UNANSWERED PRAYERS.

Like some schoolmaster, kind in being stern,
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates
And calling "Help me, master," yet help not,
Since in his silence and refusal lies
Their self-development, so God abides
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;
He hears and strengthens when He must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums,
But, should He dry our tears and give the key,
What would it profit us when school were done
And not one lesson mastered!

What a world
Were this if all our prayers were granted!
Not in famed Pandora's box were such vast ills
As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,
Voiced one by one, in prayer ascend to God
And come back as events shaped to our wish,
What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth
I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet
Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied boons,
Which were denied, and that denial bends
My knee to prayers of gratitude each day
Of my maturer life. Yet from those prayers
I rose alway regirded for the strife
And conscious of new strength. Pray on, sad heart!
That which thou pleadest for may not be given,
But in the lofty altitude where souls
Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, there
Thou shalt find help to bear thy future lot
Which is not elsewhere found.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Cosmopolitan.

WEDDING GIFTS.

"Pooh! Presents!" said the Old Married Man to the bridegroom. "Don't think you'll get what you want. I'll tell you my experience.

"As the time for our marriage drew near I used to call at the house every available evening and whisper confidentially to the curly head which exactly fitted my shoulder that I was the luckiest fellow on earth. On one occasion Agnes sighed and murmured dreamily that that was just what she felt.

"That was on the 5th.

"On the 12th I stopped in a minute at noon to see if she loved me as much as at 11:15 the night before. She replied that she did—that love was unalterable—but that she must hurry upstairs now or the dressmaker would get her skirts flute-shaped instead of organ-piped.

"On the 14th the present began to arrive—also the relatives. It became an unsettled problem which of the two were more numerous. Aggie had cousins once removed. I had several uncles and aunts. All were well off; in fact, it was a curious coincidence that we were the only poor branches on our respective family trees. I was in an insurance office—fire insurance, not life insurance—and when I had communicated to her the news of my recent promotion she had declared in the face of her family's unaccountable preference for Henry Walker (who was not so good a fellow as I am by any manner of means) that to be Mrs. Joseph Lounsbury and live in a small house on a very small income and bliss was precisely her ideal of existence. So we were not marrying as a speculation; nevertheless, since marriage comes so seldom in one's life, we had hopes that our moneyed relatives would do the handsome thing.

"They did. First came a complete set of knives, forks and spoons in a polished wood case. They were from the cousin Aggie had been named for. 'Such a sensible present!' said her mother; 'they will last a lifetime.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'it will take us a good while to wear all those out two at a time.'

"'Don't you suppose we're ever going to entertain any company, Joe?' asked the girl of my affection, tapping me on the cheek with one of the forks.

"The same night I had a note from her saying, 'Dearest Joe, you ought to see the lovely after dinner coffee spoons Second Cousin Milly has sent—no two alike. Orange plush case. Isn't it exciting? Don't tell, dear, but I almost wish they'd been something else, for I think some the girls are going to give me spoons.' The rest of this letter was not interesting—to you.

"This was the beginning of an avalanche of spoons—Charter Oak spoons, nutmeg spoons, soldiers' monument spoons, witch spoons, bust spoons, portrait spoons (I called these last our picture gallery, and suggested that they should be framed in ribbons and hung in the parlor). One of our friends sent a pair of salted-almond spoons, hoping that we would exchange them if they were duplicated, but it turned out that those were the only ones we had. The sugar spoons were all marked. There were five of them.

"It is a time-honored custom in an office when one of us is married for the rest to 'combine' and buy a picture; and you could generally tell what year a man's wedding came off by a glance at his parlor wall. Williams, who was married in '84, had 'Far Away;' Brown's, a few years later, was 'The Three Fates.' Ours was, of course, the latest thing out. It had a silver frame.

"As the days went by and pieces of silver piled up on us I was more than once reminded of the couple whose courtship was conducted in Browningese, and who were fitted out by their admiring friends with a Browning tea set, with quotations around the edge, 'Oh, the little more, and how much it is!' The Fords had a run on china, but a good deal of it got broken the first year. The Smiths' specialty was etchings; they had enough for every room in the house—only, they never had a house; they boarded ever since they were married. Finally the climax came, when my old Uncle John sent us a solid tea set. I hadn't expected anything from him, unless perhaps a Bible of a Webster's Unabridged, for he didn't enjoy giving anything away. Aggie was getting too tired to be very enthusiastic, but her mother was delighted, and it was no use thinking that I would just as soon have had the money.

"'This makes 103, dear—nine more than Susie Fish had,' said her sister.

"'One hundred and two,' said Aggie.

"'No, dear, 103—102 came this morning.'

"'Oh, I know I shall never get this list right!' exclaimed Aggie, diving for her blank book.

"'Look out, or you'll be handing that book to the parson for a prayer-book,' said I.

"'Wouldn't be a bit surprised,' she answered, stalling; Aggie could smile when she was tired.

"'Well, we were married. A man breathes easier when it's over with, Aggie,' I said, as the carriage door slammed on us, 'if it ever happens to us again, let's leave out the heathen superstitions.'

"'I know it,' said Aggie. 'I begged them not, but they would smuggle some in. See any in my hair?'

"'Some in your hat brim.' I brushed her off, and she seized the newspaper I had carefully brought along to look like an old married man, and conjured with it a minute, holding it out by an improvised handle. 'Here,' she said, 'the very childen in kindergarten know how to make paper dustpans—now brush the carriage seat.' When we got out I gave the hackman a dustpan of rice with a bill on top. 'There, burn it,' said I.

"'Did you see him chortle in his joy?' said Aggie, giggling; 'Joe, do you feel like a married couple?'

"'Lots,' said I.

"Our ten days in Washington had only one bogie—the blank book. Aggie said she must finish her notes. All I could do was to sit by and fret, and put on the stamps; and she told me I hindered her more than I helped, and she was awfully glad to have me around, it made her feel better.

"We began housekeeping in a cheerful way in a little house on a new street. It was something like to come home to one's own dinner table. We had so much silver that it looked funny with our plain china—nobody had given us a lot of ice-cream sets and things. I tell you, marriage is a lottery when it comes to wedding presents. I liked seeing Aggie's face in the sugar bowl, though. Every night the little maid (imported, to live up to the spoons) brought them and all the rest upstairs on a tray and we packed them away in the chest we had made and a pretty penny it cost, with its combination lock, which went into the end of the closet where nobody could get at it. One night we came home at 12 from a reception, and as we stole upstairs not to wake the sleeping handmaid, Aggie so sleepy herself that she tripped on her wedding gown and I had to hold her, we came upon the whole array on the floor outside our door.

"'Isn't it imposing? so safe!' said I, but Aggie said, desperately, 'I shan't care anything about going out evenings any more if I've got to put that silver away after I get home.'

"'Let it stay there.'

"'Oh, I can't. Mamma thinks we're so careless. We don't appreciate things enough. She says, if anyone had given her such elegant things when she was married she wouldn't have dared to close her eyes!'

"'Take more than that to keep my eyes open.' But I helped Agnes shove the tray under a chair, and drape the train of her wedding dress over it.

"'What on earth are you doing, Aggie?' I asked, on coming in for dinner one day. All I could see was one foot and a skirt ruffle in the closet.

"Aggie scrambled up enough to catch me round my knee. 'Oh, Joe, I'm so glad you've come!'

"'What is it? You're ready to cry.'

"'That's what I like about you; you don't have to be explained to. Henry Walker wouldn't have known I felt like crying if I'd screamed it at him!'

"That made me feel pretty good (though dinner wasn't ready). 'But what?—'

"'It's the silver! I came up to change the forks and spoons so they should get worn alike, and I've shut the paper with the combination in the chest, and I can't remember what it was.'

"I get down beside her. It was hotter than Mexico in that closet. I turned and tried the lock. 'Do you keep your dresses out of my way, they tickle the back of my neck.' No good. 'Well I guess we'll use the old forks to-day,' said I; 'I don't believe they'll fade away yet awhile.'

"'Oh, I'm so sorry—but—they're every one shut up in that chest.' So we laughed. What else was there to do? It was funny when Deming came home with me to tea—we'd asked him some days before. It wouldn't have been funny with some girls. The table looked principally white china, and the kitchen knives and forks didn't go round. Ever cut omelet with a pewter spoon? It is great.

"It wasn't quite so funny when three hot days had gone by and we had nearly smothered sojourning in the closet, and no news of the combination. 'Don't tell mamma!' pleaded my wife. I began to think I should have to call in a locksmith, when one evening Aggie startled me by jumping out of bed crying, 'I've got it! I've got it!'

"'Got what—a nightmare?'

"'I've got the combination! I've been working on it all the time, and it just came to me in my sleep. Get right up, Joe, and hold the light, and mind you don't set anything on fire.' In another two minutes the front of the chest fell down, and behold our houshold godss! 'If anybody wants to steal them between now and daylight, they can, that's all,' said Aggie; 'but I'm not going to shut that lock again to-night for anybody!'

"In the fall there was burglar scare about town, and Agnes' mother came over and gave her a lecture upon locking the windows. She said we really ought to have a burglar alarm. To please her, I had one put in. Election night I went down to town telling Aggie not to sit up for me, for I should wait for the returns. It was 1 o'clock when I opened the front door very softly, not to disturb Agnes. 'B-r-r-bra-ke-plunk!' I forgotten the alarm.

"Before I had time to say a word or even turn down my coat collar, my wife appeared at the head of the stairs. She pointed a pistol at me. Her hair hung loose, and she was in her—well, never mind; but she looked distractingly pretty.

"'If you come one step further I'll fire!' she cried.

"'It's Joe, Agnes,' said I, meekly.

"'I don't believe it! Take off your hat!'

"I took it off, and made her a low bow. 'Don't shoot your husband; he's doing the best he can.'

"Agnes laughed hysterically. 'Oh, Joe, I was so frightened.'

"I rushed upstairs and caught her. I took away the pistol, and wrapped her up in her dressing-gown. 'Do you think you ought to appear before burglars in this costume?' I inquired. She blushed. 'I never thought of that.'

"'And to think you should point a pistol at your own husband.'

"'It wasn't loaded, Joe.'

"'Agnes Lounsbury,' said I, 'do you mean to say you were so rash as to aim at me with a pistol that wasn't loaded?'

"'But I shouldn't have fired it, anyway; it wasn't cocked.'

"Well, this ends the watchman burglar alarm business,' said I. 'We've had about as much of it as we want. To-morrow we'll decide what silver we want to use every day, and the rest shall go down to the bank.'

"We're able to breathe now. The silver stands on the sideboard, and as yet nobody has carried it off; if they do Agnes' mother will say she expected it, for we aren't the careful people they used to be in her generation. Once in while Aggie quarrels with me because some dish or other that would make a show for company is at the bank, and I don't see my way clear to bring it home under my arm. 'You can have them all home and trust to luck if you'd rather,' I say.

"'I'd rather they were at the bank, because then I should have them, you know.'

"'Don't see it,' said I; 'but it's just as you say.'

"When our anniversary came around we had a present and a note from one of Agnes' elderly friends. The note ran this way:

"'My dear Mrs. Lounsbury: We send you our best congratulations on your anniversary. My husband will have his little joke, you know; and, as some one told him that the Lounsburys had had so much silver given them on their wedding that it was a positive embarrassment to them, he says you ought to be ashamed of being such pinchcrats at your age, while the older generation has not even accumulated souvenir spoons, and sends you this little gift to remind you of the fact—'

"'Oh, Joe! it's silver!' for I had punched a hole in the paper. 'No, it isn't. It's a pudding dish, or for oysters, you know. How kind. And plated, too. It didn't cost much, Joe, did it?'

"'A few dollars, I should think.'

"'How good! Perhaps even less, Joe?'

"'Perhaps so; it's rather light weight.'

"'Isn't it delightful? We'll have some oysters in it to-morrow night, and ask them over to tea.'

"'I should feel dreadfully to have that taken,' I heard her murmur that evening.

"'What for?'

"'Because it's such a comfort to have one thing that you don't care whether it's stolen or not.'

"'You're getting sleepy, Aggie. But I know one thing that 'goes on, goes on forever.'

"'What?'

"'Our storage rent. I reckon in a few years we'll have paid for the whole outfit, and then we'll fetch it home and keep open house for burglars with a clean conscience.'

"'Don't be ridiculous, Joe,' said my wife."—New York Tribune.

PLAYED HE WAS A STATUE.

Hungry John Doe Envied the Lot of the Bronze Figure in the Park.

Poor, hungry John Doe sat on a bench in the New York City Hall park ruminating over the vicissitudes of life. It was parching hot, and John had just removed his outer garments, so that he sat in his red undershirt and

DOE POSING AS A STATUE.

trousers, gazing up vacantly at the bronze statue of the martyr Nathan Hale.

"What a soft snap that feller's got, anyhow," he presently remarked, "standin' there all day long, wid the trees a shadin' him, nothin' to do, no cop to make him move on, nothin' to eat, nothin' to drink"—there the chain of thought suddenly ceased—"nothin' to drink! I'd be a statue myself if it wasn't for that. What a snap it would be."

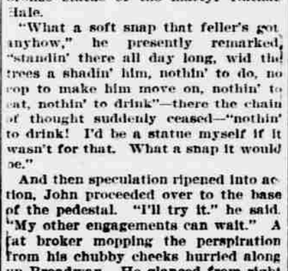
And then speculation ripened into action, John proceeded over to the base of the pedestal. "I'll try it," he said. "My other engagements can wait." A fat broker mopping the perspiration from his chubby cheeks hurried along up Broadway. He glanced from right to left and his eyes rested complacently on the leafy greenery of the park. Suddenly he halted.

"Shades of Abe Lincoln," he gasped, awe-stricken. On the bronze pedestal whence Hale, the martyr, had looked down over the passing show was perched a figure—a figure grotesque in its simplicity. Nothing more strange, indeed, than poor, addle-headed John Doe, his arms folded heroically across his red undershirt. And yet, he was attracting the rapt attention of a throng. So he played the statue faithfully, until a park policeman yanked him down by the foot and took him off to the station.

DEFENDER OF BULUWAYO.

Capt. John S. Nicholson Who Commands the British Forces.

Capt. John Sanctuary Nicholson is the officer now in command of the British forces at Buluwayo, beleaguered by the rebels. He joined the Seventh Hussars twelve years ago, and attained the rank of captain in 1891. When Gen. Goodenough was the commander at the



CAPTAIN NICHOLSON.

Cape he appointed Nicholson successor to Col. H. C. O. Plummer, the first commissioner sent to take charge of the forces of the Chartered Company. The regiment in which Nicholson is an officer was formerly stationed in India. The rising of the Matabeles has given his position a gravity and responsibility that were not anticipated.

Anxious to Know.

Doctor—Don't be alarmed. I was sicker than you are a year ago and with the same trouble. To-day I am well and hearty.

Patient (anxiously)—Oh, Doctor, tell me who was your physician.—Waterbury American.

Never say, "That is one thing I would not stand." The people will laugh at you when they see you standing it a few weeks later.

USE OF THE SENSES.

Habit and Experience Play a Part in Seeing and Hearing.

If we ask ourselves just how it is that we see, hear and receive impressions from the senses, we shall soon discover two things. The first is that the explanation 'we see with our eyes," "we hear with our ears," etc., is not quite satisfactory. It is easy enough to explain how certain rays of light impinge on the retina of the eye, and certain waves of air on the drum of the ear; but how these purely physical things are converted into purely psychical things of sight and hearing no one can explain.

Our second discovery will be that it is not by the eye alone that we see, or by the ear alone that we hear. Memory, or, rather, experience or habit, plays a great part in all sensations, though we do not often notice it, unless our attention is drawn to the fact by some circumstance that puts experience at fault, and thus produces a sense-illusion.

Have you ever noticed, for instance, how experience helps you to recognize the position of sounds? If one made a noise at a little distance from you, you could instantly tell from what direction it came, because experience has taught you to judge of this matter through the very slight difference in the intensity of sound in your two ears. An experiment will readily prove this.

Stop up the left ear firmly with cotton-wool, and go into a dark room with someone else who carries a bell. Let the other person strike the bell in different parts of the room, yourself remaining still. No matter where the bell is, it will always seem to you to sound on your right side, even though it may actually be near the left ear. Persons deaf in one ear can never tell whence a sound comes. It takes two ears to do this.

PHENOMENAL SPRINTER.

Hawkeye People Think Their Man Rush Will Be Another Crum.

If the young sprinter from the Grinnell College does not prove to be another John V. Crum in the athletic world he will sadly disappoint an entire State. Iowans are sure the handsome fellow who created such a sensation before one of the biggest crowds ever assembled in Marshalltown will prove to be one of the fastest sprinters America has ever produced. There seems to be good ground for the confident expectations reposed in the boy from Waterloo. At the State championship meeting at Marshalltown he performed with great credit to himself, winning the four sprinting events handily in time that stamps the new man as having a brilliant future on the cinder path. He ran fifty yards in 0:05 2-5, 100 in 0:10, 200 in 0:20 3-5, 220 in 0:22 3-5, and closed the day by romping away from his field in the quarter mile event in 0:53. That is a day's work that even the wonderful Wefers might well be proud of. Rush has been in training for running less than one year, and the events mentioned were the first big games he ever attended as a com-

J. HARLAND RUSH.

petitor. He is the son of a prominent traveling man of Waterloo, and is the ideal athlete in appearance. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs about 150 pounds in good condition. He has a perfect style, which comes natural to him, and in action on the track looks like a runner who has been in the sport for years. This is all the more remarkable from the fact that he has never had the advantage of being handled by a trainer of experience, who could advise the young man of his faults. He is exactly 21 years old, and what he knows about sprinting he picked up by seeing others perform.

One Way to Put It.

Many of the sayings and doings of the Southern negro, that find their way into print, may be apocryphal, but enough are known to be true to make good his claim to humor. A gentleman discussing coon-hunting relates an incident, in Forest and Stream, that illustrates this characteristic drollery.

The party, consisting of hunters, dogs, axes and torches galore, had been hunting for a good part of the night without any luck whatever. Finally, the dogs treed a coon. It would take some time to fell so large a tree, and one of the negroes volunteered to climb it and ascertain the whereabouts of the coon.

All agreed to this, and sat around to await developments. Soon after the negro had disappeared among the branches, a peculiar sound was heard from the top of the tree. It was a kind of mixture of negro and coon dialect. Some one ventured the remark:

"Bill, have you got that coon?"

"Yes, sah," was the reply, "I'se got dis here coon; but I wish you'd send some o' dem darkies up here to help me turn him loose."

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

The Princess of Wales lately ordered for her own use a bicycle of a pattern that has been practically out of use for ten years.

BUY $1.00 worth Dobbins Floating-Borax Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mfg Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 298 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

Mrs. Catherine Brophy, of Frankford, Penn., claims to be 103 and does her own housekeeping.

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.

Mrs. Bertha G. Lamme, of the Westinghouse works in Pittsburg, Penn., is the only woman electrical engineer in the country.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1894.

It will surprise a good many well-informed people to learn that Gen. Lew Wallace receives higher pay for his writings than any other living American author.

William Black, the novel writer, is also a portrait painter, an enthusiastic botanist and an all-around sportsman.

Econo-my—just think—every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses. This is true only of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Wasn't He Mean?

One day a gay young rooster
Was scratching in the ground,
Just after a brisk, summer show'r,
And a big, fat worm he found.
He placed his claw upon it, then
His head he upward threw,
And to his hens he loudly called
"Come! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

The hens they came a-running,
As eager as could be,
And each one thought "Now here's a treat
I'm very sure for me."
But when that rooster they had reached
He gave a wink or two,
Gobbled the worm himself and crowed
"Go! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
—M. E.

The Flower Dolls.

"I wonder if I could find two little girls who would help me weed the flower beds this morning?" said Aunt Mary, as she stepped out on to the side porch where Margie and Ethel were playing.

"Oh, I should like to, auntie!" said Ethel, "and I know Margie will help, too; and you'll let us have some marguerites and fuchsias to make those cute flower dolls, like those you taught us to make last week, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I will."

The time passed quickly to the little girls, for Aunt Mary told them stories, and just as they finished the last bed the dinner-bell rang.

After dinner Aunt Mary gathered a dozen marguerites, and the same number of well-formed fuchsias; while she was busy getting the flowers, Ethel ran to her room, and got a number of pins, and the bottle of ink, and pen, and Margie went to the kitchen to get several broom straws.

Aunt Mary then trimmed off all the stamens of the fuchsia but two, which were left for feet.

Margie cut off all the petals of each marguerite, leaving them as a margin, for the ruffle of the little cap, except two, these petals were left for strings.

As soon as she had finished one, Ethel marked eyes, nose and mouth on the center of it, with pen and ink.

When this was done Aunt Mary put a broom straw through the tube of the fuchsia for arms, and connected the head with the body with a pin, and this finished a dozen of the cutest little flower dolls which looked like this.

Margie and Ethel were delighted, and carried their dolls to the garden wall under the shade of the large maple.

Here they played until their Uncle Will asked them to take a drive. They hurried off, and it was almost teatime when they returned.

Remembering their flower dolls, they ran to get them; but the hot sun had come beating down on them, and each little flower lady had drooped, and grown weaker and weaker until she had died.—Household.

A Birthday for the Potato.

There is talk in England of having a birthday party for the potato. It is just 300 years since the first potato plants were taken from this country over to London, and the same year Sir Walter Raleigh planted some of them in Ireland. Everybody eats potatoes nowadays, and yet for nearly 200 years the plant was only a curiosity. Occasionally potatoes were served on some prince's table as a great delicacy, often candied like fruit or spiced. And high lords and ladies wore the flowers as ornaments. It is said that Frederick the Great had to compel the farmers of his dominion to plant potatoes. Now they are only too glad to do it.

A Cat that Shines in the Dark.

What would you think of a manufactured cat that scares away rats and mice? Well, a clever inventor has recently made such an animal. It is of metal, built exactly the size and shape of a cat and painted with a kind of paint that shines in the dark. If this metal cat is placed in the pantry the rats and mice straightway run to safer homes and don't come back.

How Long Is a Bicycle?

If you have a friend who is a great bicycle rider ask him off-hand when he is out of sight of his wheel how long a bicycle is. First, he'll look puzzled, and then he'll make the wildest kind of a guess. It's almost as puzzling as the question: "How high is a Derby hat?"

Did He Get His Whipping?

Tom, Dick and Harry got into trouble one recess. It was strictly against the rules to throw stones, yet they had been caught in the act by an angry old gentleman whose orchard came up to the school-house yard. Worst of all, he had seen a stone from the hand of Tom smash through the glass of his fine conservatory. So the guilty three expected severe treatment when the principal invited them to a private interview.

Tom was the oldest and worst of them. Harry was an innocent little fellow, misled by the example of the others. Dick was usually well-behaved, but had gone wrong for once. The teacher said:

"Boys, you have broken two valuable things, this gentleman's glass and one of my rules. You deserve severe punishment and perhaps you will get it, but I intend giving you a chance to escape. Each of you may guess for himself whether he is to be punished or not. Those who answer wrong will be punished, those who answer right will be spared, so be careful what you say. Henry, you may guess first."

Harry looked up timidly and ventured to say: "I guess you will not whip me, sir."

"Very good, my boy; you have answered correctly. I shall have to let you off. Go to your seat. Tom, your turn."

Tom thought he had learned something by Harry's success, so he said, with a bold grin:

"I guess you won't punish me, either."

"Wrong. So, you see, to keep my word, I shall have to whip you, much as I dislike to do it." And he laid the ruler on with a right good will, so that one would think he really enjoyed it.

"Now, Richard, what do you have to say?"

"I guess I am to be punished, sir."

Now, here is the question: As the teacher was bound to keep his word, did he punish Dick or not? If he did, Dick had guessed right and should not be punished; but if he did not, Dick had guessed wrong and the teacher would have to punish him.

Did Dick get his whipping?

A Question of Chintz.

Sims Reeves, the English tenor, has just been recalled to the public mind in singular fashion; for, at the age of 74, he has emerged from his retirement, and gone again upon the stage.

In the entire history of musical art there is no other case of so long and so successful a career as his. Nevertheless the kindliest critics agree that he should not have invited comparison of the voice he has with the voice he had.

Reeves was always the most eccentric and perverse of singers. Innumerable stories are told of his audacity in breaking engagements. In 1863 Col. Mapleson had announced him to sing in London, and on the first day of the engagement received a telegram from Reeves, who was on his way to town, expressing his surprise that he had been advertised for that evening when the engagement was for the following one.

The manager at once hurried to Reeve's house, and learned that dinner had been ordered for half-past 7. He told the butler that the time had been changed, and that the meal must be served at midnight instead. He then went to meet the tenor, who was accompanied by his wife, at the Euston railway station.

While Mrs. Reeves busied herself about the luggage Col. Mapleson got the tenor to himself, and explained his difficulty. "But it is quite impossible for me to sing this evening," was the answer. "I have ordered my dinner at home."

Col. Mapleson explained that he had postponed dinner for a few hours, and that a light meal was being prepared for him in the dressing-room of the theater. The suddenness of the proposition seemed to amuse the tenor. He laughed, and actually gave a half promise that if his wife consented, he would sing. At that moment his wife appeared, and the matter was explained to her.

"It's all nonsense," she exclaimed; "Mapleson is willing to ruin you by forcing you to sing."

She then went on to ask how any one could possibly think of such a thing, when the chintz and crumb cloth of his dressing-room had not been arranged.

It had always been her custom to hang the walls with new chintz, and place a fresh damask cloth on the floor, on the nights when her husband sang, and on this occasion the sacred hangings had gone to the wash. That settled the matter, and Reeves did not sing that night.

Destruction Caused by Bagpipes.

A Scotch Highlander, dressed in kilts and carrying a set of bagpipes under his arm, appeared at Bar Harbor the other night and next morning at 8 o'clock strolled up Main street in search of a good place to try the bags on the natives. It is years since the uncanny music of the canny Scot has been played there, and it had a wonderful effect, the first tune causing no less than five simultaneous runaways among horses and the wrecking of two wagons and sets of harnesses. The bagpiper stopped in the middle of the tune to see the fun, and after he saw the destruction that one tune had wrought he let the wind out of the pipes and took the 10:30 o'clock boat for Bangor.

Gossip is a pleasant way of criticising yourself. No man ever did a thing that you are not liable to do.

Half the mistakes of this world are made by people who think they are correcting mistakes of others.

An Effect Missed.

He—I shot him in the Rockies.
She—What fierce eyes he had!
He—Oh, they are only glass.
She—I see. You had the advantage of him.—Life.

Emperor Menelik II of Abyssinia, says an English newspaper correspondent, is a better man in many respects than some of the kings and emperors of Europe.

ANNA IVOR'S REQUEST.

Personal letters reach Mrs. Pinkham by thousands; some asking advice, and others, like the following, telling of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done and will ever continue to do in eradicating those fearful

female complaints so little understood by physicians.

All womb and ovarian troubles, irregularities, whites, bearing-down pains, displacements, tendency to cancer and tumor are cured permanently. "I feel as if I owed my life to your Vegetable Compound. After the birth of my babe I was very miserable. I had a drawing pain in the lower part of my bowels, no strength, and a terrible backache. Every day I failed. My husband said if I would try a bottle of your Vegetable Compound, he would get it for me. The change was wonderful. After I had taken the first half bottle I began to have great faith in it. When I had taken three bottles, I was well and growing stout. It is a pleasure for me to write this to you. I only ask women in any way afflicted with female troubles to try it."—MRS. ANNA IVOR, Pittsford Mills, Rutland Co., Vt.

When you come in hot and thirsty,—HIRES Root-beer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 5c. package makes 5 gallons of delicious, sparkling, healthful beverage.

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

AN OLD LADY FINDS THE TRUE SOURCE OF VITALITY.

A Reporter's Interesting Interview With a Lady of Seventy-two Years, Who Tells a Marvelous Story.

From the Union, Port Jervis, N. Y.

But a short time ago, in a distant part of the country, we heard of a cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which seemed almost marvelous, and more recently another substantial evidence of their value reached our ears. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, and wishing to know just how much there was in the story, a reporter was sent to interview the person said to be thus benefited. If the narrative as it had reached our ears was true, it was only simple justice to let it be known—if it proved untrue, it would be well to know it.

The person alluded to above as having been thus greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills is Mrs. Jane Hotalen, of Hainesville, N. J., a pleasant hamlet in Sussex County, about fifteen miles from this office. The reporter had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Hotalen. It was nearly noon when we reached her pleasant home, a double house, one part of which is occupied by her son. She is a pleasant-faced old lady, looking to be about sixty-five, but is in reality seventy-two years of age. After a few preliminary remarks in explanation of the call, she was asked if she had any objection to giving us the details of the case and how she came to try this now famous remedy.

"Not at all," said she. "If my experience can be of any good to others, I am sure they are welcome to it—it can do me no harm."

"When were you taken sick and what was the nature of the malady?" was asked.

"It was about two years ago. The trouble was rheumatic in character—sciatica, they called it—and it was very painful indeed. The difficulty began in my hip and extended the whole length of the limb, crippling me completely. I suffered intensely from it and the ordinary treatment gave me not the slightest alleviation. I was under treatment about a month as stated, but grew worse instead of better, and was fast becoming discouraged."

"What brought Pink Pills to your notice?"

"My son called my attention to an article in a paper in which it was stated that a Mr. Struble, of Branchville, a village in this county, had been greatly benefited by their use, and suggested that it would be a good plan to try them. But I was skeptical in regard to their value—in fact, I had no confidence in their efficacy and rather laughed at the suggestion. But the trouble increased and I was badly crippled. A few days later my son was about to visit a neighboring town and suggested again that it might be well to try this much-talked-of remedy, and I then consented. He bought me a box of them and I began taking them at once. At the end of a week I noted a marked improvement, and by the time I had taken the first box I was able to walk without a cane. I continued their use, taking several boxes, and am, as you see, in a very comfortable state of health."

"Have you had any return of the trouble?"

"Not as yet, though at my time of life, seventy-two, it would not be surprising if I should have. If it comes, I should at once begin the use of the pills. I suppose I inherit a tendency to troubles of this kind—my mother died from them."

"Did you ever note any ill effects from the use of Pink Pills?"

"None whatever. They never disturbed my stomach in any way or caused me any annoyance. Neither did I find it necessary to increase the dose, as the directions say may be desirable. I am able, as you see, to attend to my own work."

The reporter thanked Mrs. Hotalen for her courtesy and bade her good day. It is not often that one can witness such a complete recovery from such a pertinacious trouble at such an advanced age, and such instances cannot fail to produce a profound impression. Readers of the *Union* may rely on the absolute accuracy of all the statements here given—nothing has been exaggerated, nothing withheld.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contains, 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' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in 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 Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

CIGAR WRAPPERS FROM MEXICO

Their Use Not Yet Increased by the Present Troubles in Cuba.

There is a growing idea among smokers that, owing to the trobules in Cuba, there will be a scarcity of Cuban leaf tobacco, which will soon affect both the quality and quantity of domestic clear Havana cigars, and a rumor is prevalent that already many of the so-called clear Havanas are covered with Mexican tobacco, and that it cannot be detected by experts. The best-informed persons in the trade deny this rumor, and state that most of the large American firms have enough Cuban tobacco to last them for a year or more, and that there is little or no tobacco in Mexico suitable for the fastidious smoker. They say, also, that Mexican tobacco is detected easily at sight, and while it may be possible in future years to produce tobacco for wrappers which will compete with the Cuban article, it will be a long time coming, as up to date no effort has been made by the Mexican growers to cater to this market. The Mexican leaf is thicker and duller in appearance, without the rich gloss of the Cuban variety so attractive to American smokers. What is still more to the point, it rapidly deteriorates in appearance after being worked up into cigars. Still another reason is that all the available Mexican wrappers worth anything are called for by the Mexican trade, one firm of which is said to be under contract with Englishmen for 500,000 cigars every two weeks.

The government statistics also give an important hint in this matter. The total export of filler tobacco from Mexico for 1893 was only 48,451 pounds, of a value of $11,456; in 1894, 57,840 pounds, valued at $18,507, while the total amount of wrapper tobacco for 1895 was but thirteen pounds, valued at $7. This country imported from Cuba in 1893 21,694,891 pounds, valued at $8,940,058; in 1894, some 14,578,000 pounds, valued at $5,888,964, and in 1895 some 20,147,000 pounds, valued at $7,238,474. The total amount of imported wrapper tobacco from Cuba paying duty into the United States treasury during 1895 was 28,130 pounds, valued at $38,320. These are the facts in the matter, and as soon as Mexican tobacco begins to come in for use on domestic-made clear Havana cigars its arrival will be shown in the weekly tables of imports published in trade and shipping organs. What is very likely is that the consumer of Havana cigars will soon have to face a darker tobacco on his cigars than he has been wishing for lately.—New York Sun.

Until.

The Bishop (to young widow)—My sister, I dare say you find comfort in the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived.

Young widow—Yes. Poor Jack was in heaven till he died.—Pick-Me-Up.

The Boys' Brigade.

The total membership of the Boys' Brigade for the United Kingdom is 3,000 lads, with 2,800 officers.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 20 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

A button-ball tree over 100 years old, and 100 feet in height, in Essex, Conn., has a currant bush growing between two of its branches. In the past ten years the bush has produced fine fruit.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Fase 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.

A Gaelic society for the study of the Irish language has been established among the students of Trinity College, Dublin. In the *Tuam News* one tradesman advertises his wares in Gaelic.

Impoverished Blood causes that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, giving new life and increased vigor and vitality.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, biliousness, headache.

The project of erecting a monument to the late German novelist Gustav Freytag at Wiesbaden has been practically abandoned for lack of sympathy with the project.

E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Among the reforms of the new Kitchen Committee of the British House of Commons will be the substitution of waitresses for waiters.

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

Miss Alice Rotchschild's collection of roses is valued at $50,000.