NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many playthings are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many thimbles and spools has she missed,
How many burns on each fat little fist,
How many bumps to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many hats has she hunted to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
Carelessly hiding themselves in the hay,
Nobody knows but mother.
How many handkerchiefs willfully strayed,
How many ribbons for each little maid,
How, for her care, can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many little torn aprons to mend,
How many hours of toil must she spend,
What is the time when her day's work shall end?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many lunches for "Tommy" and "Sam?"
Nobody knows but mother.
Cookies and apples and blackberry jam,
Nobody knows but mother.
Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth"—
Toddling "Dottie" or dignified Ruth,
How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth?
Nobody knows but mother.

How many cares does a mother heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother-love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white bed,
How many tears for her babes has she shed,
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.
—Mary Morrison, in Housekeeper.

RAMBLING ROBIN.

People called him "Rambling Robin." You could have seen him almost any day walking along with his head hanging down, and his eyes fixed on the ground. Nobody spoke to him, nor did he speak to anybody. His clothes were in rags. He wore no collar. Sometimes a red scarf was fastened round his neck, but oftener than not his neck and chest were bare to the cutting winds. Nobody knew where he came from, and nobody cared.

Some said he had been an actor at one time—others that he had been a doctor, while many maintained that he was a man who had gambled away a large fortune. Whatever he might have been, we could all see that he was no common vagrant.

I do not know whether the peace and good will which are supposed to come to all men at Christmas time had anything to do with it, but when I passed him one Christmas eve a few years ago, as I was hurrying off home, a sudden impulse led me to stop.

"Will you come home with me and have your supper, Robin?" I said.

He stopped and lifted up his head. Poor fellow! I noticed the tears spring to his eyes. Kind words were strangers to him.

"My—my supper!" he gasped. "I never have any supper."

I quite believed him. In fact, if he had said he never had anything to eat at any time I should not have contradicted him.

"But make an exception to-night," I urged. "Christmas time, you know. People break the ordinary routine of their lives at Christmas. Come along."

He made no answer; at least, not with words, but his eyes spoke plainly enough, and, quickening his pace, we strode along together toward my home.

At last we reached the house, and my wife opened the door. My little Mabel came toddling to meet me, and as I lifted her up and carried her back on my shoulder I told my wife I had brought a friend home for supper.

Robin and I sat talking together while Annie was getting the meal ready. His face had brightened, and his brilliant conversation confirmed the opinion I had formed of him, that he was a man of culture.

Mabel climbed down from my knee and went across to Robin.

"Have oo no 'ittle dirl?" she lisped.

He stroked her hair gently, and shook his head.

"And no mamma?" she asked, looking first at me and then at the smiling face of my wife.

Robin turned his face away. Trust a child for finding the way to a man's heart.

"No, no mamma," he replied, after a pause.

Mabel sighed, and came across to me "Is oo poor man?" she asked.

The intervention of my wife with the information that supper was ready saved me from replying.

The meal over, my wife rose to take Mabel to bed, but before she left the room the little girl ran back, and climbing on Robin's knee, kissed him "dood night." Then Robin and I pulled our chairs to the fire. His eyes were shining. He seemed a different man. I handed him a cigar, and we sat smoking for awhile without speaking.

"Would you like to hear the history of 'Rambling Robin?'" he asked, bending forward. "If you would, I will tell you the first part. The second part only begins to-night. * * * You shall hear that in a year or two."

I did not quite understand him, but I nodded and waited for him to start.

"Two lines," he began, "frequently occur to me. You remember them:

'Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.'

"They are the truest lines ever written," he said, and he stared into the fire for a time without speaking.

"Listen, and I will tell you how I fell. Five years ago I was a young man—do I look young now?" and he pointed to his sunken cheeks and gray-streaked hair. "And yet five years have made the difference.

"My name is Robin Alerne. I was living with my father in Scotland and it was there I met my Flora. I can see her now, as she was the first day I met her. It was a glorious day in June. I had sauntered out with my rod in the morning, and was whipping the stream which ran along the outskirts of the wood, when the sound of sweet music fell on my ear. I turned round and saw a woman. She had not seen me, and as she came along she sang in a voice as sweet and pure as was the singer:

"'Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O!
The opening gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O!'

"She was slinging her sun bonnet in her hand, and the sun was playing with her golden hair. Her neck was bare, its whiteness contrasting with her bonnie, sunburnt face.

"When she saw me she stopped and blushed. Then she threw on her sunbonnet and walked on hurriedly.

"She was a girl from the neighboring farm. I fell in love with her, and we met in the wood, unknown to any one. Then my father heard. He forbade me to see her, and told me if I disobeyed him he would turn me from the house.

"I met Flora the same night, and persuaded her, on that glorious moonlight night, to be my wife. We came south together, and I married her. I was successful in obtaining a clerkship, and after my work at the office was done, my wife would sit in the little chair by my side, while I sat writing at my desk. For I had the gift of writing bits of stories, and often when the night had drawn on, and work was put away, Flora and I would sit talking of the future, of the day when I should be a famous author, and the drudgery of the office should be a thing of the past.

"But our happiness was too great to last. The roses on my darling's face began to fade, and though she tried to smile away my fears, I felt sure she was going to be ill.

"Then one night when I came from the office, I found her ill in bed. In despair I sat down to write a story, which, if accepted, would enable me to get her away into the country, or to the seaside. I worked at it all night, and finished it. Then a week later I received a letter at the office from the editor telling me that my story had been accepted, inclosing a check and asking for more stories.

"Flora had been growing worse each day, but now, I thought, she should soon be better. I cashed the check and bought some luxuries for her, and, passing a flower shop, I went in and obtained a spray of lilies. They were her favorite flowers.

"Then I hurried away home. I could hardly walk fast enough, but at last I reached my little house, and entered. I ran upstairs and threw open her bedroom door.

"'Flora,' I cried. 'Success at last, my darling. You shall go away for a few days now.'

"She did not answer me. 'She must be asleep,' I thought, and noiselessly I walked across the room.

"I stood over the bed, looking at my sweetheart's lovely face. It was so calm, so beautiful, so pure. There was

ROBIN TELLS HIS STORY.

a sweet smile on her lips, and her hair was hanging down, framing her face in gold. My thoughts wandered back to that day in June, and the words of the song came back to me.

"I knelt at the side of the bed, and, placing the spray of lilies in my Flora's little hand, waited in silence, watching and praying—praying that she would soon be restored to health again.

"She awoke with a little start.

"'I am so glad you have come, Robin,' she said, as I kissed her. 'I have had such a glorious dream. I was dreaming that you had written a book, and that the world was ringing with your name.'

"I interrupted her.

"'Perhaps the day is not far off love. See, my story has been accepted, and the editor begs that I will send him some others.'

"She did not speak, but the proud look in her eyes told me what her thoughts were. Then she saw the lilies and she kissed me for them."

Robin covered his face with his hands, and a sob shook his frame. He rose from his chair and walked round the room. Then he stopped, and, with his face averted, he finished his story:

"In less than a week she was dead. She died in my arms. I thought she was better, but it was not to be. She was too good to live. We were too happy for this world. Heaven would have had no meaning could we have lived together longer. And when her last breath was gone I laid her back gently on the bed and covered her face from my sight. I went on my knees and cursed—cursed my fate and everything else.

"Now, perhaps, you understand my fall. 'Why work,' I thought, 'when I have nobody to work for? My literary work was neglected. I lost my situation at the office. I have sunk deeper and deeper, until now," he paused for awhile, "now I am 'Rambling Robin.'"

Then he came across and stood by the fire.

"But the innocent prattle of that little child of yours has brought me to my senses. As there is a God above, I will yet make the world ring with my name. Even if I cannot work for my dead Flora, I can work for her memory's sake. And so I will. I start to-night on the second part of my life. In two years I will let you know the result. I will come and see you. Good by."

I pressed him to stop the night, but he would not. I persuaded him, however, to take the loan of a few pounds, and as he walked to the door I slipped a note into his hands.

And last Christmas eve he kept his promise. He came to see me carrying a small parcel under his arm. It was a book—the book of the year. He had written it under a nom de plume. His name now is known throughout the English-speaking world, and the book which made his name is dedicated:

"To my angel wife and Mabel."—James Davenport, in Tid-Bits.

The Most Valuable Spots on Earth.

Probably the most valuable spot on the face of the earth (as the burial sites in Westminster Abbey cannot be bought with gold) are the four corners where Wall street touches Broad, and the two where it meets Broadway. I cannot guess how large a price any one of these might bring in the market now; but a million dollars and a half million dollars more were recently paid for five lots on Broadway opposite Bowling Green. This was the value of the land alone, as the old buildings it bore were at once torn down; yet, says Philip Hone, a lot in just this place sold in 1829 for only $19,500. As late as 1840 lots on Cortlandt street could be had for $1,000, or even for $700. But a year or two ago the corner of Liberty street and Nassau, measuring 79 feet along the one, 112 along the other, and about 100 feet in depth, brought $1,250,000, and this, again, for the sake of the land alone.—Century.

"People" or "Persons."

A correspondent of the Critic is reminded by something "that there is one word which is misused by every journalist and every author wherever the English language is written—the word 'people.'" The misuse complained of consists in using "people" as the plural of "person," and an instance of it is credited to Mr. Howells, who is criticised for writing of "three people" sitting in a room. The authority who criticises him points out that "people" is a collective noun, and can properly be applied only to a nation, a tribe, a class, or a community, and that such a phrase as "fifty people were injured" is "sloppy English." "For twenty-five years," says this complainant, "I have kept my eye on this little word 'people,' and I have yet to find a single English or American author who does not misuse it."

It seems to have occurred to him that grammar is subservient to language, and not language to grammar. If the best British and American authors for the last twenty-five years have occasionally used "people" in the sense of "persons," there would seem to be warrant for the suspicion that in the present status of the English language that usage is permissible. "Persons" is a hard-worked word, and writers whose literary ear is sensitive will hardly be estopped from relieving the strain on it at times by using "people" in its stead. Whenever the misuse of a familiar word has become universal, it seems safe to recognize that the word as misused is necessary to convenience of expression; and when any word in any sense has proved itself necessary, it might as well have space allowed it in the dictionary and be accepted.—Harper's Weekly.

The Old Virginia Fiddler.

What has become of the old Virginia fiddler, whose services used to be in incessant demand at this season of the year, and who was known and greeted by all the young people for miles around?

Of old, there could be no Christmas in the country without him. He was as indispensable as the children's stockings, the eggnogg bowl, the roasted shoat, the mince pie or the stuffed turkey. He was the important functionary at every dance, and called out the figures in an unchangeable voice, which grew fiercer and fiercer as he warmed up to his work. Has our old friend disappeared? Is his fiddle cracked and his bow unstrung? Has he been unable to withstand the invasion of his territory by the piano and the piano agent? We fear so. We hear of him very seldom now; whereas in the times agone, at Christmas his name was on every tongue, and his bow was a scepter wielded over many willing subjects.

Happily for him that he found suitable eulogists before his type was extinct. Dr. George W. Bagby, that great humorist and player upon the heart strings of men, in numerous sketches, and the founder of this paper, in his delightful, realistic reminiscences, have both described and immortalized the old Virginia fiddler. And well they did; for he is becoming as rare as the buffalo upon the Western prairies. But well he served his day and generation before he laid down "de fiddle and de bow."—Richmond Dispatch.

Mrs. Frances Dick has been for the past sixteen years cashier of the First National Bank of Huntington, Ind.

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Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.
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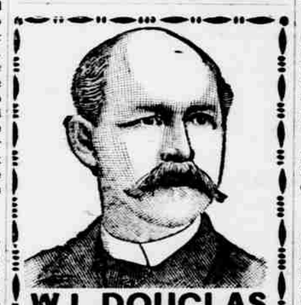
Sold by all Druggists.



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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.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

When you're doubled up with pain and feel like you'd snap in two, you have
LUMBAGO.
When you feel strong, straight, without pain by using St. Jacobs Oil, you'll know you've used the best remedy.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

TRUTH is what God says.

Every selfish joy dies young.

It takes a hot fire to purify gold.

He most lives who lives for others.

It is as safe to trust in God as it ever was.

Don't give a tract where bread is needed most.

Life has most in it for those who know God best.

When you know what a man believes you know what he is.

Truth never stays over night in any house built on the sand.

Never measure any man's piety by the length of his face.

What men call failure may often be what angels call success.

Woe to that man who has the saloon-keeper for his friend.

One step away from God is all it takes to reach the gate of hell.

Every failure carries a guide-book to success in its inside pocket.

Anybody can say prayers, but only a worshiper of God can pray.

When the devil comes to an empty mind he at once begins to fill it.

No man can do God's will until God's will has first been done in him.

The man who tries to hide his sin forgets that God is everywhere.

Idolatry is a plan of salvation that the sinful man makes for himself.

Many who are born in sight of heaven appear to do all their traveling toward the pit.

"Look unto me and be ye saved," shows how easy God has made man's part in being saved.

Important Papers.

Queen Victoria has given so many proofs of the possession of sterling virtues that no one ever expects her to swerve from the path approved by her judgment and her conscience. When she first became queen, however, the world had yet to learn how determined the young girl ruler could be.

Lord Melbourne, her prime minister, is said to have declared that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen.

On one occasion he arrived at Windsor late on Saturday night, and informed his youthful sovereign that he had brought for her inspection some papers of importance. "But," said he, "as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your Majesty with them to-night, but will request your attention to them to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning?" replied the Queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"But business of state, please your Majesty."

"Must be attended to, I know," replied the Queen, "and as, of course, you could not get down earlier to-night, I will, if these papers are of such vital importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow."

In the morning the royal party went to church, and the noble statesman was not absent. Much to his surprise, the sermon was on the duties of the Sabbath.

"How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen.

"Very much, your Majesty," he replied.

"I will not conceal from you," said the Queen, "that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which to preach. I hope we shall all be the better for his words."

It is presumable that they were better, for the day passed, and no word was heard of the papers. At night, when her Majesty was about to withdraw, she said: "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, we will go into those papers—at 7 o'clock if you like."

But the papers had suddenly grown less pressing, for the Prime Minister found that 9 o'clock would be quite early enough to attend to them.

Queer California Soil.

The oil resources of California are being carefully investigated by the State Mining Bureau, which looks for a great development some day of the oil industry along the slopes of the coast range from San Francisco southward almost to the Mexican border line. The recent extensive explorations made in the southern part of the State by W. L. Watts of the Mining Bureau formed the subject of an interesting popular lecture given recently before the Academy of Science.

The discourse was made additionally entertaining by a stereopticon display of views of the oil wells, bituminous deposits and petroleum-bearing regions visited by the lecturer.

One of the views showed an asphaltum flow in which were sticks and stones and bones of animals. Sometimes, the lecturer explained, cattle lie down in the asphaltum when it is warm; they never get up again. At other times, on warm days, cows attempt to walk through the soft black stuff, but they stay in it until they are rescued or until they die.—San Francisco Call.

A Query.

Elsie has reached the age, her parents think, where she should be taught something of the rewards and punishments hereafter. The description of the angelic hosts especially interested her. An angel, she was told, is that part of us that lives forever, either in bliss for its goodness or in torment for wickedness. The other day she saw a picture purporting to be that of an angel. After studying it carefully, she turned to her mother with: "Mamma, angels don't have bodies like us?"

"No," she was answered. "Or no flesh?" "No." "But they have wings?" "Yes." A profound pause; then she asked, "What do they fasten the wings to?"

It Was Different.

"Yes," said Archie, "I should admire to be a soldier, to carry a sword and gun and lead my men through fastnesses in the mountains, where the enemy lie concealed two to our one, and we would die like heroes with our boots on."

"Archie," said his mother, "go into the woodshed and get me an armful of kindling."

"Will you hold the light, mamma?"

"What do you want of a light?" inquired his mother.

"I'm afraid."

Wild Yak.

The yak, or wild ox of Tibet, has sufficient spirit to turn and attack a hunter. If it had more perseverance it would prove a dangerous enemy. Col. Prjevalski, in his account of his travels in the Tibetan mountains, narrates an adventure which illustrates the yak's disposition:

I was returning to camp when I saw several old yaks grazing on a little plateau. I fired on them, and one fell and slipped down the snowy slope. Stunned by his fall, he lay motionless at the bottom of the ravine. I ran to him. As soon as he saw me, some hundred feet away, he rose and tried to flee. I fired, but the ball did not touch him.

Then he turned and rushed at me. I had only two cartridges; I fired one at a distance of seventy feet, and one at a distance of fifty feet. He stopped when he was quite near me, holding his head down and lashing his sides with his tail.

I was near enough to see his little eyes and the blood which ran from his nostrils. If he had had a little more decision and energy I should have been lost. I could not get away, and I had no weapon but my empty gun.

We stood looking at each other. Presently he raised his head and stopped lashing his sides. Evidently he was getting over his anger. I threw myself on the ground, and without taking my eyes from him, crawled backward some sixty feet. Then I jumped up and walked away as fast as possible. I did not breathe freely until some 200 feet lay between us.

A Despotic Grandmother.

The custom which permits English parents to arrange marriages for their children used to be observed in a manner that would have provoked rebellion in an American household. The following story is told of a relative by Lady Langford, the original of Lady Kew, in Thackeray's "Newcomes:"

Lady Langford had only once seen her cousin, Lord Langford, when he came to visit her grandmother, and the next day the old lady told her she was to marry him.

"Very well, grandmamma, but when?"

"I never in my life heard such an impertinent question," said the grandmother. "What business is it of yours when you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, whenever you hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married."

And so it was.

Merit Wins.

The invention of Alabastine marked a new era in wall coatings, and from the standpoint of the building owner was a most important discovery. It has from a small beginning branched out into every country of the civilized world. The name "kalsomine" has become so offensive to property owners that manufacturers of cheap kalsomine preparations are now calling them by some other name, and attempting to sell on the Alabastine company's reputation.

Through extensive advertising and personal use, the merits of the durable Alabastine are so thoroughly known that the people insist on getting these goods and will take no chance of spoiling their walls for a positive saving of at the most but a few cents. Thus it is again demonstrated that merit wins, and that manufacturers of first-class articles will be supported by the people.

In Asia the average number of inhabitants per square mile is 48; in Africa, 15; in America, 8; in Australia, 1.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Swedes find relief from sleeplessness by laying over the eyes a napkin wet with cold water.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

No beer is allowed to leave the best German breweries until after it has been made three months.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and $1.00, at all druggists.

Eating matches are common among the villages of Alaska. He who eats the most is considered the most accomplished man.

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The air is so clear and dry in the arctic regions that conversation can be carried on when the speakers are two miles apart.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

Excessive tea drinking shatters the nervous system, weakens the brain, injures the appetite, disturbs the digestive organs, and causes cold feet.

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

A musician in Hermon, Mo., wanted a tip top zither, and he sent to Europe for one. He was disgusted when he received one that had been made in his own State.

RUPTURE
Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER 1013 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.

An open top thimble containing a wet sponge, to be used in moistening envelope flaps, and thus facilitating the sealing of letters, is the invention of an Oregonian.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c., 25c.

At Jasper, Fla., a dog chased a rabbit, which dashed into a gopher hole. The dog followed, and a rattlesnake killed both of them.

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

Charles Dorr, of San Francisco, has a wonderful memory. He can recite verbatim almost any play after witnessing it once.

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.

In a South Dakota divorce case the jury was composed of six men and six women, and of course there was a disagreement.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

"When I'm a Man."

(First Boy.)

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a farmer if I can, and I can.
I'll plow the ground and the seed I'll sow,
I'll reap the grain and the grass I'll mow,
I'll bind the sheaves and I'll rake
And pitch it up on the mow—
When I'm a man.

(Second Boy.)

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a carpenter if I can, and I can.
I'll plane like this and I'll hammer so,
And this is the way my saw shall go:
I'll make bird houses and sleds and toys,
And a ship that shall race with any boy's—
When I'm a man.

(Third Boy.)

When I'm a man, a man,
A blacksmith I'll be if I can, and I can.
Clang, clang, clang, shall my anvil ring,
And this is the way the bellows I'll swing;
I'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight,
Then I'll trot 'round the square to see if its's right—
When I'm a man.

(Fourth Boy.)

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a shoemaker if I can, and I can.
I'll sit on a bench with my last held so,
And in and out with my needle go,
I'll sew so strong that my work shall wear
Till nothing is left but my stitches there—
When I'm a man.

(Fifth Boy.)

When I'm a man, a man,
A doctor I'll be if I can, and I can.
My powders and pills shall be nice and sweet,
And you shall have just what you like to eat;
I'll prescribe for you riding and sailing and such,
And above all things you never must study too much—
When I'm a man.

(Sixth Boy.)

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a minister if I can, and I can.
And once in a while a sermon I'll make
That can keep little boys and girls awake;
For ah! dear me! if ministers knew
How glad we are when they do get through—
When I'm a man.

(Seventh Boy.)

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a school committee if I can, and I can.
And once a week I'll come into school,
And say, "Miss Teacher, I've made a rule
That boys and girls need a great deal of play,
You may give these children a holiday"—
When I'm a man.

(Eighth Boy.)

When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be president if I can, and I can
My uncles and aunts are a jolly set,
And I'll have them all in my cabinet;
I shall live in the White House, and I hope you all
When you hear I'm elected will give me a call—
When I'm a man

(All in Concert.)

When we are men, are men,
We hope we shall do great things, and then
Whatever we do this thing we say,
We'll do our work in the very best way,
And you shall see if you know us then,
We'll be good and honest and useful men—
When we are men.

*This is an exercise for eight boys, who should have appropriate costumes, or at least implements, and act their parts as spoken.

Cork Toys.

A doll's house can be completely furnished with cork furniture for the girls, and all the toy animals a boy could wish for can be made for the boys. All the materials needed to make these toys are some corks, yarn, pins, toothpicks, pasteboard and a sharp knife and matches. To make a chair take a cork and stick five pins around the edge, pretty close together. Now fasten the yarn on the first pin, then weave in and out, back and forth, until you cover the pins to the top. Fasten the yarn and you have made the back of your chair. To make the legs stick four pins at equal distances from one another, in the other end of the cork. Begin winding the yarn at the top of the pins, and wind round and round, one pin at a time, till you reach the head of the pin, then over and over back again, then cross over to the next pin and do the same till all are covered and your chair is made. A sofa can be made in about the same way by using a larger cork for the seat. You can make tables by using large fat corks, and putting pins in for legs. Now for the boys: First make a horse, because that is what the boys like best. Take four matches for the legs, and sharpen them so that they will go into the cork. Then cut the head out of pasteboard and a dot of ink will do for eyes. Make the hair with pen and ink, then cut a slit in one end of the cork and stick this in. Make a tail out of some worsted and cut a hole in the back of the cork, placing this in it. You can make a bird by using a cork for the body, matches for the neck and legs, and split a cork in two for a standard. Cut the head out of pasteboard and stick chicken feathers in it and in the body.

Little Tangles.

Once upon a time there was a great king who employed his people to weave for him. The silk and wool and pattern were also given by the king, and he looked for diligent workpeople. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send for him, and he would help them, and not to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child, whom the king did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she labored. One day when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures—the silks were tangled and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered around the child and said: "Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties."

"Then, why do you not send for the king?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."

"Ah!" said the child, "but I send directly I find a little tangle."

The Blazing.

Boastful New-Englander—But you can't deny that the Pilgrim Fathers blazed the way to all the greatness of our nation.

Westerner—Blazed the way? Yes, by burning witches.—Chicago Journal.

Unlicensed dogs are put to death in Larned, Kan. and the owner is fined.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.

A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine.

This mere wreck of a woman had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large publishing house in New York. Her health began to fail. Instead of taking rest and medical treatment, she resorted to the stimulus of morphine.

The hospital physicians discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages.

If, when she had felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it would have dissolved and passed off that polypus in the womb, and to-day she would have been a well woman sitting in her office.

Why will women let themselves go in this way? It seems passing strange that a woman like this one, so highly educated, and so well placed, should have depended on morphine, instead of seeking a radical cure.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers—she need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman; her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her; it will cost you nothing. In the meantime get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the nearest drug store. The following letter from one of your sisters will encourage you:

MRS. BERTHA LEHRMAN, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and sideache, leucorrhœa, and the worst forms of womb troubles.

"Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stouter and heartier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying."

A lady from North Carolina says: "My sister has used

RIPANS TABULES

and speaks in the highest terms of them, and says they cannot be excelled in keeping the system well regulated. She was a sufferer from dyspepsia and indigestion for several years."

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