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MINDING THE BABY.

Youse betcher life dis ain't no cinch t' hustle here all day
An do d' work an tend d' kid an have no time to play;
While all d' udder kids is out a-playin roun d' block,
And dough me work is finisht, yet I has to sit an rock.

Says ma: "Now rock d' cradle, Kitty Ann,
An look out fer d' baby, Kitty Ann;
Fer he's your little brudder,
An youse hasn't got no udder;
Be sure t' mind d' baby, Kitty Ann."

Deyer playin ring-a-rounder, an at hop-scotch I kin tell,
I wonder 'f I took a sneak would he wake up an yell,
Cheewix! I'ze been a-hustlin here since almost eight o'clock,
An now it's one, but still I s'pose I'll haf t' sit an rock.

I wish dere wasn't any kids. Dey ain't no use at all,
Except t' bodder folk and keep dem in all day an bawl;
Aw naw, dat's all a bluff! Fer he's de bes' kid in d' block,
An dough its radder tough on me, I'll ches' sit still an rock.

An so ches' rock d' cradle, Kitty Ann,
And look out fer d' baby, Kitty Ann,
Fer he's yer little brudder,
An youse hasn't got no udder,
So ches' youse mind d' baby, Kitty Ann.

John H. Lewis in New York Sun.

THE GOLDEN DRAGON.

BY ELEANOR HIESTAND-MOORE.

This rather remarkable story might be said to have several beginnings, but the one that seems to me most logical is connected with the establishment of my husband in China as the Foochow agent of the Great Mongolian Tea Company. Dick had been a tea broker and taster for years, and last winter he went over to take charge of the Foochow house. I was to follow later if he was satisfied with the business outlook and liked the country. His letters thus far had been very encouraging, and I expected to join him ere many months.

It was about this time, as many persons will remember, that a certain lady's splendid collection of a thousand teapots was sold at auction in a well-known shop. It comprised a most curious assortment of china oddities from all countries of the world where tea is used as a beverage, but I flatter myself that the old blue and white mandarin piece I bought for Nan was the gem of the collection. It was very large and stood upon a little teakwood pedestal which displayed to the best advantage its varied outline. On the lid there was perched a large golden dragon whose body wound in and out of the design in such an intricate fashion that its scaly tail formed the loop serving for a handle and curled back into a ring by which one could lift the lid. The spout of the teapot was formed by the neck and head of the dragon, apparently thrust through the side. This golden monster had two legs armed with claws which were buried in the body of a man. This fiction was represented in an agony of fear with struggling limbs and a distorted countenance, while all around the base of the teapot were grouped other figures in flowing robes, kneeling in supplicance.

"It is curious," remarked Mr. Van Renssalaer Cobb when Nan showed him our treasure, "how the taste of decorators is fascinated by what is horrible."

"The horrible can hardly be said to exist in the sensibility of Chinamen," replied Mrs. Vaughan, who was a dear little missionary lately back from Peking. "As a people, you know, they are barbarously cruel. I remember when I first went out to China fifteen years ago, that I fainted in the street when I saw women and children pelting a dying criminal with sour rice. There is no spectacle so delightful to them as the suffering of an enemy. This victim whom the dragon is about to devour is probably some legendary foe to the Tartar race."

"What are all these men praying for?" Nan asked. "Did you make out what it says in the text?"

"These characters under the spout are very plain," said Mrs. Vaughan, who knew the Chinese language. "They read: 'Hail, Dragon-god, the Shining one! Thus doth Tish-yen, the potter, glorify thee in the year of Confucius, 1751.'"

"How old does that make the teapot?" I asked.

"About five hundred and fifty years," Mrs. Vaughan replied. "You have certainly secured a treasure, Mrs. Morris. These old pieces do not often find their way out of a museum."

Mr. Van Renssalaer Cobb was aroused. He never deigned to look at anything younger than his family, but an old dynasty teapot was quite in his line.

Nan fairly danced for joy.

"Well, give a blue and white tea for the blue and white stockings of the Century Club!" she cried. "Dear Mrs. Vaughan, do try to make out what it says on the lid."

The little missionary lady was puzzled a bit.

"I can read it," she explained, turning it slowly in her fingers, "but the application is very obscure. It says: 'God of Vengeance, hold fast till the circle ends.' I presume that is the prayer of these kneeling figures who desire that there shall never be an end to their revenge whatever it may be. The circle never ends, of course; it is equivalent to saying 'hold fast forever.'"

"Betty," said Nan, giving me a rapturous hug, "I take it all back—what I said about your getting awfally sold at auctions. You know," she explained to Mr. Cobb, "my sister has a weakness for buying things."

The bubbling of the samovar suggested something.

"Now," said I, "I have a mind to try some of the tea that came with the teapot."

"Are you sure it isn't poison?" she asked dubiously.

"Dr. Stewart says it is merely the powder of very old dry tea leaves. I didn't tell you, did I?" I continued, addressing our guests, "that we discovered a queer little circular drawer in the pedastal, full of a fine brown powder."

"And Betty had it analyzed," Nana interjected.

"It's old tea," I explained; "maybe as old as the teapot, and I have a great mind to try it."

"How delightful!" said Van R. Cobb, who would have liked to bathe in a six-hundred-year-old infusion.

"I am afraid it won't have much taste," Mrs. Vaughan suggested, but to the surprise of all, when, by common consent, I measured a half dozen cups' worth into the teapot and poured in the boiling water, a delightful aroma filled the room.

"Just look at the Shining One!" cried Nan from the couch where Van R. was packing her away in pillows.

A cloud of fragrant steam was issuing from the dragon's jaws, and the effect was decidedly odd.

"I will drink the first cup," I declared, "after the fashion of the ancients when the hostess had to prove the harmless nature of the food on her own person."

I am a great lover of tea and I like it concentrated. The cup I poured out for myself suited me to perfection. It was pale and had a greenish tint like the tea of Ceylon; the taste was peculiar, but it pleased me immensely.

"How do you like it?" I asked, as we all sipped our cups together.

"It's too strong, Betty," Nan objected. "My cup is quite a different color from yours. Put in some more water."

I lifted the lid by the loop in the dragon's tail, and I noticed at the time that the jaws of the animal were well adapted for holding the lid, which was dripping with condensed steam, and would better be laid down upon my drawn-work table cover.

"Isn't that convenient?" I remarked, fixing the dragon's tail in his mouth while I poured some more water over the samovar.

Nan said something, but I did not hear it, for there was a curious rumbling noise in the room, followed by an explosion which sounded like the discharge of a dynamite cartridge. At the same moment the contents of the teapot spurted clear up to the ceiling, and the mandarin teapot was blown into a thousand pieces. The cloud of steam that filled the room, the severe pain of my burnt hands and the bleeding of a cut over my eyes, together with the shock of the explosion, rendered me speechless for a moment. The catastrophe was followed by a terror-stricken silence, during which I gazed in bewilderment at Nan, then at Mrs. Vaughan, and then at Van Renssalaer Cobb. None of them spoke, but yet there was a sound of voices in the room—the voices of men talking in an excited yet friendly fashion.

I looked around and beheld a dozen or more strange-looking figures, clad in robes of blue and white, and wearing about their necks amulets almost as large as breastplates curiously formed of golden scales. The faces of these strangers were of the Japanese type, and yet they did not exhibit the same degree of refinement and intelligence seen in the modern representative of the Aino race. One of the party stepped towards me with a smiling face. I observed that he was an old man and that he held one hand to his side, where his clothing was stained with blood.

"Madame," he said politely, but with a curious accent, "in behalf of my comrades and myself I desire to thank you for having liberated us from the cruel bondage we have suffered for so long a time—a bondage which I, the once famous Hojo-no-Toki-Numie, who beheaded the envoys of Kublai Khan, have shared with my noble taikos for over five hundred years."

During this introductory speech "the noble taikos" alluded to sank upon one knee and each touched his forehead to the floor, laying his left hand over his heart and his right hand over the back of his head, to express, as I afterwards learned, the gratitude of both heart and mind.

I glanced at Nan and the others. They impressed me as persons who heard and saw yet who were suddenly bereft of speech.

"The spell of silence is upon you all," said Hojo-no-Toki-Numie. "You have drunk of the Yutsal. But fear not, it will pass. Long ago, in Japan, we mixed it with the old wives' tea when they talked too much."

He smiled with gentle dignity as he spoke. The eyes of the noble taikos twinkled, but they did not dare to smile in the presence of their divine ruler. I opened my lips, but no sound came. It was most astounding.

"They partook of a weaker draught," continued the ancient regent, waving his hand towards Van R. Cobb, who was staring rudely. "In them oblivion will follow, but to you memory remains. Lady, allow me! I will tell you my story."

He seated himself in my old Seville chair and at a sign from his thumb the blue-and-white gentlemen squatted comfortably on the floor.

"A long time ago," began Hojo, "the Mongol race invaded the Kingdom of Japan, the land of the great Shogun, where the illustrious house of Fujimara reigned supreme. It was my glorious privilege to drive from the country one hundred thousand Chinese, Mongols and Coreans, of whom after the battles of Kiushiu but three men were allowed to escape and carry back the news of the disaster."

The breast of the regent swelled with pardonable pride as he told of the famous repulse of the Mongolian invaders in 1281. As he paused for his words to take effect there was a low murmur of adulation escaped from the lips of the admiring taikos.

"Then there was peace in Japan," he went on, "and the term of my regency was long and prosperous, but when old age came on and my strength was not as it once was, up rose Nitta Yoshisada the head of the hated family of Minamoto, and anarchy reigned in Japan. The usurpers triumphed, and I, madame, the faithful servant of the true Mikado, was banished to China, where I fell into the hands of my enemies. There, in the city of Pekin, the arts of the evil one were cast about me and my noble companions. To die was not permitted us, but we were given over to the Dragon, to remain forever in bondage."

A smothered groan from the taikos suggested what a horror their long imprisonment had been.

"Madame," continued Hojo in a voice that trembled with emotion, "the vessel in which we have been confined was not intended for the use to which you have put it. It is a sacred vase in which the blood of victims was kept warm for the altar of the dragon god."

I shivered and a sense of faintness crept over me when I thought of the tea we had drawn in this terrible vessel. I did not dare look at Mr. Cobb.

"The potter, Tish-yen, was also a magician, and under his evil spell we have languished for over five hundred years."

The taikos sighed deeply. It was like the rustling of rushes when the tide flows high.

"It is the law of magic," resumed Hojo, "that every spell has a counter charm, and Tisn-yen decreed that not until that circle was complete—that is not until the dragon should take his tail in his mouth, like the serpent of Egypt—should I and my companions be free. You madame, when you placed the lid of the vase in the mouth of the dragon, fulfilled the law, and our bondage was ended. We rose then in our might and slew the monsters. Behold upon our breasts the tokens of his downfall."

The noble taikos and Hojo-no-Tokimune himself arose, touched the golden amulets they wore, and once more making an obeisance of grateful acknowledgement, sat down again.

"I shall not weary you with the story of our long slavery, of the dreary years when we were thus bound to serve the altar of the hateful Dragon. For two centuries we were condemned to remain in the temple at Peking; then came a long period of oblivion when we lay forgotten in the grave of a priest. Chance brought us to light again, and a curio hunter carried us away from China to the land of Hindoos. There we went from hand to hand as years passed, sometimes as a piece of private property, sometimes as an object of public curiosity in the museum of a city. At last, an English gentleman carried us home with him and presented us ro the British Museum. "There madame," he added, "Is where we learned, during five and twenty years when we were on exhibition to speak your language."

I nodded appreciatively. It seemed to me that my bewilderment was passing away, and that I had begun to comprehend the situation. I longed to tell him so.

"I do not propose to betray the person who stole us from the British Museum," Hojo continued. "That would be base ingratitude, considering the fact that this theft led to our being sold in New York and then in Philadelphia where, to our great good fortune, we fell into the hands of our deliverer."

A murmur of concurrence arose from the noble taikos, whose blue and white robes emitted a silken rustle as they swayed their bodies to and fro.

"It remains for us now only to thank you, madame," said Hojo, waving his hand, majestically, "and to give you some small token of our gratitude. After five hundred and fifty years of imprisonment in foreign lands you behold us shorn of all possessions—no weapon, no jewel, no gold remains for us to present to you. But we have heard you say that your husband is now in China in the tea business. Fortunes may be made in a week and lost as soon by the buying or selling of tea."

I nodded. I knew this all too well, for we had been almost swamped ourselves when the Ludlow Hill Company went up.

"We are going back to Japan," said the old regent. "Now at last the invasion of Japan shall be punished by an invasion of China. Madame, Japan will declare war upon her ancient enemy; Japan will possess Corea; Japan will do victorious battle at the gates of Peking until every Chinaman sues for peace upon his knees, as we have sued for liberty throughout centuries of bondage."

The taikos sprang up with an irrepressible shout, breaking into invective in their own tongue, waving their arms wildly and shaking their heads with the emphasis of a fierce purpose. The regent's restraining gesture stilled them again.

"China is no place for foreigners," he continued. "There will be massacres and outrage in Foochow. I do not so wish it, but it is the inevitable sequence of war in the country of the barbarian. Tell your husband to come home at once, but before he leaves China tell him to buy all the tea he can lay hands on. The price will rise when war is declared. If he follows my advice he will make his fortune."

I listened eagerly. It struck me he was in a position to know.

"And now, madame," he added, rising, "we must say good-bye. I trust you feel how deeply we are indebted to you. If it were possible—"

His voice died away in a faint murmur. The noble taikos bowed very low and withdrew toward the door. One by one they passed out silently, but the last one tripped over a rug and fell with a loud thud upon the floor.

"Oh, I hope you have not hurt yourself!" I cried, surprised to find the words coming quite naturally at will.

"Nobody is hurt, dear," Nan replied soothingly, and I found myself stretched out upon the couch with Dr. Stewart holding my hand and Mrs. Vaughan looking at me in a very anxious way.

"How much did she drink of it altogether?" observed the doctor glancing at his watch and then at me.

"Almost a cupful," Nan replied. "The rest of us had just barely tasted it when she fell over and struck the teapot. I was so frightened I couldn't stir for a moment."

"I thought Mrs. Morris understood that my report on the analysis was not final," observed the doctor. "I told her I should like another sample, though there really did not seem to be anything harmful in it."

"The Chinese possess a great many secret poisons," Mrs. Vaughan interposed. "There are a great many female infants who die in China and nobody ever finds out what killed them."

"Nan," I said suddenly, "what became of the teapot?"

"It is in the ash barrel in a thousand pieces," she replied cheerfully.

"It was not a mandarin teapot, was it?" I observed. "It was not a teapot at all, and they were taikos of Japan and not mandarins. But Mrs. Vaughan was right about the potter and when the circle ended—"

"Betty, dear," said Nan, "you are not to talk. You have been very ill and the doctor's afraid of your heart. That wretched tea stuff was some kind of poison, and you have come pretty near to dying."

Little by little I heard the story of how I had risen to pour water in the teapot and had toppled over insensible, knocking down the pedestal and shattering the gem of Mrs B.'s collection. Nan insisted that there never occurred any such an absurd fantastical scene as I described; that it was all a delirious fancy—but then you know Hojono-Tokimune said they would all forget it—all save myself.

I did not get better soon. Dr Stewart said my heart had suffered greatly from the poison and it was two months before I was allowed to sit up. In the meantime, Dick came home. Dr. Stewart had written him all about my illness, and he said he could not stay in Foochow a day longer.

He looked very pale and anxious, poor fellow; for he had many things to worry him.

"Betty, dear," he said to me one morning, "I am afraid I am in trouble—financially."

"What is it, Dickey?" I inquired. "Are you short on tea?"

"Short," he groaned. "There are twenty thousand cases due New York on the 17th consigned to me."

"That's an awful lot of tea," I observed.

"It is all that confounded Allan's fault!" Dick exclaimed. "I told him to order two thousand and he wrote for twenty. It will take every dollar I have in the world to hold it, Betty, and if the price should drop—"

"It won't drop!" I said emphatically. "It will rise, Dick. I know it will."

"If I could only unload about ten thousand cases—" he remarked.

"Don't do it! I cried excitedly. "Please don't! There is going to be a war, and you'll make your fortune, Dick."

He looked at me anxiously.

"Well, don't worry yourself, little woman," he said patting my cheek in an indulgent way.

He thought I did not know anything about it, but it was not two days later that we heard the news of the rising in Corea and the initial difficulties of the great war which cost China the Liaotung Peninsula. Within a week the tea market felt the influence, and by the time Dick's consigament arrived prices had advanced so far that he cleared on his speculation two hundred thousand dollars. What Hojo-no-Tokimune and his taikos had to do with this must always be, of course, a matter of conjecture.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Jack the Giant Killer."

The child's story of "Jack, the Giant Killer" furnishes a striking illustration of the efficacy of small agencies towards the suppression of great evils, when judiciously used. The daring exploits of brave little Jack remind us, in their results of the wonderful achievements of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in battling with the giant, Disease. Relatively, the proportion between the youthful hero, and old Blunderbore, is apparently not greater than that between the little "Pellets" and the relentless monster which preys upon the vitals. Yet, the "Pellets" comes off conqueror of constipation, sick headache, biliousness and kindred ailments every time. If you are suffering from either acute or chronic disorder of the digestive organs, try this sure remedy.

Choosing a Sweetheart.

A lady who has the credit of being versed in matters of the heart gives these few hints for the novice in love—they are applicable to both sexes:

Do not, if you have always admired fair people more than dark, fall in love with a dark person. The fact that you have always preferred fair people shows that your best chances of happiness would be with a fair life partner.

For instances, the man who has always admired small, slim girls, should not choose for his wife a tall and well developed girl. Neither should the girl who thinks that a man should be tall and broad be persuaded to accept a man who possesses neither of these qualities.

People of different complexions and physiques will act in totally different ways under identically the same circumstances, and it is to believe that every man and every woman knows instinctively with what style of helpmate he or she is most likely to live in happiness.

Happy marriages have undoubtedly been known when these rules have not been followed; but generally speaking, it is unwise for any one, in such a serious matter as marriage, to disregard in a moment of passion that fixed ideas and instincts of a lifetime.—*Edinburgy Scotsman.*

Intended to Catch Your Eye.

Don't skip this paragraph because it is small. It is worth reading for it tells about The Pineola Balsam, a certain remedy for coughs, tickling in the throat and the stopped up feeling in the upper part of the chest. A simple cough may turn into something serious if let alone. It ceases to vex you and to keep you awake o'nights when you have allayed the inflammation in your throat with Ely's Pineola Balsam. The druggists sell it for twenty-five cents.

REMINISCENCES.

In these days of churches, public schools, facilities for acquiring knowledge and enlightenment, fist-fighting is not considered very respectable nor profitable, except when men of the Corbit-Fitzsimmons stripe follow fighting as a business. An account of the famous Hanna-McClintock fight was responsible for the beginning of these centennial papers, reminiscent and otherwise. Fifty, sixty and seventy and more years ago, when everything was new, when the fields were still dotted with stumps, evidence of recent clearing; when log school houses and "slab" benches were in vogue, when churches were few and far between, and the dominies preached damnation and pounded the bible hours at a time; when railroads, electric lights and telegraphs and telephones were things unheard of and unexpected, when books and newspapers were scarce and difficult to obtain, men, apparently in want of better means of employing their time, vied with each other in feats of strength, dexterity and hardihood. Jumping high and far, throwing heavy weights, running, shooting and wrestling, naturally led into fist-fights, sometimes to see who was the better man, sometimes to settle some old dispute, and sometimes to take sides with a friend. "Uncle Jake" Hinebaugh recently told the writer about a terrible fight that occurred in Addison township many years ago, between Perry Mitchell, a brother of David and Alfred Mitchell, and Robert McClintock, brother of James Y. McClintock, of which, of course, the writer had heard before. There was, for some reason, what is called "bad blood" between these two men, which had been brewing for some time, smoldering, so to speak, like a faint spark, gradually getting larger and larger, until the flame burst forth. Mitchell was quite young, hardly out of his "teens," active, powerful, and strong as a lion. McClintock was a man of more mature years, but still in the very prime of vigorous young manhood.

These two men came together somewhere near Walker's old mill, a good many years ago, and it was but a short time until, probably, the fiercest and bloodiest fight that ever took place in the county commenced, and lasted for hours. Only a few spectators were present when the fight commenced, but soon a great many people gathered from the neighborhood. No one interfered. It was one man against the other, with no seconds, time-keepers or referees. They fought like demons, and with strength of giants. Sometimes one would be down, sometimes the other. There was scarcely room where the fight took place, for them to exert themselves, and in their onslaughts on each other, a staked and ridered fence was torn down for some rods, as though two mad bulls were goring each other. Neither seemed to be able to defeat the other, and it seemed to the bystanders that only darkness or weariness would end the contest. The ground was tramped and torn up for quite a distance, and was covered with blood, but still the combat waged with all its fierceness, if not with its original power. Finally, after they had been fighting among the torn down rails of the fence, in which no one seemed to be getting the mastery, Mitchell sprang over the rails, went into a clear place free from rails, telling McClintock to come there, where there would be no obstruction. McClintock made every effort to reach his antagonist, but had not strength to get over the rails. At this time mutual friends interfered, and the two men were led away. They presented a sorry sight with most of their clothing gone and blood running from a hundred wounds, stiff, sore and bedraggled, but with courage undaunted and hatred unappeased, like gnarled and knotted oaks, after a storm, shorn, perhaps, of their verdure, bent and warped, but not conquered. There have been other fights in this township, notably one in the "mountain" region, at a raising, in which nearly the whole community was engaged; and another, when the men were working on the road, when some of the leading citizens of the township were the participants; but none that compared in any way with the McClintock-Mitchell fight, in the length of time, in bull-dog courage, in the mighty strength displayed by the gladiators, in the unconquered and unconquerable spirit showed to the very end.

Probably the first school-house erected in Addison township was built in the mountain country, not far from where Urias Ringer lives now. Schools had been taught in other houses, at different points, but this was the first house built distinctively for school purposes. It was, of course, built of logs, with clap-board roof, a long window or two, boards nailed against the wall for desks, slabs from the nearest saw-mill, with legs made of the split slabs, splinters, cracks and everything; so the small boy had to be careful, while sliding along one of these benches to have a confab with another small boy, that he was not sliding against the grain of the wood. This house has disappeared, as have all the primitive school-houses, but one, which still stands on the banks of the Youghiogheny river, not far from Confluence, long since vacated as a school-house, but remaining as a monument and reminder of by-gone days. In the early part of the century a log house was erected at the site of the old New Bury Cemetery, on land owned by 'Squire Mitchell. It was intended for, and was used as a union church, but the Methodists, being more numerous than other denominations, used the church more frequently than any. This building was of pretty good size, and had an immense pulpit, which was movable, and sometimes it stood in one corner of the building, and sometimes in the other, and sometimes at one side. This was the old church in which Stein, the old German mentioned a good while ago, hung himself and was found one Sunday morning, when the writer's uncles went to open the house for services. During the work on the repairs on the pike a man named Sam McClean was a sub-contractor and boarded with the writer's parents. He was in the habit of getting "half seas over," or more than that, pretty frequently, and on one occasion, after he had been to Somerfield, having a time with the "boys," he started up the hill with his load, which was something near the limit of his capacity. As he afterwards told it, he said he had things all his own way, until he came to the bend in of the road east of Somerfield, when the first thing he knew a man was walking along with him. Sam, being in a good humor, addressed some remarks of an original character to his companion about the weather, and the kind of night. The other party made no reply, so Sam said, and after much effort on his part to get up a conversation, with no success, he became as silent and taciturn as his companion. After a while they came to Sam's boarding house, and Sam said he must stop there. For the first time the other said: "Come with me." So Sam went with him until they came to the lane leading up to New Bury Church, when he said to Sam: "Come up here." Sam, who was afraid of nothing, went along, and when he got to the church the man went through the window, which was not open. Sam tried to get into the church, by the way of the door and window, and finding he could not, called his companion to come out, and then fired stones through the windows, after which he went home, and told about his adventure. The stones laid around in the house next morning, proof, at least, that Sam had been there even if his ghostly friend had not. One of the men employed by Sam in the stone quarry, got up one morning and said he dreamed the night before that he lost his shoes. Some of his fellow-workmen told him that was bad luck, and that day the man was killed by a blast in the quarry. The writer has dreamed of losing his shoes a hundred times. The writer attended his first term of school in this old church, which, in the mean time had been utilized for that purpose, other churches having been built. He sat on the regulation slab bench, with feet nearly a yard from the floor, the first day, and in the balmy October afternoon, fell asleep and tumbled off on the floor, to his own and the teacher's and other scholars' mortification; possibly more of delectation from the scholars. Things, have changed since then, school-houses are comfortable and convenient, built with some reference to sanitary regulations, up-to-date desks and benches, school appliances, books and material. It is doubtful, though, whether scholars enjoy themselves as we did in the long ago. M.

Addison, Pa.

Poor Fellow!

Buzzing in my right ear!
Throbbing in my head!
Aching in my shoulders,
Sending me to bed.
Dizzy as I can't see!
Shooting pains in back!
Bless me! what is worse than
A "bilious attack!"

There is certainly nothing much more disagreeable, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will soon make you all "O. K." This is the greatest blood-purifier known. Nearly everyone becomes more or less bilious at times. At such times, by taking (as thousands do) a few doses of the Golden Medical Discovery, they are often saved weeks of actual sickness. The "Discovery" is the only liver invigorator and blood-purifier so positively certain in its curative action, that, once used, it is always in favor. By all dealers in medicines.

Small Matters