AN OLD-FASHIONED NEIGHBOR.

It's oh! for an old-fashioned neighbor,
Like the one I remember of yore,
Who always neat calico aprons and gowns
Except on the Sabbath day wore.
And who in my care-laden hours,
With a sunbonnet perched on her head,
Ran in bringing bowls of nice jelly or jam,
Or loaves of her freshly-baked bread,
And then, without asking me whether
I needed her help, fairly flew
To do in the kindest and quickest way,
Whatever she saw was to do.
Nowadays though a friend may assure me
That over my burdens she grieves
She really can't aid me for fear of mishap
To her laces or very big sleeves.
And as for the clubs women govern
Why, they are but schools for the arts,
Where minds are improved in an elegant way
But no time is devoted to hearts.
Or else they are pledged to the seeking
Of those whom most people condemn
As lost beyond hope—so it's plain to be seen,
There's no chance of assistance from them.
And it's oh! for an old-fashioned neighbor,
When my sky with dark clouds is o'er-spread,
To run in neatly dressed in a calico gown
With a sunbonnet perched on her head.

THE FATE OF EVERETTE AUSTIN.

"Whose place is this?" I inquired of a man who was digging a ditch near the water trough.

He stopped his work, and looked up and pushed his sombrero on the back of his head, giving a sigh and passing his hand across his brow. "It is the Circle-A ranch. It belongs to Everette Austin. Can I be of service to you?"

"E-eh—well, yes; at least the boss can. I've lamed my horse, and as I'm a small matter of fifty miles from my destination I can't walk in this weather."

"It is rather warm," he assented.

"Slightly. Is Mr. Austin in, or anywhere around?"

"He's not in, but he's around. I'm Mr. Austin."

"Oh! indeed. Well, I am Mr. Brant—William R. Brant—Mr. Austin, and I must ask you if you can let me put up my horse until its foot is rested or until I find some way of getting to Miles City?"

Mr. Austin stepped forward, lifted the ragged somebrero, and put out his grimy hand. "I'm happy to meet you, Mr. Brant. I am sorry I can't call a man to take your mount, but if you will turn him over to me I'll stable him and attend to the foot, and you can go up to the house and ask Mrs. Austin to make you comfortable. The men are all off on the range."

"I'll go with you," I answered, and we set off to the barns.

They were beautifully kept, as few but Englishmen keep their stables, and I was glad that my weary steed should be so well installed. I saw in a moment that my host was accustomed to being his own veterinary surgeon. It puzzled me to reconcile the fact of his manual labor and ragged working clothes with his large possessions, his perfectly appointed stable, and his yet more perfect language, so unmistakably British, for I was new to Montana and its people; though not a tenderfoot, by many years of Arizona experience.

The doctoring of my horse finished, Austin led the way to his house—a long, low, unpainted structure, set up a foot or so from the ground on posts. There was a wretched attempt at a bed of flowers near the door, but the sun and wind gave it small chance of success. A few stunted petunias, a straggling line of mignonette, and several bushes of sapless red and pink geraniums were all that rewarded evidently patient care. My host was not communicative, nor did he expect me to be so. I started to give him a reference, but he cut me off by changing the subject. In a moment more we had gone up the steps and stood on the porch, which boasted of neither roof nor railing. Austin handed me a feather duster, and we brushed the white dust from our boots. Then we went in.

"Sit down and I will announce you to Mrs. Austin," he said, with no apparent perception of the incongruity of the language and his attire. It was a tidy little drawing-room—as I did my host the honor of calling it all through my visit—with some well-chosen colored prints from English papers on the rough board wall, clean white curtains, a few cane chairs, and a box covered with cretonne, which served as a divan. There were no new books or papers, but the old and much used ones were of the best. There was a pot of "wandering Jew" in the huge fireplace, which made a very pretty effect.

I was just looking at my travel-stained countenance in a small mirror, when a door opened, and Austin, holding it back, stood aside to admit his wife.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Brant," she said, with the most delightful of well-bred English accents. "Mr. Austin told me of your accident. I am sorry for the horse, of course, and for you if you had need to make haste, but for ourselves it cannot be looked upon as a misfortune."

"Your husband has treated the poor animal so skillfully that I fancy I may promise not to encroach upon your hospitality very long."

"Please put aside the idea that you are not, or may not be, welcome. We are most happy to have you."

"Now, Brant," said my entertainer, "Mrs. Austin will give you your room. We cannot do much for you, but there is plenty of water, both hot and cold, and that will not be amiss, as I know by experience, after a midsummer ride in this country. I will see you at tea."

He went back to his digging and Mrs. Austin conducted me to my room. The ceiling and the floor were of solid boards, like the rest of the house, but the partitions were of white manta and every sound in the place was perfectly audible. However, it was clean and darkened and cool, and there were no flies, which I took as the crowning blessing of Providence. I sat upon the chints-covered potato box, which served for my chair, and gazed at myself in the mirror again and wondered, profanely, what the woman must think of me. I sighed for my calling suit, which was safe in Miles City, and considered my surroundings; my hostess, in chief. In absolute regularity of features, she was not a beauty; but she had the fine gray eyes, finer brown hair, strong chin, sensitive mouth and dignified carriage of the best examples of the women of her nation, and, above all, an air of grave sweetness which is peculiarly and distinctively English. Her figure was indifferent and her gown had not and never had had any style of cut, which also gave evidence of her English birth; but it was pleasing and harmonious, in some way. Altogether she was a fascinating woman—a woman that a man must absolutely worship. She knocked at the door and brought me a big wooden bucket of hot water. My sensations at being served by this woman, with her air of the daughter of a hundred earls, were not pleasant.

My toilet made, I went back to the drawing-room and read "Pelham" until, at 5 o'clock, tea was served—tea as only the English serve it, with slices of bread and butter, as thin as cloth, and rich cream, and good tea, none of the bitter, nerve-shattering, green decoction which is dignified by that name in the average American house. I found out afterward that this was the one meal of the day where there was any approach to luxury.

Austin came in, after having washed his hands and brushed his smooth British head. With the exception of a coat slipped on over his flannel working shirt, he wore the same clothes in which he had been digging. So we sat there—we three—and talked of the doings in the outer world in quite the same strain as we should have talked in London. My host in his boots and work suit and my queenly hostess in her calico gown might have been seated in a lordly mansion.

After a time a bell rang. "The dressing bell," said Mrs. Austin; "we dine at half after 6, and it is now 6 o'clock.

I retired to dress, a simple operation, which consisted of running my fingers through my hair and retying my necktie. However, I devoted as much time as possible to this, and together with sitting on the potato box and meditating I succeeded in consuming twenty minutes before I returned to the drawing-room. Mrs. Austin was already there, looking even sweeter and more girlish, in an ancient but fresh white muslin and white ribbons. Mr. Austin joined us at the end of five minutes, fully attired in evening clothes, with a spray of mignonette in his buttonhole.

A great, gruff fellow in a dirty apron announced dinner in the surliest of tones. I saw Mrs. Austin wince and a frown passed across her husband's brow. "Brant," he said, "I regret to say that you will have to eat at the same table as the ranch hands do. We tried long ago to have a separate dining-room, but it made too much ill-feeling among the men."

That was the one apology he made during my stay. We sat at an oil cloth covered board on long wooden benches, Mrs. Austin at the head, her husband on the left and I on the right, as I had offered her my arm in entering the dining-room. Our dinner was of the poorest; both as to food and cooking, and there was no profusion. I realized now the full poverty of my entertainers and remembered having heard that the price of horses was steadily decreasing. I fancied, too, that Mrs. Austin did not care to have dainties for herself and her husband while the democratic American citizens at her board fared on plain things. I could see that there was no love wasted on the master and that his dress suit and aristocratic bearing were a source of annoyance to his free-born employes. They were sullen and gruff, as was the man dignified by the name of cook. On the whole, I was glad to leave the table and get back to the drawing-room.

"We breakfast at 6:30, Mr. Brant," my hostess informed me, graciously, holding out her hand to say good-night. It was a rather large hand and work-hardened, but firm and beautifully shaped.

I have said that every sound in the house could be heard, because of the manta partitions. I had just lain down on my cot, when I caught the voice of Austin. "Really, Alexandria, the men are getting almost unmanageable. They border on mutiny."

"I know it, Everette. It makes me very nervous, too. I'm so afraid they will do you some harm."

"Oh, I fancy not."

"Everette!"

"Well?"

"Suppose you stop wearing your evening suit and that we give up our tea in the afternoon. They think we are putting on airs, as they call it."

"No, I will not. I am not going to change the habits of thirty years and throw over all memories of home."

"You are only one of twenty, dear. It might be wiser."

But the woman's counsel went unheeded.

There were boutonnieres at our places at breakfast, and Austin, fresh from his tub, in an old but natty corduroy suit, tried, with much cheerful loud talking, to cover the evident sullenness of his "hands." After breakfast he donned his working clothes and went back to the digging of ditches.

My horse was better, so I left at 10 o'clock, with considerable reluctance. Mrs. Austin was so charming. No wonder Austin was desperately in love with her.

I sent Mrs. Austin a box of new books and some small trinkets such as a man believes that a woman likes, when I reached town. Two days after they had gone I met a friend who had come to the city that morning.

"By the bye, Brant, wasn't that a ghastly thing about those Britishers at the Circle-A ranch?"

"Who, the Austins?" I cried, turning cold and foreboding.

"Yes. You've heard about it, then?"

"No. For heaven's sake! what is it?"

"Well, the way I heard it was this: Their men on the ranch didn't like them, accused them of being 'bloody aristocrats,' I believe, and they set fire to the grass near the stables two or three nights ago. You know it's been a dry year, and the grass burned well. Austin and his wife tried to fight the flames and keep them from the stable, all alone; no men to be found until it was quite over. They kept the barns safe, all right, but Mrs. Austin—pretty woman, they say—was so burned that she died in perfect agony at the end of an hour. The men had turned up by that time. Been down at Central City at a dance, they said. Austin nearly went crazy while his wife was suffering, but after she died he went outside, drew his gun, and shot the foreman and another of the —— rascals."

"Thank heaven!"

"Wait—that's not all. The ones he didn't kill, it seems, said it was cold-blooded murder—I believe they were all half drunk. Anyway, they held him and dressed him up in his evening suit—they had a special grudge against it—and then they took him out and strung him up to the rafters of the barn. It is supposed that there were fifteen men, but, of course, they can't be found; you know how it is. Did you say you knew these Austins?"

"Yes. I knew them," I answered.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Sand Painting.

One of the most curious native customs of India is that of making sand pictures or "sand painting," as it is often called. It is generally done on festal days in front of both houses and temples, and it has a religious significance. The sand, which is prepared and sold by natives of the Deccan, is white, red, black, blue, orange and purple.

A woman, who has observed certain preliminary ceremonies, takes the sand in her hand, and allowing it to trickle out as she moves her arm forms upon the prepared ground in front of the door curious colored designs, inclosed with a border and representing human figures, crosses, semicircles or birds.

One explanation of the purpose of these pictures, according to Mr. J. W. Fewkes, is that they are believed to attract good spirits. To step on a sand painting brings bad luck.

This strange custom assumes a scientific importance when it is known that it prevails in almost exactly the same from among the Tusayan Indians in the southwestern part of the United States. The Pueblos, like the Hindoos, ascribe to the pictures the power of attracting friendly spirits, and they also use them in ceremonials intended to cure the sick. It has been suggested that, as far as it goes, this fact is an indication that our Indians are related in origin to the native races of India.

The first European discoverers of America thought they had hit upon the eastern extremity of Asia, when the name of Indian was given to the red skinned people whom they found here. Would it not be a singular coincidence if further evidence of community of origin should finally establish the fact that the Indians are really Indians?

Most Irregular.

A certain knight of the quill in a Government office once upon a time asked for a week's leave that he might go to bury his father. This was readily granted. A day or two afterward there arrived a visitor who wished to see Mr. A——, the orphan. Mr. A——'s chief explained that he was not to be seen—in fact, he had gone away to bury his father.

"But," said the stranger, "I am the young man's father."

"Well, replied the official, a man of few words, "I don't know anything about Mr. A——'s private affairs—I only know he has gone to bury you."

At the end of the week of mourning Mr. A—— returned, looking very disconsolate. When asked by his chief how he fared, he pulled a very long face and said he had had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the last rites properly performed, and so on, adding that of course he felt very deeply on the subject, but that no doubt time would lighten the load of his affliction a little.

"Ah," replied the other, "I can sympathize with you! I lost my father when I was a young man. When you lose your father you lose your best friend. I hadn't the pleasure of your poor father's acquaintance during his lifetime; but he called her a few days after his death, and I had a short conversation with him. Now this was most irregular; and my object in sending for you was this—when next the poor old gentleman dies, do, if you possibly can, arrange to have him buried and be back here to meet him in case he calls again. That's all. Good morning."

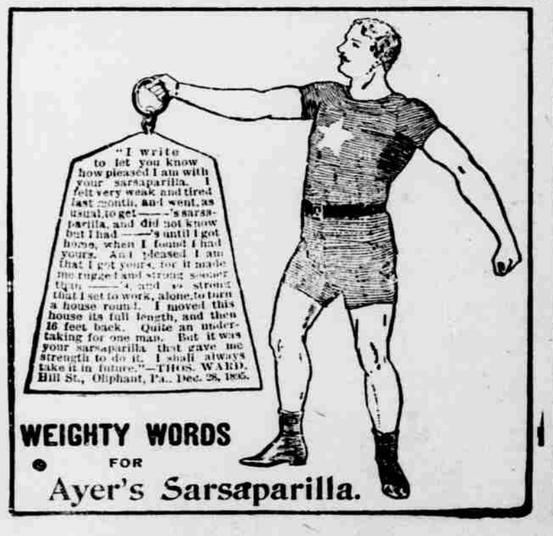
Exit Mr. A——, not an outwardly sadder, but a much wiser man.

Oscillation of Tall Chimneys.

The extent or degree of the oscillation of tall chimneys may be exactly taken by a close observation of the shadows they cast upon the ground. An instance to the point is that of a chimney 115 feet high and 4 feet in diameter externally at the top, near Marseilles, France, the oscillations of which were observed by the shadow during a high wind to attain a maximum of over twenty inches.

Clara—What, engaged to him? Why, it was only the other night that he told me nothing could induce him to marry. Maude—Yes, Jack was always susceptible to the influence of the person he happened to be with.—New York Herald.

You can't save some people from being imposed upon; expose a thief, and some people will love him.



Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, a highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

Objectionable Epitaphs.

Spite and venom are not always buried with the dead, and for this reason a censor of gravestones is employed in a big London cemetery. He has had to stop many gross libels on the living that people proposed to put on the stones. Not long since the wife and friends of a tolerably well-known jockey wanted to have the dead man's saddle, whip and cap laid in a cover over his grave, and on the grave of a man killed in an accident the relations gravely contested his right to stop an inscription which said, "Murdered by His Masters." Sometimes, at their own wish, of course, those who pay for gravestones and monuments induce the stone-cutter they employ to endeavor to smuggle inscriptions through, but he exercises the most rigid scrutiny. Cases have been known where sunk letters have been filled with putty or cement, with a view to his being quietly picked out afterward, when the letters would, of course, show. One of the coolest proposals was that made by the heir of a manufacturer of sweets. The deceased man, it seemed, made a special kind of "butter-scotch," and the heir proposed that small pockets of this should be placed on the grave daily for the refection of visitors to the cemetery.

When Traveling.

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

A woman applied for an appointment as letter carrier at Grand Rapids, Mich., one other day, but the examining board ruled her ineligible on account of her sex.

There are Dictionaries and Dictionaries, but the nobler sort of them all seems to be Webster. It is easily in the lead in the great race for popularity.

Buffalo, N. Y.; employs as head window dresser a woman, a Miss Pope, to whom it is said the establishment pays the good salary such positions command.

A GOOD TRADE.

The barber trade taught in 8 weeks. Liberal terms to students. Positions secured. Tools furnished. Catalogue free. Address Phila. Barber School, 923 ARCH ST., Philadelphia.

After a two years' struggle, the Chicago Woman's Club has allowed Mrs. F. B. Williams, an educated and refined mulatto, to become a member.

Dobbins' Electric Soap is *cheaper* for you to use, if you *follow directions*, than any other soaps would be if *given* to you, for by its use *clothes are saved*. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins'. Take no other.

The Empress of Russia owns an ermine mantel which is valued at $50,000. It is a present from her subjects living in the province of Kherson.

FOR RELIEVING THROAT DISEASES, COUGHS AND HOARSENESS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations

The Princess of Wales recently ordered a tricycle for her own use, and selected a pattern which was obsolete. It had to be made expressly.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MORSE, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

Famine, floods and rebellion in China, it is estimated by the Rev. Timothy Richards, cause the death of 3,000,000 annually.

Out of Weakness comes strength when the blood has been purified, enriched and vitalized, the appetite restored and the system built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

The statement that the population of Kansas to-day is 100,000 less than it was in 1890 is probably within the truth.

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

A bill has been introduced into Congress for the construction of cruisers in which electricity will be used as a power.

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.

Harvard College has discovered fourteen new variable stars of long period.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It is said that the fees of the United States Marshal of Oklahoma last year amounted to $250,000. That office is five times as good as the Presidency.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. H. MAYER, 1012 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

The Empress of China has a great passion for jewels.

Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz has been admitted to the New York bar.

Germany has a steel wire flywheel.

Topics of the Times

Whales are never found in the Gulf stream.

Over twenty boys under 18 years of age have won the Victoria cross.

The roof of the Crystal Palace, London, contains fourteen acres of glass.

The deer parks in England exceed 800. The largest in the kingdom is Windsor.

Mascagni's new opera, "Vestilia," will include a gladiatorial scene in a Roman amphitheater.

The utility of shedding tears is to keep the eyes cool though the balance of the head may be hot.

At the Transvaal gold fields whisky brings $15.50 a bottle, champagne $12.50 and beer $1 a bottle.

A Coventry (England) firm is executing an order for 150 bicycles for the use of officers of the Salvation Army.

The onion is an historic vegetable, having been used since the dawn of history by the Greeks, the Romans and the Egyptians.

An orange sixteen inches in circumference was taken from a tree at Pomona, Cal. It is to be sent to Europe as a specimen of California fruit.

It is the custom of ships lying at the Brooklyn navy yard to discharge their powder before entering the docks, as a precaution against accidents.

Of the eighteen people who died at Norwich, Vt., during 1895, ten were more than 78 years old, and of these ten five were more than 80 years old.

The Alaskans often have eating matches, at which great numbers of the villagers compete. The man who eats the most is considered the finest man.

The Irish mail boats receive $455,000 a year subsidy. This is only $30,000 less than is paid for all the North American mails from Queenstown to New York.

Paris' fantastic fashion has now developed itself in the direction of lamp shades. They are made like ball dresses, of lace and ribbons, with trails of flowers.

In 1830 the whole tonnage of the British empire reached but 2,600,000. To-day the tonnage register is over 6,000,000 of steam and nearly 5,000,000 of sailing.

The Italian beggar must receive a license to escape a challenge from the police. There are 12,743 licensed members of the confraternity in King Humbert's realm.

Vermont has made a new move in the attempt to enforce prohibition. Persons who rent places where liquor is sold are to be fined as well as those who actually sell the contraband.

In London, on an average, one person in every three carries a watch; of these two-thirds pay from $0.25 to $15 for them, while the prices given by the rest vary from the latter sum to $250 and $300.

There is a crazy man in Philadelphia who wants the doctors to cure him of X rays in his eyes. He says he sees the skeletons of all who come within the line of his vision, and the sight gives him great annoyance.

A few years ago the number of suicides among the rank and file of the Prussian army became a public scandal. The latest statistics show that, while in 1892 the proportion was 5.28 per 1,000 men, in 1895 it was 4.22.

Messrs. De Morgar and Meir, during their excavations in the neighborhood of Gizeh, discovered an almost perfect yacht or pleasure vessel, which has been ascribed by experts to the eleventh or twelfth dynasty, or about 3000 B. C.

Traveling churches are to be established on the Trans-Siberian Railway, which passes through many desert tracts, where neither village nor church can be met with for miles. Cars fitted up for divine service will be attached to the trains for the benefit of the officials.

Lemons are considered healthful because the acid they contain acts as a diuretic, having power to excite the secretions, and thus regulating the system. They must, of course, be used in moderation, or they will pall on the appetite, and cease to have any medicinal effect.

The ways of auctioneers in different parts of the world vary greatly. In England and America the seller bears the expense of the sale, but in France the purchaser bears the cost, 5 per cent. being added to his purchase. In Holland it is still worse, the buyer being required to pay 10 per cent. additional for the expenses of the sale.

The average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 267; in Britain, 278; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 302; in Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, 303; in Prussia, 305; in Holland and North America, 308, and in Hungary, 312.

The lost article room of the elevated road system in New York receives about 30,000 miscellaneous deposits a year. Nearly 10 per cent. are umbrellas, and ranking second are the satchels. About half the articles are called for, and the remainder, after being held for six months or a year, according to the value, are sold at auction.

It is asserted that a Kentish gentleman is in possession of the head of Oliver Cromwell preserved in a box. Documentary evidence does not fully substantiate the claim, but there are traditions which give it some show of reasonableness. Furthermore, the head strikingly resembles portraits, busts and the deathmask of Cromwell.

The second oldest sailing craft in the world is the so-called Gokstad ship, a viking craft which was discovered in a sepulchral mound on the shores of Christiania fjord, and is now exhibited in a wonderfully perfect state of preservation in Christiania. It is a craft of the ninth century, A. D., and is therefore nearly 1,000 years old.

Rats, according to a showman who exhibits a tame troupe of the little beasts, are more easily taught than dogs; they have a more retentive ear for language and greater adaptability than any other animal. Louise Michel, who is also fond of rats, has discovered many virtues in them. They have respect for the aged, family feeling, and compassion for the unfortunate.

The Amazon is in every respect but length the greatest river in the world. At many points in its lower course so great is its width that one shore is invisible from the other, the observer seeming to look out into a rolling sea of turbid water. It has over 400 tributaries, great and small, which rise in so many different climates that when one set is at flood height the others are at ebb, and vice versa, so that the bulk of the great river remains unchanged the whole year round.

There is no record of the costumes of the Syrian Arabs having changed during the period covered by human history, either as regards male or female dress or adornment. Saving only for his firearms, there is no reason to believe that the Bedouin of the desert does not clothe and adorn himself exactly as he did in the days of the patriarchs. Arabs in the desert have contracted a strange prejudice against running water, and they will only drink what they find in some stagnant pool. So much has this become a matter of habit with them that, while the most poisonous looking water agrees with them admirably, pure running water will make them violently sick.

Mrs. McKinley, wife of the ex-Governor of Ohio, spends the dull time of her invalid life making bedroom slippers for her friends. She has made and given away nearly 3000 pair.

The electric railroad will be in operation between Washington and Baltimore by next August. It will be operated by trolley, has no grade crossings, and an extraordinary rate of speed is expected.

TRUE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Enrique Morgan Traveled Far and Died a Major General.

In Girardot, a little village on the eastern bank of the Magdalena River, in Colombia, South America, there died on December 2 last a true soldier of fortune, Enrique Morgan, a major general in the Colombian army, but a native of West Virginia.

During the war of secession in the United States he had been a favorite "orderly" with the Confederate General Loring—one-armed Loring, as he was called—and, when the latter subsequently went to Egypt, Morgan followed him there, and became a captain in the Khedive's army. Tiring of military inaction, he joined a party of Greek surveyors in the Soudan, with whom he learned something of practical engineering, but contracting smallpox and supposed to be dying, he was abandoned by his companions.

Upon his recovery he found that the natives had robbed him of everything, and he became a "tramp" in Northern Africa and Southern Europe. Too proud to apply to diplomatic or consular officials for assistance, he walked to the coast, worked his way across the Mediterranean Sea and thence through Italy and France to the port of St. Nazaire.

Seeing a ship advertised to sail for America, he offered to work his passage across the Atlantic, which offer was accepted. The vessel landed him penniless in Barranquilla, Colombia, where he enlisted as a soldier. By dint of hard work and close attention to his duties, he was successively promoted through all the grades of corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain, major and colonel, and finally was appointed brigadier general and chief of engineers. In this capacity he constructed, with the labor of troops, the greater part of the railway between Girardot and Juntas de Apulo, as well as the difficult cart road through the cordillera of Quindio.

During the revolution of 1885 he captured the important place of Tunja, with its extensive armory, for which service he was made a major general. To a very great degree he possessed the confidence of the government. He took no part in its political affairs, and this lack of party affiliation, his unswerving loyalty and his well known disposition to obey all orders were qualities which endeared him to his superiors.—New York Herald.

The Evil One.

Mrs. Blossom—Joe, I wish you would bring up a scuttle of coal and some kindling.

Mr. Blossom (musingly, as he wanders toward the cellar)—The evil one always finds work for idle hands to do.—San Francisco Wave.

A Hard Training.

Head of Firm—Have you had any experience in collecting?

Applicant—I should say I had. I used to a country minister.—Judge.

A Good Course.

Pat—Hello, Mike. Oi hear yes have a noo job?

Mike—Shure I have Pat.

Pat—And how are they all an guv way?

Mike—Everybody's sick.

Pat—Aye, aye! That's too [illegible]

Mike—Oh, no; I'm wuckin on a farm.—Harper's Bazar.

Pain often concentrates all its Misery in **RHEUMATISM**

Use at once **ST. JACOBS OIL** if you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

THE STUDIOUS GIRL.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE.

Race Between the Sexes for Education. Health Impaired by Incessant Study.

The race between the sexes for education is to-day very close.

Ambitious girls work incessantly over their studies, and are often brought to a halt, through having sacrificed the physical to the mental. Then begin those ailments that must be removed at once, or they will produce constant suffering. Headache, dizziness, faintness, slight vertigo, pains in the back and loins, irregularity, loss of sleep and appetite, nervousness and blues, with lack of confidence; these are positive signs that women's arch enemy is at hand.

The following letter was received by Mrs. Pinkham in May, one month after the young lady had first written, giving symptoms, and asking advice. She was ill and in great distress of mind, feeling she would not hold out till graduation, and the doctor had advised her to go home.

—— College, Mass.

You dear Woman:—

I should have written to you before, but you said wait a month. We are taught that the days of miracles are past. Pray what is my case? I have taken the Vegetable Compound faithfully, and obeyed you implicitly and, am free from all my ills. I was a very, very sick girl. Am keeping well up in my class, and hope to do you and myself credit at graduation. * * My gratitude cannot find expression in words. Your sincere friend, MARY ——

P. S. Some of the other girls are now using the Compound. It benefits them all.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only safe, sure and effectual remedy in such cases, as it removes the cause, purifies and invigorates the system, and gives energy and vitality

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Poor Things!

"There will be one advantage about the horseless carriage," said Maud Ethel. "It won't mistake the sound of a kiss for a chirrup to go faster and compel the young man to grab the reins with both hands."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

WHEREVER hate lives, murder dwells.

Happiness is not found by looking after it.

Every crown man bestows has thorns in it.

When a sin shines, looking at it will kill.

Indecision destroys more souls than love of evil.

There are no vacations in the devil's service.

While the saloon door is open, every home is in danger.

An opportunity to do good is a chance to walk with Christ.

Some shepherds give the most care to the fattest sheep.

To shake hands with some people is a call to repentance.

When the saloon dies, the devil will put on deep mourning.

Death will change our surroundings, but not our character.

Let the wicked hold office, and the devil will run the town.

Religion pure and undefiled has its name written on its face.

The Lord's army never lost a battle because it was too small.

God will not smile upon us while we are frowning upon a brother.

Live for Christ and you will soon know that he has died for you.

The foot that is pointed toward the pit never gets to rest a minute.

We will never find the cross heavy if we take up the one God gives us.

No man can make a wrong investment who will give as God directs.

The church member who never smiles shouldn't talk very much in church.

The greatest thing it is possible for us to do is the thing God wants done.

Men drift toward the devil at first. They never go to meet him on the run.

Whoever does a wrong thing to-day will have to do another one to-morrow.

The man who lives only for himself robs his God and wrongs his neighbor.

The thing that hurts the devil, is not so much our profession as our practice.

As soon as some men get their hands on gold, they become stone blind to their own good.

Give a man power of any kind, and by its use he will show what he is doing with Christ.

Unless the face is set like a flint against all sin the door of the heart will open to any sin.

When a man with brilliant gifts plunges into sin he goes deeper than a common man could go.

Give a man without love power to move a mountain, and he will always move it the wrong way.

A skeptic is a man who closes all the windows and then blames God because he has to live in the dark.

How Bees Serve Thieves.

There is a large moth, commonly known as death's-head moth, from its having a curious mark on its back like a skull and cross-bones sculptured on an old tombstone, which makes very free with the bees' honey. It flies in the dusk of the evening when the bees are at rest, and enters the hole in the hive, pokes its long sucker through the wax walls which surround the comb, and draws much honey into its stomach. Very often in the long evenings there are many bees lingering round the hive, but if the death's-head alights and moves toward the door, they do not take much notice; yet one sting would kill it, and it has no means of hurting the bee in return. So much troubled are some hives by these curious visitors that the bees erect a flat wall of wax just within the hive door, allowing a small opening to exist on either hand. This, as a rule, puzzles the moth, and it cannot enter. On the other hand, if a moth gets right into the hive the bees do not kill it, but either let it alone or use all their ingenuity to stop its honey-stealing propensities. While the moth is enjoying the meal, the bees occasionally pull down some of the honeycomb behind it, and mould the wax quickly so as to form a dense wall. When the moth has finished its meal, and turns to get out of the hive, it finds itself walled up and imprisoned for life.

What He Thought.

"Do you think the bicycle is wicked?" asked the earnest young woman.

"My dear sister," answered the minister, who had only taken three lessons, "the thing is positively depraved."

How long should a man smile while being bored before beginning to shoot?

The prodigal did not fare as well as the swine he fed. They could fill themselves with husks, but he could not.

When a man makes up his mind that he will do as he pleases it will not be an hour before he will do something to please the devil.

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