"SOME VERSES CAROL."

Who verses carol blithely as a bird,
And hint of violet and asphodel;
While others slowly strike a funeral bell,
Or call like clarionets till, spirit-stirred,
We hear the mustering tramp in every word
Come, the ocean pounds with sledges of hell,
Or Neptune posts with blare of trumpet-shell
By shores that visionary seas engird.
Is soft as flutes, they croon the lullabies
Of cradle-years; play clear as citherns; wail
Like harps Æolian in the grieving winds;
Some are the deep-drawn human moan by pale
And silent faces—'neath lack-luster skies—
Peering through panes on darkness unconfined!

—Henry Jerome Stockard, in the Century.

THE SON OF A TAILOR.

BY CHARLES STOKES WAYNE.

YOUNG Engfer remembered quite distinctly that morning seven years ago, when Miss Sturgis had come with her mother to his father's shop to be measured for a riding-habit. He remembered the frock of large plaid that she wore, all green and blue and black, and he remembered her blue felt hat with its ostrich feathers; but what had made a still deeper impression upon his boyish mind was her pretty pink-and-white face, her great hazel eyes, and her sunny curls, which, after being caught at the nape of her neck with a dark blue ribbon, went rippling down over her rough brown coat nearly to her waist. He had stood at the little desk in the corner, making out bills—for it was a Saturday, and, there being no school, he was engaged at his usual holiday occupation.

He was sixteen then, and he fancied that she was a year or two younger; for he had overheard her mother say that it was her first riding-habit, and that they did not care for an expensive one, because she would outgrow it. He recalled that she had blushed at this, as though it were a crime to be young and growing, and that a feeling of resentment had come into his heart against her mother for subjecting her to such an embarrassment.

Seven years had wrought a great many changes, but the shop was in the same old place there on Sixth avenue, under the shapow of the Jefferson Market Police Court's brick walls, and with the elevated railroad trains rumbling past the windows of the upper room where he studied and where he slept. Karl Engfer, the tailor's son, however, was no longer a school-boy, looking after his father's books and making out his father's bills on holidays. He was now a student at the general theological seminary—a Protestant Episcopal clergyman in embryo—and he wore sombre black garments of a somewhat clerical cut to indicate his chosen profession.

Why he had gone into the church he hardly dared to confess, even to himself, because he was really a conscientious young fellow at heart, and he believed that there was such a thing as a divine call to the priesthood. In his case he doubted if the call was divine. The orthodox teachings of a maiden lady who presided over the class in the mission Sunday-school that he attended on Carmine street had not been without effect. He had accepted the Scripture as truth, he had been baptized and he had been confirmed, but the impulse to go forth and preach the Gospel had come rather from a wish to elevate himself above the level of the surroundings in which he had been born and raised, than from any burning desire to lift his fellow-man clough of despond.

Young Engfer now and then inflicted upon himself a sort of moral flagellation. At such times he opened his own heart to his own honest gaze, and he invariably found there a deeper underlying motive for his course, of which he was half ashamed. It was nothing more nor less than an ambition to gain a position from which he might aspire to the love of the little maid in the plaid frock who had ordered her first riding-habit from his father on that Saturday seven years ago.

It would not have been an unworthy ambition, he told himself, under other circumstances. If it were only a secondary consideration! If he had given himself to the church first, and this desire had come afterward, he could have pacified his chiding conscience with the assurance that a wife such as Madeline Sturgis would make him would be of incalculable assistance to him in his parochial work; but now he felt that he was using his holy calling as a means to accomplish an end that was distinctly selfish, and as such hypocritically base.

These moods, as might be supposed, were morbidly depressing. All the afternoon he had been fighting over again in his heart the same old battle between the right and the wrong of it; and now, tired out by the struggle, he had come down from his little upper room into the tailor shop on the ground floor, and was standing looking out through the glass door at the passing throngs on the avenue.

Workingmen and workingwomen were hurrying home from their day's toil; the surface cars were crowded, and at short intervals long, heavy trains thundered by on the elevated road overhead. The hurry-scurry of the scene diverted him for the moment, and he would probably have been lifted completely out of his doldrums, had not that one name, spoken by the [illegible] fallen upon his ear.

The old man was evidently in trouble. He had spoken, somewhat graciously, to his cutter, who was busy chalking out a pair of trousers, which were for Herr Fleischman, the walking gentleman at Amberg's Theatre, and which must be finished in time for the premier of the new comedy on the following evening. His question was as to who would carry home a certain riding habit for "Miss Sturgis." The errand-boy was out. Karl knew that it was the busiest season of the year with his father, and that Gottlieb, the cutter, could not be spared for outdoor service. But the garment was promised and must be sent.

Karl turned away from the door.

"Let me take it, father," he said. "It's only a step down to Washington place, and I don't mind."

The old German protested, but Karl insisted, and eventually the father reluctantly consented to allow his son, of whom he was more than proud, and for whom he had ambitions that towered to a bishopric, to deliver the parcel.

In any American city other than New York the spectacle of a young man so well dressed carrying a bundle on a crowded thoroughfare would have attracted attention, but in the metropolis people are more apt to mind their own business than are the people elsewhere, and so it happened that as Karl made his way down Sixth avenue with the riding-habit wrapped in a brown paper under his arm, scarcely a head was turned to look after him. Had it been otherwise, however, it is doubtful whether the young theological student would have observed it. He was plunged deeply in thought, and as his feet traversed the six or seven blocks that lay between his father's shop and the Sturgis residence his mind traveled once again over the seven years that had intervened since that eventful day when Madeline Sturgis had come into his life.

As he looked back at the boy that he was then he wondered how he had ventured to let the seed of hope take root in his heart. The son of a cheap German tailor; his companions, like himself, the children of poor tradesmen—it was certainly a wild notion that possessed him to woo and win this aristocratic little maiden, whose people were not only rich enough to buy and sell him and his father a thousand times over, but were of a social stratum far above that in which the Englers lived and moved and had their being.

He remembered how he had carried home that first riding-habit when it was finished, and how he had been asked to wait in the dining-room until Miss Sturgis could try it on and ascertain whether it was entirely satisfactory; and he recalled how he had sat there in that basement apartment with its extension table and its leather-covered chairs; how he had looked with admiration upon the engravings in walnut frames that hung upon the walls and how he had hoped, all the time, that there might be some complaint, so that the little lady would come down to show him just what was wrong, and he could get another glimpse of her. But his father was a good workman. The habit was all that could be desired and he had returned home disappointed.

The days when he saw Madeline he called his red-letter days, and for a time they were fewer than those that are indicated in the printed calendars. One January afternoon, however, Mrs. Sturgis had come into the shop and had asked his father if Karl would not like to go to the mission Sunday-school on Carmine street, in which she was very much interested, and his father, who would have gone through fire and flood to please a customer, so fearful was he of losing a dollar's worth of trade, had said that Karl would certainly be there on the following Sunday.

From that time on he saw her more frequently, and his infatuation increased in proportion. She taught a class of small boys across the aisle from where he usually sat, and on more than one occasion the maiden lady who presided over the group of larger boys, of which he was one, was compelled to demand with some emphasis his return to the business of the hour, his gaze having a way of wandering repeatedly from his catechism or his Bible to the face of the pretty little teacher in the opposite pew.

One incident that he recalled with some pleasure had occurred on a Sunday afternoon in early spring. He had noticed that Mrs. Sturgis was not present in the chapel; that Madeline had come alone; and he had wondered all through the lesson whether it would seem rude on his part, after the close of the session, to offer to walk home with her. If he only could, he thought, it would be the happiest day of his life; but he feared that she might think him impudent and presuming, and, when the school was dismissed and the scholars and teachers filed out into the street, he lacked the courage to go forward and speak to her.

But his happiness had come, nevertheless; for in following her at what he considered a most respectful distance, his eyes never once leaving her lithe young figure, clad in a well fitting spring jacket that his father had put with his own hand, he had seen her rudely jostled by a drunken man, and had dashed to her aid almost before he realized what he was doing. The recollection of her gratitude was one of his most cherished memories; and now, as he turned into Washington place, he was thinking of how, on that occasion, her manner was so cordial and so completely lacking in any indication that she recognized any difference whatever in their social station.

He remembered that it was on that day that his determination to study for the ministry was formed, and that it grew out of her telling him that the assistant minister at the mission had dined with them on the evening before.

"The day will come," he had thought, "when I, too, may be asked there to dine."

And now he was thinking that day night not be so far distant; for, was he not going to the mission, the week following, to take the place, temporily, of that very same assistant minister, the Rev. Mr. David, who, he had heard, was to be married and go to Europe for a three months' honeymoon tour?

"Yes, it was true, as Lord Beaconsfield had said: "Any man may be what he makes up his mind to be."

By the time young Engfer reached the Sturgis residence he had walked and thought himself out of the gloom of his blues and his self chidings into the radiant sunshine of a hope deferred that was on the verge of realization; and he whistled softly a merrier air than was to be found in the hymnal, as he tripped lightly down the stone steps of the areaway, and rang the bell.

It was his intention to hand in the bundle and to make off as quickly as possible. He had no notion of being recognized, and above all he wished to avoid the possibility of a request to await in the dining room, as he had of yore, the verdict as to fit. In making these plans he had counted upon the bell being answered by a housemaid, and when, instead of a servant, the door was opened by Miss Sturgis herself, his mode of procedure was, of necessity, somewhat altered. To escape recognition was out of the question, and, as he realized that in his effort to serve the woman he most cared to please he had put himself in a position that was likely to lower him in her estimation, he blushed to the roots of his flaxen hair.

"Why, Mr. Engfer," she exclaimed, "I am so sorry you went to this trouble!"

"Well, you see I—that is father," he stammered, "thought that possibly you were expecting it, and—"

"Yes, I was expecting it," Miss Sturgis put in; "in fact, I was very anxious for it. I couldn't wait for Delia to get to the door; but I had no idea that you would have to bring it."

"I was coming this way," Karl prevaricated, "and I offered—"

"Won't you come in?" the young woman interrupted again. "You can spare a moment, can't you? We shan't treat you as an errand boy, you know"—and she laughed in a way that made young Engfer hesitate between embarrassment and pleasure.

"I'm afraid," he began to protest, "that I can't stop this evening. I have—"

"Just a minute," Miss Sturgis pleaded. "You must let me thank you for your trouble; and then, I want to congratulate you, too."

Karl followed her into the dining-room, where the table was spread for dinner.

"Sit down," she said, and she drew a chair out for him and another for herself. "Now, Mr. Engfer," she went on, "I am awfully obliged to you for having brought me my habit."

As the young man looked at her in the soft light cast by the pink shades that adorned the candles in the candelabra he thought he had never before realized how beautiful she was. She was so bright this evening, too—so cheering—and, what was dearer to him than all else, she was really almost familiar. The chasm which had once seemed so wide between them was growing narrower and narrower. There was no doubt of that. Once he was ordained the breach might easily be closed entirely.

"And now," she went on, "I want to offer you my congratulations upon the good news I heard to-day; that you are coming to the mission to take Mr. David's place."

Karl could hardly believe that he heard aright. Could it be that she was actually pleased that Mr. David was going away? At one time during the latter part of his attendance at the mission Sunday-school he had thought that she cared something for the young divine, and he had really been a little jealous of him.

"You are very kind, Miss Sturgis," he said, "very kind. Do you take as much interest in the mission as formerly?"

"Oh, dear, yes. More than ever!"

"Then I suppose I shall see a good deal of you, there?"

"Of me?" she asked, surprisedly. "Oh, you don't know, then! Why I thought every one knew. Haven't you heard whom Mr. David is going to marry?"

A sharp pain as from a knife thrust, shot through Karl's heart. He seemed suddenly unable to breathe. There was a rumbling, rushing sound in his head and a swaying, darkening cloud before his eyes. He was conscious of a tingling chilliness, and then of a numbness in his hands, his feet, and his legs from the knees down. He made an effort to pull himself together—to hide his feelings—but he failed. He felt that he was stifling; that he must get into the fresh air, at any cost; and he heard himself mumbling something, he scarcely knew what, his voice seemed so strange and unnatural.

The next moment he was stumbling up the area steps on to the sidewalk; and an instant later he had come into collision with some one who was about to mount the stoop.

The shock steadied him. He started to apologize, but the words died on his tongue. The light of a street lamp across the way had revealed to him the face which he had suddenly come to abhor—the face of the one man in all the world whom he hated; the face of the thief who had robbed him of a hope that for seven years had been to him more than life itself, and of an ambition that had raised him from the level of his own people to a place of which he might well have been proud.

Instinctively he clinched his fists, and a fire came into his eyes. Then, suddenly, he grew dizzy again. Iron fingers seemed to be pressing upon his temples with the terrible clutch of death, and he staggered away like a drunken man.

He wandered the streets for hours; a whirl of memories in his brain, a leaden weight upon his heart—up one thoroughfare and down another, through by-ways, in and out of blind alleys, seeing no thing, caring for nothing but to escape from himself and the torture that was within him.

Presently he became conscious of the sound of lapping waves—the murmur of waters—and a chill in the air that pierced him to the marrow. Recalled thus to a realization of his physical being, he glanced down, to see that he was standing on the extreme end of a long pier, with the dark river flowing below. A keen wind was blowing in his face; a thousand lights glittered on the opposite shore.

"Another step," he murmured, "and I should have been out of it all. Why did I not take that one as I took the others? And, oh, I must have taken so many to-night. How tired I am!"

He stood for a moment in hesitation. Something was whispering to him to take that one step more. It was for her, it told him, that he had adopted the church as his calling. Of what use was all his learning—his Greek and Latin and Hebrew, his knowledge of the Bible, his knowledge of theology! What good would he do?

Then another voice, lower, sweeter, more tender in its pleading, spoke to him. It seemed borne on the wind, which had suddenly died to a zepher. It answered the questions, one and all. It breathed encouragement. It bade him look up.

He raised his eyes heavenward. Across the river, above the roofs and chimneys and spires of the sleeping city was a faint but ever-increasing band of light. A new day was dawning.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

WISE WORDS.

The flowers shed no tears.

What women say, men do.

Credit is the character of cash.

We lose the bud in the blossom.

Travel should be a great educator.

Learn something from everything.

Covetousness is a chrysalis of crime.

Nature abhors a vacuum in the affections.

Avarice is a vise that squeezes men's souls.

Injustice may begin before its object exists.

The person without will has a malady incurable.

Happiness is to pleasure as home is to a hotel.

The more we forget the better satisfied we are.

The girl who doesn't think, seldom lets her parents think for her.

A little history every day makes a well informed man in a few years.

Cupid can't shoot straight. His arrows never go through the centers of two hearts.

Suffering alone might break the untried spirit, but with the prop of happiness it is bent to grace.

One sees how ridiculous or misplaced is a fashion or a passion only when its days of prestige are over.

One's wishes are never so fully regarded and so promptly executed as during the vociferous period of infancy.

Life is an angel. Some men are born where the lines meet, and they broaden as they grow; others are born at the wide end and narrow down the further along they get.

AT A PARK BALL.

Mme. Aubernon Rules Her Guests in "the Most Autocratic Way.

In the Century, Th. Bentzon has a bright and Gossipy article on "Conversation in France." The writer describes at length and with great admiration, the salon of Mme. Aubernon, whose Saturday dinners are one of the features of Paris social life. Her guests are chosen with the most particular care, and she herself sees that they take up only worthy topics for discussion.

Some lazy minds think that conversation at Mme. Aubernon's dinners must be work rather than pleasure, and that she behaves among her guests like the leader of a symphony, bringing each instrument to action or to silence. It is perfectly true that she permits no private chats between neighbors, which would be a trespass against the good traditions of the eighteenth century; she finds it impolite and vulgar, injurious to the general effect, and when by some rare chance it happens, she rings a tiny bell in the most decided way. She was punished once for the tyranny. While some one was speaking—I think it was Bardoux, the biographer of Chateaubriand's lovely friends, Mme. de Beaumont and Mme. de Custine,—another guest whispered to the lady seated next to him; the tinkling of the bell stopped his untimely words. When M. Bardoux had ended, Mme. Aubernon bade the guilty one speak in his turn.

"What had you to say?" she inquired.

"Oh, little, very little," he answered in a rather distressed way.

"I am sure it was something valuable; we cannot afford to lose it. Pray, speak out!"

With hypocritical modesty the other demurred. At last, with eyes lowered upon his plate, he answered. "I was saying I would willingly have taken a little more salad."

There was a laugh and some confusion for the autocrat. In truth Mme. Aubernon deserves to be called by Dr. Holmes—who, if he chose would have the seat at her right hand—the autocrat of the dinner table.

Nor are the Saturday dinners the only ones she gives; there is a Wednesday dinner for younger and less well-trained guests—diners o anarchists, as she calls them, before they get to be tamed and broken to harness.

HAD A POWER OF ETERNITY.

Mike Was Weak in Legal Lore but Strong in Dog and Gun.

"Speaking of the term 'power of attorney,'" said a well-known lawyer the other day to a New York Evening Sun man, "reminds me of a little incident that occurred to Judge —— and myself last spring up in Sullivan County. We were out for a week's trouting and determined to poach on the preserves of a fishing club which had secured control of the river for a distance of several miles and where public fishing was strictly forbidden. We knew that part of the creek was guarded by an old Irishman in the employ of the club who patrolled the banks, accompanied by a ferocious-looking bull dog and a gun identified with the revolutionary period, but we decided to take chances rather than return with empty creels. So on the following morning just at the peep of day, we sneaked up creek, through the woods and struck in at a point just out of sight of the club house. We had a glorious time until about 9 o'clock and had filled our creels to the crowding point when suddenly old Mike, with his dog and gun, appeared on the opposite bank. "'Av yez don't come out Oi'll sic the dog on yez!' roared Mike. This time I looked up, but pretended not to understand.

"'Yes!' I shouted back, 'it's a fine day!'

"'A foine day is it?' bellowed the irate Celt: 'Shure ye'll think it's a dommed bad day if yez don't come over here out o' thot!' And Mike began to finger the antique musket ominously. I began to think it was time to temporize.

"'By what authority do you order us out of this stream?' I asked as severely as I could.

"'Be what autoority is it?' screamed Mike, 'be what autoority! Shure an' I'd have yez know thot I've full power av eternity over the creek, an' av yez don't come out I'll blow the top o' yer heads off.'

"This was too much. We didn't mine the dog or the gun, but a 'full power of eternity' was something we didn't want to contend with, so we yielded and left the stream."

The Dome of the Capitol.

In a sketch of "Washington as a Spectacle," in the Century, Marion Crawford says of the Capitol:

To the architect, the fact that the dome is of iron is a flaw in the nobility of the whole, but no ordinary eye can detect the change of material at that elevation. There are hours of the day, especially toward evening in spring, when there is a wonderful fascination in the distant view, as one approaches the Capitol along Pennsylvania avenue. It has a distinctness of proportion with a soft grace of outline, all in many tones of white against the misty evening sky, such as cannot be likened to anything in any other city. It suggests nothing ancient, nothing national, nothing old-fashioned, and yet it has nothing distinctly modern about it. Symbolical, it may be, for one may find symbols in all that man makes with a purpose, for all that man can think, and in nature for all that is beyond man's skill and craft. Let it be a symbol, then, and a good one of some good thing. Calm, lovely, high in air, with a beauty of its own, not beyond criticism, assuredly, but perhaps beyond imitation after its manner, crowned by the very handiwork of one of us,—of one, whose hands worked lovingly,—let it be a symbol it may be, not of the strife which has been striven under its shadow, but of that good state to which honest strife may bring us.

A Kissable Compliment.

Jack—I am coming to the conclusion that I must be something of an idiot. May—Dear me! Why? Jack—I have noticed that the most idiotic fellows woo and win the loveliest girls and here I am after winning the loveliest girl in the world. May—Oh, Jack! (Ecstatic silence)—Truth.

Sized Up.

Miss Breezy—Oh, what delicious dreams of bonnets they are going to wear. And I know just the bonnet I want! I have it all in my mind now. Miss Curtly—My! Are they so awfully small, then?—Exchange

That Tired Feeling

is due to an impoverished condition of the blood. It should be overcome without delay, and the best way to accomplish this result is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will purify and vitalize the blood, give strength and appetite and produce sweet and refreshing sleep. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea, and biliousness.

FREE!

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WE HAVE a limited number of very fine steel engraved copies of Ocean Steamships, especially suitable for adornment of office walls. These engravings are of the finest character and workmanship, in size 27x42½ inches, copy of which we will take pleasure in forwarding you upon receipt of 50 cents to defray the express charge.

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Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
CONSUMPTION.

Specific Knowledge.

Teacher—Now, Mildred, suppose I give you and Freddie an apple divided into four pieces and Freddie takes two of the pieces, how many would you have left? Mildred—Not any. Teacher—Not any! I'm afraid you don't know the lesson. Mildred—Oh, it isn't that, ma'am; you don't know Freddie.—Exchange.

Found a Use for it.

Tramp—I'm very much obliged for that piece of fresh bread you gave me, mum. Young Housekeeper—You are welcome. Tramp—Yes, mum. It was a little too doughy to eat, mum, but it tightened my leaky shoes up elegant.—New York Weekly.

Similar Tastes.

"How nicely Bildad and his wife get along!" "Yes; their tastes are similar, you see. They both are fond of men's company. He finds it at the club, and she at home in his absence."—Boston Exchange.

Not Noticeable.

"Were you admiring my bathing suit?" she asked, as he stood on the sand heap looking at her with admiration in his eyes. "No," he replied, "I had not noticed your suit."—New York Press.

Pertinent and Impertinent.

The Governor—My boy, if I had toiled and slaved you could never carry on this way. Why don't you attend to business? The Wayward—Why? So your grandson can carry on!—Truth.

A Little Ambiguous.

"Beg pardon," said the missionary, "but will you translate his majesty's remark again? Did he tell his daughter that he was to have guests to dinner or for dinner?—Indianapolis Journal.

Running.

"How shall I enter the money the cashier skipped with?" asked the bookkeeper; "under the profit and loss?" "No; suppose you put it under the running expenses."—Toronto Reporter.

To Decide a Bet.

Col. Henry House—So I've caught you in the act of lifting my rooster, have I? Uncle Mose—Jes as I made ma bet, Mas'r House; he don't heft into two poun's alongside o' mine.

A Great Advantage.

Cymbals—Squiggles going to play the cornet? He'll never do anything with it. He has no lip at all. Bass Viol—But just think of his magnificent check!—Boston Transcript.

What He Was.

Bobby—Papa's the captain of our ship and mamma's the pilot. His Teacher—And what are you? Bobby—I'm the compass, I suppose—they're always boxing me.—Truth.

An Easy Position.

Dick—Hello, Jim! Where do you work now? Jim—Work? What yer givin' us? I don't work. I'm a plumber's helper, I am.—Boston Transcript.

Know How It Is Themselves.

Inquiring Child—Papa, why do people cry at weddings? Papa (abstractedly)—Most of 'em have been married themselves.—Pearson's Weekly.

$100 Reward. $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Malebranche became so excited when reading anything that interested him that he was frequently obliged to pause from palpitation of the heart.

What Do You Take

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood.

Purely vegetable—**Hood's Pills**—25c.

Philadelphia has 2,000 miles of regularly laid out streets, and 300 miles of street car lines. It produces every year $500,000,000 worth of goods.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

The famous De Saussay wrote a folio volume composed of panegyrics of persons whose name was Andrew, because that was his own name.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Cardinal Richelieu was a dramatic writer of much ability. Several of his plays are included in the collection of literary works of his time.

The Chinese stamp bars or ingots of gold or silver with their weight and fineness and pass from hand to hand as coin.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT

A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS.

Humorous Anecdotes Gleaned from Various Sources—Something to Read Which Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Retiring.

Did He Look Like It?

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy?" "Mamma," said Willie, wiping the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"—Vogue.

Quite Unsympathetic.

Birdie McHennepin and her brother were at the sea-shore. "Oh, see that!" exclaimed Birdie. "See what?" inquired the stoical John. "Why, see that little cloudlet just above the wavelet like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene." "Oh, come, you had better go out to the pumplet in the back yardlet and soak your little headlet."—Texas Siftings.

Not Natural.

"The clock," said the man who was looking through the Senate chamber, "don't call out the hour no way, does it?" "No," replied the guide. "Whose property is it?" "Why, it belongs to the Union." "To which?" "To the Union." "An' don't strike? No, siree. Ye can't fool me."—Washington Star.

A Plausible Explanation.

Son—I simply can't get this lesson. Father—Don't give it up, Thomas. Remember that Gen Grant's great successes were largely due to the fact that he never knew when he was licked. Son—Then he must have worn a board in the seat of his trousers, same as Billy Brown does.—Judge.

Quite Different.

"I hear that Miss Headbigh's engagement is off." "Yes." "What's the trouble?" "She made a mistake in her fiance's position." "Why, he runs a big summer hotel, don't he?" "She thought so. He said he was a big summer hotel runner. And he is."—Exchange.

American Weddings.

Foreigner—Your young girls are the pictures of health; but why do the married women look so delicate? American—Oh, they always work themselves sick getting ready for the wedding.—New York Weekly.

Anxious to Please.

Mrs. Weeds (in a bookstore)—Have you got "Baxter's Saints' Rest?" Clarklets who used to work in a drug store)—No-o, I'm afraid not; but we have something just as good that we put up ourselves.

Alas, Poor Yorick!

"Have you heard about poor Jackson? It's all over with him. He's been buried alive." "Great heavens! How'd it happen?" "Moved to Brooklyn."—New York World.

Origin of the Dollar Mark.

Not less than a score of theories have been advanced as to the origin of the dollar mark ($). Of these the St. Louis Republic believes the following to be the most plausible:

1. That it is a combination of the "U. S.," the initials of the United States.

2. That it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar formally called a "piece of eight."

3. That it is derived from a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, consisting of two needle-like towers or pillars connected with a scroll. The old Spanish coins marked with the pillar device were frequently referred to as "pillar dollars."

4. That it is a combination of "U. S.," the ancient Roman mark of money unit.

5. That it is a combination of P. and S. from peso duro, signifying "hard dollar." In Spanish accounts peso is contracted by writing the S over the P and placing it after the sum.

According to one writer the symbol of the dollar is a monogram of the letters "U," "S" and "J," the dollar being originally a "thaler" coined in the valley of Sant Joachim, Bohemia, and known as a "Joachim thaler," and the monogram the initials of the words, "Valley Sant Joachim." The editor of the London Whitehall Review, a very able writer, in giving his opinion of "Reason No. 3, as given above, says: "The American symbol for dollar is taken from the Spanish dollar, and the origin of the sign, of course, must be looked for in associations of Spanish coins. On the reverse side of the Spanish dollar is a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, and around each pillar is a scroll with the inscription 'plus ultra.' This device in course of time has degenerated into the sign which at present stands for American as well as Spanish dollars, '$.' The scroll around the pillars represent the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle."

A Monster Petrified Whale.

Leon del Mar, a Frenchman attached to the surveying corps connected with the National Museum, San Jose, Costa Rica, reports a find of equal or greater value than the Montezuma (Col.), fossilized monster. Leo's find is not a "Dinosaur" or other half mythical creature which the lapse of ages has transformed into stone, but a common everyday whale, 216 feet in length, with bones mineralized until they are as hard as jasper and as heavy as lead. The "Museo" officials are in a quandary, and are debating as to which would be the cheapest, to move their museum buildings over onto the mountain range where the petrified monster lies, or to try to transfer his flinty remains to the Costa Rican capital.

The point selected by this antediluvian giant when he concluded to give up the ghost, along about the time of the close of the cretaceous or some other geological period, is a rift between two mountain peaks, seventy-two miles from San Jose and 3300 feet above sea level. There must have been a season of high waters in that section at one time. Either that or Del Mar's specimen was a regular mountain climber.—St. Louis Republic.

About the Size of It.

Stranger (from Mars)—You don't mean to tell me that well dressed gentleman is a newsboy? "Oh, no! He's merely carrying home his Sunday paper."—Arkansaw Traveler.

King of All Racing Mascots.

A peculiar instance of the hold which superstitious belief has on all classes of racing men is furnished in the long line of blind beggars who line the entrances to each of the big local race tracks. Many racing men hold that as a gilt-edged mascot the blind man has no peer on earth. Those among them who would not give a cent to save their own fathers from starvation cannot leave the blind beggar empty-handed. The beggars who have sufficient interest with the race-track owners to get a stand outside the gates reap handsome returns, and in one season can realize enough to keep them in comfort through the winter.—New York World.

At the last census Nevada had only 4,931 girls of school age.

One-third of the coal consumed in France is imported from abroad.

The pearl is only carbonate of lime, is readily affected by acids, and burns into lime.

34 902

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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IMPROVE YOUR PROPERTY and avoid paying extravagant profits to Trusts and Monopolies. You can make it from 10 to 20 cents a gallon principally out of materials now useless to you. No trouble to manufacture. No delay. Enormous saving. Guaranteed as durable as any PAINT in the world. The U. S. Government has been using this PAINT on its warships for 5 years. The colors are White, Straw, Buff, Gray, Drab, Red, Salmon, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Stone Slate, etc. Will mail you formulas, with full directions for any three colors, for $1—any one color for 50c. The PAINT is no experiment; it has been made and sold, under various brands, for years. This is your chance to avail yourself of the formulas, and paint your houses at one-tenth the usual cost. We are incorporated under the laws of Md. Can give the most trustworthy references, and mean just what we say. THE FARMERS' SPECIALTY CO., 417 Law Building, BALTIMORE, MD. B. BRENT DOWNS, Secretary.

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Finest and best line of Mattresses, Springs, Tables, Ice Boxes, Parlor Suits, Couches, Side Boards, Etc.
Cheapest and best line of Goods ever offered. Goods shipped all over the country.
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FRANKLIN COLLEGE, New Athens, O. Board, room and books, $2 per week. Catalogue free.

1000 Stickers, your name and address, only 10c. THE HERALD, No. 147 A, Lum St., Phila. Pa.

PIERCE GUARANTEES A CURE
OR MONEY IS REFUNDED.

Disease follows a run-down system with the liver inactive and the blood discordered. Pimples, Boils, Sores, Carbuncles, Ulcers, and like manifestations of impure blood, should be driven out of the system with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

MRS. KUHN.

Mrs. KUHN, of 618 E. 16th Street, New York City, writes as follows: "It pleases me to state that I had a running sore upon my neck, and had it operated upon three times, and still it was not cured. I was also run down very much. There was a decided change after using 'Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.' I took a few bottles and was soon cured. Later my husband had a lump behind his ear; he tried your medicine, and one bottle cured him. I shall always recommend your medicines.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL
Summer Complaints,
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach or bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

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

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AND BEAUTIFIES the Skin. No other Cosmetic will do so much.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 43 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton in patient: "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations."

One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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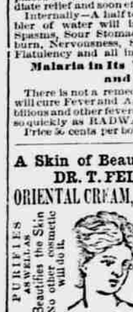

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