SYLVAN WORSHIP.

The humming-bird in rapture sings
His Jubilate 'mid the vines—
The wind bears o'er his rainbow wings
The De Profundis of the pines.

In bowers where the jasmine burns
An incense pure through woodland ways,
The mocking-bird o'er golden urns
Outpours his morning hymn of praise.

In woodbine cells the bees rejoice,
And from his sweet seclusion drawn,
The brown thrush, with a poet's voice,
Sings the clear canticle of dawn!

The sparrows chirp on every bough,
And where the dimpling shadows pass
The insect choir is chanting now
The Glorias of leaf and grass.

—William H. Hayne, in Youth's Companion.

SARAH JENKINS.

She wasn't a pretty girl. Those who liked her best couldn't, with any show of honesty, say that she was. Neither was she young—not as the world denotes youth—for she was thirty-two.

She was taller than the average woman, and her figure had none of the symmetry that makes tall women attractive.

Her face was plain. She hadn't even pretty eyes to redeem it; and, as if this were not misfortune enough, her mother had named her Sarah, and that, too, after she had been guilty of marrying a man named Jenkins. Not pretty, not young, and named Sarah Jenkins!

Add to this fact that she had to earn her own living, and you have a sum total that does not promise well for the heroine of a story. But there is a law of compensation that helps to even up things in this world. This law was observed in the case of Sarah. She had prospects. That was what people said when they looked at her homely face and angular figure, and thought of her toil. For everybody understood that when old John Jenkins died Sarah would not need to work any more, and the possession of a million dollars does more to soften the unbeautiful lines in a girl's face and figure than any tricks of the toilet.

So the world—Sarah's world—was not so sympathetic as it might have been, and as for Sarah herself—well, she wasn't given to sentiment overmuch. Her life had not been of the kind that tends to foster sentiment. Her mother and father had died before she could remember, and her grandfather, with whom she lived, was her only relative.

John Jenkins had likings for people just as he had for houses. He liked both just as long as he could control them and make them profitable. When a house ceased to yield him sufficient revenue to pay for the money invested in it, that house was sold. When people about him ceased to be useful to John Jenkins he simply dropped them and forgot that they existed. His only son had been a disappointment to him because he was not successful in business, and when his father wanted him to marry a rich wife and try to get even with his luck, young John dared to have different views, and married one of his father's clerks.

She made him a good wife enough, but somehow nothing prospered with them. The old man seemed to forget that he had ever had a son, and finally young John gave up the struggle and died. His wife, who was a meek and obedient creature, seeing no other way out of it, died too.

When old John heard of it he said,—

"I'm not surprised; not a bit. They were too shiftless to live." And then he said not another word, nor did he show any sign of emotion.

Some one wrote to him about the baby, asking what should be done.

"Send her to me," was the old man's answer.

"I'll take care of her until she is old enough to take care of herself."

So the baby was sent to her grandfather, and she was taken care of just as were the young animals on his farms. Some one was paid to do it who knew how, and the same one was given this instruction,—

"Let her have plenty of good, plain food—no sweets to ruin her teeth and stomach. Dress her in clothing that is clean and comfortable. No folly, mind. If she is sick, call a doctor. When she is old enough send her to school, and let me hear no more about her.

This course of living suited Sarah well enough. She had no romantic idea that she was being oppressed by a cruel grandfather. She was well housed and fed and decently clad. She was allowed to go to school, and would have been allowed to play, no doubt, but Sarah did not care to play. She was a solemn sort of child. The woman who took care of her said she was stupid. But this was a mistake. Sarah wasn't stupid.

When she was 17 years old she went one day to her grandfather's office. They were almost strangers. Sarah had not spoken to him a dozen times in all her life.

"Well," demanded old John Jenkins, "what do you want?"

"You advertised for a business manager," answered Sarah, "and I have come to ask for the place."

"You? What do you know about business?"

"Nothing, practically. Theoretically, I know all about it, for I have just completed a business education. I cannot say that I shall not make a failure; but I should like to try."

"H'm!" grunted old John. "Think you would like to experiment on me, do you? That's exactly what your father thought. His experiment was not a success."

"Then you don't care to engage me?" said the girl.

She had been standing near the door, and now she made a movement to go.

"I didn't say so," snarled the old man. "Sit down a minute. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"H'm, yes. Well, when your father was seventeen he—"

"Never mind my father," broke in the girl. "He is out of this entirely. It is not necessary, nor is it good taste to discuss his shortcomings. I am the one who is applying for this place. I don't know whether I'm competent to do the work or not. Neither do you until you try me. If you don't wish to try me, I'll look for a place somewhere else."

Old John Jenkins pushed up his glasses and looked at the girl. He had never taken the trouble to observe her before. She wasn't prepossessing. The light brown hair was brushed straight back from the strong-featured face. Her hat was utterly devoid of trimming and quite unbecoming. Her dress was like the dresses she had worn all her life, made for service, without regard to anything else. Old John's keen eyes took in the tout ensemble of the slim figure standing before him, and he said to himself,—

"She's homely enough. There won't be any nonsense about lovers and that sort of things," and with his usual dispatch he decided to try her.

"You may come next Monday morning at 8 o'clock," he said. "That desk will be yours, and the first thing you are to do is to go over the books. If you're going to manage my business, you must first get aquainted with it."

"What will you pay me?" asked Sarah.

"Oh, you want to make a bargain, do you? That isn't bad," thought the old man. "I wouldn't wonder if she'd do. I believe she's got some of my meanness in her, and it makes her sharp."

Aloud he said,—

"How much do you want?"

And Sarah promptly replied,—

"I want fifty dollars a month until I learn the business, then I want seventy-five up to the end of the first year. After that if we are both satisfied, we will make a contract."

"Well, you don't hesitate to say what you want, do you?" Here old John Jenkins did what no one had ever known him to do before—he smiled. "Who's to be the Judge when you have learned the business' as you call it?" he asked.

"You are," replied the girl. "I have always heard you were honest, and I do not look for injustice."

If Sarah Jenkins had pondered all day she could have said no wiser thing than this, for John Jenkin's pride was in what he was pleased to call his honesty. He had been called hard, and avaricious, and unyielding, but no one had ever said that he was not honest.

"All right, my girl," he said, and his tone had softened somewhat. "You come and try your best, and I'll do the right thing by you."

That was how Sarah Jenkins came to sit at a desk in John Jenkins' office for fifteen years. And then the old man turned his face to the wall and died leaving his granddaughter everything he possessed, as it had been expected he would do.

Sarah's experience had not been that of the usual girl in a story. Her grandfather, although he appreciated the fact that his business manager was faithful and efficient, did not recent toward her and become loving and kindly. He was hard, exacting, and wholly unloving to the very end. The cockles of his heart were cockles always, and when he was gone Sarah felt a sense of relief. She had never speculated as to what she would do with her grandfather's money when it came to her. She would not allow herself to do so. When the thought presented itself she would say resolutely,—

"It is not mine yet. I will wait," and she had waited, long and patiently.

On the day that the property was made over to her, Sarah went to the humble boarding house that had been her home for a long time, and, shutting herself in her room, sat down to think. She looked about the shabby little place. She looked over her plain, scanty wardrobe. Then she looked in the glass. And at last looked at the folded paper which said she was worth a million. She went back over the dull routine of her life. Sarah had reached the age when most women are happy wives and mothers. But, for her, the years had held nothing but hard work. Even the romances of happy lives written in books had not interested her. She had not understood them. All her thought had been concentrated upon her work. That was at an end now, and she realized for the first time that something was missing out of her life. Immediately she missed the something she began vaguely to long for it. Her woman's nature seemed to awake, and with its awakening came to Sarah Jenkins the first really unhappy moments of her life.

She began to compare herself with other women. They had never interested her very much before. But now she seemed, all at once, to keenly realize that they were different from her. She went to the glass and looked at herself. For the first time it occurred to her that she was very plain; that the dressing of her hair was unbecoming, and that her gown fitted badly and was not like other women's gowns.

Sarah did not possess a ribbon or a bit of lace or a jewel. Her room had none of the pretty trinkets with which women like to surround themselves. She stood looking in the glass for five minutes, thinking. Then she put on her hat, went out on the street, walked straight to one of the stores, where she purchased an entire suit of clothing, from hat to gloves.

"I want something handsome," she said to the saleswoman; "something that fits me and is becoming."

This done, she went back to her room, dressed herself in the new things, and then she deliberately placed one after another of her possessions upon the grate fire. Within an hour she had not one solitary thing that she had ever owned before.

She left the house without a word of farewell, and when she reached the sidewalk she stood for a moment wondering where she would go. She had not a friend in the great city. All the people she knew were merely business acquaintances. She had only the clothes she wore and—a million dollars.

It is a matter of wonder, even to those who realized it best, what a miracle can be wrought with money. In three months from the day that Sarah stood in the street with nothing save her inheritance, she was owner and mistress of one of the best appointed houses in New York. There was no lack now of fine dresses and laces and jewels; no lack of people who called, leaving cards and invitations, and no lack of men who were ready to pay court and compliments to her.

These three months had been a revelation to Sarah. It was her first experience with the social world. But her long business training had given her keen insight into things and had taught her to form quick, and nearly always correct, opinions of people.

For the first month she was interested, the second she was bored, and the third she was thoroughly unhappy and much dissatisfied. The functions of society she found wearisome. The polite lies that people continually told each other disgusted her. The lightness with which society regarded what she considered crimes shocked her. She found herself longing for something that was genuine and good, and wondering whether anybody was really honest.

This state of things became intolerable to the plain, practical business woman. She thought it all over one night, as she sat alone in her luxurious chamber. It was different, vastly different, from the room where she did her thinking three months before. Was this what she had missed then and longed for—to sit alone in the midst of all this splendor and wonder what she should do with herself; to realize that not one of all the new friends who swarmed about her and readily accepted her hospitality really cared a button for her? Could she spend all the years of her life this way? No. She could not and she would not!

Sarah Jenkins arrived at conclusions quickly. Early the next morning she sent for her lawyer to come to her.

"I want you to sell this house for me," she said.

"Why," replied the lawyer, "you have only just bought it."

"No matter how long I have had it, I want to sell it."

"Are you going away?"

"No. I am going to buy another house that will suit me better."

"This isn't handsome enough for her," thought the lawyer. "Put a beggar on horseback, and—!" Aloud he said,—

"Very well, Miss Jenkins, I'll attend to it."

Sarah's next move was to look for her new house. She found it; an unpretentious dwelling in a quiet side street. She had it put in perfect order, and furnished prettily and neatly, but without a touch of gorgeousness anywhere. Meanwhile the handsome up-town house with all its furnishings had been sold, and one day Sarah walked into the office where she had spent so many years. It was her office now, and her business. She said to the young man who had taken her place,—

"You will take charge of the shipping at the same salary you have now. I will occupy this place hereafter," and she took off her hat, seated herself on the high stool, and began picking up the threads of the old life just where she had dropped them.

"This is the first happy day I have known for three months," she said to George Howe, the old bookkeeper, as she went out that night. He was a grave, staid man of 50, who had been with the house for nearly thirty years. No one knew much about him. He said, one Christmas when asked about his gifts, that there was no one to give him anything.

"Why," asked the inquirer, "haven't you any folks?"

"I have no one in the world but myself," said George Howe, and he turned again to his desk and books.

That was all he had ever said about himself to any one. Indeed, he never said much about anything. During all the years he had sat in the same office with Sarah Jenkins he had only spoken to her upon matters of business, and she regarded him in very much the same way that she did the big ledger in front of him.

So, when Sarah volunteered the remark concerning her happiness, George was surprised somewhat, but he answered pleasantly,—

"It is good to see you back here. I have missed you very much."

All the way home Sarah thought of those words—"I have missed you very much." No one had ever said that to her before. She didn't believe anyone had ever missed her. She sat down in her cosy little sitting room that night, after tea, and indulged in one of her characteristic "things." She had tasted the fruit of luxury, and found it of bitter flavor. She had comforted herself by going back to her work. So far she was satisfied. But she had also tasted the sweets of human companionship, and now it was not pleasant to think of spending the rest of her life alone. There were plenty of people who would share her home for the sake of sharing her money. She did not want that sort. She thought again of the old bookkeeper. He had said that he had missed her very much, and she believed that he meant it. George Howe was not enough skilled in the ways of society to say what he did not mean.

Suddenly an idea came to Sarah. She got up and walked to and fro in her room.

"I'll do it," she said, at last. "It wouldn't be the thing for a rich society woman, but for a plain business woman it's all right. Any way, there's no one to find fault with me, if it isn't all right."

The next morning George Howe was sitting at his desk as usual when Sarah came into the office. She went up to him.

"Good-morning," said she, and George answered, "Good-morning." Then he waited for the orders which he supposed she had come to give.

"You told me last night that you had missed me. Did you mean it?" asked Sarah.

"Why, yes, Miss Sarah; of course I meant it. I have missed you."

"Why have you missed me?"

This was rather straightforward questioning. George was embarrassed and answered awkwardly:

"Why, I don't know. You were here so long I'd kind of got used to you, and then—well, I always liked you, Miss Sarah."

"You live alone, don't you, George?"

"Yes."

"And you have no relatives?"

"Not one."

"Do you ever get lonesome?"

And then George Howe surprised Sarah Jenkins. He turned toward her with quivering lips and eyes filled with tears.

"Lonesome, Miss Sarah," he said, brokenly, "lonesome? Why, sometimes I'd give a year of my life just to talk to somebody."

"Come over to my house to-night," said Sarah, "and talk to me. I have something to say to you."

"I will come," answed George. And he went.—Waverly's Magazine.

PITH AND POINT.

A call to arms—"Come, John, and take the baby."—Troy Press.

Caught on the fly—The housekeeper who doesn't use screens.—Lowell Courier.

The perpetually irascible man is known by his standing choler.—Boston Courier.

Tea and coffee are well termed "luxuries of the grocer kind."—Texas Siftings.

A drop of ink will make a dude think—if it is spattered on his trousers.—Newburg Register.

"Bridget, did you hear me call?" "Yes, mum; but you told me the other day never to answer you back."—Tit-Bits.

The Daughter of an Editor—"Why did you reject him?" "He was not accompanied by stamps."—Life's Calendar.

While the man who seasons sausage may not be a philosopher, he often has a sage air about him.—Buffalo Courier.

"Those were indeed good old times," whenever a knight saw his creditors approaching, he simply pulled up his drawbridge."

Teacher—"When water becomes ice what is the great change that takes place?" Pupil—"The change in price."—Detroit Tribune.

"Does Irvington keep a carriage since he married?" "Oh, yes; I see him wheeling it 'most every day."—Indianapolis Journal.

Parent—"This is your birthday, Tommy. What can I do for you that will cause you pleasure?" Tommy—"Spank Johnny."—Tit-Bits.

Mr. Gospel—"Robbie, is that a good book you are reading?" Robbie—"I guess not, 'cause I've enjoyed every word of it."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Any man may be infatuated with his profession, but the aeronaut bears the distinction of being perfectly carried away with it.—Union County Standard.

Hicks—"Did you hear about Brash's death? He died quite suddenly." Wicks—"It was like him. He always was so impulsive, you know."—Boston Transcript.

"How was it Miggs had to pay a dollar for a cup of coffee?" "Well, you see he stutters, and they charged ten cents for every time he repeated the word coffee."

Mamma—"Oh, dear! I can't find baby's picture book, and I've looked everywhere for it." Papa—"Never mind; give him the morning paper."—Boston Transcript.

The papers are now full of benevolent suggestions about fresh-air schemes, but none of them include any hints concerning the hand-organ.—Philadelphia Times.

"It's strange that your children are not the least afraid of the animals in the cages." "No it isn't; they have been brought up in a flat with a janitor."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"You always get the best attention in those parlor cars. Do you see the porters?" "No, indeed! I found a cheaper way than that. I bought my own car."—F. B. Q. Monthly.

"This is not altogether the kind of house I counted on," said a suburban resident, showing his new residence to a friend, "but the architect says it suits him."—Philadelphia Record.

"I never knew any one who hated mankind in general to the degree that Binkles does," said one student to another. "Hum. That explains his purpose in taking up the profession of dentistry."—Washington Star.

Matches have not yet displaced the tinder box in the rural districts of Spain.

The Best. The Rest. The Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: **The best—and the rest.** The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

Take Care

of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, and prevent sickness by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills are mild and effective. 25c.

"What did the audience do when the terrible explosion occurred in the gallery?" Manager—"They applauded." "Mercy, why?" "You see it was a Wagner concert, and they thought that was the first number on the programme."—St. Louis Republic.

"Have your hair trimmed?" asked the barber. "Trimmed," echoed Farmer Begosh. "Now, lookye here. I don't want no jokes. I came here to git my hair cut, an' I don't want no trimmin's at all. Did ye think I wanted ye ter do it up in ribbons?"—Washington Star.

"If that man's watch had run down, and only needed winding," said the apprentice, "why didn't you wind it and hand it back to him?" "You are no judge of human nature, my boy," said the old jeweler. "If I had done that I would have lost his trade forever." And he put a dollar tag on it and hung it up in his window.—Chicago Tribune.

A CHILD ENJOYS

the pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

A red polled cow at Whittingham, England, has yielded milk continuously since she ceased calving, five years ago, her record being 13,734 quarts of milk of the first quality. No other case like this is known.

Met Their Match.

A little while ago the minister of a certain church in Scotland came to the conclusion that one of his flock, a shrewd old lady, had not been present at divine service so frequently as was necessary for her spiritual welfare. So he called for two of his elders, and they sallied forth to interview the delinquent on the subject.

That astute personage, having been forewarned of the intended visit, prepared a sumptuous repast, consisting of the finest of haddocks and the lightest of scones, sufficient in quantity to make a good square meal for a dozen ordinary persons.

But the minister and the two deacons were not ordinary persons—at least, in the matter of appetite; and therefore, when they rose from the feast there was nothing left but the bones of the haddocks.

Then, with much unction, the minister proceeded to interrogate his hostess as to her absence from kirk.

"'Deed," she indignantly replied, "I was there last Sabbath."

"Then what was the text, Elizabeth?"

"I ken 'twas about the loaves and fishes. They took up the fragments that remained twelve basketsful. Wasna that it?"

"Ah, quite right, Elizabeth! And have you been thinking about it since?"

"'Deed, I thoct just now that ye and the elders had been there the disciples wouldna have taken up one basketful, much less twelve!"

Freaks of the Candy Trade.

Candy consumers will scarcely believe there are seasons when that edible is particularly in demand, and others when business shuts down and fashionable manufacturers say "nothing is doing." Fancy ever a time when candy takes a rest! Yet so it is, and after the summer hotel season it drops off as many points as it in the original sugar, and will not revive until December, when the factories start up for the Christmas trade. There are girls who will declare this to be impossible. They, at all events, never let up on its consumption. Why, then, should the candy business ever languish? But it was estimated at a summer hotel recently that the belles, of whom there were several, averaged two and three pound boxes a week, one attractive little Philadelphian having broken the record by exhibiting no less than fourteen boxes of various sizes and devices that she had received during the first ten days of her stay. It is also whispered of a certain managing mamma that it is her custom when leaving town to order confectionary to be sent her pride and joy once a week. When the delicious supply is handed around to friends at the resort, it is with the remark that "daughter" has so many admirers who wish to be remembered it is really an embarrassment of sweets. These facts may account for the falling off in trade at the end of the summer hotel season.—Boston Herald.

She Proved Her Love.

Don Massimo, Duke of Antikoli, whose engagement to Princess Eugenie Bonaparte was recently announced, some years ago fell in love with a beautiful Roman girl of humble birth, but, in spite of their mutual supplications, her parents refused in the most emphatic manner to give their consent to the union. After a great deal of persuasion, however, the girl appeared to waive her objections to a secret marriage. The day of the ceremony came at last, and it was while they were standing together and taking their vows, that the Roman maiden suddenly threw herself into her lover's arms and sobbed out: "You shall see now how great is the love I bear you. I will not consent to this marriage. The world says that I want your title and your money. I don't, but I could never make you happy," and in spite of the Duke's urgent, heartbroken entreaties, she obstinately refused to go through the remainder of the ceremony.

Thunder Kills Fish.

An electrical storm in St. Louis recently deprived many aquariums, both in residences and show windows, of their silver and gold fish. Thunder and lightning are judged by old fishermen and proprietors of animal stores to be the cause of the death of the fish which are found floating on their backs for several mornings after an electric storm. A St. Louis electrician gives it as his opinion that the concussion of the thunder breaks the air chamber which by compression cause the fish to sink and by expansion to rise to the surface.

Sedalia (Mo.) folks were so afraid of riding on trolley car No. 18 that the figure had to be changed.

Get all You can.

Some say that the hypophosphites alone are sufficient to prevent and cure consumption, if taken in time. Without doubt they exert great good in the beginning stages; they improve the appetite, promote digestion and tone up the nervous system. But they lack the peculiar medicinal properties, and the fat, found in cod-liver oil. The hypophosphites are valuable and the cod-liver oil is valuable.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, contains both of these in the most desirable form. The oil is thoroughly emulsified; that is, partly digested. Sensitive stomachs can bear an emulsion when the raw oil cannot be retained. As the hypophosphites, the medicinal agents in the oil, and the fat itself are each good, why not have the benefit of *all?* This combination has stood the test of twenty years and has never been equalled.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (*Ask your doctor.*) This is because it is always *palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.*

Insist on **Scott's Emulsion** with trade-mark of man and fish.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

CURIOUS FACTS.

China has many stone bridges 3000 years old.

The tomb of Mahomet is covered with dismonds, sapphires and rubies valued at $10,000,000.

Twin mules are claimed to be owned by a Platte City (Mo.) man. Twin mules are of rare occurrence.

Paris now gets its water supply from six great springs, which travels through eighty-three miles of aqueducts.

A sugar dish owned by Mrs. I. R. Smith, of Roswell, Ga., has been in use by her family for over 100 years.

Miss E. J. Whitton, of Topsham, Me., has hair which measures eight feet 2½ inches. It has been growing ten years.

In Europe, the etiquette of street walking is to "keep to the left." In the United States, the rule is "keep to the right."

In Middle Smithfield, Penn., there is a chestnut tree the trunk of which measures nineteen feet in circumference, breast high.

William Gardenio was the first person entitled doctor of medicine, he received the degree from the College of Asti in the Fourteenth Century.

From an observation tower on the Brocken, in the Harz Mountains, Germany, eighty-nine cities and 668 villages can be seen in clear weather.

There is a church at Kirkwood, Ga., owned by a Presbyterian, with a Methodist pastor, and the seats were originally owned by Baptists and donated by Episcopalians.

The term "tabby cat" comes from the word Atab, the name of a famous street in Bagdad where live the manufacturers of a silken stuff called Atibi, which has markings resembling those of a tabby cat.

A superstitious idea of the middle ages still exists in many parts of England that when the death of a person is imminent the fastenings of the door of the death chamber hinder the departure of the soul from the body, thus making final dissolution doubly painful.

By some misadventure, a note for one penny stamped with the "promise to pay" of the Bank of England got into circulation in 1818 and for many years gave the cashiers much trouble with their accounts. About fifteen years ago it was brought to the bank, but the owner, not unwisely, would not take a penny for it, and the bank settled the transaction by giving him $25.

There are two words in the English language which contain the vowels in their regular order, viz.: "Abstemious" and "facetious." The following words each have them in irregular order: Mendacious, authoritative, disadvantageous, encouraging, efficacious, instantaneous, importunate, nefarious, objectionable, precarious, pertinacious, sacrilegious, simultaneous, tenacious, unintentional, unequivocal, undiscoverable and vexatious.

A WOMAN'S DESPAIR.

COULD SEE NOTHING AHEAD BUT A LIFE OF PAIN.

She Tells a Reporter How She Suffered—How She Was Cured—And How Her Life Has Been Brightened by the Sunshine of Health.

From the Dryden, Utica, N. Y.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, who resides at 83 Miller Street, Utica, N. Y., but formerly lived at 110 Seymour Avenue, in the same city, is a lady nearly seventy years old. She was born at Marcy, Oneida County, N. Y., and has resided in Oneida County all her life and is well known there. It was reported in Utica that Mrs. McLaughlin had been wonderfully cured of a severe attack of rheumatism, as well as indigestion, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People; a reporter of *Dryden* was sent to interview her on the subject and get the true facts.

Mrs. McLaughlin said she had been afflicted with rheumatism for about twenty years, and was at times unable to rise from her chair. Her suffering was intense, and she was sometimes driven nearly wild with the agonizing pain. Of late she had also been troubled with indigestion and her health had become greatly undermined. She was almost discouraged, being unable to get relief either from the doctors or through the numerous remedies which she tried. Mrs. McLaughlin had often read of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but, after her many failures to obtain relief through other remedies she had but little confidence that anything would help her. She continued to grow worse from day to day and had given up all hope of ever being restored to health. One day Mrs. McLaughlin spoke of Pink Pills to a friend who was calling upon her. It happened that this friend had had some experience with Pink Pills and knew their value. She urgently advised Mrs. McLaughlin to give them a trial, which she consented to do. She procured one box and before its contents had been entirely used she noticed quite an improvement in her health. She waited some time before getting another. After a while she decided to keep on with them, and when she had taken three boxes was completely cured. She is no longer troubled with indigestion, and when seen by the representative of *Dryden* was walking around as briskly as anyone of her age could be expected to do.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of July, 1895.

G. H. HUMPHREY, *Notary Public*, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors of the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Under the Seat.

"I saw a most ridiculous joke played on a man between Osage City and Topeka last week," said Clement F. Stone of Newton, Kansas. "Two men boarded the train at Osage City and took a seat in the smoker just in front of me. It was evident from their conversation, which was carried on in quite a loud tone, that they were both of them in hard luck and were going to Topeka in search of employment. One of them placed his ticket on the seat while he lit a very inferior cigar, and his companion quickly picked it upand put it in his pocket. A few minutes later the man missed his ticket, and went through the usual pantomime of turning out all his pockets and looking in hat lining. Knowing that the conductor would be around in a moment, and also that he had not enough money in his pocket to pay his fare again, he began asking the advice of his friend, who suggested gravely that he crawl under the seat and try to escape notice that way. There seemed no other alternative for the unfortunate man, who cramped himself under the seat as suggested. When the conductor came along the practical joker handed him two tickets, and was, of course, asked who the second one was for. He replied that it was for his friend, who preferred riding under the seat, whereupon the victim of the joke crawled out, and, amid general laughter, knocked the dust off his clothes and promised to break his friend's head on the first opportunity."

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism. YES, TO BE SURE IS TO BE CERTAIN, AS WHEN The cure is certain, sure. TO MAKE SURE, USE IT AND BE CURED.

HINTS FOR BUYERS.

IN TOWN AND OUT OF TOWN—FOR HOLIDAYS AND ALL DAYS.

The finely organized and ably conducted mail order department of the up-to-date store, is as well, a bureau of information. Write and ask any question concerning dress and household belongings, and your letter is promptly answered, or a special department catalogue with what you want to know in it, is sent you.

To aid buyers in selecting articles for holiday presents, as well as in making general purchases, Strawbridge & Clothier have issued a catalogue of coats and capes, one of furs, gloves, table linen, "Stuttgarter" sanitary underwear, men's goods and silver-plated flat tableware, notions, jewelry and bric-a-brac. They will also send samples of any kind of dress goods and of appropriate trimmings.

If a handsome black dress should be wanted by mother, wife, sister or daughter, send for samples of Eudora, Priestley's high-class specialty in silk-warp materials. Eudora is a superior Henrietta idealized or rendered very even in coloring by being double dyed, and it is made capable of resisting dust and water, by an unusually firm twist of thread, and a closer weave, than can be found in any other class of goods.

A specialty of this house is the Manchester velveteen, which has a fine, soft back or body, a heavy pile and a delightful rich, changeful or lustrous bloom. It looks like silk velvet; is far more durable, and much less expensive. Being wide, the Manchester velveteen can be advantageously used for entire costumes or dresses, for combinations, for trimmings and for fancy work.

It should be remembered that Strawbridge & Clothier have full lines and complete assortments of goods known as dressmakers' supplies, such as linings interlinings and finishings, and hence can fill orders promptly for any large or small amount of such useful articles.

No stylish costume or dress is now made up without an interlining or stiffening in skirt, sleeves, jacket or cape of Fibre Chamois.

The real Fibre Chamois, experience proves, does not lose its outstanding qualities, even when exposed to great pressure, to dampness and even after being wet by rain. It comes in three weights, Nos. 10, 20 and 30, in cream or ecru, flesh color, slate, brown and black. Strawbridge & Clothier keep the real Fibre Chamois; write to them for samples or required quantity of Fibre Chamois, which is very wide and costs only 35c. a yard.

If you want to get your "men folks" a holiday gift send at once for the little booklet called, "A present for him." To insure prompt attention address all letters to

FASHION EDITOR,
Letter Box L, Strawbridge & Clothier.
8th and Market Sts., Phila., Pa.

The Chinese Mother-in-Law.

As mothers-in-law, it must be confessed that Chinese women do not often shine. When a girl marries, she leaves her own homes and goes to live at the house of her husband's parents, where she is obliged to show the most absolute obedience to his mother, who is apt to be rather tyrannical. To this mode of life is due most of the domestic unhappiness in China.—New York Post.

The Record of remarkable cures effected enables us truthfully to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day.

Hood's Pills are the best cathartic.

Massage is said to be practiced almost exclusively by the blind in Japan and largely by them in St. Petersburg, where a school of message has a professor who is himself blind.

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

Wild dogs have been discovered in the wood near Vienna, Ga. One of the puppies was caught recently and efforts made to tame it, but it is as wild as ever.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Madder is the root of an herb like growth. It is about the size of a lead pencil, and much longer. It is cleansed, dried and ground. It is a dye stuff.

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. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Dogs kept exclusively for guiding blind persons, or for tending sheep or cattle on a farm, or by shepherds, are exempt from taxation in England.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DETER, 67 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

If the earth were equally divided among the inhabitants each person would get about twenty-three and one half acres.

Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

Character Reading.

An observing dentist says that long, narrow teeth denote vanity; those that are long and projecting indicate a grasping disposition. Treachery is shown by the possession of small, white, separated teeth, and inconstancy is revealed by overlapping teeth.

What He Would Do.

Lord Aberdeen once left London at midnight in a sleeping-car for the north. In the morning, he saw a stranger opposite him. "Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?" Somewhat surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well to do. "May I ask," continued the stranger, how rich you are?" "Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds." "Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A man in Biddeford, Me., who is sixty six years old, is having troublous times just now in cutting a wisdom tooth.

People do not discover it until too late that the so-called washing powder not only eats up their clothes, but ruins their skin, and cause them pain. Use nothing but Floating Borax, made by Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Phila. Excellent for the laundry and delightful for the bath.

Some people are born tired; and some are born to make others tired.

50 (30)

RADWAY'S PILLS Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Piles —AND— All Liver Disorders.

RADWAY'S PILLS are purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity.

25 cts. a box. At Druggists or by mail. "Book of Advice" free by mail.

RADWAY & CO., P. O. Box 365, New York.

MICHIGAN LANDS

For sale 10,000 acres first-class lands in Central Michigan, on the "Michigan Central," "Detroit and Mackinac" and "Lake Michigan" Railroads. These lands will be sold at a sacrifice to close an estate. Write H. S. PIERCE, AGENT, WEST BAY CITY, MICH.

THE ARMOTOR CO. does half the work without horses, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/4 what it was. It has many branches in houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized and Completion Windmills, Towers and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Horse Power Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name prices of these articles that it will furnish from January 1st at 1/4 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

ASTHMA POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package, delivery prepaid. One Box will cure. Sold by druggists. One Box will prevent for one month on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 daily absolutely sure; no matter what the work and teach you free, you can earn the money where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every working day; absolutely sure; write if you see this notice. Address TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL MY NURSERY stock. All goods warranted first-class. Permanent, profitable position for the right man. Cash paid weekly. No experience necessary. Write for terms, giving age and references. C. L. YATES, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE, male and female to sell ten cent Homoeopathic Remedies to families. Immense profits. The Dr. O'Hara Med. Co., 1817