"FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE."

BY CLARA OSBORNE CRUMM.

Pity the poor, nor pause to ask—
"What brought them, to that lowly state?"
Enough, that they are *hungry, cold.*
Give them at once, they cannot wait.
Pity the poor, we may not judge—
Nor know, the record, of their past;
Whether Misfortune, Sin, or Shame,
Have overtaken them, at last.
Think of the struggle in their souls,
Ere they could plead, to you, for aid,
God bless you, if some creature's life—
A little brighter, you have made,
We may not live for self, alone,
If, we are blessed, with worldly store—
Give cheerfully, with kindly word
To those who shiver,—at your door.

How sweet, when down we lie to rest,
To think, "*is me good I've done to-day:*'
For then we better say those words,
"Give us our daily bread, we pray."

POLLY'S TRIUMPH.

BY MAGALET SPENCER.

"No wives, no sweethearts; no mothers, no grandmothers; no aunts, no cousins! By George! A graveyard Thanksgiving! No place to go to! and nobody to care whether you go or not!"

In no mild way did Major Philander Young snap out these exclamations! He leaned against the corral fence made of pinion trees; looked at the mules and horses; thrust his brier-wood pipe into his short jacket pocket, and looked cross as a bear.

"What's that Phil? Look up the road. See what a dust they're making. It's a wagon! Two wagons! Glory to the prophets! Speaking of angels! and here they come! By Jove! Some girls too!"

Major Philander climbed the fence spry as a monkey, drew his field-glasses from their case on his shoulder, balanced himself on a post, and gazed full ten minutes.

"Thunder! Joe it's the Colonel and his whole outfit from Sante Fe. Call Tom to fix us up a bit. Run boys everyone of you to the tents. Put things in order. Shove the old boots, spurs, pipes and jackets under the cots. Roll up the blankets, put the cleanest on top. How like the—" "Come Phil, that'll do. I'm used to the Colonel and his jolly tribe, we camped all last season together. Miss Polly, aged seventeen is the only dangerous one. She'll soon get you in her net. I barely escaped with my life."

A party of engineers from the East, were in camp near Las Cruces, New Mexico. The wonderful Organ Mountains called "Los Organos," rose to the east of them. They are not a single ridge, but broken up by east and west canyons and valleys, deriving their name from their perfect organ like shape. The central peaks are inaccessible like tall organ pipes reaching almost to the sky, while low banks of limestone rising from the plateau form banks of keys against the pipes. This wonderous group of mountains run from north to south eighteen miles, and from east to west eight miles. Good land lies at the foot—only awaiting irrigation

The low sand hills lie east, and the beautiful valley of the Rio Grande stretches from "Fort Seldon" past "Dona Ana" and Las Cruces to their termini, "The Jornada del Muerta" (Journey of Death). A score of mines lay along the organ district and camps are made within a few miles of the "Jay Gould," the "Bennett," "Stephenson," "Memphis" and others. Clear air six hundred miles above sea level, is delightful. The wide mineral belt from forty to twenty miles gave encouragement to many eastern companies, and camps were numerous.

For hundreds of years the Indians and Mexicans had believed that the Great Spirit ruled over them through the voices of the wind. Los Organos played as storms swept across the pipes, weird and sad, fierce and terrible as the Spirit was grieved or angry. When the hot sun in a golden flame lit the highest peaks and the air was soft and still, then the Spirit smiled and beckoned them to find shelter and resting places on their journeys in the deep canyons and valleys. Sweet music—low and deep; when a cool wind touched the organ and a voice of love from some departed friend chanted prayers. The voices of their dead often warned them of peril and danger when the storms moaned and trembled in the mountains. Sometimes they lay on their faces all night singing "Santa Marias" in repentance for sins. When sudden shrieks like a soul in trouble, and gusts fitfuly rose to the highest points, they rode far down into the valley of the "Rio Grande," gathered together their families, fasted and prayed three days.

Don Garcia and his robber band were notorious horse thieves and gamblers. They rode powerful animals, wild eyed and unbroken. They dashed through small Indian villages, through large Railroad towns. Sheriffs and armed soldiers failed to capture them. Corrals were most carefully guarded.

Little puffs of dust fell in showers on the white tents, as two wagons drawn by stout mules drove gaily into camp. The sun dropped low behind the hills, the gold crest low on the organ pipes, and the dry air of November was as warm as June. The scant herbage all along the roads was grey with dust and the dry earth groaned for the long delayed rain.

"Hello boys! glad to see you! Struck it rich yet? You look very comfortable. I've brought the whole family this time! Here's Polly and Nan, and my old man Rob, only six, but a regular engineer already, and here's a good mother for all of you old bachelors!"

Mrs. Baker had dimples and blue eyes, and a merry look in them. She shook hands vigorously and heartily. The boys liked it. Miss Polly, rosy and saucy and handsome in her blue travelling suit and cap, entered into the spirit of welcome enthusiastically. Nan and Rob explored the tents, the corral and pronounced the new home "jolly."

A few hours later and the Colonel's family were "settled into quarters," supper was announced, and even Major Philander Young had ceased to grumble.

"Thanksgiving dinner? *Of course!* We came on purpose! Polly made fruit cake enough to kill all ordinary engineers, her father told her, and my mince meat is safely packed in jars, the turkey is still marching around, but will be shipped in time; and I want you to invite your friends to dine with us, the young men from Las Cruces—Jay Gould and Stephenson. The Colonel says they are all without their families."

"You are too good. Mrs. Baker," said Dick Goodman. "You don't know how many boys will accept that Christmas invitation."

"Just to-day I thought of Thanksgiving, with a desire to quit the country!" said the Major. One's own home looks wonderfully tempting just about this time of year."

The days flew. Polly's pony was brought with the Colonel's horses, and hours between sunrise and sunset she rode over the brown fields, up and down the dusty trails, with her father, and his men. The family had spent two years in Mexico, making headquarters at Santa Fe. Thus they were well used to wild out-door life and journeying.

Not an accessible crag of "Los Organos," but Polly had explored. She knew the legends and Mexican superstitions by heart. Little Joe and Nan had learned to listen for the big organ and to watch the sky for clouds that betokened wind. The camp corral lay out half a mile from the mountains, and Polly's chief delight was to hang over the cliffs nearest camp, and watch the horses, mules and her little black Cricket, as they ran up and down, rubbing against the fence, leaping and whinnying.

"Colonel, we are going to have trouble with that Garcia band yet. They were seen yesterday at St. Augustus' Pass. Brown has thirty men and horses down there. You know the new mine is doing well, and is close to the old robberies and murders."

"Papa, what *would* you do, if they should sneak into the corral?" asked Nan.

"Ask them in to Thanksgiving!" said Mrs. Baker.

"No danger of getting a chance," remarked the Major. "we've chased them half a dozen times since July, and just missed them."

"Dare to get Cricket!" exclaimed Polly. "The Great Spirit would shriek at them, and the organ play as they never heard it before!"

Thanksgiving Day had come. The long table of boards was laid in the shadow of the tents outside. White linen and napery from home. Silver spoons and china, odd dishes, platters, little pitchers and glasses that found their way in boxes and trunks. A centre-piece of green pinion tree, hanging full of pale waxen mistletoe. Polly brought her arms full of it from San Antinito. The children had made the acquaintance of the Mexicans in the small villages, and Raphiellino," a handsome lad had walked five miles to bring Polly a small, white pig. Would "La Senorita comer congusto" (eat with pleasure.) "Ah! La Vonita Senorita" (pretty lady). He stayed to see Piggy stuffed and sat before the fire to roast, exclaiming, "Ah Americanos, mucho expertos!" (very clever). When piggy was brown as a nut and quarantined between two pans, the turkey took his turn. The pies were baked in a tin oven, over coals, and the whole corps of mining engineers, took turns burning their faces before the great log fires, running back and forth from the table to the tents for supplies, bringing jugs of water from the little stream in the valley, and altogether rejoicing in the Providence who gave them the Colonel's family.

"Two hours yet before dinner. Papa wont be home for a long time, all the work is done, and the wind is rising every minute! Do let us go over to the mountains. Let's walk! all of us! give us a good appetite!"

"But, Polly," said her mother, "you will stay too long, and keep dinner waiting. These good friends don't care to go now." One glance from Polly, and all the good friends, "cared to go."

"Remember, Polly, no escapades or freaks to day. No climbing to the highest peaks. We have no time to mend broken bones Thanksgiving day."

Off they sta ted: the girls dressed in white flannel suits and caps, the Major and his comrades, armed with cactus canes, to defend themselves from "banditti" and "coyotes."

The wind was rising. The dust swept across the roads in clouds.

"Really Miss Polly. We had best turn back," said the Major. "You have no idea of these sudden winds."

"Turn back! with the wind rising like this! never! I've looked and watched for this sort of a day, ever since I came! I only wish it would rise! and roar! and shriek, just as we get to the organ! I'm wild to find out about this Great Spirit business. It's highly interesting to me!"

They stumbled along. They ran. The sky grew overcast, and the air grew chill and clear, as it often does in Mexico, in five minutes time.

"Miss Polly, keep close to Dick, I'll take care of little Nan."

"Oh my! what tender things girls look to be, in the eyes of men, but Papa says, engineers are rather conceited."

Of course the young men looked at Polly, and her blue eyes danced, and she looked so well, they forgave her. They reached "Los Organos," and climbed the lower limestone banks, then on to the sharper peaks of quartzite. They followed Polly from crag to crag, until the tall broken rocks were shaped in slender peaks. The clouds drifted about and puffs of wind struck them in their faces. Their hats were lifted off their heads, and the rocky peaks seemed to tremble. Bits of loose stone fell at their feet, and the wind came like a courier rushing, "fierce with news."

Nan dropped into a sheltered spot, and was content, but Polly with her jacket flying, her little cap in her hand, her hair tumbling away from comb or pins, sprang lightly from peak to peak, her small feet scarcely touching the rocks.

"Miss Polly, I beg of you, don't attempt that next step! See! you are—"

"Come on Major, just this one—time."

"No! I shall lift you down to the this rock, Miss Polly—"

"I hear it! I hear it! Come a little higher! how glorious! Oh, Major Young, do stand here just a minute!" (The poor distracted man vowed never to look upon the face of a pretty girl again; and wished Polly Baker safe at home with her mother).

"Such a beautiful view of our tents, the red sand hills, the corral! See Cricket holding up his head! actually listening to the organ, half a mile away! See that notch? I stand firmly in it, there's room for you too."

The Major climbed up beside her, grasped, and steadied her as best he could.

Long, low notes, sad, weird and solemn, touched the pipes. Not playful, not merry like summer winds in the leafy trees, but as a dirge over departing friends.

"How wonderful," sighed Polly. "I wish a band of Indians were here at our feet. Wouldn't it be an experience?"

The wind struck the great rocky pinnacles, with greater force. Like grand cathedral music, it chanted in the crevices of the rocks.

The Great Spirit was angry with his people. Spite of terror and displeasure with Polly, the Major and his comrades were thrilled with a strange mysterious joy. It was as an army going into battle. The whole heavens came down to meet the enemy! How solitary and alone they seemed in this great drama! Not a sound, save the moaning of the wind.

Suddenly a girl's voice rang out over the rocky peaks. Above the wailing notes of the organ, across the valley, and the camp, shriek after shriek! Then it died away into a song. The same clear, sweet girlish voice.

"The horses! the ponies! Cricket! My darling! My beauty!"

Don Garcia had thrown open the corral gate, had gone in followed by half a dozen of the band. Their cold, black eyes gleamed under wide sombreros. They had handsome trappings, silver pistols and wide belts. They had found no one in camp. Mrs. Baker had gone into her tent, the boys had left her by the Col and had gone for water. Don Garcia smiled with satisfaction. ("If Cricket would only give a loud whinny not Polly.) The horses seemed to understand that danger was near. They huddled closer together in the farther end of the corral. Three men dismounted, with quick stealthy steps, they reached Jack, the Major's fine horse, Cricket stood near; they fastened them with the same lariat.

"Boys, what's that? Don Garcia gave a low whistle, and his men strung to their horses "Look to the mountain! Caramba! Santa Maria!" Each man turned as one, looked fiercely at the organ pipes, dashed up the road like a flash. They must pass the Great Spirit. They must listen to his voice, and with eyes fixed on the tallest peaks, with muttered prayers and low oaths, they rode under the shadow of Los Organos. Their bronze faces were pale, and their lips trembled.

Polly leaned over the sharp rock. Her yellow hair was blown by the wind; her white arms and hands outstretched. She sang song after song with all the strength she could command. Her voice rose clear above the moaning wind, and like the cathedral singer fell in waves of harmony, as the great organ pealed for thits notes.

Don Garcia saw the vision. With bowed heads, they crossed themselves, and muttered prayers, and dashed off toward the Rio Grande. Fainter, and far away, the sound of their horse's feet grew to the camp.

Major Philander Young picked up the "vision," in his arms and carried her safely to the ground. "You are splendid," he said, "a darling! You've saved our horses and the camp!"

When the Colonel rode into camp, "daughter Polly" was sitting on the back of her "blessed Cricket," talking, laughing, crying and patting his neck, the centre of an admiring group. In one breath the story of the "banditti" was told.

"Didn't I tell you that *I must* hear the Great Spirit myself, and this was the very day for the organ to play. And to think I saved Cricket and heard the music! and saw with my very own eyes Don Garcia and his robber band! Oh, dear! what a glorious day!"

Never was there a merrier dinner on Thanksgiving day. Never a happier party three thousand miles from home than these hungry boys, who dined under the shadow of "Los Organos," with the Colonel's family.

Little brown piggy meekly sat on his bed of green—on a platter twice his size, holding in his mouth a branch of pale miseltoe. The turkey was perfection. The home-made jellies glorified the turkey, and biscuit glorified the whole.

The Major owns a brown stone house in Washington, D. C., and has given to the "old boys" many a royal Thanksgiving dinner since that memorable one in the land of sunshine, dust and "banditti."

Mrs. Polly Baker Young graces her husband's home with becoming dignity at the Capital, but declares no other Thanksgiving can be equal to that wonderful day in camp.

MINING "GOPHERS."

BY E. A. MATHEWS.

Near all great mines of gold or silver, there are numbers of "pockets" or places in the metal-bearing strata, where the ore seems to collect in great purity and in such a manner as to be easily handled. Especially among the gold mines these deposits are found, and in all sorts of unexpected places. There are hundreds of men among the mining hills, who make their living by "gophering." They burrow in the hillsides for the rich ore, like the sly little creatures for whom they are named.

There seems to be a peculiar fascination about pocket-mining, and those who once get interested in it are not willing to work again in the regular mines. Especially is this the case when the "Gopher" has been so lucky as to come across a full "pocket," where in a few hours, he has worked out a small fortune. On these rough hillsides, there have been many such small drifts of pure ore, and the Gophers by the aid of their sturdy burrows, have carried it only a few feet down to the running water, and there "rocked-out" comfortable fortunes with the old-fashioned "gold-rocker."

One old miner told us of a young man who was prospecting and found by accident a rich pocket. He went quietly to the task, and in a very few days had the whole "lead" safe loaded on the backs of twenty-five animals.

He hauled it to market, and after paying all expenses, found himself the owner of more than ten thousand dollars. This young man had the good sense to be satisfied, and went home with his money. But most of the Gophers are so fascinated by the apparent "luck" of the thing, that they go on trying to find another rich pocket, and then another; too often only to be sadly disappointed.

Many places abound in small drifts, and yet no large mines are near. Such localities are usually over-run by crowds who have heard of the "finds" and rush to the spot in such wild haste that there is often real suffering among hem from lack of food and lodging.

One of the richest specimens of silver ore ever found in our western mountains, was valued at 13,629 ounces in silver, and thirty ounces in gold, per ton. It was picked up in the shape of a "chunk" weighing about seven pounds, and far from any large deposit."

Such finds are not unusual, although of course, the size is wonderful. Many small fortunes are quietly accumulated by the Gophers, and many more might have the same good luck, were it not for the mad haste to get rich that seems to sweep over the camp, like a cruel epidemic, leaving no man untouched.

Among regular miners the Gophers are objects of more or less good natured tolerance, being regarded as mere "camp followers" in the great army of fortune hunters.

Sometimes there is a chance-find that makes the "Gopher" happy, and he thinks that luck has smiled on him at last. He spends this money, and many days and weeks in seeking for another and richer "pocket." Perhaps he finds it—most likely, however, he does not, and the poor "Gopher" has to try it over again.

"As hopeful as a Gopher" is a mining saying, and only those who have ever lived in a mining country can realize its meaning.

GLEANINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Brooklyn Hospital for Women and Children has a Board of sixty women managers, a hospital staff of twenty-two physicians, and a training school for women nurses. It is the only hospital in Brooklyn where women are permitted to practise.

A new Norwegian version of the Scriptures has just been published, the work of fifty years bestowed by the most competent scholars in Norway in our day.

Three sealed vases full of gold coins, said be of the Roman epoch, have been found washed up from the Danube at Orsova in Servia after a storm. They were found by an Austrian shipmaster, but the Servians now claim them as treasure trove, and have made the matter a diplomatic question.

A merchant in Germany has been fined heavily for using a quotation from the Bible to head an advertisement.

Since the Franco-Prussian war Germany has spent two thousand, two hundred million dollars on her army and navy.

Bricks made of plaster of paris and cork are now used in the construction of powder mills. In case of explosion they offer slight resistance, and are broken to atoms.

An English railway carriage company is building for an Indian potentate three superb railway carriages, which will constitute a palace on wheels. In the framework of each carriage is to be used $250 worth of teak, to resist the ravages of insects. The suit of carriages includes day and night apartments for the prince and his retinue, and also a cuisine department—the latter having facilities to carry two tons of water and two tons of ice.

DUCK SHOOTING.

All ducks are grey in the dark, might pass as a proverb with the flight shooter who practises his sport at night-fall, or with the punt-shooter who works when the deeper shades of night are on him, and at times can see so little of the form and color of his quarry that he points his great punt gun towards, and fires at the mere sound of feeding wild fowl. The shooter by daylight, however, needs to be something of a field naturalist, and to know a mallard or a pin-tail from a scaup, a smew, or a merganser. If he fail to distinguish his ducks he may easily fill his game bag with some of the most uneatable of winged creatures.

Duck are divided, not so much by the naturalist as by the sportsman, into two distinct kinds—the diving ducks, or those that seek their food at the bottom of the water; and the non-divers, or those which only dip their heads beneath the water for food, but not their bodies; or, if they dive, dive but a little way down. The divers seem to find some very questionable food in the muddy depths, for the flesh of nearly all of them is fishy in taste, tough, oily, and unfit for food. Among the divers are the pochard, the golden eye, the different kind of scoters, together with the smew, scaup, and merganser above mentioned. These ducks are all, as a rule, frequenters of the sea, and all except the pochard nearly uneatable; while the surface feeding ducks—who are, if I mistake not, eaters of vegetable matter only—haunt the sea occasionally, and love best the river, the reedy pool, and the marsh. The surface-feeding ducks comprise the mallard, or common wild duck, the teal, shoveller and garganey, the pintail and the widgeon—all birds that give excellent sport in the marsh and by the river-side and make an excellent dish in the kitchen. From this latter point of view it may be remarked that they probably owe their agreeable flavor, not so much to any intrinsic culinary virtue of their own, as to the fact that they feed on the wholesome weeds that grow in fresh water; while the non-cookable fowl feed on the fishy, briny slime of the sea bottom. In proof of which it may be observed that the diving go hard is only good to eat when he resorts to fresh water, and then he is very good; while the non-diving widgeon loses of fitness for the spit or oven when he goes to sea, as he is far too fond of doing.

There is no easier bird to approach in his inland haunts and none easier to kill flying, and none better to cook and eat than the common wild duck.

The Exact Time.

Pompey is a bright negro boy, employed to do light work and run errands in a boarding house. He has learned a good many things in the course of his eight years of life, but the art of reading a clock-face is not as yet completely under his control.

The expedients to which he resorts to conceal his ignorance on this and other points are many and amusing.

"What time is it, Pomp?" asked a young man, into whose room the boy had brought a hodful of coal, and who had not yet got out of bed.

Pompey studied the clock-face anxiously for some seconds, and then said in an ingratiating tone:

"It's one o' dem times dat I can jes percisely mak' out what time it am. Mist' Wilkins, sah. But one ob de hands is pintin' todes you, sah, an' de udder is pintin' right todes me, sah, an' I recken you know 'zactly what time dat am."

A POOR RIDER.

"So you saw Charley Smithers yesterday?" said one girl.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Was he on horseback?"

"Y-Yes. A second or so at a time."

HARD ON SMIGGINS.

"Ah! If I were only that ring on your finger!" sighed young Mr. Smiggins.

"Yes," replied the fair girl. "If you were you'd be worth five hundred dollars."

The Boston girl never hollers "hello" at the mouth of a telephone. She simply says, as she puts the receiver to her ear, "I take the liberty of addressing you via a wire surcharged with electricity.

Mrs. Struckle—Are these the very best diamond rings you have?

Jeweler—Yes, madam, they are diamonds of the very first water.

Mrs. Struckle—I will take them if you are sure the water was boiled first.

SOME ADVANTAGE.

Rosalie—He's an awful homely man, my dear.

Grace—Yes, but there's something in it. He's nice and rich as can be, and when he calls has only to look at the clock to stop it.

A Birmingham (England) steel worker committed suicide in a simple way. He put his head under a trip hammer and had it smashed.

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J. ☻

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

NEVER FAILS!

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammation,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Frostbites, Chilblains, Headache, Toothache, Asthma,

DIFFICULT BREATHING

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists

ASK FOR RADWAY'S.

Mrs. Sarah Muir
Of Minneapolis.

"I was for a long time a sufferer from

Female Weakness

and tried many remedies and physicians, to no good purpose. One bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla made so great a difference in my condition that I took three bottles more and found myself perfectly well. I have also given

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to the children, and find that it keeps them in good health." MRS. SARAH MUIR, 836 16th av., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills.

Found a Petrified Standing Forest.

F. B. Schemerhorn, geologist, who recently discovered the great glaciers in Idaho County, has found a fossil forest in the center of Custer County, Idaho. In the same locality he has discovered the petrified bones of a now extinct race of men and animals, which will be sent to Chicago.

The forest an area of four square miles, and the condition of the ground shows that at one time an enormous flow of clay which worked in from the northwest buried the tree trunks to a great depth. This clay has turned to stone, and no one can ascertain its true depth without going to great expense. All the trees in this forest have their tops broken off and stand from ten to forty feet above the ground, averaging about twenty-eight to the acre. Schemerhorn took the exact measurement of some of the trees and found them to average twelve feet in diameter on top and sixteen feet in diameter at the surface of the ground. How far the trunk reached through the clay stone to the soil he had no means of ascertaining. A branch which had become detached from a tree and was lying about sixteen feet from it was three feet in diameter. From the size of the trees and their branches Mr. Schemerhorn thinks they are a species of redwood, such as is found in California, and attributes their fossilization to the clay, which, bearing a large part of mineral and presumably coming from some volcano, soon turned the living trees into monuments of stone.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Your Work in Life.

A series of 13 articles by successful men in as many pursuits is one of the many strong groups of articles which are announced in *The Youth's Companion* for 1889. "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw" is the topic of another series by United States Generals. The prospectus for the coming year of *The Companion* is more varied and generous than ever. Those who subscribe at once will receive the paper free to Jan. 1, 1889, and 1 year in full year from that date. Only $1.75 a year. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

—The Bank of England requires 50 folio ledgers for its daily accounts.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

For my part, I shall take care, if I can, that my death discover nothing that my life had not first and openly declared.

What Stronger Proof

Is needed of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla than the hundreds of letters continually coming in telling of marvellous cures it has effected after all others remedies had failed?

Hood's Pills cure constipation.

DIDN'T WANT THE EARTH.

She—Ma says I am her own darling. She will think you want the earth when you ask her for me.

He—But I don't. I only want Mars' darling.

BECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous illness. Beecham's Pills sell well because they cure. 25 cents a box.

A military captain, desirous of inspiring a soldier with patriotic sentiments, asked him the following question: "What would you think if you saw a banner waving over the field of battle?"

"I should think the wind was blowing," was the man's reply.

A HEAVY SENTENCE.

So many walls need pretty coverings that

the Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 N. 11th St., Phila., have sentenced to be hung this fall, some 50,000 pieces of Wall Paper. Send four two cent stamps for samples of embossed papers for 10 and 12 cents.

RATHER WIRY.

Mrs. Slimdiet—What has made your throat so sore, Mr. Newboarder?

Newboarder—I think it must have been the steak.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

WANTED TO SEE HIM.

Clara—I got a note from a drummer the other day who said he would give the world to kiss me.

Maude—What did you reply?

Clara—I told him to call on me with a full line of samples.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline's, 931 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa.

First Office Boy—That dentist in room 48 don't seem to do much business.

Second Office Boy—Why?

First Office Boy—I never hear anybody yelling in there.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

Publisher—I wish you would write us a good sea story.

Great Author—But I have never been to sea.

Publisher—I know it. I want a sea story that people can understand.

HUMOROUS.

"I hear bandits are holding your boy Peter for ransom."

"No," returned the banker. "They threaten to send him back if I don't pay. I shall pay.

Waiter—Er—It's customary here for the guests to remember the waiters, sir.

Irate Patron (who has been poorly served)—Well, I should think it would be.

Trivvet—What are you doing, Dicer?

Dicer—I am still looking for something to turn up.

Trivvet—But you don't need to look farther than your nose for that.

Judge—You were alone when you committed the robbery?

Delinquent—Yes, your worship. You see, when you've got a mate you never know whether he's honest or not.

"When the girl is shy and offish," said Cleangone, "courtship is mighty hard work."

"It may be," said Gethere, "but it is a kind of work that a man generally puts his heart into."

Ethel—Just Wait a moment Hetty, until I show you the lovely engagement ring Gerald gave me.

Hetty—Oh, never mind, dear; I wore it for six months myself and know just how it looks.

THE OTHER SIDE.

He—I suppose his marrying you depends on what your father finds out about him?

She—Well, partially—and partially about what he finds out about papa. Fortunately papa has the advantage of experience.

People do not discover it until *too late*, that the so called washing powders not only eat up their clothes, but ruin their skin, and cause rheumatism. Use *nothing* but Dobbins's Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

NOT RIGHTLY NAMED.

First Boy—What sort o' birds are those?

Second Boy—Those are chimney swallows.

First Boy—Get out! Their mouths ain't big enough. I don't believe they can swallow anything bigger than flies.

48 812

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED With Pastes, Powders, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Sold by all druggists.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. ☻ Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Garfield Tea Overcomes effects of bad eating, Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complexion, Saves Doctors' Bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 218 W. 42d St., N.Y.

Cures Constipation

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

GUITAR BANJO, Violin or Mandolin 1st strings, Silver 3 Steel Strings, we sell 5 for 10c. Send 4c for catalogue of Musical Instruction. C. BREHM, Erie, Pa.

WANTED—Active men and women agents to sell 8 vital Abominations. Work, big money. Sells like wildfire. Address B. E. WHITMAN & CO., Harrisburg, Pa.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Cure Fits, Nervous Prostration, Palpitation, ASTHMA. Sold by all Druggists. Circulars free. Kidder Chemical Co., Northampton, Mass.

PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald, Washington, D. C. 48-page book free.

WHAT DO WOMEN LIKE BEST?

A well-known conversationalist and man of the world, who prided himself upon his accurate knowledge of the fair sex, was once asked what he considered the average woman best loved to do. He replied, "To influence man." He was probably not far wrong. Women have an inborn love of influencing others, as they have an inborn love often of pretty children, of pet dogs, and of good-natured husbands. They delight in reclaiming the supposed irreclaimable, in painting the black sheep white, in transforming the doubtful sinner into the undoubted saint. Men, as a race, have by no means the same worship for influence. They are much more content to leave things as they find them than are women. The average woman's intense love of influence shows itself in a thousand ways. She delights in influencing even a thing without life such, for instance, as a room. She comes to stay in a hotel, occupies an apartment that is lost to all the proprieties, that is hard as to chimney piece, cold as to walls, offensive in carpets, immodest in oleographs, an utter rascal of a room. What does she do? Why, she influences that room with photographs, leads it to better things with rugs and chairbacks, breaks down its harshness of aspect with flowers, makes it positively attractive with books and nick-nacks. A man could have furnished it with his favorite pipe and been amply satisfied. Nearly all good women possess this passion for influence, and so do many bad ones, but men as a general rule are inclined to be unconscious of, or to ignore, the fact. They feel it, but they do not know it. A bad man who marries a good woman is very much more likely to become good than to make his wife bad, for the influence exercised by women is far more subtle than the influence exercised by men, and in subtlety lies its strength. For even the weakest people are apt to object to being influenced. It strikes them as *infra dig.*, as humiliating, as slightly lowering, and when they know what is happening they struggle—they kick feebly against the pricks. Women seem instinctively to be aware of this, and hence their subtlety. What people like best, they are, of course, always striving after, and certainly if we look around we cannot remain unaware of the passion for influence possessed by nearly all women. Sometimes this passion brings its curse and punishment with it. Nothing can be more painful than to see an exhibition of desire without any power to back it up. The weak woman who strives weakly to impress her personality upon one stronger than herself provides unconsciously the material of a tragedy at which it is dreary to assist as a spectator. Such a tragedy is as common in life as the clouds are common in the sky, or the tearful dewdrop on the morning flowers. And the weak woman will never be convinced of her weakness. She gets perhaps to like a personality that, strange to say objects strongly—or thinks she objects strongly—to most of the character details which make up that personality, and, deliberately unaware of her weakness, she begins to tinker. She falls in love with the paper on the walls, and forthwith tries to cover it with little pictures poorly painted by her own fair hands. She struggles to impress herself upon that which has impressed her, and, not contented with being influenced, insists upon trying to influence. She will not understand that the person who influences you is by no means the most likely person for you to influence. This sort of woman is greatly to be pitied. She is the turning squirrel in the Page of life, and hopes all the time that she is recovering the ground instead of futilely gyrating in a fixed circle. Then there is the woman who is influential because she is so unselfconscious. She does not know what she is doing and for that reason, perhaps, she does it the more effectively. Influence emanates imperceptibly from her. The irritable husband succumbs to her calm good nature. The passionate lover bows the neck beneath the shining yoke of her purity. She is influential when she only pours out tea charmingly, and her very mode of dress shows visible signs of temperament which—unlike the serpent tree—seizes to save and not to slay. No wonder women love to influence more than they love to do anything else. The little girl is trying to influence her hard featured, implacable-bodied wooden doll when she clothes its thin and many cornered wooden limbs in radiant garments of new Parisian cut, touches up its cheeks with the pigments that find a home in the shilling paint box, and twists its socketed arms into strange beckoning, defiant, or pleading attitudes. The schoolrom miss tries her 'prentice hand upon the rough schoolboy brother, or, more often still, upon the rough schoolboy brother's beloved chum, who as likely as not meets her for the first time, a wooden doll all corners, parts from her a rather wax personage who has been subjected to not a little melting before certain maidenly fires. The girl emancipated from the schoolroom soon finds a lover to influence, and later the wife is unwearied in her efforts to leave some impress upon the character of her husband. Yes, probably the conversationalist who prided himself upon his knowledge of women was not far wrong. They read, or do not read, are hardy or gentle, kind or cruel, sentimental or practical as the case may be. But, depend upon it, the average woman loves better than anything else to influence that complex creature, that solid enigma, that being whom women can so frequently make or mar, "man, foolish"—forgive the adjective, male readers, we only insert it for the sake of the quotation—"foolish man."

"Papa," asked little Ethel, after a season of deep thought, "did you have any idea that I would go right along living with you and being your daughter the first time we were introduced?"

Editor's Son—"I asked papa when the millennium was comin', an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was going to rain next Fourth of July; an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor."

READY FOR HOSTILITIES.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Did you pound the steak well?

Servant—Yes, mum.

"And steam the bread?"

"Yes, mum."

"Well, put some cologne in the butter and call the boarders to breakfast.

He—Why is it that men are not given to saying spiteful things of other members of their sex as women are?

She—I suppose it is because they are too busy bragging about themselves.