The Plague, his black hand lifted. Vas thorting down the Rhine, His back a saft-lined coffin (On each side grew the vine); The woodman by his tree; Before him rose the prayer and byun,

Behind, the Dirige.

He found them spinning wedding-robes, He left them digging graves; High over faces pale and wrong The earth heaped up its waves, He strack the baron at his gate. e meannt at the plow, A lifteen his sable batter shook Darkness on every brow.

At this time in helfry-room Red from the toil that brought the fee Their seats were codar coffin-planks

All velvet-trimmed and soft; The chalice-cups by them defiled, Were filled and emptied oft.

They drank "A long reign to King Plague" "A wet year and a foul!" As screaming through the open loop Flew in and out the owl. Their shirts were made of dead

(Dead men are meek and dumb) And each one were a dead kuight's ring Upon his thievish thumb.

Down from the boarded floor above The heavy bell-rope swings, It coils around the bowls and flasks, The ups and drinking things. set throws a gloom of black Upon the red-tiled floor-

Three faces dark-on two the lights Their golden fustres pour. Entire the table sink the steps That lead into a vault-A treasure house no thieves but five

Pared ever yet assault. And through the darkness to the left Winds up the belfry stair-Up to the old bell chamber-In to the cooler nir.

The wall was hung with coffin-plates, The dates rubbed duly out (Dend men are very dull and slow In finding these things out). They tenst "The Doctors of Cologne, Who keep the church-spades bright! Such tousts us these, such feast as that,

Far, far above among the bells The sleet upon the buggar fell, And stabbed him carte and tierce. There was a pother in the roofs, And such a clash of tiles,

Were lit for such a night.

That dying creatures' sobs and groans Yere heard around for miles. They drink to "Peter and to Paull"

And "All men underground? Then with a laugh, and wink, and nudge, The passing-bell they sound, They drink to the tree that gives the And the tree that guards the dead-

The coal-black tree with the blood-drop So polsonous, soft and red,

Is Cad then sleening? No! See there. How one tears at his throat, And baring neck and shoulder, Bids ale his fellows note. A plugue spot, blue and swollen, love a glastly on the skin, And on his knees he prays to Christ to yet forgive his sin

Dead! And the eldest, tolling The rope that o'er them hung, Called, with a curse, "Lads, till your cup-And as he staggers down, Another drags at the heavy bell

Stanged with the cross and crown So every time a toper fell Another rose to toll, And all the rest screamed out a dirge For the singer's passing soul. And high they flung the cup; With half a song and half a prayer

They tossed it, filling up. Now but one left, and he, though faint, Staggers towards the rope, Half dead, without a hope-

Tolls, with a hand of lead-Then falls upon the wine-drenched floor Upon his fellows-dead! Walter Thornbury, in San Franciscs

EVA'S AMBITION.

Eva Norrington inserted her latch not seem especially pleased to see her. Her skirts were wet, and a wisp of damp hair was tumbling over her eyes. flickering gas jet, were some letters

"A year ago to-day!" said Eva to herself as she closed the door against the wind. "Has be written, or bas he for-

He had not forgotten. Eva picked ed quickly round at the closed hall the kitchen stairs-and kissed it. Then she went up-stairs to her bed-sittingroom with the letter in her hand and Joy in her heart.

in the corner, a wash-stand, a ward- meeting with an editor at a dinner parrobe, here and there a picture on the ty paved the way to her appearance er rickety, on which tay a heap of man and of the year Eva Norrington had useript-a half-finished story.

to-night," said Eva, as she caught sight

drew the only easy chair under the gas course, her fame was great. The pajet and sat down; fingering the letterhappiness stretched in front of her it ed at afternoon teas, and townsfolk was pleasant to linger on the confines were glad to think that they participatof misery, to look buck on the life she | of to some extent in the literary work

"It is not every one," said Eva reflectively, "who can make experiments in life-without expense."

the provincial town which gave her self, others because they saw that she hirth. At the high school no girl could was marked for ultimate success. Havstand against her. Her form governing advanced a certain distance along ess, who now and then asked her favor- the road she had longed to travel, she ite pupils to tea, even said she might could judge better whither it would be a head mistress one day. To Eva lead her. It would lead her to a place this seemed absurd. But when, at the in the newspaper paragraphs, to a place age of 20, she gained a guinea prize on the bookstalls, to a place in the phofor a story in a weekly paper she be tographer's windows, and to a place gan to think that at least she might be at Bayswater or South Kensington. a great novelist. At any rate she fel. This, then, must be the end of the strugsure that somewhere ahead of her gle and the turmoil of the fight. And stretched a career; and as her 21st how she hated the fight! A fight wherebirthday approached she announced to in victory would bring her no nearer her startled parents her intention of go- to the actualities of life; for she had ing to London in search of it. Thereupon ensued a series of domestic scenes our social system by no means places such as have been common of late in women on an equality with men, and the homes of England, wherein the par- that whereas men can buy the coveted ous duckling. The duckling invariably gains its point; and so it was with Eva Norrington. Having refuted argument

and resisted persuasion for a certain was that, while success was also number of weeks. Eva obtained a gradging consent to her departure. The townspeople knew not whether to admire or disapprove. But they lmd read n novels of young ladies who took helr lives and latchkeys into their own hands, became famous, and married respectably after all. So during the weeks of preparation for her campaign Eva became something of a figure in local society, and more than one dinner party was given in her bonor, as well as plentiful advice as to the neces sary precautions against London guile, and many recipes for quarding against

the colds induced by the fogs that isfest the metropolis. Eva was almost happy; for she had the bopefulness of youth and beauty, and all the exhilaration of taking her life into her hands and fashioning it as she would, with none to raise objections to the process. She would have been quite happy but for Allan Craig. For Allan Craig, whenever he heard to make a name for herself, promptly offered her his own for a substitute. It was a good enough name, and at the foot of a check it was generally respected, as Allan Craig had lately stepped into his father's business as estate agent and was prospering. Eva was disturbed, but she turned not aside from her project. Eva had mapped out her life and Allan Craig was not included in the scheme.

As she sat fingering her letter in her bed-room she went over the parting scene in her mind. The details of I would only increase the delight of the letter. For Eva had learned during the last year that happiness is so rare that it deserved to be rolled on the tongue and not swallowed in haste. It was at a dance on the night before her departure-her last dance, so she thought, before she started life in earnest. They were sitting out a dance together, for Eva was not disposed to think unkindly of Allan, though she might resent his intrusion into her scheme of life. She remembered how there had been silence between them for some moments, how-Allan had leaned his elbows on his grateful?" knees and dug the beel of his dancing shoes into the carpet.

"And so you are quite determined to leave us?" said Allan. "Of course," replied Eva. "My boxes are all packed."

things?" "One povel and several stories." to zo when-"

"I want to-well-to live a larger life." "You mean you want to live in a bigger place?" "Well, not exactly. I don't think you

quite understand." "I quite understand that there is not enough scope for you here, and that I this trick of his. am a selfish brute for trying to keep you from your ambition. Look here, and in looking around came to the pic-Eva, can you honestly say that you ture of Mary Queen of Scots being be-

Allen had risen and was standing over her. Eva looked up at him. She could see him standing there now-big of Scots, and they're going to chop her comely, with something in his eyes that head off." thrilled her, half with fear and half "Oh, why does she let them do that?" with pleasure. She rose and faced him. said Johnny. "Why doesn't she hide "I shall be sorry to leave you-very under the bed?"-Evening World.

"Then why -- ?" "Can't you see Allan? I know I have am hampered; in London—"
"You may fail," said Allan, with a note of hope in his voice. Then Eve than I do in hearing her."—Tid-Bits.

spoke: "I shall succeed-I know I shall."

"Will you write to me?" Eva hesitated. She was half inclined to give in to that extent. Allap a woman's wanting the last word," said had mistaken her hesitation.

"No," he said, "There shall be no seifishness in my love for you, I will haven't thought of talking about it." wait a year from to-night, and then, if London is no go, you know there future. I used to think that a woman will always be me. You can't expect was persistent in wanting the last me to pray for your success, can you?" word. But after hearing two men, wh Eva, placed on her mettle, looked him stood under my window until 3 o'clock

and turned to go. The waltz had ceas how easily we get discouraged and ed in the room below, and a rustle of quit."-Washington Star. skirts and a ripple of tongues had taken its place.

"Eva-once-the last time, perhaps." She turned again, laughing. "Quick!" she said; "some one will

A woman may forget many things key into the keybole of a Bedford but no woman ever forgets the first square boarding house, and entered. time a lover's arm was around her It was a dismal, windy, rainy Novem- waist and a lover's lips upon her own. is the darmdest fool of a coy galoot; ber evening, and ever since lunch she And as Eva sat in the corner of a thirdhad been paddling about London, class carriage in the London train next elimbing grimy stairs of newspaper morning, looking forward to the caoffices, and talking to people who did reer before her, the remembrance of the support of Allan's arm persisted in

obtruding liself. Having got what she wanted she had already begun to doub On the hall table, disclosed by the if she wanted what she had got. For a career, after all, is rather a lonesome sort of a thing.

Such small success as may come to the inexperienced girl upon ber first incursion into literature came to Eva. She lived sparingly, worked hard, and up the letter from the hall table, look never made the mistake of refusing invitations on the ground of work. She door, and at the baize door that led to staid up a little later or got up a little earlier instead. A weekly column on Eddy writes of his experiences in placed at her disgraphing by means of kites. posal by the youthful editor of a new woman's paper, who had met her at "Hateful little room!" she murmured the Writer's Club and thought her pretto herself, as she struck a match and ly, paid her weekly bill at the boardlit the gas. "But it's the last time, ing-house. Her stories found frequent acceptance and occasional welcome in the minor periodicals, and a happy walls, and a table by the window, rath- in a widely read magazine. By the

got so far toward the realization of her "I will burn that before I go to bed smbition that when people heard ber name mentioned they wrinkled their brows and tried to remember where they had heard it before. At home, of sers in which she wrote circulated freey in the town, her stories were discuss

of the century. All this time Eva was horribly loney. She knew plenty of people and liked them; they were kind to her, some Eva Norrington had been the pride o. of them because they liked ber for ber-

come to learn in the year's struggle that

Gum chewing is not a modern habit. Way back in the time of the Vedas the Hindoo maidens chewed gum. But then they were uncivilized and knew no bet-

i believe Piso's Cure for Consumption envel my boy's life last summer. —Mrs. ALLER DOUG-LANS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

within her grasp, success was not what she wanted. There is no fun in liv ing your own life when that is precise ly the life you do not want to lead. It was not as though Allan Craig had

ever kissed Eva Norrington. She opened the letter-cutting the enrelope with her nail scissors. For some distinction must be made between your first love letter and your bootmaker's bill. She felt like one who has held his breath to feel what suffocation is like. The letter was long. Eva read quickly at first, then slowly, knitting her brows as she turned the pages, and came at last to the signature, "Ever your friend, Allan Craig."

The letter lay for some minutes Eva's lap, while she looked vaguely

round her room. "He is afraid of spoiling my caree my success has put an insuperable barrier between us," she murmured. The phrases of the letter had burned wish I could tell you or do you want

When the dinner bell rang an bou afterward Eva rose wearily from her writing table, where she had been tolling over her half-finished manuscript. She had not burned it.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was upexpected-at the exit of the thester where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Aften was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife, to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on

the steps to the entrance. "Yes," said Allan, in answer to Eva's polite question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter-Eva-my wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the bansom as she enter-

ed, guarding ber dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the address, he said: "I ought to congratulate you on your

success. It is very sweet to me. You know-you-owe it all to me. Are you "Yes; I owe it to you," she said, lean ing forward as the apron closed upon

ber, and the attendant constable grew "Come and see me-Tues "I can't think why I should be se silly," said Eva to berself, as she stuffed her handkerchief back into her pocket and felt for her latch-key, when the

"I cannot understand why you want cab drew up before the hall door of her dat at Kensington.-Black and White A Hist Ton Late for Mary. Whenever little Johnny, who is

anughty sometimes, is afraid he is going to get a whipping be hides under the bed. He has great confidence in One day he went to visit his auntle,

beaded. "Ob, what's this, Auntie?" he asked. "That," said auntie, "is Mary, Queen

"Papa, what does this mean, 'It is it in me to do good work, and I must better to give than to receive?" asked

Women Outdone. "Don't you dare to talk to me about Mr. Meekton's wife.

"Henrietta." be expostulated. "I "This is simply a warning for the in the morning arguing finance it "I am bound to succeed," she said, makes me ashamed of my sex to think

When a Malden Knows. When a maiden knows she is dressed

With a hat and a gown that fill the bill. She wants to wear them all and show Her perfect self to her meanest foe-

fet a youth encased in his first swell sui -l'ittaburg News.

The man with the largest mouth is not always the one who talks the loud

Literary Note From the Century Co. "Scientific Kite-Flying" will be the subject of three papers in "The Century" for May, each one written by an expert, and illustrated by accurate drawings. Mr. J. B. Millet describes the meteorocal investigations carried on at Blue logical investigations carried on at Bue Hill Observatory, near Boston; Lieuten-ant Hugh D. Wise, U. S. A., tells of his experiments at Governor's Island, in-cluding the first ascent by kite-power made in this country, and William A.

A modern philosopher says that if a coman gets what she wants to wear and a man what he wants to eat, there's no rea-son, if married, why they shouldn't al-

ways live together and be happy. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a cortain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for Ze. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmstod. Le Roy, N. Y.

An old man of 75 and his wife of 70, in an English home for the aged, have petined the authorities to let them have a

andem bicycle. St Vitus' Dance One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures, Circula , Fredonia, N. Y. In Germany the law forbids restaurs

eurs to serve beer to people esting fruit. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teching, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle. Mc.a bottle

A remarkable tree grows in Brazil. It is about six feet high, and is so luminous that it can be seen on the darkest night CASCARPTS stimulate liver, kidneys an lowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

In the ant hills of South Africa have been found suspension bridges passing from one gallery to another and spanning gulf more than six inches wide. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at Mc. per bottle

A SENTS. We want one agent in this County article on earth. We pay all expense Address GLYZA CHEM. GO., Washington, B. C.





e Beginning of Sanker The other day Ira D. Sankey told eporter how his famous, soul-winning

"THE NINETY AND NINE."

ug, "The Ninety and Nine," came into the world. It was in 1873, and Moody and Sankey, who had been together but a couple of months, were traveling through Scotland and bold ing meetings everywhere. On a train one day, while Moody was busy in his corner of the railway compartment, Sankey picked up a paper. Tucked away in the bottom of a column were some verses which met his eye.

There were ninety and nine that safely la In the shelter of the fold. So it began, and Mr. Sankey followed down the lines, while the express for Edinburgh rushed on at sixty miles as

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Sankey, bring ing his hand down on his knee in characteristic enthusiasm. "I've found the hymn I've been looking for for years." "Yes," said Moody, "what is it?" Mr. Sankey did read it, and he put feeling into his words, for the beauty of the verses impressed him, but when

ing lost in his letters. "All right," thought Mr. Sankey. "he'll hear that hymn later on." and cutting out the verses from the paper he put them away carefully for futur

he looked up he saw that Mr. Moody

had beard nothing of the reading, be

A few days after this the evangelists held a revival in Edinburgh, Mr. Moody spoke most eloquently on the "Good Sheuherd." As he tinished there came over the meeting that stillness which Indicates deep spiritual feeling. Bending down from his pulpit toward Mr. Sankey, who sat by his right at the little melodeon, Mr. Moody said:

"Mr. Sankey, have you anything to sing on this subject as a solo?" Mr. Saukey hesitated. He could think of nothing directly on the subject except the Twenty-third Psalm, which had already been sung three times that day by the congregation. They must have something else. Like a firsh it came to him, "Sing the song you found on the train." But his second thought was, "How can I sing a hymn without a tune?" Meanwhile the audience was walting in silence. "Sing the bymn you found on the train," ame the thought again. Mr. Sankey opened his little scrap book of solos,

found the newspaper slip, laid it before him on the rack of the melodeon, and then struck a full chord and began to sing. What notes he sang be did not know, nor what chords be played; he took no beed of barmony, nor of how he got through the first stauza. And then he paused and played some chords on the melodeon, waiting to begin the second stanza. The thought came to him, "Can I sing the second stanza as I did the first; can I remember the notes?" and be concentrated his mind once more for the effort and began to sing. And so he went through

still as death until he fluished. When it was all over Mr. Moody came down from the pulpit, and, resting a hand on Mr. Moody's shoulder looked with wonder at the newspaper clipping. "My dear friend," he said, where did you get that song; I never heard anything like it."

"That," said Sankey, "is the hymn I read to you on the train, the one you didn't bear." And thus the tune of the "Ninety and Nine" was born into the world. As it bially timit. Jack, a big, white, lopwas sung that day in Edinburgh by in- eared rabbit, with pink eyes, was one spiration, so it has been written down in the hymn books, and so it has been

note or chord of it has been changed. Ponder Over It. A prominent building owner, with years of experience, gave the following instructions to his architect: "I have had my experience with kalsomine and other goods claimed to be just as good as Alabastine. I want you to specify the durable Alabastine on all my walls; do not put on any other manufacturers' dope, if they furnish it for nothing. Alabastine is right, and when I cases to use it I shall ease to have confi-

se to use it I shall cease to have once in myself or my own judgment." Professor-You disturbed my lecture resterday by loud talking. Student-Impossible.

Professor-But I heard you. Student-Then I must have talked in ny sleep.-Fliegende Blaetter. There is a Ulass of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Re-cently there has been placed in all the grecery stores a new preparation called Grain-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without most delicate stomach receives it with ess, and but few can tell it from coff es not cost over

The average expense of an ocean steam-ship from New York to Liverpool and return is \$75,000.

Laplanders are the shortest people in Europe, their average height being; males 59 inches, females 57.

It is estimated that 75 per cent. of the silks now worn by American women are of American manufacture.

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Of the 38 Sultans who have ruled the Ottoman Empire since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, 34 have lied violent deaths.

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Sydney Smith, of Argo, Ga., insisted upon hearing his own funeral sermon, which was preached just a few days before he died, and 115 years.

Than stay when this surly

dread, cozy bed. and bright.

And this oneer

Most beautiful children has nurtured an

breast. and from west,

When two chi Call out the dear And then claim the wo

Diary of a Pusy Kitten, A little girl is responsible for the fol-

-Youths' Companion

owing story: 7 a. m.-Got up and took a little exercise before breakfast. Mistress work-basket was on the mantelplece Didn't think it was in proper order, s tried to set it to rights, but didn't succeed somehow. The whole thing tumbled to the floor and the thread got all tangled around the chair legs. Gave

it up as a bad job. 9 a. m.-Got hungry. Tired waiting for the folks to come down, so helped myself to cream, which was not so thick as usual.

10 a. m.-Found my claws needed sharpening. Tried to do it on lace curtains, but the filmsy stuff came to pieces the moment I touched it. 11 a. m.-Time for my nap. Found comfortable place on top of a large clock. Moved the big vase that stood on top of it out of my way. It fell to the floor and made a terrible racket

Had a fine nap. 2 g. m.-Slept till way past dinner time. They would not give me a bite, so had to find a mouse. 3 p. m.-Succeeded; a fine, fat fellow

made me feel good. 4 p. m.-Saw my mother asleep in the sun. Climbed up in a tree and five stauzas, and the audience sat jumped down on her just for fun. She and stay hidden for a long time. 6 p. m.-Saw a bird in the cherry tree that looked as if it had been made on purpose for my supper. Got him, S p. m .- Happy at last on this delightful roof. Shall sit here and sing all night long. M-i-a-ow!--San Francisco

> Timid as a Rabbit. It isn't always safe to count on the fimidity of a creature that is proverof these exceptions.

Jack was one of the biggest members sung in the many languages, and ne of his family, and when he didn't want to oe picked up by his long ears ne would scold and kick and jerk until it took a firm hold to keep him from getting away. At other times he was as

gentle as a kitten. Above everything, Jack hated dogs, and he had a way of charging down upon the biggest of them which often sent them away howling.

When a strange cur came nosing about the place Jack would crouch down in a sulk, with his pink eyes snapping. He would begin to grunt out disapproval, stamping his hind feet

hard on the ground. "Hu-n-u-uh! Hu-n-n-uh!" he would say, spitefully, thumping with his feet. Then, when his anger was worked up. he would lay back his long ears and run in a white streak straight at the prowler. Just before he reached the log he would spring off the ground and land all four feet into the dog's side. No dog ever stood that charge. Doubtless they thought that a rabbit wouldn't do such a courageous thing, and when the rabbit did do it they must have thought it some strange animal which

they didn't know how to fight. Jack couldn't have hurt them, course, but he wasn't afraid to try, and it was fust that which won him all his battles. Some dogs in the neighborhood grew so afraid of him that they could not be coaxed to come near him But Jack got into bad habits and had to be killed. He had all the apples. potatoes, turnips and carrots that he could possibly want to eat, but he wasn't satisfied. So he began to gnaw the bark from trees and shrubs in the front lawn. He was whipped for it time and again, but after he had ruined a valuable pear tree in the garden he

was shot for his disobedience. The champion shearer of Australia for the past season is a man named Pulley, and after living many years shut out who has broken the record by shearing from the beautiful things of the world, some skilled surgeon should give back Hail's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Bruggista, 75c.

F. J. Chenny & Co., Props., Toledo. O. sight thus restored to him. At first he started violently and was afraid of the In the Russian village of vialova there is a peasant named Satov who claims to strange things around him, the huge-be 133 years old and that his father lived ness of his room and its contents. One of the first things he saw at the win-dow was a flock of sparrows. "What

reply. A St. Louis man claims to have been shot by a spook. The bullet entered his he knew what it was, probably bevitals and creates as much pain as any cause he heard it tick. Later, on seeing the flame of a lamp, be tried to pick it Just try a lc. box of Cascareta, the fines up, not having the slightest idea of its

> Don't tell your friend of the silly things you hear; he hears enough for

Cat as a Family Provider Samuel Bovens of Bethel, Vt., has a trained cat that brings to partridges for family dinners.

providences of God. Habita are the ruts worn in a real babitually traveled.

Grief is an outcast, and . grasps his hand cordially. ded for the cure of rheuma-

lam, but some more curious than a vest

made of snake's skin. Not long ago a

tramp was arrested in one of the streets

of Paris, and was found to be wearing

the army, and while serving in Tonkin,

lampest ground with impunity.

Heaven and bell are not far aper but the gulf between is very deep, The knack of easy travel is in know ing how to keep ready all the time. Some people keep such a close looken for the devil, that they ever fall to an God.

closely-fitting jersey made of the kins of snokes, cleverly woven together, and he claimed that this odd gar-ment was a spleadid cure for rheuma-A thick tongue and a thin purse an likely to be the property of the eism and other diseases that attack the bones. He said that he had been in

The man who gets up in this world by outting another man down, loses more than be gains.

had contracted rheumatism by sleeping spon the bare ground. A native made There is nobody we like better then him the snake's skin jersey, and ever since that time he had slept upon the the man who is willing to speak bis opinions, except the man who is willing to keep them to himself.

THE "GROWN-UP" DAUGHTER'S DUTY TO HER

MOTHER. other; therefore, when her step is growing slow You can only have one mother; therefore, when he whole and her mind gloomy with forebodings, and you can see that her whole and her mind gloomy with forebodings, and you can see that her whole and her mind gloomy with forebodings, and you can see that her whole and her mind gloomy with forebodings. duty and privilege to attend to her in time! Mother is approaching the most critical period of her life. The change of life, that is what mother is dreading, and no wonder, for it is full of peril to all but the strongest There are some special and very

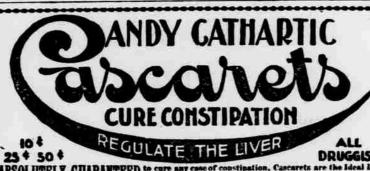
wearing symptoms from which mother suffers, but she will not speak of them to any one. Help her out; she doesn't know what to do for herself! Shall I advise you? First, send to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

pound, and see that mother takes it regularly, then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., giving all the symptoms and you will receive a prompt reply telling mother what to do for herself. In the meantime the Vegetable Compound will make life much easier for her. It tones up the nervous system, invigorates

the body, and the "blues" vanish before it as darkness flees from the sunlight. You can get it at any reliable druggist's. Mrs. Louis Strong, Harris Hill, Erie Co., N. Y., says: "I have been troubled with falling of the womb for years,

was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took thirteen bottles and received great benefit When the time for change of life came I suffered a great deal with faintness and palpitation of the heart. I got one bottle of the Vegetable Compound and one of Blood Purifier and was relieved again. I was thereby

enabled to pass through that serious period very comfortably.





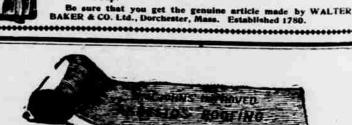
A literary man, used to the niceties of expression and fond also of the pleasures of the table, in speaking of

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