TENDERNESS

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many fashions when we lift
First to our life's waters, bitter-sweet.
Love comes upon us with resistless power
Of curbless passion, and with headstrong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and still
It comes with the blessedness unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or—bitter fate!—
It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart
That love, we cry, is crueler than hate.
And then, ah me! When love has ceased to bless,
Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which hung
About us, lying on our mother's breast;
A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue
Can praise aright, since silence sings its best;
A love, as far removed from passion's heat
As from the chilliness of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when the failing feet
Begin to totter, and the eyes to tire.
In youth's bright heydey hottest love we seek,
The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies,
God grant that later blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies;
God grant some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness!
—San Francisco Argonaut.

A "SAFE" AFFAIR.

Philip Marsden, senior partner of Marsden & Rylotty, bankers, sat alone one evening in his counting house. The season had been a very prosperous one, for much money had changed hands through the unsettled state of the public mind, occasioned by bank failures and the explosions of public companies, but Marsden & Rylotty's bank had stood unshaken, for it was conducted upon a sound financial basis, with a large capital, and had become quite an old-established institution.

In consequence of the aforesaid failures, the receipts at Marsden's had expanded enormously, and Mr. Philip, whose heart and soul were in the lifelong work which his great grandfather founded, frequently drove across and stayed behind for an hour or so of late to glance through the transactions of the day carefully and quietly. It was perhaps a little indiscreet so far as his health was concerned, for Philip was traveling toward the "sundown" of life, having passed his three score years and ten. His medical adviser had frequently enjoined him to avoid mental or physical exertion, but when the banker laughed and pooh-poohed the idea the doctor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, prophesied that Marsden would assuredly die in the harness.

The latter almost believed it, too, while admitting that his intellect was not so keen, his judgment and discriminating faculties not quite so clear, nor his strength what it was some forty years back. He had been a master financier in his early days at the bank, conjuring with monetary problems as boys do with marbles, and giving the strictest attention to the work and to the secure custody of the documents and cash within its walls. Some very ingenious devices in the construction of the building and its rooms were attributable to his foresight, artifice and care. Marsden was a dear old gentleman, genial, happy, and exceedingly kind to the staff in his employ, who, in return, performed their duties to the very letter, knowing the esteem in which their services were held and substantially recognized.

The moments wore on, and Mr. Marsden with a yawn, rose from his seat, and was just about to depart when a knock at the side door of the office demanded his attention. Upon opening the door a police sergeant and two stalwart officers in plain clothes confronted him.

"You are Mr. Marsden, I believe, sir, the head of the bank?" inquired the sergeant in an anxious undertone.

"That is so. I am Mr. Marsden."

"I have some most important evidence to communicate, if you will grant us a few minutes in private, sir."

"Indeed! Certainly. Step inside. And these two gentlemen, who might they be?" asked the banker, turning on his heel.

"Two detective officers engaged upon their duty," replied the sergeant, and the trio were quickly ushered into the private sanctum of the banker.

"I am staying rather later than usual to-night; it is fortunate I had not gone."

"Very fortunate, for our visit concerns you most seriously."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Philip, opening his eyes widely and popping his gold-rimmed spectacles up on his forehead.

"Yes, sir, from information which has come into our possession, and which I must ask you in the interests of public justice not to divulge, but to afford us what assistance you can, I have to inform you that a daring robbery is contemplated upon your bank to-night."

"Never!" said Mr. Marsden, starting aghast. "Why, these premises are proof against anything."

"You may think so, but you don't know these men. To go into the matter, sir, it came about in this way: We were on the scent of a notorious little gang of three expert bank robbers and safe-breakers a short time since, and thorough smart fellows, too. But, unfortunately, we only succeeded in running one to earth—the others eluded us. The prisoner was convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude; but, like similar cases we have known, it subsequently came to his knowledge that his confederates had since his incarceration not acted up to their promise in making provision for his aged mother out of their ill-gotten gains, so he, in a spirit of revenge, peached upon them, and furnished us with full information concerning their whereabouts and future intentions. From this point these two other officers can better explain than I."

"Great heavens! you astound me!" said the aged banker, who became further agitated.

"Do not alarm yourself, sir; they will fall into their own trap, rest assured," continued one of the detectives, taking up the thread of the narrative. "Yes, acting on the statement made by the prisoner, my colleague and I instituted careful and, I might say, cunning inquiries, for these wily fellows are difficult to track. We have been unable to come upon the two individuals themselves, but after indefatigable efforts from a roundabout course—a woman, as usual, being at the bottom of it—we have learned that they intend forcing Marsden & Rylotty's bank to-night, and leaving by the boat express to-morrow for the continent."

"The scoundrels!"

"But they will just be deceived, sir. We have hit upon a plan, and ask you to acquiesce in our carrying it out."

"Most certainly, whatever you think best. What do you suggest?"

"Well, we want to catch them red-handed, as it were, and ask your permission to secrete ourselves upon the premises for the night, so as to fully be prepared and waiting for our men."

"Yes, yes. I presume you have a written authority?"

"Certainly, sir."

And the plain-clothes gentlemen drew from their breast pockets the authorized official document bearing the name of the chief of the department, which was quite satisfactory.

"After consulting with our superiors," continued the officer, "we think that the plan we have suggested, with your permission, the most likely to insure success. We should like you to furnish us with your private address, so as to communicate with you during the night, should your servants be required."

"Yes, of course—The Hollies, 15 Winstanton crescent——"

"Well known, sir. That will be sufficient, thank you."

And the officer jotted it down quickly in his pocketbook.

After pointing out a ponderous iron safe which he hoped the villains would not turn their attention to, Philip Marsden bade them good evening, requesting them to let him know the instant he was wanted.

He departed in a feverish state of anxiety, wondering, naturally, what the night would bring forth.

Now, directly the old gentleman had left the real character of the pseudo-police officers was apparent. It was quite true that a notorious "little" gang of bank robbers contemplated an attack on the bank that night, and those scoundrels were actually none others than themselves! Their warrants were forgeries, and the sergeant's uniform the perfection of imitation to the last button. No time was to be lost. From the coattail pockets of the sergeant came some of the finest tempered steel drills and other implements for forcing and boring iron safes that ever graced the person of the most experienced crib cracker. Deftly manufactured skeleton keys for picking the best and most complicated locks were brought forth; in short, everything needed for a thorough, daring and successful burglary.

"We've got a long night's work, Charlie, I'm afraid," said one. "It's now 9 o'clock, and if we get through this safe under ten hours we're lucky. We must set to work with a will."

Accordingly the "sergeant" speedily turned his attention to the back premises with a view to a hurried escape should they be disturbed, while the two others directed theirs to the huge iron safe spoken of by the banker. Drills were quickly applied behind the hinges of the door, and boring began in real earnest, for these "gentlemen" burglars knew pretty well everything worth knowing as to the construction of most safes in use.

Progress was very slow at first, but the men never ceased. Drill, drill, drill, on went the work almost in silence. Now and then just a short spell for a "breather." Midnight arrived, and a little better progress, for they labored harder than ever. One, 2, 3 o'clock, and now the huge iron door began to yield and crack a little.

"Tough work, Jim. But it'll pay us in the end, old fellow. Keep it up. We must finish it by 6 o'clock, for perhaps some blessed office cleaner may be here, or people be moving outside."

Four o'clock, and a good aperture was made. Five o'clock, and they were perspiring like blacksmiths at a forge in July, and they worked like demons with their drills and levers. Presently, with a united and terrific effort, the outer door was loosened from its sockets.

"Good!" muttered one, as they gradually, yet laboriously, lowered the mighty piece of metal to the ground. "The inner compartment is very short work, chummie."

And so it proved, for with the utmost dexterity one pried the lock as the other, with a thin chisel as hard as adamant, started forcing the door.

"One more wrench, Jim, and then for the spoil!" And he rubbed his hands with glee.

Clang! And open flew the door. But what?

Foiled! Frustrated! Baffled! The safe was empty!

The scoundrels, who had instantly dived their hands into the interior, shrank back aghast, swearing and pouring curses upon the old banker's head.

"Bah! the old blackguard! He has done us, Jim: And who'd have dreamed it?"

"There's no time to lose," blurted his confederate, smashing anything he could lay his hands on, in sheer wantonness. "It's striking 6 o'clock, and work people are about."

Tools were hurriedly collected and pocketed again, and the "sergeant," with a disappointed growl, suggested that they should go out by the door they came in by, as nobody was stirring much, and the back way meant scaling walls and roofs. This they did, but immediately on emerging into the street they were met by Mr. Marsden in company with three constables. The old banker had experienced a sleepless night and risen early, calling at the police station, innocently enough, on his way to ascertain the news, if any, and he was there astonished to learn that they believed it to be a bogus affair, as they knew nothing of it.

There was a desperate effort on the part of the burglars to escape, but one or two passing workmen at the cry of "Help!" rendered assistance and the "police officers" were strongly secured.

Philip Marsden, on stepping into the bank, although greatly unnerved and agitated at the state of affairs, could scarcely suppress his laughter on finding that his "decoy," as he called it, had given so much trouble, and thoroughly done them, although he was quite ignorant of the plot he had unintentionally laid for them.

The "decoy," an old, insecure safe, which was always purposely kept empty, was one of Mr. Marsden's ingenious ideas for throwing burglars off the scent, being fixed in a prominent position to attract notice, while other safes containing the valuables were far away from the rooms in ordinary use.

The pseudo-detective officers are in safe custody now. They have their regular "drills," and instead of picking locks, pick oakum.—Liverpool Mercury.

The Baby's Picture.

"I am tired to death," declared Mrs. Matronly as she reached home from down town the other evening.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband.

"Been having baby's picture taken. They have a way of taking them instantaneously now, you know."

"How long were you at it?"

"Three hours and a half."—Detroit Free Press.

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.

The King of Lapland.

I know a tiny monarch who has taken his command
Within a quiet region, where a faithful little band
Of people do his bidding, or yield him homage true,
And watch his faintest gesture, as old vassals used to do.

His territory's bordered by two encircling arms,
And keeping in their shelter, he is safe from all alarms;
This land is sometimes "rocky" if he feels inclined for jest,
Or lies at peace, a quiet plain, when he would stay at rest.

One mountain rises northward, and is known as Mother's Brow,
While east and west are twin-gray lakes, reflecting, I avow,
The prettiest bit of Nature that a human heart can see
Whene'er the little monarch is alert for jubilee.

But when he's feeling weary from the riding out in state,
Or bowing to his subjects and serfs importunate,
Retiring to the castle, his regal head, our King
Lays down in princely grandeur, while loving minstrels sing.

If you would find his royal seat, you need not sail the sea,
For—strange enough—his throne is set in this home of the free.
Just find the nearest nursery, and bow to the command
Of the loving little monarch, who is King of all Lapland.

-Ladies' Home Journal.

The Tree that Went Wrong.

When the tree was small no doubt it had the best intentions of becoming a tall, straight and beautiful tree. But when it had grown large enough to send out a branch this branch went wrong—perhaps some boy stepped on it—and instead of growing out and up like other branches it started off downward. The next branch above saw this, and was no doubt sorry about it. So it bent over and persuaded the lower branch to grow up as a good branch should. So the lower branch turned and went straight up to its friend, seized firm hold of it, even growing into it, and the two went up together.

THE TREE THAT WENT WRONG.

You will see how this was done from the picture, which was taken from a photograph of a tree in Hamilton, Mo. Did any of you ever hear of a tree that played a stranger prank?

The Mother Blackbird and Hunter.

One of our girls who read last week about the white blackbird writes and tells us a quaint but pretty little story, which shows how an old mother blackbird regarded her chicks.

You will be interested in reading it:

"Once upon a time a kindly old man started out in the morning to go hunting. He was passing through a thickly wooded forest and fancied he heard a mother blackbird calling to him:

"'Oh, kind sir, do not shoot my children.'

"The hunter replied: 'Tell me how I may know your children and I will promise not to harm them.'

"'Oh,' she replied, 'you can easily tell mine, for they are all white.'

"The hunter departed, saying that he would not shoot them. Night came on and the same old man wended his way homeward through the woods. But this time he found the mother bird moaning and in great distress. On inquiring the cause of her grief she exclaimed:

"'You have killed my children.'

"He said that was impossible, as he shot only young blackbirds, and yours, you say, were white.'

"Still sobbing, she said:

"'They have been black to you, but they are all white to me.'"—Chicago Record.

Good Games.

It is not always easy to think of good games and other entertainments for the lawn and park parties which are so popular at this time of year. It is quite necessary, as every girl hostess knows, that the fun should begin the moment the guests appear, so they will never know that there has been any ice to break. A good way to do this is to start the boys and girls first to arrive on a few of the old, but always amusing, tongue-twisters. Just ask them to say "mixed biscuits" a few times, and then try "gig whip." In a moment they'll all be laughing and ready to attack the very next guest who arrives, and tangle him up. If any one ventures to say that these are not really "tongue-twisters" suggest in your calmest voice: "Six thick thistle sticks."

By the side of this old Peter Piper and his peck of pickled peppers fades into insignificance.

If you happen to have a kodak, and the sunlight is bright, this is your chance. Bring it out quite suddenly and take pictures of all the guests present while their faces are screwed up in the effort to master "thistle sticks." You will get some very funny results, and when the photographs are finished they will make a most amusing souvenir of the occasion.

Having graduated from "thistle sticks," try some of the following twisters:

"Can a tinker tin a tea kettle, tickle a talker or tackle a kite?"

"Stop at the shop at the top of State street."

"There was an old woman and she was a thistle sifter. She had a sieve of sifted thistles and a sieve of unsifted thistles, and she was a thistle sifter."

"She stood at the door welcoming him in."

Another interesting diversion is the eye-hole game. Suspend a sheet between two trees or in front of the lawn tent and cut a hole in it just the size of an ordinary eye. Then let part of the company go behind the tent and part remain outside. One by one those inside step up and place one eye close to the hole, and those on the other side try to guess the name of the person. This is much harder than it would seem, for, although the guessing party may press up close to the sheet and examine the eye very carefully, it often happens that no guess is correct. There is a great deal of fun in this game. It may be played just before lunch is served, with the girls behind the sheet and the boys in front. The boy who first guesses the name of the owner of the first eye presented has the pleasure of the company of that young lady to lunch, and so on until all the eyes are guessed.

Gold

Or silver dollars will be well invested **Dollars** at this season if they go to buy a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla for a Fall Medicine. The body must be fortified against the dangers of disease germs which lurk in the air and rise from decaying vegetation. The safeguard is

Rich Red Blood

And the true way to get pure blood is to take the One True Blood Purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is used by thousands, not only to cure diseases caused by impure blood, but to keep the blood pure and healthy.

"I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for impure blood, and it has cured me of a bad blood disorder. I have also used Hood's Pills and I find both these medicines to be exactly as represented." GEO. W. AMBROSE, 834 Lamberton St., Trenton, New Jersey.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the best—the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Facts Recorded in Wool.

"The sheep from which that wool was cut," said a wool commission man on Michigan street, "didn't have enough to eat during February and March. How can I tell? Why, there is a weak spot in the wool which was made during those months. Anything which affects the growth of the sheep, whether prolonged dry weather in the summer or disease or want of food in the winter, will show in the wool just as accurately as the heat or cold is shown in a thermometer."

"The wool business," he continued, "is like every other; it is full of little details that are surprising to an outsider. You ask any wool dealer who has ever handled New England wool and he will tell you the clippings of sheep from the same breed on opposite sides of the Connecticut River, one in New Hampshire and the other in Vermont, differ from each other. On one side of the river is a granite soil and on the other a limestone soil, and the difference in grass grown on these two soils makes a difference in the wool. Now, the rich black prairies of Illinois make a wool from the same family of sheep which is quite a little coarser than the wool of the sheep grown on the finer grass of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The fiber of the Illinois wool is not so clear, dense or strong as that produced in Ohio."—Free Press.

A Wonderful Material.

The peat, or turf, taken from the Irish bogs, is used as fuel in the manufacture of cloth, and when subjected to great pressure becomes as hard as ebony and may be used for a variety of mechanical purposes. After being washed, dried and teased it presents the appearance of an exceedingly coarse brown fabric. After further cardings it changes to a delicate, creamy, chocolate-colored fiber, which can be spun into yarn or woven into woolen goods. It can be bleached to a snowy whiteness and dyed any color. It can be produced for one-third the cost of shoddy, and in the finer makes the appearance is equal to tweed. Several members of the royal family, including the Duchess of York, have purchased dresses of it. It is also an antiseptic and possesses absorbent qualities so great that it will soak up nine times its own weight of moisture. The value of peat fiber as a non-conductor of heat has been long known in this country, where it is used in the lining of refrigerators and cold-storage rooms, and also as a covering for steam pipes.

From His Standpoint.

"Have you come to see about why the garbage wasn't collected?" asked the housewife.

"No, I ain't," replied the contractor's agent, indignantly. "I've come to find out what business you people have to make a complaint over a little thing like waitin' a week or two for the man to come around. That's what I'm here for."—Washington Star.

LINCOLN AS A LAWYER.

"When Right, He'll Beat You; When Wrong, You Must Be Careful.

"Abraham Lincoln," said Senator Voorhees recently, "was known to me long before he ever came to the White House, or I dreamed of Congress. I remember him when I was a young man as a tall, angular figure, with a shaggy shock of dark hair, who used to ride the circuit as a lawyer, and whose business occasionally brought him as far as my bailiwick in Indiana. Even in an early day Lincoln had considerable fame as a successful trial lawyer. He told stories as effectively then as he did in after years, when, as a President, his stories were bound to be a success. He was a singularly good talker to juries, and had that convincing gift which few men possess of talking with his audience rather than to it. Most speakers talk 'to' an audience. Lincoln talked 'with' his, and that with his homely rhetoric, through which ran an eternal current of sentment, was the real secret of his victories.

"Few lawyers cared to meet Lincoln on even terms. Even when he had a weak case he was dangerous. Douglas once said of him: 'When Lincoln is right you can't beat him, when he is wrong you must be d—d careful or he'll beat you. This makes a strong man of Lincoln.' Douglas was right, and the history of his later collisions with Lincoln on the stump, and final great contest with him at the ballot box, might go a long ways toward proving it.

"Lincoln was a man of tremendous physical strength. He had long, gorilla-like arms, and was as powerful as an ogre. In his younger days he had great fame as a wrestler. It was the common practice of lawyers in that day to put in the noon hour in wrestling, leaping and running. The members of the bar were as well known for their wrestling as for their strength before judge and jury. Lincoln was unquestionably the champion wrestler of his time and circuit. No one ever succeeded in getting him on his back. With Lincoln's strength and facility for physical exercises, it should be no wonder that he was a famous rail splitter."

A RUSH TO GUIANA.

A Californian's Letter Drew Crowds to the Gold-Fields.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Venezuela, I departed for British Guiana, where life and property were secure. On arriving at Georgetown, the beautiful capital of the colony, with about sixty thousand inhabitants, I found a hundred California miners stranded and full of indignation. They had been lured to Guiana by a letter which had found wide circulation in the newspapers of the Pacific coast. A man who had served as cook in a California mining camp had gone to Guiana and had found a good position as manager of a placer-mine on the Barima River. Elated by his good fortune, he wrote a glowing account of his prospects to his wife in California. She showed the letter to the editor of the local paper, who published it as an item of important mining news.

This letter within a short time had the effect of starting groups of men from the coast mining fields, some of them even from British Columbia. It was a time of depression in the mining industries of the Pacific coast, and a great many miners were out of employment. Though the writer of the letter had no intention of attracting others to his El Dorado, the Californians, who had assumed that it would be as easy to prospect for gold in Guiana as in California, regarded him as the author of their misadventure, and indulged freely in threats of vengeance. No harm came to him, however, because it is not a light matter to violate the laws in British Guiana. As these stranded miners had no money, they were unable to prospect, which requires a more or less expensive outfit; and they could not find employment in the diggings for the reason that white men are not employed on the placers, except as managers; and in fact nearly all the managers, like the laborers, are colored men.

The Californians had great difficulty in getting away; some of them reached home as stowaways; a very few obtained situations. One of them was engaged for six months as manager of a placer-mine on the Potaro River, owned by a syndicate of colored men, which produced from three hundred to four hundred ounces of gold a month. He fell ill just as his time was up. When he recovered he invested his savings in an outfit, and started up the Cuyuni River, but found nothing. Another man secured a situation partly through the fact of his being a freemason.—Century.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

THE RESTORATION TO HEALTH OF A PROMINENT MAN.

Worn Out by Exposure and Broken Down in Health He Was in Misery for Months—Is Now a Well and Happy Man—Read the Story.

From the News, Clarksburg, W. Va.

In the interest of common humanity, your reporter has the honor to send you an interesting and profitable interview had with one of Harrison County's most highly esteemed citizens, concerning his narrow and miraculous escape from death. The person referred to is Mr. Floyd E. Barnett, of Jarvisville, West Virginia, who is well known throughout Harrison County and other sections of the State.

Mr. Barnett's narrative is as follows: "I live at Jarvisville, West Virginia, was born and raised there, and am thirty-nine years of age. I am a farmer by occupation, and the exposure and hardships incident to this life finally overcame a strong constitution, and in the month of May, 1894, I was seized with what the medical fraternity pronounced sciatic rheumatism.

"The disease was first felt in the hip and soon became severely painful. Within a short time the whole lower extremity was affected and became terribly swollen, and at times the pain which was almost unbearable extended up into the shoulder. I consulted the best physicians and specialists in the country, some of whom treated me sometime, but to no successful purpose. I used various patent medicines and liniments of wide recommendation, but none of them gave relief. I worried along this way for some months, being unable to work and at times unable to move. I became restless at night and could not sleep. The disease seemed to affect my heart and it was utterly impossible to lie on my left side on account of the seriousness of the pain at the heart.

"My condition seemed a hopeless one and I was much discouraged, when by chance I happened to read an account in the Wheeling *Independent* of the wonderful cure of a person afflicted like myself, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had effected. This was some time in the month of December. I immediately procured a box and began to use them. A change commenced at once.

"I continued to take the pills until I felt entirely cured. To-day I am a well and sound man. The pills not only cured my rheumatism, but drove that troublesome pain from my heart as well. For more than a year now I have not been troubled in the slightest with either malady, or any other for that matter. I am a strong man and perform as much manual labor as any farmer."

Mr. Barnett is a man highly respected for veracity. His statements are corroborated by his neighbors and his recovery is ascribed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills. As he talked to your reporter, he showed every sign of being a man in excellent health and only too glad to tell the simple story of how his life was saved by the use of the pills.

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

A Profitable Bargain.

Mr. Wood, slater, of Laurencekirk, purchased at a sale a bundle of five books, one of which was described by the auctioneer as Burns' Poems. The sum paid for the lot was about five cents. The volumes were stored away until lately, when Mr. Wood noticed that a high price had been paid for a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns, and remembering that his copy was printed at Kilmarnock, he brought it under the notice of Mr. Greig, banker, Laurencekirk, who pronounced the book one of the original Kilmarnock editions, and further, that an inscription was probably in the bard's own handwriting. The volume was sent to Southby's, where a great sale of books had just been concluded, when, for his 2d. worth, Mr. Wood has obtained $850.

Nothing to Them.

First Moth—For heaven's sake, let's get back to the city where I can get a decent meal.

Second Moth—What's the matter?

First Moth—I haven't struck anything but bathing suits since I came here.—New York World.

Worked Both Motions.

Squildig—My wife called me up by telephone this morning.

McSwilligen—What for?

Squildig—To call me down.—Exchange.

Getting the Money.

Father—He says he loves you, but can he support you in the style you have been accustomed to?

Daughter—Even better, father, dear, if you will just furnish the money; that is all that discourages him.—Kansas City Catholic.

Glass Imitation of Wood.

A patent has been taken out for a singular but ingenious process for making glass veneers. The invention relates primarily to the production of ornamental glass, which may be either semi-transparent or opaque, and is made to represent highly polished wood of any description. When used for veneering, it is particularly adapted for vestibule and other doors, the exterior of the glass having the appearance of polished wood, while in the interior of the house it shows semi-transparent. The process by which this material is produced is to cloud a sheet of ground or plain glass on one side with a liquid dye of the proper color to represent any desired wood. The dye is applied by means of a sponge, which is so manipulated as to bring out the semblance of the green of the wood upon the surface of the glass. A badger brush is used to soften the shading. The glass is then covered with photographers' varnish. This leaves the grain clear and fast, without the necessity of using any gelatinous substance, which would render it liable to crack and spoil the effect. To complete the operation, the glass is slightly heated, and the various shades required for the particular wood to be imitated are caused to flow over it by means of a syringe. The merging of the shadings into each other is prevented by the heating of the glass. The whole is made semi-transparent by the application of another coat of photographers' varnish, which preserves and protects the dyes. The exterior surface then presents the appearance of a finely polished, solid wood finish.

Met Her Match.

"Clara, you know that young man that I said I was going to twist around my finger?"

"Yes, Maud. Did you do it?"

"I tried."

"Well, did you succeed?"

"I started out all right, but finally found myself folded up in his arms."—Exchange.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Czarina of Russia, it is said, is an expert swimmer, and recently had a great swimming tank erected in the Winter Palace.

Merit Wins and that is why Hood's Sarsaparilla holds the abiding confidence of the public. Hood's Sarsaparilla is known by the cures it has made. It is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness. 25c.

In Alpnach, Switzerland, is a timber slide said to be the biggest in the world. At any rate, it is eight miles long, and is helping to denude old Mount Pilatus of trees.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 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.

George Cruikshank was constantly making portraits of himself. A complete series of these pictures from the time the caricaturist was twelve years old is about to be published in London.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

It is said that Rev. Samuel D. Merrill, now of Rochester, N. Y., was the first white child born in the territory, now state of Nebraska, when his father was laboring as a missionary among the Indians.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Edinburgh, Scotland, has just received through its Lord Provost, an offer of $500,000 toward building a town hall from an anonymous person. In the last few years the city has received $1,900,000, in gifts.

MEN and Ladies' in small towns wishing to earn $18 a week easily, write us; we will explain. EXCELSIOR CHEMICAL CO., Rochester, N. Y. Lock Box 608.

The famous collection of drawings and engravings by the old masters formerly in the possession of Colonel Malcolm, has been sold to the British Museum for $125,000, though it is said to be worth about $200,000.

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

There were 56,600 cases of cholera in Japan last year, 40,000 of which were fatal.

Hearing the note of a redbird high in a tree, while on a picnic, a Louisville (Ky.) bird fancier determined to capture the songster and climbed almost to the branch where it was perched, when he slipped and fell, fracturing his skull.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

A big wash looks discouraging.

But when you have the right weapon to attack the great stack of soiled clothes with, the battle is half won already.

Sunlight Soap

is the weapon to use. It will make that big wash look like a pile of driven snow.

All the sheets and blankets as well as the delicate fabrics will be saved by Sunlight Soap, and there won't be any tearing or ripping, because you don't have to rub.

Less Labor
Greater Comfort

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N.Y.

Changed.

He used to be the meekest man
In all the human race
But since he bought a bicycle
He travels on his face.
—Life.

She Wasn't Bashful.

"I would kiss you if I had the cheek to do it," said a bashful young man to his sweetheart.

"What's the matter with your lips?" queried she.—Detroit Free Press.

Lazy Charlie.

Charlie—I say, dear boy.

Chappie—Yaas?

Charlie—I wish some one would invent a cigarette for hot weather that one could smoke without having to light it.—Exchange.

Not the Right Answer.

Officer—Private Schultz, after you have served three years faithfully, what are you then?

Private Schultz (saluting)—Three years older.—Texas Siftings.

Worse.

"I have never yet heard Bunkins say a kind word about anybody," remarked the gossipy citizen.

"Neither have I," was the response. "He's worse for running people down than a trolley car."—Washington Star.

An Affectionate Farewell.

Miss Newritch (bidding her bosom friend good-by at the dock)—And wouldn't it be grand if I should catch a lord over there?

Miss Oldstock—Yes, then you would be a lady.—New York World.

The Idiot.

"Woman," said the sentimental boarder, "is a little lower than the angels."

"She comes high," assented the cheerful idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Reason for It.

Trivvet—Skidmore gave his seat in a street car to a lady this morning.

Dicer—Oh, come now; don't impose on my credulity.

Trivvet—It's a fact. He told me afterward that there was a hole in the window back of him and he was afraid of the draft.—Judge.

Sense of Humor.

"You needn't tell me that women have no sense of humor," said Ricketts to Fosdick.

"Well?"

"I overheard a stuttering man propose once. He said: 'I l-l-love y-y-you d-d-d-devotedly, m-m-my d-d-dear B-B-Blanche. W-w-wwill y-y-you m-m-mmarry m-m-me?' And after the delivery of this declaration on the installment plan the minx had the audacity to say: 'Oh, George, this is so sudden.' "—Town Topics.

Drawing Card.

Dusty Rhodes—I don't believe in giving one's fortune to some badly ventilated orphan asylum. I shall leave mine to those who attend my wake.

Wits William—How can you fix it?

Dusty Rhodes—I shall leave word to give a fried oyster with every tear.—New York World.

Amazing Detective Work.

Hijinks—The Brooklyn police have just struck a clew to a great murder mystery.

Lovecutt—Good! I suppose they'll promptly bring the murderer to justice?

Hijinks—Hardly. He's been dead these twenty years.—Town Topics.

A Good Reason.

"Please spare a copper; I'm so hungry!"

"Why don't you work?"

"Because that would make me still more hungry."—Judy.

Almost Wiped Out.

Florida natives like to make game of inquisitive travelers. An English cockney was talking with a "cracker."

"Yes," said the Floridian, "we had an awful fire down in Swamp City last week. Only seventeen houses left standing."

"My goodness! How many were there before?"

"Eighteen."—Youth's Companion.

Got Off Easy.

"Howley was badly hurt last Sunday."

"How?"

"In some way he dropped a Sunday newspaper on his foot and crushed it."—Texas Siftings.

An Ambitious Cat.

Caller—What has become of the two-tailed kitten you used to have on exhibition here?

Manager—It worked itself to death trying to catch both its tails at once.—Truth.

As He Inferred.

First Tourist (grandly)—While in Europe last summer I went through Wales.

Second Tourist (from Chicago)—How much did his princelets have in his clothes?—Truth.

Worth It.

Bingo (sternly)—Bobbie, Mrs. Slimson, next door, says you tied a cannon cracker to her dog's tail this morning and he hasn't been seen since. Now, sir, I'd like to know what you gained by such conduct?

Bobbie—I gained a dollar bill from her husband.—Life.

"Why are you putting such big words in that challenge?" asked the eminent pugilist of his private secretary. "They are jaw-breakers, sir!" The explanation was quite satisfactory.—Puck.

Beware!

There is a new kind of bug, and it is a corker. It is spreading over the country from the Southwest, and human beings are its chosen prey. Already it has invaded the Mississippi Valley in great numbers, and many persons have nearly died from its bites. Not a whit more cheerful does this news become when it is explained that the insect in question is a giant species of bed-bug. It comes from Mexico and Texas, and it measures a full inch in length.

Mutually Safe.

He—I never mean what I say to a summer girl.

She—And I never believe what a summer man says to me.

He—Good. Then we might as well be engaged without further loss of time.—New York World.

A Truth.

Teacher—What is "to lie?"

Johnnie—"To lie" is the imperfect form of "to fish."

We have noticed that when the dogs get after a rabbit, its left hind foot doesn't save it.

41 1013

TIRED SALESWOMEN.

EMPLOYERS SHOULD BE MORE CONSIDERATE.

Interesting Statement by a Young Lady in Brooklyn.

In the vast retail establishments of large cities, many women are employed as saleswomen.

Men formerly held the positions that

women now hold, and while women's organism is less strong than men's they are expected to do the same work. Their duties compel them to be on their feet from morning to night, and many of them, in a short time, contract these distressing complaints called "female diseases."

Then occur irregularities, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, indigestion, leucorrhœa, general debility and nervous prostration.

They are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness.

In such cases there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. The following is a sample:

"My dear Mrs. Pinkham:—After writing you, and before your answer came, I was too miserable to go to the store, and so lost my position. That was five weeks ago. I am now back again in my old place, and never felt so well in all my life. The bearing-down pains and whites have left me, and I am not a bit nervous or blue. Life looks brighter to me. I don't get tired, my temper is real sweet, and I could scream right out sometimes for joy.

Your Vegetable Compound is my stand-by. You don't know how thankful I am to you for saving me from suffering. Every woman in my position should know of your wonderful remedy. I never saw you, but I love you for being so good to me."—EDITH——W. 6th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RIPANS TABULES

Mrs. Annie T. Risley, of No. 1429 South 56th St., Philadelphia, is the wife of a prominent real estate agent and moves in high social circles. She is also a member of the Presbyterian Church. Under date of September 11th, 1895, Mrs. Risley writes: "I write to thank you for the beneficial results from the use of Ripans Tabules. I saw them advertised, and though I rarely put much confidence in patent medicines, I decided to try them. Since I began taking them my dyspepsia has diminished and I can feel that it is leaving me. My complexion has improved, and I feel like a new woman—not the 'new woman' of the present fad, but a rejuvenated and physically regenerated being. (Signed), MRS. A. T. RISLEY."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN FOR KLEENATENE.

EVERY STORE KEEPER must have it. We want agents to sell it to them. Big money; not a catch-penny scheme. But a legitimate money-making business. Write quick to SOL COLEMAN & CO., Memphis, Tenn.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.

JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent free. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA GA

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

25 CTS

"Better Work Wisely Than Work Hard." Great Efforts are Unnecessary in House Cleaning if you Use

SAPOLIO