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ESTABLISHED 1827

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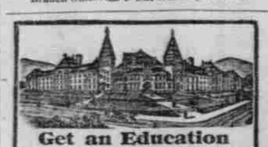

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THE EAST WIND.

You're coming, coming, like the light
And spreading o'er the lea,
I know there's death for some tonight,
But life and joy to me.
For you're the east wind,
Fast wind that I love,
The east wind of the sea.

I, nurtured on our sea girt coast,
Round cool and rock and tree,
Drunk in the food I loved the most,
The cass, wild of the sea.

And midst the spray on ocean's breast,
While you whistled wild and free,
I've kissed your cheek and sank to rest,
O east wind of the sea!

So, though I pray for those you harm
And wish it might not be,
Sweep in and bring the old, old charm—
Oh, bring it back to me!
For you're the east wind,
East wind that I love,
The east wind of the sea.
—Boston Transcript.

A QUESTION OF HUMANITY.

EMMA A. OPPER.

Ordway's usual Wednesday evening call on Miss Martin had endured for five minutes. "You do not look like yourself to-night," he pronounced, meditatively.

A faint flush warmed her cheeks; her emotions were always visible thus, as through a sweet transparency.

"It's your hair," he said; "you haven't a crimp nor curl. And that dark dress, plain around the neck—you look five years older. I don't like it, either."

She spoke her answer firmly, though her redness deepened.

"I think Mr. Dumont likes it," she said.

"Dumont?" he echoed. "Lord! is it for Dumont? It roils him to see you look so young; is that it? He recalls the days when *he* was your age—fifty years ago, say—"

The look in her eyes stopped him.

They always chaffed and bickered, but there was something different in this; something sharper.

"I will not quarrel with you," she said, "for we are too old friends."

This was true. They were the best of friends. He had lent his influence to secure her the business position which she held with a credit born of efficiency, and she had in return shown him many a tactful womanly little favor. Their friendship, though warm, was strictly friendship; of that they had been always rather proud.

"What is it about Dumont, then, Julia?" he asked. "What's up?"

"I think," she answered, "I ought to dress to please Mr. Dumont, if I can. He would not like—his wife to look so much younger than himself."

"His—*wife?*"

"He has asked me to marry him; and I have made up my mind that I will."

It needed courage to meet Ordway's look; but Julia had courage.

His gaze was spellbound; it was incredulous. He felt, suddenly and strangely, as if he had never seen her before. He felt dazed, and spoke with difficulty.

"Do you care for him?"

They had scoffed humorously at love; they had even proved to their own satisfaction that there was in actuality no such thing. But his question hung between them fraught with intensity.

"I respect him."

"You respect the memory of George Washington, I hope! Heavens! Is that all you have to say, Julia?"

"No," she answered him, "it is not. I am not afraid to tell *you*, my friend; no, nor ashamed. I am going to marry Mr. Dumont because I—I want a home. I don't want *this* always."

The room was agreeable, but it was conspicuously a boarding-house parlor.

"No. Well?" he murmured, with frowning brows.

"Mrs. Crosby—you met her, you know—has sent for me to come to Boston and take a position her husband has waiting for me. It is a better one, and I should have gone, but—Mr. Dupont had spoken—"

"You mentioned that," he remarked, tartly.

She rested her unfaltering clear eyes on his. She had struggled side by side with men for her livelihood; she had known life's sterner aspects and its crabbeder moods—but she had kept all her simplicity and all her gentleness and her pure depth of candor.

"I could go to Boston," she said, "or to London, or Hong Kong, but that would not help me. I should be no nearer a *home*. I am tired; that is it. I want somebody that I shall have the right to depend on, and trust. What it would be to have somebody always to see to checking my trunk, and make bargains with hackmen, and—and always to pay my street-car fare; what it would be!" she sighed, and beneath her whimsicality he read her wistful earnestness.

He felt baffled. He suffered from an unreasonable but burning spleen.

"But," he cried, with energy, "Dumont! If there must be a victim, why, of all men, Dumont?"

"Because he wants to be the victim," she returned, without resentment.

"Probably he thinks he does. Most men have spasms of mental aberration, and this is Dumont's. Julia, you would never take advantage of it? Julia, you couldn't!"

He had got back his old way with her—which lay between banter and mild bullying—and with it his hold on himself. He warmed to his subject.

"Married!" he said. Dumont married! It's inconceivable. Why, it is appalling!"

"Many thanks."

"Oh, *you* might not make him much more miserable than any other woman would. But, Julia, do you know how Dumont puts in his time?"

"He spends some of it—"

"Here, yes; that is a serious symptom of his attack of lunacy. But what has he been doing for the last—I won't undertake to say how many years? Why, lounging around the club and absorbing the news and refreshing liquids, going to an occasional stag dinner; and getting new cures for his gout, or neuralgia, is it? And taking a hand at poker now and then with the boys; and smoking on pool gardens, and talking stocks and politics."

"That," Ordway continued, "is what Dumont does, and he has done it till it is a habit with him, like eating and drinking. It would be a smaller undertaking to throw a steam-engine off the track than to shunt Dumont off *his* track. And what would result for Dumont? Misery!"

"He seems willing to risk it," she observed.

"Willing—willing! I tell you it is his loss of mental equilibrium. In such a case there is degeneration of the gray celis in the fore part of the cerebrum, and strange hallucinations are the outcome; any doctor could make it clear to you. And you would take advantage of it? I can not credit it."

She threw back her head and laughed.

"Don't laugh, I mean it," he said sharply; and for a space his eyes looked into hers.

The long look burned its way through the something that had interposed ever between them; the flimsy barrier which their ignorance and heedlessness had reared.

"Julia—" he faltered. The door-bell pealed.

"It is Mr. Dumont," she said, with trembling lips. "Must you go?"

Eight days later, Ordway, sitting in his office in the heavy gloom and dullness which for the past week had held him—Ordway received a letter. It was from Julia Martin, and it was brief.

"I am going to Boston this afternoon. Good-by."

"Good-by!" he muttered, fiercely scowling. But all his apathy had fled on the instant. She was going to Boston. What did that mean?

He sprang to his feet. She was going that afternoon. "She'll take the boat," he hazarded.

It was already past five. He seized his hat and called a cab and drove swiftly to Warren street.

She was there. She was pacing the wharf, a dispassionate figure amidst the bustle of imminent departure. She greeted him with pensive calm.

"I said good-by in my note," she remarked.

He saw with joy that her hair was wavy.

"I have not come to say good-by. Where is Dumont?" he asked.

"He is cruising around the Sound with Mr. Blair," she answered, "and fishing. He had—an attack of his neuralgia, and I told him it would do him good to go. I—I thought over what you said; and I saw," she affirmed, not in humility, but in a rigor of pride, "that it is true. It would have been a mistake. I—from the first I feared it. And—I almost think he agreed with me, in his heart. So, after all, I am not going to have a home. I am going to Boston." She smiled bravely.

"Those are misstatements," he answered—"both."

"What do you mean?"

"You *will* have a home, and you will *not* go to Boston," he returned; though he spoke to the back of her head, suddenly averted. "As I reckon it, we have been fools for four years, and that is long enough, Julia."

She faced him with valiant resistance.

"I won't consider it," she declared; "it is mental aberration."

"If you say so; but it is chronic. It is hopeless."

"I should be cruel to take advantage of it—inhuman."

"No, no; you are inhuman to confuse me with Dumont, that is all. What are we dawdling here for? Come!"

"I can't," she gasped; "my trunk is on the boat."

"No matter. It is not your trunk," said Ordway, with rude and joyous laughter, "that I am going to marry."

Her cheeks were tenderly flushed and her lashes moist.

"We shall always quarrel," she murmured, faintly.

"And I," he answered, "shall always come out ahead in the second round." He defied conventionality and the cold-hearted onlookers, and put his arm around her. And they watched while the boat pulled off.

As They Ran.

The native American is very slow to acknowledge the claims of hereditary dignity.

The daughter of General Dash a military leader, idolized in one section of the country after the civil war, entered a fruit store one day and ordered a bushel of apples.

"See that you send the largest ones," she said sharply, to the fruiterer.

"They are sold as they run," he said. "If I pick out the large ones, the price will be higher."

"I am accustomed to have choice goods of all kinds sent to me. You probably do not know who I am," the lady said haughtily.

"I do not, madam. My customers are all served alike."

"I am Miss Dash, the daughter of General Dash," she said:

"Indeed?" said the dealer, in a quiet tone." "I served under your father for three years, and I can only say that he was the last man to browbeat a poor shopkeeper or to try to trick him out of his just profits."

The lady retreated and took the apples "as they ran."

"The Loss of Gold is Great;

The loss of health is more." Health is lost by neglecting to keep the blood pure, but it is regained by purifying, enriching and vitalizing the blood with the great health restorer, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands who thought health had been permanently lost have been made perfectly well by taking this great medicine. Your experience may be the same.

Hood's Pills are gentle, yet always effective.

Fly Time.

The lover of 1925 whispered in the fair one's ear: "Darling, elope with me."

"Alas! How can we go? Did not some one puncture the tire of your automobile?"

"True! But we can fly in an airship."

"But papa will fly also."

"He has no airship. He cannot fly."

"Yes; he will fly in a passion."—Chicago News.

The counting of chickens or lambs in the spring will cause ill luck.

Old Pennsylvania Churches.

Many of the famous old churches of Pennsylvania were endowed with large tracts of land by William Penn or his descendants. From ancient records it appears that wherever a congregation of any denomination was organized the proprietors gave land liberally for its support. Some of these properties have been sold as congregations moved, but almost every old endowed Presbyterian church in the State still stands as a memorial of Penn's liberality and the perseverance of the Calvinists. These early churches seem to have had a political as well as religious significance, for they are now regarded as the nurseries of the local aristocracy.

Donegal church is especially distinguished in this respect, as it is still supported by the descendants of the early founders who have been for generations landowners in Lancaster county. Located some 15 miles from the city of Lancaster, and seven miles from the town of Mt. Joy, this congregation, composed chiefly of the country families, has for one hundred and seventy-five years of worship under the hallowed roof been untainted by invasion of the newly rich.

Donegal church was built in 1721, occupied in 1722, and around the sacred edifice lie the graves of five and six generations of the descendants of the early founders. One thing which has preserved the integrity of the sacred edifice is its large landed possessions. Some of these lands have been sold from time to time and the proceeds invested as a sustaining fund. With a portion of the money so received a daughter church was built at Mt. Joy. The Lancaster Presbyterian church, which is known as Donegal chapel, has a wealthy congregation of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the patriarchs of the ancient fane where once the sturdy pioneers sat at the pew doors with guns beside them, to be ready for a sudden Indian onslaught. From this same old Donegal, now but a hamlet of half a dozen houses, went three families, who in the course of time had seven sons each, to settle at the foot of the Alleghenies. In all the Indian wars these families never once sought the shelter of the forts erected for the protection of the settlers. The seventh son of the Bailes was the very flower of the forest. He feared an Indian no more than he did a bear, and not one of these twenty-one fearless men was ever killed by a red man. It is said that these Donegal Presbyterians were such fine fighters that one of the Penns persuaded them to move to the Cumberland Valley, where they could fight each other. Every ten years the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Pennsylvania assemble themselves together and recite the deeds of their ancestors, and it is amazing to see how the society belles and gay young sprigs of fashion on such occasions preen and plume themselves on being Children of the Covenant.

One of the most important of the Penn grant churches is the First Presbyterian church of Pittsburgh. The land is located in the heart of the business city, on Wood-st, between Fifth and Sixth-aves. The building is of gray stone, with handsome architectural features and all modern.

There still worship some of the descendants of the early pioneers, but it has been so long the open sesame of fashion to belong to the old First Presbyterian church, and the influx of wealth has been so great, that the Covenant itself would be very much surprised could it peep down on its children.

Among the Penn church grants was a little plot of ground on the east side of Washington Square, where the Roman Catholics built a chapel that stood for Christ, while still half-savage negro slaves held their midnight fires and superstitious rites on the west side of the same Washington Square. On the south side of the square the First Presbyterian church of Philadelphia has stood for two hundred years, and in the southwest angle is the staid and stately meeting-house of the Orthodox Friends, or Quakers. Such a universality of religious toleration is sufficient in itself to make the name of Penn immortal.

A House of Sorrow.

The Colonel halted his horse in front of a Dakota dugout and uttered a vigorous "Hello," and after a minute a tow-headed girl of about 16 years of age showed up and looked him over and said:

"Now, then, what ye whoopin' fur, and who be ye?"

"Can I get anything to eat here?"

"Not a thing."

"Any water for my horse?"

"The spring's gone dry."

"How far is it to the river?"

"Dunno."

"Please ask your father to step out."

"Pop's bin on a drunk for a week."

"And your mother?"

"She's got the toothache. That's her crying."

"Haven't you got a brother?"

"Yep, but he got snake-bit yesterday and don't feel well."

"Well, what about you?" persisted the Colonel. "You seem to be all right."

"Oh, but I ain't," she replied, as she made ready to disappear. "I was to git married yesterday, but my feller got shot by an Injun, and it'll take two weeks to ketch on to another. This air a house of sorrow, sir, and you will please to ride on and not ask any more fool questions."

Build a solid foundation of nervous energy with Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer and your health will faithfully respond to all of its demands. It cures the worst forms of nervous diseases.

"Brant's Cough Balsam saved my wife's life," writes Chas. Hammond, Eaton Rapids, Mich. 25 cents and warranted to cure. For sale at Garman's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

A Poor Rule.

"What is the 'Rule of Three?'"

"When a man, his wife and her mother all try to run things."—San Francisco Examiner.

Roadside Trees.

Country roads can be made far more useful and attractive than they usually are, and this may be secured by the expenditure of only a small amount of labor and money. Although such improvements are not necessary, they make the surroundings attractive and inviting and add to the value of property and the pleasure of the traveler.

Not only should brush and weeds be removed from the roadside, but grass should be sown, trees planted and a side path or walk be prepared for the use of women, children and other pedestrians going to and from church, school and places of business and amusement.

If trees are planted alongside the road they should be far enough back to admit the wind and sun. Most strong growing trees are apt to extend their roots under the gutters and even beneath the roadway if they are planted too close to the roadside. Even if they be planted at a safe distance those varieties should be selected which send their roots downward rather than horizontally. The most useful and beautiful tree corresponding with these requirements is the chestnut, while certain varieties of the pear, cherry and mulberry answer the same purpose. Where there is no danger of roots damaging the subdrainage or the substructure of the road some other favorite varieties would be elms, rock maples, horse chestnuts, beeches, pine and cedars. Climate, variety of species selected and good judgment will determine the distance between such trees. Elms should be 30 feet apart, while the less spreading varieties need not be so far. The trunks should be trimmed to a considerable height so as to admit the sun and air. Fruit trees are planted along the roadsides in Germany and Switzerland, while mulberry trees may be seen along the roads in France, serving the two fold purpose of food for silkworms and shade. If some of our many varieties of useful, fruitful and beautiful trees were planted along the roads in this country, and if some means could be devised for protecting the product, enough revenue could be derived therefrom to pay for the maintenance of the road along which they throw their grateful shade.

A Natural Bridge in Arizona.

Natural Bridge, on Pine Creek, in the northern part of Gila county, is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States, equaling if not surpassing the Natural Bridge of Virginia. It spans the creek at a height of about 200 feet, and the walls of the canon rise above it on either side 700 or 800 feet, and on one side form a perpendicular precipice. The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is some 250 feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiseled by the skillful hand of a stonemason. The arch on top is nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in width, 1000 feet in length, across the canon, and at the thinnest part only six feet through. About the centre of the arch is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man, and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water 200 feet below.—Globe (Arizona) Silver Belt.

Largest Chinese Cargo.

The steamship Ping Suey, which has arrived from Hongkong on her maiden trip, brought the biggest cargo that ever came from China to an American port on the Atlantic coast.

Her consignment of tea is by far the largest ever brought to this city. There are 7,513 packages, 32,944 half chests and 20,723 boxes of this commodity alone, which foots up roughly in weight about 2,500,000 pounds.

The vessel has besides hundreds of tons of fire crackers and matting from China, several tons of tin from Singapore and a big assortment of silks and curios and a large consignment of animals. The tonnage of the Ping Suey is 4,159, and she carries a crew of 75 men, mostly Cingalese and Lascars. Suewan, Foes & Co., 16 Beaver-st., are her agents.

The Ping Suey has been chartered to load grain at Philadelphia for Rotterdam, and she will be the biggest vessel that ever went up the Delaware.—New York Times.

She Didn't Know.

Recently a rosy-cheeked German girl applied for a position as domestic in a well-known family. The girl learned to speak the English language in a remarkably short time, but many of the expressions did not appeal to her in the proper sense.

The telephone had a peculiar charm for the girl, and at times she would loiter about near the instrument in order to answer a call.

One day there came a ring, and she hastened to the 'phone and put the receiver to her ear.

"Hello!" she cried.

"Hello!" came back over the 'phone, "who is this?"

"How do I know?" innocently inquired the German maid; and to this day she wonders why the man at the other end laughed until he rang off.

In all stages of Nasal Catarrh there should be cleanliness. As experience proves, Ely's Cream Balm is a cleanser, soother and healer of the diseased membrane. It is not drying or irritating, and does not produce sneezing. Price 50 cents at druggists or it will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York. Upon being placed into the nostrils it spreads over the membrane and relief is immediate. It is an agreeable cure.

Missed.

He found her weeping bitterly.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried, "I have missed you so much!"

Hitherto, understand, she had thrown tea cups at his head, for the most part. Perhaps it was small wonder, after all, that she missed him.

But now she threw herself at his feet, and all was well once more.—Detroit Journal.

Her Change of Husbands.

In any State except Utah, the time that a woman takes a man's name would be fairly good evidence of the approximate date of their marriage. If the rule were applied to the case of Brigham H. Roberts it would argue that he did not take his last plural until in the spring of 1897, for not until then did Maggie C. Shipp change her name publicly to Margaret C. Roberts. This statement is borne out by the entries for successive years in the Salt Lake city directory; by the fact that in the spring of '97 she changed her name in the book of telephone subscribers; by the fact that she changed, from Shipp to Roberts, her signature on her prescriptions, and by the fact that in April of that year she requested Dr. Luella Miles to change her name on the rolls of the medical society.

The question naturally arises: If Roberts married her before the issuance of manifesto, why did she continue for seven years to bear the name of another man—one who had been convicted and imprisoned for unlawful cohabitation with her and others? Why did she continue for three years to occupy a place of residence rented by Milford B. Shipp and later by himself and another wife?

In the absence of legal documentary evidence, such as a divorce from Shipp or a license to marry Roberts (being a plural of both, she could obtain neither, except from the church), Mrs. Shipp-Roberts did nothing to publicly proclaim her change of husbands until, in 1897, she changed her name.

It is possible for Roberts to have married her, according to church rites, secretly, before the manifesto, but even then his offense was hardly less blameworthy than it would have been if the marriage were more recent, because at the time of the issuance of the manifesto he had only been out of the penitentiary for a year and ten days. Rather a short time in which to manifest his repentance for a previous like offense by taking the plural of another man.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Beauty Bits.

To be beautiful one must have health.

Your mirror will tell you as much as your physician.

Note quickly the dull eyes, muddy skin and flabby muscles. And instead of running to the apothecary for "beauty in a bottle," she should look to herself.

Is she overworking?

Playing too hard is just as bad.

Is she overeating?

Is she drinking enough? "She" please to note—not "he."

One of the best physicians recommends a glass of hot water a half hour before breakfast, a glass half-way between each meal and one on retiring. One glass of whatever one drinks is enough for each meal, and the most of it should be taken at the end of the meal.

Is she keeping regular hours?

There's more in that than all the physic.

It's not so much matter when we do our sleeping (providing we do enough of it) as that we do it thoroughly and regularly. Sleeping one time one day and another time the next is fatal. Cat-naps in addition to the regular sleeping are all right for people who are trying to grow fat, but cat-naps as a regular diet for somnus are fatal.

Beauty balms, physical culture, massage, calisthenics are all very well if we have first looked out for our clockwork. Otherwise it's all on a par with regilding an old, worn-out, rusty watch and expecting it to be a famous timekeeper.

And in these enlightened days there's no excuse for not "knowing how." In addition to free lectures there is cheap literature and free libraries. Moral: "Know thyself!"

Current Topics.

One of the most beautiful natural rock carvings in the world is the Southern Cross on the island of Grand Menan, in the Bay of Fundy. It stands at the head of a ledge of rocks jutting into the bay from the foot of one of the immense cliffs at the southern end of the Grand Manan. Its shape is that of an almost perfect cross.

In London newspaper ingenuity is being exercised in the attempt to discover a word for wireless telegraphy. The suggestions include "wave-writing," "undi-graphy," "atmo-graphy," electrography."

The Toronto Mail and Empire, which keeps record of the casualties in the war in South Africa, puts the English losses up to the beginning of this week at 4189, not including those disabled from illness. The items in the account are: Killed, 408; wounded, 1806 and missing and captured, 1966. Each British soldier carries an identification card sewn up in the left hand corner of his kharki tunic; it bears his name, rank, regimental number and the address of his next of kin. When the roll is called after action, those not answering are marked as missing and they are looked for on the field of battle. The tunic of every dead and wounded man is ripped open and the identification card tells the whole story.

The salmon canneries at San Jose, Cal., were so busy and so short of hands last month that the local school board decided to postpone the opening of the schools for two weeks in order to allow of the employment of the pupils during the rush.

Puzzled.

"I want to get a ring for a lady," said the customer.

"Sweetheart or wife?" asked the clerk.

"Both," replied the customer.

"Say! Now I'm all at sea," said the clerk.

"If it was for a sweetheart I'd show you something handsome in this case; if for a wife, I'd send you farther down the aisle for something less expensive. But when a man combines the two—. Say, you'd better look over the entire stock. It's against all precedent and I'm not competent to give you any advice."—Chicago Post.

A SURE CURE FOR CROUP.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use Without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by all druggists.

No Resemblance.

It costs nothing to be ordinarily polite, even under adverse circumstances, and it generally pays. A passenger in a sleeping car, who was tired and sleepy and wanted to go to bed, called out to a man who had just entered the coach and was hurrying through it:

"Say, isn't it about time to have these berths made up?"

"What do you take me for?" angrily replied the other, stopping and coming back. "Do I look like a sleeping-car conductor, sir?"

"No," slowly rejoined the tired passenger, looking up at him wearily. "You do not. I beg your pardon. My observation is that a sleeping car conductor is always a gentleman."—Youth's Companion.

No Fear for George.

"I suppose you worry a good deal about your son, don't you, Mrs. Magnus?"

"Yes. I just tremble every time I see a messenger boy coming down the street, and until he gets past our house I am always sure that he must have a telegram telling me that something terrible has happened to my boy."

"Still you must remember that the chances against him are comparatively small. Let me see, I think I saw a statement somewhere the other day, that the percentage of soldiers killed or wounded in the Philippines was only about—"

"Oh, it isn't George who enlisted that I am worrying over. It's Harry, who has been made a member of his college football team this year."

Gave Herself Away.

"Did the postman leave any letters, Mary," the mistress asked on returning from a visit one afternoon.

"Nothing but a post-card, ma'am."

"Who is it from, Mary?"

"And do you think I'd read it, ma'am?" ask the girl, with an injured air.

"Perhaps not. But any person who sends me a message on a post-card is either stupid or impertinent."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am," returned the girl, loftily, "but that's a nice way to be talking about your own mother!"

How to Make a Snare.

Take a cord rope 10 or 15 feet long, make a noose in one end, tie the other end to a spring-pole, drive stubs into the ground in a circle 12 inches in diameter; make a long trigger, say 15 inches, cut a notch 4 inches from the end and another notch near the same end. Make a short trigger 4 or 5 inches long; slope both ends. Tie the rope back three feet from the noose end to the middle of the short trigger, draw down the spring-pole, let the noose around the circle of stubs, set as you would a trap, by having a notch in the top of one stub for the short trigger.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by all druggists.

A Feminine Search.

Bibbs—How de do Bob? Where's Sis?

Bob (Sis's husband) Gone shopping.

"What did she want?"

"Nothing."

"Then, why did she go shopping?"

"To see if she could find anything that would make her want something."—New York Weekly.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. Sometime ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—Thomas C. Bower, Glencoe, Ohio. For sale by all druggists.

Drove Them Away.

"How's this? You're already advertising again a dog lost. That's the third dog you've lost in a month.

"Oh, it's just my luck. Since my daughter has been taking singing lessons I can't keep an animal in the place."—Pearson's Weekly.

Remarkable Feature of It.

"That fact that he has 24 children is not the really remarkable feature of the case."

"Then what is it?"

"The fact that he has been able to support them."—St Louis Post Dispatch.

Unusual Praise.

"How good you are!" she exclaimed, gracefully. The actor was visibly affected.

"Say," he said, "couldn't you get a job on some paper as dramatic critic?"—San Francisco Examiner.

He Stood the Test.

One of the hardest tests given applicants who go before the civil service commission boards of examiners is in the form of printed matter, which is to be copied without a single change. It is said to be surprising to find how many intelligent people find it impossible to properly stand this test. They can frequently correct errors in language which they cannot copy verbatim.

There was lately an applicant who showed his aptitude for this work. He was given a printed page and told to copy it.

"Want it just like this?" he asked.

"Without a change," the examiner replied.

The man labored. The printed matter was on a white sheet and was spotless, with the exception of a fly speck on one of its corners. The sheet the student had was minus a blemish in that particular spot, but when it was turned in there was a well imitated fly speck. There was not a flaw in the work, and he received a rating of 100 on that portion of his examination and today is one of the best and most trusted employees in the service of the commission, where he was detailed shortly after taking his examination.—Washington Star.

A Difficult Lay.

A New England woman is the owner of a hen which appears to choose her surroundings with a discriminating eye.

Soon after her present owner acquired the hen she discovered the creature's fondness for stepping into the house whenever she could effect an entrance and laying an egg on the down coverlet which ornamented the bed in the "best chamber."

One day the hen managed to get in unobserved during a season of sweeping, and her presence was only discovered as she made her way hastily out of the side door, cackling with triumph, some time later.

As the best room coverlet had been out of the way during the sweeping, the mistress of the house looked about for the egg which she felt sure had been laid somewhere. She found it, after half an hour's search, on the plush mantel covering in the parlor, where the hen must have sat in state between a china shepherdess and a glass vase.

Nothing on the mantelshelf had been disturbed, although just how the hen had managed the delicate business will never be known.—Youth's Companion.

Merely a Question of Spelling.

He was the engineer of an ocean liner and prided himself on his knowledge of electricity. On one of his brief stays at home he accompanied his wife to a party. The subject of electricity coming up, he indignantly combated the idea that it was possible for two people to produce an electrical current through the body of a third by simple physical contact. His wife and a friend said they would prove it and, leading him to a window, told him to pull up his sleeves and place both hands flat on the glass. They then, on either side, took a firm grip on his wrists. At the end of a few moments his wife said:

"Don't you feel a pain, Willy?"

"No," he replied and returned a like negative to a second and a third inquiry.

At his third response most of the company began to laugh, and it suddenly flashed into his mind that the pronunciation of pain and pane was the same.—New York Tribune.

Wouldn't Sell His Name.

Soon after General Robert E. Lee went to Lexington, Va., the presidency of an insurance company was offered to him at a salary of $10,000 a year. He was at that time receiving only $1,000 as president of the Washington and Lee university. "We do not want you to discharge any duties, general," said the agent. "We simply wish the use of your name. That will abundantly compensate us."

"Excuse me, sir," was the prompt and decided rejoinder. "I cannot consent to receive pay for services I do not render."

Nearly every mail brought him similar proposals, and just a short while before his death a large and wealthy corporation in New York city offered him $50,000 per annum to become its president. But he refused all such offers and quietly pursued his chosen path of duty.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Accommodated.

The manager of the clothing department opened his env