sooner 'an I supposed.

I kind er thought the equire would wait till things picked up a bit,
An' I could work an' pay it off an' make an end of it.

It wouldn't take so very long 'fore I could pay it all. But squire he couldn's see it co, as' co it hed to fall: I told him it would break our hearts to hev to go away; That didn't do a bit o' good—we've got to

nove to-day! At first I couldn't realise jest what hed come about; seemed to me jest like a dream, but then I soon found out

Thet we hed lost the dear old place-'twas sad, but it was true—
An' then I started on the way to break the news to you.

The pathway back seemed awful long an'

Although the flowers were bloomin' an' birds sang sweet o'erhead.

I've traveled it so many times, I've loved to go an come. But all of this was changed to-day-1

wasn't goin' home! "Twas kind o' hard to see you smile when I come up the road;

You didn't know that I was bearin' sech a a night we routed him out of bed and heavy load: My back is perty strong an' good fer many made him change his quarters in a hurburdens vet. But I never hed one bear me down jest quite so much as thet,

Fer I knew how the awful news I hed no power to keep Would make you bow your poor old head, an' weep, an' weep, an' weep; I'd gladly given the rest o' life of I hedn't

to move to-day!

"Twas here we come long years ago, when you were first my bride:
"Twas here our children come to us, 'twas here our children died; Their finger marks are on the walls-the

Treasures dearer to our hearts than wealth of all earth's lands. "Twas here they lisped your name an' mine in childlish accents sweet;



"Twas here we heard the welcome sound "Twas here their infant prayers were said when rired with their play-But all these scenes we leave behind-we've got to move to-day!

Out there beneath the old elm tree thet stands beneath the hill, In the silent city of the dead thet lies so Three tiny graves hold sacred dust of

gems set once were ours, sparklin' in the kingdom of the land love an flowers.

Let's take a look must turn and " mp. It's perty hard to do it, but-we've got to

Take down the picters from the walls. "You can't?" Wal, I will then.

When we get into our new home we'll put "It won't be this home?" Wal, I know, but still, it will be home— We'll try an' make it sech, dear wife, while yet through life we roam;

Fer I've got you an' you've got me -I love to think of thet-Let's not ferget behind all clouds the sur is shinin' yet, An' afore we leave the old home, wife,

let's both kneel down an' pray. An' thank the Lord the last time herewe've got to move to-day!

We both air somewhat feeble, wife; ou hair hez long been white, An' to leave home in our old age I cannot think fest right,

But it won't be fer very long, an' we her still our love To brighten our remainin' days a blessin' from above. Some time we'll lay our burdens downah, thet day we'll be glad-

It won't be like it is to-day, so dreary an' so sad: An' we will smile upon our friends an' we

will gladly say: "Don't weep fer us; we're goin' homewe've got to move to-day!'

BEAUTIFUL MISS BOOZER.

Several months ago I read a sensational newspaper story about a beautiful woman from South Carolina who 30. had drifted into a Turkish harem. where she had been barbarously murdered by the minions of the cruel pasha who was her lord and master.

The sketch would have been intensely interesting to me if I had been able to accept it as a truthful narrative, but It struck me as a fanciful skit from some imaginative space writer, and I

But it seems that the story was strictly in accordance with the facts, and the writer merely gave one incident in a very remarkable life history.

The other day I was talking with Major Tom Williams, a gallant ex-Con- 1 week. federate who was with General Pierce. Young's cavalcy in South Carolina ber and gave the half-famished creawhen Sherman marched through the

"Did you ever hear of the beautiful diss Booser?" asked the major. Haughed heartly, and told him brief ly the substance of the newspaper ar icle concerning the lady in question. The major's face assumed a thought-

dgar. That was not a fake, as you se to think," he said in his deliberate way; 'Miss Boozer was no fiction. In her day she was the prettiest woman south of the Potomac, and the pashs was in big luck when he got hold of her." "Do you know anything about her?"

asked in surprise. "I should say I do," was the answer "If you have a few minutes to spare will tell you all about it." I resumed my chair, and waited with

my curiosity pleasantly excited.

"Early in '65," said the major, "I was with General Young in South Carolina. We were banging on Sherman's flanks, doing what we could to worry him, without much success, I must ad mit. You see, that dashing trooper, Kilpatrick, was always on hand to hol us in check, and we had a hard road to travel. Our fellows were plucky enough. They would ride and skirmish all day, and dance all night, but they were living on half rations, and were no match for the Federal cavalry. Still. we made Klipatrick huetle, and many

"Before the fall of Columbia we spent a few days there. One afternoon Generel Voung was standing with me on a corner discussing the campaign when he suddenly nudged me and pointed up

"Only a few rods away, advancing hed to say

The old home is no longer ours—we've got toward us, was the most dazzling vision of loveliness that ever blinded the eyes of mortal man!

"We saw a girl of perhaps eighteen summers dressed in exquisite taste. skipping along with a step so light that it would not have crushed a flower. She was a radiant creature, with golden halr, brown eves flashing under long dark lashes, and her complexion gets into the homes of the rich and the was absolutely transparent.

"Her faultless form and features, and the mingled haughtiness and grace of her manner and movements would have attracted admiring attention in a crowd of the world's fairest women, and it is no wonder that we rough soldiers were struck dumb with speech-

"The general was the first to recover follow him. The invitation was unnecessary. Little groups of officers were coming in our direction from every quarter, and then was seen a alyzing beauty, and following her at a respectful distance sauntered a score officers with clattering sabers and tingling spurs.

and was rapidly whirled out of sight. "We returned to camp badly demoralized. We had learned that our charmmilitary circles, and very unpopular with her own sex. "Nothing was said against her char-

acter, but several persons looked at us 'his year." in a peculiar way when they spoke of "Our cavalry had to leave that night,

We sit here in the window, an' we gaze heavy hearts. If they could have se- ple know and which Fulton never forcured Miss Boozer they would have regot. It took place shortly before the Thet while we have a heart to love will mained and surrendered to Sherman. got. It took place shortly before the return trip of his famous boat's voy-Green many E. Zicay, some or our control of the capture of the cap Green many E. Zicay, some of our fellows the time all Albany flocked to the Columbia. That did not interest us which relates the story, to see the much. What we wanted to hear about

was the beautiful Miss Boozer. How had she fared? That was the question. "Kilpatrick drove us northward, but we were frequently overtaken by refugees, and from them we learned that our fascinating siren had captivated a crowd of Federal generals and colonels

and was having a good time. "You may imagine our rage and despair when we learned that Miss Boozer had left Columbia with the invaders. She had departed under the protection of one of the officers, and traveled in great state, riding in a fine carriage

belonging to the father-in-law of General Wade Hampton. "It was a long time after that before I heard any more about this wonderful young woman. I am sorry to say that I did not hear any good of her She found Washington and New York too slow, and soon made her way to Paris, where she lived in royal style as the

favorite of a prominent French statesman. Then she went to St. Petersburg with a Russian prince and remained "In the course of time she returned to

Paris, where she enslaved a wealthy Turkish pasha. The godless rascal showered diamonds upon her and induced her to go with him to his province as the star attraction of his harem. "The fair South Carolinian retained her health, vivacity and beauty, and successfully defled the ravages of time. At the age of 49 she was prettler and

"But she made the mistake of her life when she got the notion into her head that she had civilized the pasha and could disobey him with impunity. She bribed her attendants and several times slipped out at night to meet distinguished foreigners who had been among ber

younger looking than most women at

admirers in Paris. "The sleepy-looking old Turk who owned her body and soul was in reality a very wide-awake old scoundrel. He knew exactly what was going on, and one night he set a trap for his pretty hung down in front, was worn by men, bird. She was caught in disgrace, and was locked up on bread and water for

"The pasha then took supper with ture the choicest viands and the rarest wines. She felt sure that he had re-

sented, but at the hour of midnight bee tyrant took out his watch and gave her re minutes to pray to the God of the Christians before the executioner took

"The frightened woman fell fainting ful expression as he slowly whiffed his at the monster's feet, and before she ully recovered consci tic Turk had severed her head from her body with one blow of his kee

"And that is all I know about the beautiful Miss Boozer," said the ma-jor, lighting a fresh cigar.—Wallace Putnam Reed, in Chicago Times-Her-

NAUGHTINESS AT DINNERS.

it Is Becoming More Common in Ne York's Swell Set. In view of the disclosures which have been made regarding the indecent actions at the Seeley dinner in New York recently, it is not without interas entertainers at swell society dinpers members of the theatrical profes sion, if possible the naughtiest mem bers thereof, is decidedly on the increase in the gay metropolis. Vaude ville performers, "sketch" teams and stars of the concert halls are no longer fads at fashionable dinners. They are fixtures just as much a part of the

nenu as the oysters or the coffee. Dur

ing the holiday week fifty hostesse

obtained the dramatic item of their

dinners from one firm alone, "and i

was not such a remarkably good week

either." said the senior member of the This custom of entertaining guest at dinner with professional talent has been growing in America for the past fifteen years, and last winter found it in the fuliness of its popularity. And these entertainers come high. An artist who has made any kind of a hit with a concert hall audience demands anywhere from \$50 to \$1,500 for an hour's work. Says one dramatic agent: domestic and imported naughtiness ashionable. Generally the real wick ed ones are booked to do their turns

guests-just the intimate friends of the

keep what they have seen to them-

"Curious thing about it, too," the agent went on; "our best business is ever way you want to look at it.

"Yes, we continued our promenade tionable performances' is growing. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. until the girl stepped into a carriage That is as far as the private entertainments are concerned. The young folk story, which was fully endorsed by the fol--the buds-who a few years ago were lowing affidavit: satisfied with the parlor elocutionist er was a certain Miss Boozer, a belle type crave something a bit stronger who was very popular in Confederate | now, especially in Lent. We gave them the best-or the worst-we had last year, and I don't suppose they will be content with any Sunday school benefit

There was one little incident in Roband some of the officers rode off with ert Fulton's life about which few peowharf, says Harper's Round Table, strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he conversation took place:

> "This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?" "Yes. sir." "Do you return to New York with

this boat?' "We shall try to get back, sir." "Have you any objection to my re urning with you?"

"If you wish to take the chances with us, sir, I have no objection." "What is the fare?"

After a moment's hesitation, Fulton replied, "Six dollars." And when that fender. amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger, he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again, I trust it will not be the case."

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the Cleanont, then called the North River. when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him, and then sprang up and gladly shook his hand. It was his first passenger, and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest with the history of his success, and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow-men was the \$6 paid to him by his

The Old Greek Costume.

first passenger.

Men often wore the himation alone, without chiton. The chlamys, another rectangular garment, shorter than the himation, weighted at the corners, and fastened by a brooch so that one corner with or without the chiton. It is especially well shown in the horsemen or the frieze of the Parthenon.

Occasionally Diana, or an Amazon, wears the chlamys, but it is the distinctive garment of the young Greek. Bands, belts and fillets were much worn. Men and women wound fillets

around their heads. Women wore, often under their chiton, a breast band adjusted below the bosom, not to compress the form, but to protect the organs. Indeed, there was no temptation to compress the waist, the flowing drapery veiling the waist. The band which confined the short, or caught up the long chiton, was also of cloth, but the outer belt, holding in the loose folds of the upper part of the long chiton, was often of gold enriched with jewels, and afways beautifully adorn-

Great care was taken of the hair: inleed, a mysterious virtue was supposed to lie in the locks, which, carefully washed and perfumed, were one of the bodily graces of the Greek. Women often wore elaborate bead-dresses many were revived in the latter part of the Eighteenth century and the first of the Nineteenth. Out of doors the head was covered either by folds of the peplos brought over the head and around the throat, or by a separate metimes thick, sometimes thin Arthur's Home Magazine.

A bumble bee has been known to dis-

PHYSICIANS BAFFLED.

cience in Hartsville College, Cared of a Severe Illness by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People After Physicians Falled.

From the Republican, Columbus. In 1 Prof. R. S. Bowman, the able instructo f natural science in the famous Hartsvill (Ind.) College, is well and favorably known not only as an educator, but also as a minister of the gospel, as for a number of years e was pastor of the United Brethrer hurch at Charlotte, Mich., before coming



Some time ago he had a severe Illness which was cured almost miraculousiv. A eporter hearing of this, interviewed him regarding his experience. Prof. Bowman ras in the midst of his work when the reporter called, but he cheerfully gave him

"A year ago last fall," said the professo "I broke down with nervous exhaustion and was unable to properly attend to my itaties. I tried different physicians but with "Sooner or later most of the season's no relief, and also used many different pro prietary medicines, spending almost fifty dollars for these medicines alone. I then succumbed to a seige of the grip in the before a small, selected company of middle of winter, and was left in a much worse condition. My kidneys were fearfully host or hostess, who can be trusted to lisordered, and my digestion became very poor. I was indeed in a bad condition.

"A minister in conference learning of my condition advised me to tried Dr. Williams' done during Lent. You wouldn't think Pink Pills for Pale People. I had heard In a husky whisper he requested me to it, would you? But it's so, and has much about the wonderful curative powers been for the last two or three years, of this medicine, but it was with reluctance While society is doing penance and that I was finally persuaded to try it, as it goes about in sackcloth and ashes be- seemed that nothing could do me any good. fore men, it is being entertained in its However, I procured three boxes of pills strange speciacle. Walking up the drawing rooms and dining rooms by and took them strictly according to direcmain street of the town was this par- artists whose work in the winter has tions. By the time the last dose was taken made them famous or infamous, which. I was almost cured, and in better health than I had been for years. I continued using "I am inclined to believe that the ten- the pills awhile longer and was entirely dency for what the world calls 'ques- cured. I can cheerfully recommend D Such was Professor Bowman's wonderfus

> HARTSVILLE, Ind., March 16, 1897 I affirm that the above accords with the facts in my case.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of March, 1897. LYMAN J. Scuppen, Notary Public.

STATE OF INDIANA, SS. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for pletely spoiled. \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mai troa. J. Williams' Meditine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Settled It on the Spot. In one corner of a crowded fair in Boston a correspondent noticed a group of small boys who appeared to be in mensely interested in the contents of found in the cabin, and the following a showense. Under the glazed cover of the case were combs of honey and live bees at work. By and by one little fellow leaned over too far and broke a pane of glass with his elbow.

The accident alarmed the boys, though no one but the unobserved witness knew of it beside themselves. Pretending to be quite absorbed in other objects, the man watched them and overheard all they said.

"I'm going to find the superintendent and tell him," insisted the little of-

"Oh, come on! He'll make you pay It'll take more money than you've got. Let's get out, and say nothing. You

didn't mean to do it, and nobody'll know." The culprit seemed to be in a minority of one, but he held to his resolu

tion without flinching. "I'm going to find him," he said "Will you wait for me?" stoutly. The gentleman who was noting the onduct of the boys expected a stampede as soon as the glass-breaker started on his errand; but one boy, more

heroic than the rest, whispered, "Let's hold on." A good many impatient minutes passed before the little fellow who broke the glass came back with

the superintendent. The man was kind-hearted, and when the awful question came, "What shall I have to pay?" he refused to charge anything for the damage. "You're an honest lad, and we'll call t square. Only be more careful next

time." he said. The scared boys all had a grin on their faces now; and possibly the hero of the incident felt an inch taller be rause he knew he had done an honorble act. Certainly he had made his companions feel somewhat ashamed.

and they were the better for it. Was he an "average boy"-of Boston or of any other American city? If we ould be certain that each of the other little men in that group would have done as he did in the same case, it would help answer the question, and quite relieve the mind of an unpleasant

uncertainty. Every small boy who reads this shall have the benefit of the doubt; but renember that the courage of honor and truth is surer to become a habit if it is exercised early in life.-Youth's Companion.

Pat's Answer.

The Irishman, when called upon to reason out a problem, often makes a short cut toward the answer, and thereby proves that "brevity is the soul of

One day, as Pat, a water-carrier, who supplied the little village with water rom the river, halted at the top of the bank a man famous for his inquisitive mind, stopped and asked: "How long have you hauled water for

the village, my good man?" "Tin years or more, sorr," was th ready answer. "Ah, yes! How many loads do yo take in a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, sorr."

"Ah! Now I have a problem for you. How much water at that rate have you hauled in all, sir?"

Pat promptly jerked his thumb back ward toward the river, and replied:
"All the wather you don't see there

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Beler tions that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Too Possible Bocker-For such a trifle?

Knicker-Yes. He said the dear de parted had gone to "the undiscovered country from whose burn no travele eturns."-Judge. The Trouble with the Numbers. "I have heard," said the pensive-look

ing girl, "that poets naturally speak in

"Yes" replied her father. "The trouble is that the numbers never have any dollar marks in front of them."-Washington Star. Unselfish to the Last. The Caller-You say he did a great

deal to encourage science? The Widow-Yes, poor soul, he was always changing doctors.-New York Tribune. Great Scheme. "I'm going into politics," announce Chumpley. "Got the greatest scheme

"What is it, old man?" "Have the government run the pawn shops. There'll be no disgrace in doing iness with your uncle when he's

your Uncle Sam."-Detroit Free Press.

A Touching Scene.

-Up-to-Date.

A Thoughtful Girl. "Harry, you had better sit part of the evening on my right side and part attaining a perfect state. They have n mouths and live but a few hours. of it on my left-side."
"Cupid's ghost-what's that for?" "I don't want people to be saying that you got curvature of the spine on my account,"-Detroit Free Press.

party of the season next week; of course you'll attend? Mrs. Shy-I would like to very much but I can't without offending my hus-

band. As an influential politician, you know, he is strongly opposed to third parties.-Boston Courier. Too Ead. Lucy-Clara's honeymoon was com-

Lucy-The papers containing the account of the wedding did not reach her.-Tid-Bits.

Her Volubility. Mabel (studying her lesson)-Papa that is the definition of volubility? Mabel's Father-My child, volubility is a distinguishing feature of your mother when, on account of urgent business affairs I don't happen to reach home until after 2 o'clock in the mornlag. Baltimore News.

Love at Pirat Sight. Friend-So yours was a case of lov

at first sight? Mrs. Lovejoy-Yes, indeed. I fell band the moment I set eyes upon him. gan."—Chicago Record. I remember it all distinctly as if it papa on the promenade at Brighton, goes out on his wheel without expecting when suddenly papa stopped and, to puncture his tire."—Puck. pointing him out, said: "There, my dear, is a man worth £50,000."—Tid fighted with my pictures." M

Bits.

Kind, Appreciative Words. I wonder why we are so chary of kind, appreciative words! It costs so little to give encouragement and joy to our fellows. A multitude of appreciative thoughts concerning our friend may be hidden in our hearts, but how seldom do they find expression. We may laud his excellence to others, but

never a word of praise reaches his ear. Many a despondent soul would be cheered and helped over a desperately hard place if only some one whisper a heartening word. It is won. derful how a particularly gloomy out look may be brightened by a timely appreciation of our struggles and tri amphs. I do not mean flattery or fulome praise, but genuine appreciation. Give expression to your appreciation of the virtues and the achievements of your dear ones in the home circle as well as of those outside.

Conquering Prejudices.
Prejudices, which are from within ause more poverty than calamities. which are from without. Many a man whose life has been disturbed by physical disaster has been brought to destitution by prejudices, which are the thieves of mental and spiritual treasure, as procrastination is the thief of time. We pity the feeble creature who nas been prejudiced against apples by an untoothsome crab apple; but those who are by no means feeble-minded have been prejudiced against sentiment by sentimentality, against emotion by emotionality. And yet, without senti nent one would not be susceptible to poble and tender feeling; without emo tion thought would never be "in a glow." He who conquers a prejudice enlarges his borders, and recovers many stolen goods.

A Qualified Warrant. "Will you warrant these matches not go out in a high wind?" asked the

ian who was going hunting. "All of 'em but one, said the dealer "Huh! Which one of 'em is it?" "The last one, of course."-Indianpolis Journal.

Dest Cough Syrup. Tustes Good. Des in time. Sold by druggists.

Not He. Wildly was thinking of a late experience at the club, when his wife asked: "Did Mr. Lusk call?" "Not him; bluffed him with a \$10-er-what was that, dear?"-Baltimore News.

The country weman who has invented a kettle in which means and vegetables may be boiled without odors being diffused through the house, should be gratefully rewarded by her sister sufferers. The merit of the invention lies in the cover, which has a curved tube or spont long enough to extend into an opening in the range pipe, and provid with a circular piece of tin near the end so that it may be fitted into any aperture. With this kettle one new not eat her boiled dinner before meal

Try Grain-Ol Try Grain-Ol Ask your grocer to-day to show you a pack-age of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the scult. All who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-quarter the price of coffee. Is out. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

The cultivation of beets was introduce into France by Napoleon; in 1880 1,310,00 icres grew 14,800,000 bushels.

When billous or coetive, eat a Cascare andy cathartic; sure guaranteed; 190., 250. Cuba has 192 coffee plantations, 700 su gar plantations, 4500 tobacco estates, 320 cattle farms, and 1700 small farms de voted to various products.

Mo-To-Hac for Pitty Co Over 450,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobaccol Saves money, makes health and manhood Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all

It is estimated that the farmers to the United States lose \$160,000,000 annually from the depredations of various insects. on earth for meeting the revenue de-A. M. Priest. Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind. save: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best o satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials as it cures every one who takes it." Druggist cell it, 76.

The tartar on human teeth is filled with animalculae, which are destroyed by vinegar. Vinegar itself contains ecl like insects.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. Dr. G. W. PATTER ON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894. The average yield of potatoes in the ere in France is 102 bushels; in Germa

, 121; in Italy, 164; in Holland, 177; it c United States, 75. CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and Norway is the only country in the world which is not increasing its annual yield of cereals. The reason is found in

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children techning, softens the gums, reducing inflamma tion, allays pain, cures wind colle. Ec.a bottle The largest estates in Austria are

those of Prince Schwarzenburg, 510,000 acres; Prince Lichtenstein, 450,000, and Archduke Albert, 305,000. Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Norve Restorer 3' trial bottle and treatise free Dh. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa

Several species of moths never eat after

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the fin count,"—Detroit Free Press.

Folitics and Society.

Mrs. Vogue—I expect to give my third arry of the senson next week of

> RUPTURE Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER 1013
> ARCH ST., PHILA, PA. Fase at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular Office.



Young Playwright-"And what die you think of my climax?" Critic-"I was very welcome."-Brooklyn Life. She Snored .- "How does your wife sleep?" asked the doctor of the man whose better half was under his care "Orally," said the may.-Truth. "Good canvasback ducks," said Riv-

ers, "are quoted, I see, at \$3 apiece. How true it is that riches have wings." -Chicago Tribune. "Margaret always reads the end of a

novel first." "Why?" "So she can lie esperately in love with my dear hus awake at night wondering how it be "Pa, what is a pessimist?" "A pessi were yesterday. I was walking with mist, my son, is a person who never

> Mrs. Painter-"My husband is de fighted with my pictures." Mrs. Pointer-"You don't say? Don't they look like you?"-Yonkers Statesman. "Not every man is made a fool of." remarked the observer of men and

> things, "but every man has the raw material in him."-Detroit Journal. "The decree," announced the messe ger of Jupiter, "is that you shall be bound forever to the wheel!" "W-which make?" asked Ixion, anxiously.-Puck. Police Magistrate-"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" Witness-"Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd

> been at it."-Tit-Bits. Yabeley-"Did you ever make a mis take in the dark and kiss the wrong girl?" Mudge-"No. I have got mixed in the dark and kissed some other girl.' -Indianapolis Journal.

"Some men." said Uncle Eben, "kir train er dog ter do anyt'ing dey tells 'im, an' at de same time raise de mos disobejintest chillun in de neighbor hood."-Washington Star. "Dah ain' much use o' sufferin' in si

ence," said Uncle Eben; "seems like if dis worl' picks out anybody foh 'er victim, it ain' gwinter to be saterfied till he hollers."-Washington Star. "And the divorce laws are so very liberal in your section?" "Liberal" Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wed-

ding out there."-Detroit Journal "My dear, if you took that face abroad you might have trouble in getting it home again." "What do you mean?" "I mean the tariff on art, my love."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Apprehension: The Professor-"As a matter of fact, there are different dia-

counties to hear from?"-Truth, Mrs. Spatt-"Your husband is an inventor, I believe?" Mrs. Spotter-"Yes. Some of his excuses for coming home late at night are in use all over the country."-Philadelphia North Ameri

First Burglar-Lord, Bill! dis advertisement wouldnt fool nobody. Second Burglar-Wot is it First Burglar-Fifty dollars reward an' no questions ast -signed by a woman.-Leslie's Week-

"Frisble is the laxiest man I ever knew." "What makes you think so?" "He actually seems to be glad that he's getting baldheaded, so that he won't have to comb his hair any more." Cleveland Leader. "Might I ask what school of poetry

you prefer?" inquired the young man who writes. And the old gentleman

colled: "The homeopathic school

The smaller the dose, the better it suits

"-Washington Stan

Like rust on polished metal NEURALGIA Blights and Crimps the Nervous System. Like oil on rust St. Jacobs Oil removes the blight and cures the pain.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS! A bright little fellow, who has not

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folke Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Littie Once to Read. The Ride to Dreamtown

Listen, my darling! Low and clear The sound of the Sleepland bell I hear. It is calling, calling, from far away. Through the twilight falling still and gray Fairy music its sweet voice seems, As it bids you away to the land of dreams

There's a good steed waiting, my dear, to My little one where the dream elves are Mount it, my darling, and ride away Through the starry twilight, still and gray; It will carry you safely o'er hill and lea,

Mount and away, with a good-night kiss. Was ever so gentle a steed as this? It ambles softly where roads are rough; A touch of your unspurred foot's enough To set it galloping fast and free. Was ever a steed like a mother's knee?

This trusty charger of mamma's knee!

We are half-way over the road, my dear. The stars are out and the way is clear, And galloping, galloping, on we go, Till the Drowsy Plains we have crossed. The gleam of the Dreamtown lights we

What steed so swift as a mother's knee? The gates swing open and we ride through. What a bost of children ahead of you!

Big ones and little ones, dark and fair-They have come to Dreamtown from ev erywhere! wonder, darling-find out for me!-If they all rode over on mother's knee.

-Youth's Companion.



How Mollie Settled It. amusing incident occurred in a nursery on Jefferson avenue the other morning. Three children were playing with their games when the amusement became tiresome and their mamma, who sat near, suggested that they "play house." Of course Fannie, the oldest child,

ed to be the mamma, and this left little 3-year-old Mollie to be the chikl. - Tine was settled, and the play started. For a time all was satisfactory, but after a while Mollie became dissatis-

Thay, mamma, tan Dod do anything he wants to do?" "Why yes, dear, God is the Ruler of the whole world." "Do ev'ybody have to do dust as He

wants 'em to? "Yes, pet." "Is He the boss of ev'yfing?" she per-

"Why, yes, dear. Why do you ask?" "Oh nuffin I dest wanter to know ! and she turned to the other two children and said: "All right, Fannie-you tan be father. And you tan be mother, Cunnic and I'll,' with much emphasis. "I'll be Dod." And with that declaration of independence from 3-year-old Mollie the playing house was ended for

that day.-Detroit Free Press. Fun by Youngsters. A little girl, aged 9, called her father to her bedside the other evening. "Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice." "Well, my dear, what is it about?" "What do you think it will be best to give me for a birthday present?"

day school class one morning, her eyes filled with tears, and looking up into her teacher's face, said: "Our dog's dead, and I guess the angels were scared when they saw him coming up the path, for he's awfully cross to strangers."

turned me over his knee." A little girl going to church with her mother one Sunday saw some men working on the street car tracks. "See those men breaking the Sabbath," said

her mother, thinking to suggest a moral

lesson. The little girl watched them

gravely. Then she looked up in her mother's face and said: "And can't God mend it?" Little 6-year-old (after seeing the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin")-Oh, mamma, mamma! "Little Eva" has gone to really truly heaven! Oh-o-ohboo-hoo o ho o ! Mamma-Do not grieve so, my child. "Little Eva" will probably go to heaven again to-morrow night. Little 6-year-old—Oh, nono-o-o! She won't-for she is going to

Philadelphia.

£______ yet seen his third birthday, often amuses the household of which he is an important feature by his questions and observations. At dinner one evening recently it was noticed that he was intently studying the expansive bald space on his venerable grandfather's head. When a lull occurred in the table talk the pride of the family prompti-took advantage of it. "Drandpa," is said, "who tut oo' hair' at way?"

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Pease-I suppose you've learned great deal about gardening since you've ived in the country? Hubbard-Yes; I'm picking up something all the time. This year I've given up trying to raise my own vegetables.-Puck.

"How did they stop the clopement" asked Maud. "By a detestable plece trickery," replied Mamie; "her fathe put his head out of the window and shouted that her hat was on crooked, and when she grabbed for it she upset

the tandem."-Washington Star. "Why do you do up your hair in those papers, dear?" remarked General Weyler of his wife, as she came down to breakfast in the Cuban boarding-house. "Why, that's the way you do the enemy up, is it not, dear?" replied the gen eral's spouse.-Yonkers Statesman.

Once upon a time two Cows reclines peacefully beneath a tree, "Oh, by the way," one of the Cows remarked casually, "why was it, if I may ask, that you didn't chase those golfers yesterday?" "Oh, I don't care to be the cause of little calves being made to suffer."-Detroit Free Press.

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking. "Well," replied the young lawyer, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."-Washington Star



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Sweet little Meg came into her Sun-Government Position

"There is too much system in this school business," growled Tommy.

"Just because I snickered a little the monitor turned me over to the teacher, the teacher turned me over to the principal, and the principal turned me over to the principal, and the principal turned me over to paw." "Was that all?" "No. Paw

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