

ELLA IS OPTIMISTIC.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Know, as my life grows older, And my eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wing somewhere There lies the bird of heaven...

"ANNIE LAURIE."

BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

She was the darling of Broughton Academy, sweet Madge Wilmer, with her plump face, green eyes, and short, dark curls running all over her small head.

One afternoon, in early June, the girls were all out on the wide, smooth playground, some on their swings, others playing lawn tennis, and others again promenading, school-girl fashion, with their arms about each other's waists...

There was a girl, however, who took no part in any of the amusements, but sat on a bench, looking at the girls with a look of hope and longing.

"I can't bear that girl," said Ella Summers, a supercilious blonde, with a cold look towards the quiet figure on the bench.

"What a little moralizer it is!" said Ada Waters, one of the older girls, laughing and patting Madge's curly hair.

"Let her, but she can't bear me; my heart's set on winning the prize, and it will take something better than that poor weak creature of a Louisa Parks to carry it off from me."

"Do you know what I overheard the professor say to Mrs. Broughton the other day?" inquired Ada Waters.

"Very well, just as it was, you please, only hush," said Ada, stopping up her ears.

"I can't understand how her parents can afford to send her here at all," said Ella, "for they are quite poor, and there is a crowd of children besides Louisa."

"I believe it is a rich old uncle who sends her," said another of the girls; "papa knows him, and he sends her a very rich, but something of a miser, and as queer as he can be. He must be frightfully mean or he would have brought her here, and not let her disgrace the school with her shabby clothes."

TO SEND YOU TO PARIS TO HAVE YOUR VOICE CULTIVATED ON CONDITION THAT YOU WILL TAKE THE PRIZE FOR VOCAL MUSIC HERE; BUT HE WILL NOT, I AM SURE, DARING, DO SO IF YOU FAIL.

"And I shall fail," murmured the girl, with a fresh burst of sobs. Madge suddenly started as though she had just awakened to the fact that she was listening to what was not intended for her ears, and with crimson cheeks, she stole away. But, for the rest of the day, bright, merry Madge was very thoughtful and sad.

The exhibition day of Broughton Academy arrived, and the big hall was crowded with the parents and friends of the pupils. Among them was Mrs. Parks, in her well-worn black silk and shabby bonnet, and beside her was a little, dried-up man, with shrewd, twinkling eyes, and thin, determined lips.

The opening bars were played, and Madge began to sing, and at once everybody was staring, and the girls looked at each other with an amazement. What was the matter with the girl? Never had she sung so wretchedly; she was fairly marring the song.

When the last heard, lingering note died away, there was a burst of enthusiastic applause, and there was no doubt as to who had won the prize. The girls all started in amazement as Louisa went down the long hall to receive it.

"I am very glad," she said, simply. "The tears rushed suddenly to Louisa's eyes; she put her hand timidly to detain Madge, and her lips parted as though she wanted to speak; but Madge turned quickly away and in a few minutes had disappeared. When she was in the carriage which was to bear her away, to the consternation of her parents, she burst into tears."

Some seven years later, a new singer, of whom great things were prophesied, made her debut in a concert hall in Paris. She was a slender, pale faced girl, with eyes as green as emeralds, and hair as black as ebony. When she came in, she was a pretty, brown-eyed, young girl, evidently American, in the audience, bent forward with a smothered exclamation.

"I never heard anything so absurd," Professor Parks had been joking, or Ada had misunderstood him.

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"I know that he will, dear," the mother answered, sadly. "You see he never changes his mind, and he hates anything like failure. He undertook to send you to Paris to have your voice cultivated on condition that you will take the prize for vocal music here; but he will not, I am sure, daring, do so if you fail."

MISSING LINKS.

THOUGH the action is about the same, there's a big difference between training for a run and running for a train.

PRINCE BISMARCK has an income of \$250,000 a year. And he owns a happy lot.

By the recent death of two of its members the College of Cardinals is now more nearly divided between Italians and foreigners than for a long time.

THE French Academy concludes a careful study of the problem of artificial rain with the observation that the solution of the problem has not yet been found.

It is doubtful if the astronomer have found out much about Mars. It might have been different if he had looked Venus. It's said that a woman can't keep secrets.

EVERY the most sanguine are now convinced that the Iron Hall is dead as a door nail. The only remaining hope of the stockholders is to get what the can of acid.

ABOUT twenty millionaires and more than five million dollars' worth of liquors are sent to Africa every year. Successful evangelization will need a few more missionaries.

SOME of Whittier's earlier poems indicate that the good poet might have been a fighter had not the doctrine of non-resistance constrained him to the ways of peace.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is visiting Switzerland and trying to compare the huge glaciers of the mountains with the tiny glaciers of the Alps.

THE Queen of Portugal is making her own bonnets, and the Queen of Sweden doing her own housekeeping; it begins to look as though their respective peoples were doing their own bookkeeping.

It may be that the courts will find some way to suit the honest man's troubles, but it is doubtful. It would be far better for the disputants to get together and settle their differences. Litigation will not help them.

SMILES OF CONTENTMENT

ISSUED FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS. Pleasant incidents occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Jokes that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Distressed Female—Oh, please, sir, give me something all the same. "The same?" "Yes, I remember you, but what's the matter?" "D. E.—Oh, sir, we're in fresh trouble. My poor husband has recovered his sight.—Drake's Magazine.

A Bad Beginning. Mother—What! Do you mean to tell me that during your wedding tour you mended your husband's clothes? My! my! What could have possessed you? "Bride—Dear me! What's the matter?" "Mother—You foolish girl! Now he'll expect you to keep on doing it." New York Weekly.

Hated Man. Passenger (on suburban train)—Is that the pay car? Conductor—No. That is the ninth assistant superintendent's car. Passenger—Why does he travel with armed guards? Conductor (Whispering)—He is the man who changes the time-tables every week.—Puck.

"The Editor's Easy Chair." Editor—Can you use your pen on poet?—Why should you always deign to sit on me in preference to others? Editor—When I sit on a poet of course I prefer a spring poet.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.

At the Ball. Mrs. Hicks—I wonder if I couldn't step into the bathroom to re-arrange my toilet. Hicks—Don't do it; you're near enough the bath toilet as it is.—Truth.

He Did Not Wait. Jeweler—You found this lady's ring in the street and now want to dispose of it? Crook—I do. Jeweler—Well, if you'll wait until I get a policeman can exchange it for a gent's bracelet.—Jeweler's Review.

A Costly Sign. Mr. Dolley—Now, I don't believe in signs. Miss Flynn—Well, I do. Now, for instance, there is one I believe in. It was an ice cream sign. The young thing's belief cost Dolley 50 cents.—Philadelphia Times.

He Wasn't Sure. "Is this a popular song?" inquired a customer in the music store. "Well," said the salesman, "lots of folks sing it, but as yet to no one is sufficient proof of it for to be what you call popular."—Washington Star.

Exactly the Reverse. Clubson—Is Spongely much given to drink? Treaty—Quite the reverse. "What a total abstainer!" "No; much drink is given to Spongely."—Puck.

The Reservoir. New Papa—I was glad to see that you didn't cry at your mamma's wedding. Little Girl—No, sir; I used to cry at mamma's weddings, but my tears is all used up.—Good News.

A Mother's Gratitude

Too great for tongue to tell, is due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. My daughter, Olive, is three years old, and had dreadful piles, beginning in one knee and extending to almost every joint in her body, caused by Constipation. She was given Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the swellings subsided, after using one bottle of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. (This improvement was rapid, until it effected a perfect cure.) Mrs. J. A. CARR, Reynoldsville, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is the best. It cleans, polishes, and protects the stove. It is made in the U.S.A. and is sold everywhere.

Ask your doctor what happens to cod-liver oil when it gets inside of you. He will say it is shaken and broken up into tiny drops, becomes an emulsion; there are other changes, but this is the first.

He will tell you also that it is economy to take the oil broken up, as it is in Scott's Emulsion, rather than burden yourself with this work. You skip the taste too. Let us send you an interesting book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

Four Railroads Overlooked. "Strange that four railroads, one a belt line and two field-line lines, nine miles from Chicago, should have been overlooked," said Mr. A. J. Beveridge & Co., when they first set out to build four factories located, houses and stores sprung up at once.—Chicago News.

Telescope Fakir—Step right up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. Five cents, minimum. Old Lady—Oh, laws; Hain't it round and slimy? Telescope Fakir—Will the bald-headed gent please step away from in front of the instrument?—Judge.

First Lawyer—If the moon could talk what interesting disclosures there would be. She is the only witness to many a crime. Second Lawyer—Yes, and just think how much she would testify for witness fees if she could testify in court.

Witherby—What is your daughter going to do after her graduation? Frankington—I am thinking of giving her a post-graduate course, showing her how to stand off her milliner.—Judge.

On the Hot Plazza. He—Do you know, Miss Alice, your voice has a silvery ring? She—No; but I think yours has a diamond ring.

Fond Mother—Tommy what are you doing? Tommy—Watering flowers on you, hat's 'till you grow.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

WHEN we oppose what God loves we reject Christ. God loves a cheerful giver because giving is God-like.

BACKSLIDING always begins on the day we neglect to pray. We are never sad except when we forget that God is good.

The same wind that ruins the chaff feeds the wheat. Whenever the devil makes a lion God makes a Daniel. Give God your moments and he will make your day a success.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. The most deadly sin is the one we believe it will be safe to commit. Nobody ever blames a good apple for having come from a twisted tree.

The Christian is the only man who is made richer when the bank breaks. The way we treat men is the surest test of the state of our hearts toward God. Living for one is the smallest business any self can be engaged in in this life.

It never helps the Lord a bit for a man man to claim that he is a Christian. NO MAN can have much of a belief in God who does not also believe in a devil. Whenever a Christian looks back he loses all the ground he owns in his front.

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THE REGULAR WEIGHT. Wife—Did the dealer say he'd send that ton of coal you ordered? Husband—Yes, he said he would, but I doubt it. He probably won't send more than seventeen hundred pounds.

HUMOROUS.

A baby born in Ohio is without hands. When he grows up he will be able to sweep his town for the office of Treasurer.

A man always knows what he would have done had he been in another fellow's place, but he doesn't always believe it. She—Do you love me for myself alone? He—Yes, and when we're married I don't want any of your family thrown in.

Johnny—What did your mother say to you? Jimmy—Eatin' green fruit. Johnny—Who gave you away? Jimmy—The doctor.

Said the lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent."

Cough and Night Sweats. Promptly cured by Dr. Hesse's Certain Croup Cure. There is no doubt but that croup, whooping cough, and many other lung troubles can be cured by this certain cure. It is sold by all druggists.

"This is an un-read letter for me," said the young woman as she tossed the slighted missive unopened into the waste basket. "If it not very exciting to see the anchor weighed aboard ship?" "Not half so exciting as it would be to see one wade ashore."

Who suffers with his liver, constipation, biliousness, poor blood, or dizziness—like Beecham's Pills of druggists. Zients.

Mrs. P. and T.—Your clock is always on time! I pray how do you manage it? Mrs. Slop—Why, my husband got it that way.

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JACOBS OIL. DOWN ALL OVER. THE BEST. Cures Pain Promptly.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER. The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

LIVER COMPLAINT. The liver, the kidneys, the heart, the lungs and the stomach are the most important organs necessary for the preservation of life.

S.S.S. PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT PILLS. THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

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W.L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. A genuine sewed shoe that will stand up to any test.

"German Syrup". I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success.

SYRUP OF FIGS. ONE ENJOYS. The method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently and promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.