

BALLADE OF THE NEW WOMAN.

Of the New Woman now to sing,
You bid me, Prince, whose jangled lyre,
Whose writhed muse, of weary wing,

She is, alas! no novel thing,
For history herself might die,
Might faint and fall in following

What stellar space, what mortal mire,
What not the fair sex vaster thought?
Indeed, we men folk might admire,

She is, alas! no novel thing,
For history herself might die,
Might faint and fall in following

Must taste experience, inquire,
For curiosity's the spring
That sends her soaring higher and

That bade her with the snake conspire
And to the snake alone be true,
Who brought on us that heavy ire,

Of the New Woman were but New!
If the New Woman were but New!

ENVOY.
Prince, old as Adam, is our sire,
As old as Eve, whose Adam knew;

At one time of my life I was gover-
ess in the family of Sir William Mor-

My only pupil was his little
daughter May, and both Sir William

and Lady Mordaunt were the kindest
and most generous of employers. My

pupil was a sweet, docile child of about
7 years old at the time the event I am

about to relate took place.
Then the inevitable "he" appeared

upon the scene in the person of Frank
Dudley, a young brother of Lady Mor-

dant. Frank was in the army and had
been in India for some time with his

regiment, but was recalled home for
six months. Before that six months

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when it came to the crucial point I
could not find it in my heart to say the

little word that would make him happy.
For one reason, though I liked him and

was pleased with his attention, I was
not sure enough of my own heart to

marry him; and for another, kind as
Sir William and Lady Mordaunt were,

I did not feel by any means certain that
the marriage of their young brother to

a penniless governess would be alto-
gether to their mind, and I was too

troubled to enter any family where I
should only be received on sufferance.

My next visitor was Jasper Mordaunt,
a brother of Sir William. Mr. Jasper

had been ill, suffering from severe
mental strain and nervous depres-

sion. He came to me in a very
unhappy mood, and it was through the

ent. Now that man had not the soul of
a man at all; he had the soul of a rat,

and when he died his soul went into
a rat's body. It was late one evening

when I saw a big black rat run through
my room, which was on the other side

of the wall to this. It was an enormous
rat, quite black, with long white whisk-

ers, and very bright eyes, and it ran
squeaking and shrieking through my

room, and then disappeared. I could
not see where it went to.
"The next morning I heard the man

had shot himself. Then I knew it was
the man's soul which had gone into the

body of the black rat. Of course, they
had an inquest, and brought in the ver-

dict, "Temporary insanity," and every-
body was very much interested in the

case. They invited me, and I went,
out of politeness, you know, but when

they came to that bit of the service
about the soul of our dear brother

resting in peace, why, I could have
laughed in their faces, for I had, but

rearing away somewhere in the body of
that black rat."
"Indeed?" said Sir William. "Why,

then, you must have brought it with
you."
"Such nothing," retorted Jasper,
scornfully. "A rat like that does not

Three Cliffs Bay, with the silver shimmer
of the water shining through the

arch of the first tall cliff, while on the
other hand was Oxwich point, sloping

down in a grand, richly wooded curve
to the water's edge, with the quaint

square-towered church nestling at its
foot, and looking as though it rose

directly out of the sea. The waves
sparkled and rippled in the bright sun-

shine, as they gently kissed the long
stretch of golden sand lying between

Oxwich and Penard. For a few min-
utes I gave myself up to the luxury of

enjoying the beauty of this fair scene
and to the dreamy influences of the

surroundings, nor thought of danger;
and perils so close at hand. Then I

opened my book, and was soon absor-
bed in its contents.
For a little while I read an unob-

truded. Then a sudden shadow across
my book made me look up, and there,

with a wild glare in his eyes and a look
of savage frenzy on his face, stood Mr.

Jasper.
I started to my feet with a cry of
horror. There was no mistaking the

deadly light in his eyes. He's
was on the edge of a dangerous cliff
with a madman.
"My gem, my princess, my star," he

Notwithstanding she was not a dame
of high degree, she was a woman of

character, and there was a peculiar
agony in the frown on her nose,

which made the police officers on duty
at the station house stop around lively

when she called on a matter of busi-
ness.
"I understand," she said to the ser-

geant, "that there's the body of a man
striving to be identified here."
"Is it at the morgue, ma'am," re-

sponded the sergeant, but with more
suavity than is common.
"Well, my husband hasn't been at

home for three days, and I thought it
might be him. Can you tell me what

he looks like?"
"Ye, but you could get a good deal
more satisfaction by going to the

morgue yourself, ma'am."
"I suppose I could," she steeled as
if she felt sure she would not identify

the remains of those of her husband.
"Was he killed?"
"Och, no, ma'am," exclaimed the ser-

geant. "He died suddenly. The patrol-
man saw him fall on the street."
"Died sudden, did he?" she asked

with interest.
"Ye, ma'am."
Her tone indicated that she thought

the police were to blame in some way.
"Well," she said, "there's no use in
my going to the morgue if that's the

case. It ain't my husband. He never
done anything sudden in his life. He's
an honest man on earth. Good-bye,"

Good Hood's Sarsaparilla

Wood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Qualitative Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Jingle and Jangle.
Jingle and Jangle are two little bells

That jingle and jangle all day;
And jingle rings and jangle all day;

Of lightness, promise and May;
Sunshine and sugar and honey and bees,

Rainbows and butterflies' wings,
Birds' chirp and brook-songs and wide

spreading trees—
Of joy little Jingle-bell sings!

Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;

And jangle rings and jangle all day;
And jangle rings and jangle all day;

Storm-cloud and vinegar, sorrowwood and

gall,
Toads' tongues and poisonous things,

Owls' and ravens, and dreams that ap-
pear—
Of wee little Jingle-bell sings!

Yes, Jingle and Jangle are two little bells
That jingle and jangle all day;

And the one that you listen to strangely
compels

Behavior that's sure to betray.
So listen to Jingle and be a good boy—

To Jangle, oh, never give ear.
And your days will be merry and bubble

with joy,
Which means will never come near.
—St. Nicholas.

He Was Grown Up.
A little fellow went to a shop some

days ago to buy a pair of gloves. The

shopman stared at the juvenile cus-
tomer and asked him what size he

was. The youngster promptly informed
him: "By you want kid gloves, my boy?"

"Kid gloves," ejaculated his customer;
"but I'm not a kid

now. I want 'grow-up' ones."

Vegetable Toys and Dolls.
With some clean potatoes, some car-

rots, parsnips and toothpicks a rainy

afternoon can be made so short that

supper will come hours before it is ex-
pected. The potatoes should be small

and as knobby and queer shaped as it
is possible to get them. The parsnips



Sunlight Soap

The clear morning sunlight brings with it gladness and renewed energy, and

Nothing is real success that is not according to God's plan.

Too many men praise their wives most after they bury them.

If we give the devil our eyes, he will soon have control of our feet.

God makes the most use of those who keep themselves ready for his use.

If you would know what keeps the oak alive, look for its smallest root.

If God puts us in the fire, it is because he sees cross he wants to purge out.

The man who looks with pure eyes can see the face of God in a dew drop.

The man who pleases God may expect to have a good deal of trouble with men.

Remember the serpent's head is to be bruised, no matter how big or black it may look.

According to the way some folks talk, the only people who have ever been good are dead.

If our faults were all written on our faces, the world would be full of hanging heads.

The devil can take a little rest when Christians begin to quarrel among themselves.

Every woman who has to live with a drunken husband knows that the devil is still loose.

Loving the beautiful is one of the ways by which we may love God without knowing it.

If your pastor preaches too long for you, it may be that your prayers for him are too short.

There are people who seem to think that because they have religion they have no need of brains.

The devil often takes a child by the hands on the day it is told that it is too young to join the church.

The preacher who receives the largest salary is not always the one who is doing the most for Christ.

We wrong God and cheat men, if we refuse to let our light shine as it should, because tallow is expensive.

The love that "suffereth long and is kind" is the kind that stays kind long enough to melt a stony heart.

We cannot do anything for the purpose of pleasing God without finding out that we have pleased him.

Before you tell a child that it is Sunday all the time in heaven, be sure that it loves to see Sunday come.

As long as the devil can find men who will make and sell whisky, there is no reason why he should be discouraged.

When a man believes in his heart what the Bible says about sin, he will soon have a salvation that will save him from it.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.
Dr. Agnew's Cure for Heart Disease is perfect

in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure.

It is a perfect remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Attacks, Dropsy, etc., and all symptoms of a Broken Heart. One dose cures. If it does not cure, it is a permanent cure. It is a perfect cure for all cases of Heart Disease. It is a perfect cure for all cases of Heart Disease. It is a perfect cure for all cases of Heart Disease.



RAM'S HORN BLAST

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

LOOKING often creates longing. The Holy Spirit is not a friend to idleness.

Sin in deed is generally the result of sin in thought.

Every Chris- tian's life is a book; some sinner has to read.

How strange that good people should love to tell bad news.

Nothing is real success that is not according to God's plan.

Too many men praise their wives most after they bury them.

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God makes the most use of those who keep themselves ready for his use.

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Li Hung Chang's Education.
Li Hung Chang came of worthy but not distinguished parentage. His father

successfully passed the examinations, but held no official position, and

was possessed of no opportunity to secure his son's advancement beyond a

forfeiting him an opportunity to pursue his studies and fit himself for the exam-

inations. Those he successfully passed in all grades, and in the final contest at

Peking he came out with distinguished honors among 20,000 competitors. Later

he was made a member of the French College, which corresponds somewhat to the French Academy. He therefore

has reason to take pride in his accomplish- ments and standing as a scholar, though, judged by the Western stand-

ard of education, Chinese scholars would hold a very low grade.—Century.

Telegraphic Printing.
Two electricians of Graz, Austria, claim to have invented an arrangement

by which a newspaper can be printed by telegraph any number of places at the same time.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms.

No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.

Women have suffered from the effects of over-sensitive-ness in this direction. They could-

n't say to the phy- sician, "I feel that I want what they ought to say to me."

Mrs. Pinkham has received the confidence of thousands of women.

Women want their hearts to be understood. She understands their suffering, and has the power to relieve and cure.

In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the male physician does not understand the case and treats the patient for constipation and indigestion—anything but the right thing.

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., and opened their hearts and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

You ask how she can tell if the doctor cannot? Because no man living ever treated so many cases and possessed such vast experience.

Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, sends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you.

Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure cure for this trouble. For twenty years it has done its grand work and cured thousands.



FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by millions of mothers for their children with soothing effect. It is a perfect remedy for all cases of Colic, Wind, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels.

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A PERILOUS WOOING.

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ess in the family of Sir William Mor-

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in a very un- happy mood, and it was through the

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper
place, in the museum of the collector of relics

of barbarism. The pistol ought to have
belonged to the museum of the collector of

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