of interesting experiments of the poison of serpents commenced by him while residing in Cochin China. He has obtained excellent preservative effects by inoculating or injecting viper's blood in various animals. He treats it first by heat or by chemical agents, such as hyposulphite of soda. His theory is that venomous animals are unaffected by their own poison. His results confirm those recently obtained by Phisalix and Bertrand at the laboratories of physiology and chemistry at the Paris Museum.

To Dress Lettuce.

To dress lettuce at the table fill a salad spoon with oil, add a saltspoonful of salt, a mustardspoonful of mustard, a pinch of pepper, stir with a fork. Pour over the lettuce, then over this pour two more large spoonfuls of oil and one of vinegar. Toss the leaves with the fork and spoon. A few chives add piquancy to the flavor.

A Dog's Life.

"Yes, sir, ever since he married that wealthy heiress he had led a regular dog's life."

"I hope that will be a warning to——"

"He has, in fact, nothing to do but eat, drink, sleep, and submit to being caressed."—*Meisner Zeitung.*

"Certainly," said the farmer's wife to Meandering Mike, "I'll give you your breakfast."

"Thank you, ma'am for ever and ever."

"Suppose," she went on with a glance at the wood-pile, "that you start in with a chop.

And he turned haughtily away with a remark to the effect that nothing was so offensive to a man of taste as an untimely and unseemly jest.—*Washington Star.*

I suffered with dyspepsia for 20 years, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has relieved me. James H. Christman, Linfield, Pa.

He Was Too Honest.

A Detroit life insurance agent recently received a letter from a man in the interior of the State who said he was thinking of taking out a policy, and he asked that a blank be forwarded to him. It was returned, and the following is a specimen of the man's honesty:

"What did your father die of?"

"Consumption."

"Your mother?"

"The same."

"Ever had heart trouble?"

"Yes, very bad."

"Lost any brothers or sisters, and if so, what did they die of?"

"Lost five of them, and and all died of consumption and heart disease."

"Did you ever spit blood?"

"Heaps of times."

"Ever had any serious accident?"

"Yes. Had nearly all my bones broken two or three times."

"Memory good?"

"No."

"Sleep well?"

"No."

"How is your appetite?"

"Very poor."

Several other important questions were answered after the same candid fashion, and the agent had to write him that there was no life insurance for so truthful a man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Origin of his Good Fortune.

"What trivial matters will sometimes change a man's whole career," remarked Thomas J. Sanders, of Chatsworth, N. Y., at the Lindell. "I owe my good fortune in life to a banana peeling. Twelve years ago I was in Chicago, about stranded, out of employment, and well-nigh desperate. An old gentleman a step in advance of me slipped on a banana peeling and fell heavily. I rushed to his assistance and partally broke his fall, but he sustained a sprained ankle and was rendered unconscious by his head striking the pavement. I got him some water and a stimulant, and when he revived I ordered a carriage and drove with him to his hotel, where I assisted him to his room. He was very grateful, and invited me to call next day. I did so, and to make a long story short, I was taken into his employ as private secretary. Well, in course of time I became of such use to him that I became a member of his firm. To complete the story you will expect me to say that I married his daughter. Well, I did not. He had none. But I married his niece, and I have often blessed the, to me, fortunate accident of his fall in the streets of Chicago."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

It is Impracticable in Boston.

The very latest fashion in uncovering the head as a salute has reached Boston by way of New York. It consists in lifting the hat from the head and then suddenly thrusting it straight out before you at arm's length. On Broadway no other style of salutation is recognized as good form, but in the crowded and narrow streets of Boston it is most difficult of achievement. It is not unusual for a man who attempts it to not only smash his hat, but to waste ten minutes in apologizing to the people who were too near him when he executed the salute. It has to be done with such a jerk to be effective that one stands a good chance of giving the person in front of him a notion that he has been sandbagged, and it is difficult to explain away an impression like that.—*Boston Journal.*

A Curious Old Custom.

A curious and ancient custom has just been observed at Bourne, Lincolnshire. In accordance with traditional usage, the White Bread Meadow was, by direction of the Charity Trustees, let by auction. A number of boys started in a race, the bidding going on while the boys were running, and the field was ultimately let to the bidder who had made the highest offer at the time the winner breasted the tape. The rent of the meadow was then expended in "white bread" loaves, which were distributed among the poor of the town.—*Yorkshire Herald.*

A couple of tramps lined up alongside the curbstone to let the dudelinus and doless son of a rich father pass by.

"Golly, Bill," exclaimed one, "what was that?"

"He's a nice young man."

"What's he do fer a livin'?"

"Nothin'."

"Same as us?"

"Yes."

"But look how much better togs he's got than ours, Bill."

William sighed profoundly.

"That's because we's orphans, sweetheart," he said, and he brushed a tear from his eye with his coat sleeve.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Effective Baptism. At one of the smaller towns of New England there was an Episcopal church, which had two mission chapels, commonly known as the East End and North End Mission, from the parts of the city where they were respectively located.

One day the rector gave out the notices, in his most distinguished high church tone, as follows:

"There will be a service at the North End Mission at 3 o'clock, and at the East End at 5. Children will be baptized at both ends."—*Boston Transcript.*

A pretty school mistress told a rather amusing story at the boarding house. She asked one of her classes to put the nouns "boys," "bees" and "bears" into a sentence. The scholars thought intently for a few moments, when one ragged youngster, with a look of victory on his face, raised his hand. "Well, Johnny," said the school teacher, "what is your sentence?" "Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin'." The teacher did not call on any more of her class.—*Boston Traveler.*

Bobbie—Didn't you say yesterday it was wrong to strike another?

Bobbie's Father—Yes, Bobbie.

Bobbie—Well, I wish you'd tell my teacher so.

Somehow a man feels much worse the day after he has lost an hour's sleep on account of the baby than he does the day after he has lost five hours' sleep at the club.—*Texas Siftings.*

Here and There on the Farm.

If possible have long rows for the garden, so as to permit of the use of the horse hoe or cultivator. By this plan farmers who give but little attention to the cultivation of a garden will be indu