THE TYRANT OF THE HOUSE.

While baby sleeps—
We cannot jump, or dance, or sing,
Play jolly games or do a thing
To make a noise. The floor might creak
If we should walk! We scarcely speak,
Or breathe, while baby takes a nap,
Lest we should wake the little chap!
A strict watch nursie always keeps
While baby sleeps!

When baby wakes
But little gratitude he shows,
When other people want to doze!
At night, when folks have gone to bed,
He rouses them all up instead,
To wait on him. Ma lights the lamp,
And warms milk for the little scamp!
Pa walks him up and down the floor,
Sometimes two hours and sometimes
more!
And nurse comes running in a stew,
To see what she for him can do!
And Will and Harry, at the row,
Call: "What's the matter with him now?"
And I'm waked up at all the clatter
To wonder what on earth's the matter!
Such uproar in the house he makes,
When baby wakes!

So if asleep, or if awake,
The house exists but for his sake,
And such a tiny fellow—he
To be boss of this family!
—Independent.

HELEN'S TWO LOVERS

WAS he glad? Was he sorry? Did he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitterly ashamed?

Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed. The plain face stared him in the face, that Helen Raymond did not love him and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit, and exerted her material influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

"Mother was never willing I should marry George," Helen said, sadly, "because he was poor and we have suffered all that poverty can inflict. He was on his way to Colorado, where his brother had been successful, when he was killed.

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich, but then he put to the wound that soothing salve, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives. It may come, this love that will not be hidden, to a man and wife, after they are bound together for life, but the risk is great, and Will Spencer knew it.

Yet he cherished the delusion that love in the end would win a return, and he knew his own love to be strong and enduring. He had stepped back when George Vanhorn was met with such a smile, as he could never win, had kept from pressing his suit when the name of Helen's lover appeared on the list of the killed in the account of the railway collision, but after the lapse of several months he had won Mrs. Raymond to his side and so, by proxy, wooed Helen and won—what? a cold, reluctant consent to be his wife.

Yet she was not cold, this girl of 20, whose heart had been crushed ever since the day when George Vanhorn's name was recorded as dead. He could have told how her eyes could soften with love's tenderness, her cheeks burn with love's blushes, her low, sweet, voice tremble with love's whispered words. He had won what all the Spencer gold, the riches of long generations, could not buy.

Before that fatal railway collision she was a bright, beautiful girl, with large, expressive brown eyes, a voice of music, the step of a fairy, singing as a bird sings, from sheer joyousness of heart, bringing a jest to all the household worries, laughing merrily over her own blunders in the culinary department, turning old dresses, renovating old bonnets without a complaint, living on love and hope.

After that day she moved about slowly, her eyes were dull and weary, her duties met with a rigid mechanical precision, her lips compressed, her cheeks pale, as shadow of her joyous self.

Mrs. Raymond was often afraid that she would yet miss the golden prize she had partly won, and heartily seconded Will in his preparations for a speedy wedding. It was Mrs. Raymond who went with him to open the house that he had bought to adorn for his bride, who aided him in the selection of carpens, curtains, furniture, and gave him instructions regarding the kitchen department, of whose needs he was as ignorant as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

She was a woman of rare tact. Having won Helen's consent to be Will Spencer's wife, she never bothered her by complaints about her listness indifference to her lover or her future prospects. She simply made all the arrangements for her, without once admitting a possibility of change. The betrothal was spoken of on all occasions, the preparation of the house, the selection of the trousseau referred to, in matter of fact words that made Helen feel, as it was intended she should, that she had walked into a net from which there was no escape.

And Will Spencer know it all, and writhed under the knowledge, being a frank, loyal man, whose impulses were generous and honorable, and who loved Helen with all the strength of his heart. Often he asked himself how he could endure life, if he found his wife a faithful slave, instead of the happy companion he had hoped to make her.

"If she never loves me," he thought, bitterly. "If all my love fails to win hers, what will my life be?"

He did her justice. He knew that if his love failed to win her heart, his gold was powerless to make her happy. He knew that if her mother died or could not be benefited by her marriage, she would rather beg her bread herself than be his wife.

While matters stood in this unsatisfactory state, Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion: "I want you to go away for a month," she said to him, "and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had ever since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life, and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June."

It seemed to him good advice and he had business in the West that would fill his time profitably. It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement, when Helen said gently, yet with a shudder:

"I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains, Will. Write often, that I may know you are safe."

Her lips met his in a tender pressure, such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. Was he winning her? The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow, sudden, sharp, overwhelming! He was in a large Western city, when, after night, returning to his hotel, a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and, in a shock of horror, the face struck him. One gasping cry escaped him:

"George Vanhorn!"

The man would have hurried away, but he followed easily.

"Let me go, Spencer!" the crippled man pleaded. "I did not recognise you! Don't you know I am dead?"

"I know you are coming in here with me," Will said gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches and entering the hotel where he had a room. "Steady now!" and he led him, feeling how he trembled, until he had him seated in a great arm-chair in his room, and felt his heart stirred with deepest compassion at the havoc pain and poverty had made.

He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw he was weeping.

"See what a woman you make of me!" the poor fellow said. "You thought I was dead?"

"Yes! All your friends think so."

"It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be for long! I would not let anyone know for fear it would get to—to—Helen!"

"You want to hide from her?"

"Yes—yes! What would her life be tied to mine? You will not betray me, Spencer?"

"But you may recover."

"No. I should only be a wreck if I could, but I cannot. I have internal injuries that the cold and hunger of last winter have increased fatally."

Will Spencer literally could not speak. This man asked of him only the silence that would give him his wife. Could he let Helen remain in ignorance of this strange adventure the memory of her old love might die away in time.

When he could speak again he led the conversation to Helen. He was very frank, telling George Vanhorn how truly he had been mourned, but saying nothing of his own hopes, and it was easy to see how George had loved her, how utterly self-sacrificing his silence had been. To spare her pain, he had kept from her all knowledge of his own suffering.

But his pride yielded to Will's entreaties to be allowed to befriend him. He was very weak, very ill, and he allowed Will to get him a pleasant room in a quiet boarding house, to furnish him with necessary clothing, to engage a doctor, and to take a brother's place beside him.

And then true, unselfish love triumphed.

"She will never marry me," Will thought, ruefully, as he folded a long, long letter, "but she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her."

He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond, a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward.

It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot, and accompanied them to the boarding house where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen upstairs, alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter and quietly effacing himself.

It were far too long a story to try to record the three months that followed. George Vanhorn was resolute on one point. He would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen, he would not risk ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

"Oh," she would cry, "what am I to deserve the love of two such men? Mother, it humbles me to think how they love me."

And by this love her courage was sustained through the three months when she and her mother smoothed George Vanhorn's path to the grave. Such happiness as could be hers, she knew that she owed to Will Spencer, who showed his love only by his care of the invalid. He never spoke of love to her, giving her up entirely, but upon her lover he lavished every kindness wealth could procure, or friendship dictate. He gave him a brother's devotion until the last parting came, and when he was laid in the cemetery, Will Spencer took Helen and Mrs. Raymond back to their home and left them.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond.

"The old lady, sir, is dead," the servant told him, "an' Miss Helen's livin' in —— street. Maybe yees didn't hear she's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Gandy, she's took this house, sor."

Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him:

"It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?"

Would he not? And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice, and she—at last! Her eyes drooped under his gaze, her cheeks blushed for him, her voice faltered with tenderness. He had won his bride! And he had no secret hidden from her loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover. By the frankness he had thought would alienate her forever, he had won her true, faithful love, a devotion as entire as that she had given in her girlhood to the man he had so nobly befriended.—New York Ledger.

Bitting the Nails.

A simple and very effective way to cure children of the bad habit of biting their nails is to wet the fingers with quassia tea and allow them to dry. When tasted it will be a bitter reminder to cease the practice. If there are no sore places on the finger tips, a very little colocynth powder, which is intensely bitter, may be dusted over them. When, however, dipping the finger ends in some bitter tincture fails, as it sometimes will, each finger end ought to be incased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

◆

No Place for a Kentuckian.

"Yes, sah; I desire to enlist, sah. But there is one promise I want to exact from you, sah."

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm a Kentuckian, sah, and I pointedly object to being sent to the Dry Tortugas, sah."

◆

In facing our navy the Spanish flee meets with many hardships.

PRETTY SHOW OF PATRIOTISM.

Any Girl with Dextrous Fingers Can Carry Out This Idea.

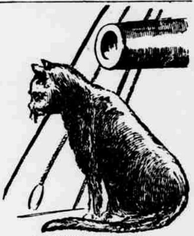
Put a small, circular table in the center of the room, and, after draping it with silken American colors, make an "Uncle Sam" hat out of pasteboard and fill it with flowers that represent our country's colors. The band around the hat should be of blue, and the stars on it should contain miniatures of our latter-day heroes. This sketch shows the result obtained by following the above instructions. Any girl with dextrous fingers can carry out the idea.


MADE BY DEFT FINGERS.

CAT MASCOTS THE VIZCAYA.

Spaniards Have Pets on Warships Same as Do Americans.

The Spaniards have animal mascots aboard their warships the same as do American man-o'-warsmen. The pet of the Vizcaya, it seems, is a mammoth cat, with an unpronounceable name and very bad manners. This Spanish feline has a disconcerting habit of sleeping inside the big guns of the Vizcaya, and more than once she has been literally dragged from death at the cannon's mouth.


THE VISCAYA'S MASCOT.

LATE LEGAL DECISIONS.

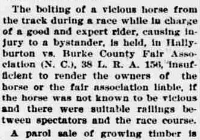
The disability of an alien to inherit, imposed by the laws of a State, is held, in Opel vs. Shoup (Iowa), 37 L. R. A. 583, to be removed, so far as the subjects of the king of Bavaria are concerned, by a treaty between the United State and Bavaria.

The bolting of a vicious horse from the track during a race while in charge of a good and expert rider, causing injury to a bystander, is held, in Hallyburton vs. Burke County Fair Association (N. C.), 38 L. R. A. 156, insufficient to render the owners of the horse or the fair association liable, if the horse was not known to be vicious and there were suitable railings between spectators and the race course.

A parol sale of growing timber is held, in Leonard vs. Medford (Md.), 37 L. R. A. 449, not to relate to an interest in lands within the meaning of section 4 of the statute of frauds, and if the purchaser is placed in full possession, and commences performance of his contract, this is held sufficient to prevent repudiation of it by the seller on the ground that it is within section 17 of the statute relating to sales of other property above a specified value.

Implicit reliance upon representations of a seller is held, in Fargo Gas Light and Coke Company vs. Fargo Gas and Electric Company (N. D.), 37 L. R. A. 593, to be proper, and the fact that their falsity could have been discovered by investigation will not relieve the seller from liability for making false representations with intent to deceive. With this case is a note collecting the great number of cases on the right to rely upon representations made to effect a contract.

Although an electric light company is not bound to keep the insulation of its wires on a pole in good condition as against a bare volunteer or mere trespasser, it is held, in Newark Electric Light and Power Company vs. Garden (C. C. App. 3d C.), 37 L. R. A. 725, that an employe of a railroad company which has wires on a pole used also for telephone and electric light wires is not, while transferring wires, a trespasser in setting his foot upon a cross-arm bearing electric light wires imperfectly insulated.



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

Daughters Should be Carefully Guided in Early Womanhood.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

The following letter from Miss MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa., shows what neglect will do, and tells how Mrs. Pinkham helped her:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity."

THE FIRST TORPEDO.

Exploded Too Soon to Destroy a Federal Gunboat.

Mr. R. O. Crowley, formerly electrician of the Torpedo Division, C. S. N., contributes to the Century an account of "The Confederate Torpedo Service." After describing the organization of the first torpedo service, Mr. Crowley says:

Having our system now perfected, we established a torpedo station, some five or six miles below Richmond, by submerging two iron tanks, containing one thousand pounds of powder each, in twelve feet of water, leading the wires ashore, and connecting them with a galvanic battery concealed in a small hut in a deep ravine. From the battery-house the wires were led to an elevated position near by, where the man in charge could keep a lookout for passing vessels. The position of the torpedoes in the water was indicated by two sticks, planted about ten feet apart on the bluff, and in a line with each other and the torpedoes; and the watchman's instructions were to explode them by contracting the wires as soon as an enemy's vessel should be on a line with the two pointers. All this being prepared, we awaited the approach of a Federal gunboat. As was usually the case, one came when least expected, on a beautiful clear day, when our entire force except the man stationed as lookout was absent in Richmond, preparing other war material.

We were apprised by telegraph of the rapid approach of the gunboat, and immediately hastened toward our first station; but we arrived too late. The man in charge had not seen the United States flag for a long period, and never having previously seen a gunboat so near, lost his presence of mind, and fired one of the 1,000-pound powder-tanks when the gunboat was at least twenty to thirty yards distant. A great explosion took place, throwing up a large column of water to a considerable height; and the gunboat by her momentum plunged into the great trough, and caught the downward rush of a wave on her forward deck. The guards were broken away, half a dozen men were thrown overboard, and other damage to the gunboat was caused. The steamer then turned about as quickly as she could, and prepared to retrace her route down the river, after picking up the men who had been washed overboard. There was a brilliant opportunity to accomplish her total destruction by firing the remaining torpedo as she passed back over it. But alas! the man had been so astounded at the first explosion that he had fled precipitately, without waiting to see what damage had been done, and the gunboat was thus enabled to return down the river in safety.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake in the shoes. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Spain expresses the English of Hispania, a word founded upon the Punic "span," a rabbit, owing to the number of wild rabbits found in the Peninsula by the Carthagenians.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

Drought has made sheep fodder so scarce in Australia that thousands of men are being employed in the various districts cutting the boughs of oak, apple and other trees for food for the starving animals, and in skinning the sheep that perish in the mud at the falling water holes.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Our Consul General at Shanghai, China, reports that 420,000 spindles are now in operation in and about that city, and that of this number all but about 35,000 have been put in since the Japanese war. Though no new mills are being built, 50,000 new spindles are shortly to be put in at one of the Shanghai mills.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Four residents of Seattle, Wash., are about to undertake a journey of 3700 miles—from Seattle to Rampart City—in a twenty-four foot boat, sailing and rowing all the way. Thirteen hundred miles of the trip will be across the open Pacific, hundreds of miles from land, and 700 will be through Bering Sea.

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

A law recently adopted in Italy requires that every employer shall, at his own cost, compensate his workmen for all accidents the consequences of which last more than five days.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

The man in a crash suit is not always the one to be heard from.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

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

Mother Goose Up to Cavite.

The queen of Spain
Blew up the Maine,
All on a winter's morn.
The knaves of Spain
Made loud acclaim,
And shouted "Pigs!" in scorn.

Then Uncle Sam
With shot and ram
Did thrash the knaves full sore;
And made old Spain
Make good the Maine
And vow she'd blow no more.

—New York Press.

Portugal's Heir Apparent.

There is now and then a "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in real life, says the New York Herald, and Portugal boasts one of the most charming. The parents of this winsome youngster have been prodigal in the matter of names, for he is burdened with no fewer than fifteen, fairly putting to shame the old puritan sea captain who was christened with a scripture text. He is known to the world, however, as Luiz Filippe, duke of Braganza—a big title for a 10-year-old to carry. But, then, he is heir apparent to the Portuguese throne, and the scions of royalty have to be put in training early to learn to bear the weight of their dignities with due composure.


THE LITTLE DUKE OF BRAGANZA.

That a child of so tender an age should be made the subject of matrimonial negotiations certainly seems strange to Americans, but the question of his marriage is already eagerly discussed by the Portuguese diplomats, and much regret is expressed that he is too young to be considered as prospective husband of the Spanish Infanta, the princess of the Asturias. The boy himself, however, is probably more interested in a gymnasium which has been fitted up in the palace for his special benefit.

Three Queer Cities.

The city of Ghent, in Belgium, is built on twenty-six islands. These islands are connected with each other by eighty bridges. The city has three hundred streets, and thirty public squares. It is noted for being the birthplace of Charles V. and of John of Gaunt, whom Shakspeare called "time-honored Lancaster;" and as the scene of the pacification of Ghent, Nov. 8, 1576, and of several insurrections, sieges, and executions of well-known personages. It is associated with American history by the treaty made there Dec. 24, 1814, terminating the second war between England and the United States, known as the war of 1812.

Amsterdam, in Holland, is built on piles driven far below the water into the earth. The city is intersected by many canals, which are spanned by nearly three hundred bridges, and resembles Venice in the mingling of land and water, though it is considerably larger than that city. The canals divide the city, which is about ten miles in circumference, into ninety islands.

The city of Venice is built on eighty islets, which are connected by nearly four hundred bridges. Canals serve for streets in Venice and boats, called gondolas, for carriages. The bridges are, as a rule, very steep, rising considerably in the middle, but have easy steps. The circumference of the city is about eight miles. The Venetians joined the Lombard league against the German Emperor, and, in 1177, gained a great victory, in defense of Pope Alexander III., over the fleet of war vessels headed by Otto, son of Frederic Barbarossa. In gratitude for this victory the Pope gave the Doge Ziani a ring, and instituted the world-famous ceremony of "Venice Marrying the Adriatic Sea." In this ceremony the Doge, as the chief ruler of Venice used to be termed, with appropriate ceremonies, dropped a ring into the sea every year, in recognition of the wealth and trade carried to Venice by the Adriatic.

She Wasn't In It.

Little Johnny Streeter, who had only seen four short summers, was very naughty one afternoon, and his mamma whipped him.

Johnny was very much offended with her for this mode of procedure, and treated her with the strictest silence for the remainder of the day, eating his supper without deigning to notice her in any way.

When his bedtime came she called him in and undressed him for bed, he still maintaining much dignity. He knelt down, as was his custom, to say his "Now I lay me down to sleep," and, after asking God to bless his papa, grandpa, grandma, aunt, and even the servant girl, he turned to his mother and said with emphasis, "You ain't in it."—Boston Journal.

What Any Boy May Do.

A teacher once refused to take the advice of the committee and expel a bad boy from school. The boy, knowing his teacher's confidence, began to do better and continued with such perseverance that he afterward became eminent. He was thrice elected Governor of New York and once to the United States Senate. He was also under one President Secretary of War and under another Secretary of State. A word of encouragement proved to be the turning point in the life of William L. Marcy. How many have failed because of the lack of such a word!—Detroit Christian Herald.

Wonder if this isn't the same weathe we had last summer, warmed over?

A Fatality Avoided.

From the Democrat, Goshen, Ind.

When neuralgia is accompanied by a dull, heavy pain near the heart, frequently becoming intense, it generally terminates fatally. Mrs. Nancy Flynn, who lives near Goshen, Indiana, survived such an attack and her advice is worth heeding.

"In the fall of '92," she said, "I began to have trouble with my heart. There was a sharp pain in my breast which became rapidly worse. The doctor was puzzled and put me under the influence of opiates. These sharp attacks followed one another at intervals and I became weak and had a haggard look. I was constantly in pain, seldom slept and had no appetite.

"At the end of two years I was confined to my couch most of the time and the doctors agreed that my death was only a matter of a short time.

A Serious Time.

"One day I noticed in a newspaper an item about a woman having been cured of neuralgia of the heart by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I concluded to try them.

"When I had finished one box I noticed an improvement in my condition, and when I had taken twelve boxes I was completely cured. 'Those pills have done for you what we could not do,' said one of my physicians, 'they have saved your life.'

"That was two years ago and my heart has not troubled me since. I believe I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I take pleasure in telling others about them."

Among the many forms of neuralgia are headache, nervousness, paralysis, apoplexy and locomotor ataxia. Some of these were considered incurable until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were formulated. To-day thousands testify to having been cured of such diseases by these pills.

Doctors frequently prescribe them and all druggists sell them.

The Apple Tree's Secret.

The sun and the rain in a treetop met,
And the spring wind, murmuring, said: "I know
That those dainty drops so bright and wet
Pretty soon will turn to snow."
And sure enough, at the warm day's end
The treetop glistened so white—so white!
And the apple tree whispered: "I intend
These blooms for a dear little maid's delight."

Juvenile Jokes.

A visitor who was trotting 4-year-old Freddie upon his knee, remarked to the little fellow's mother: "Do you know, there is something in this young man I like?" "Say," exclaimed the precocious youngster, "who told you that I swallowed a penny?"

Little 5-year-old Mamie had been listening attentively to the story of the massacre of the children at Bethlehem, and after it was finished her mother asked her what she thought of it. "Well," she replied, "I think God was awful selfish to save his own little boy and nobody else's.

A little girl of 4 had learned the Bible text, "Love one another," at Sunday school. She repeated it after returning home and her mother asked her if she knew what it meant. "Why, of course I do," she replied. "It means that I must love you and you must love me; I'm one and you're another."

Nellie, aged 3, was out walking with her father one evening, but she soon became tired and he was obliged to carry her. "Is I vewy heavy, papa?" she asked, as he set her down a moment to rest. "Indeed you are," he replied. "Say, papa," continued the little miss, "isn't you dest awful tickled zat I ain't twins?"

Little Mabel was visiting in the country and saw some little pigs for the first time. What attracted her attention most was the twist in their tails, and after looking at them in wonder for quite a while, she asked: "Say, grandpa, does the piggies' mamma put their tails up in curl papers every night?"

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

The present output of powder in the United States amounts to 16,000 pounds a day, of which 12,000 pounds is furnished by one Eastern firm, and the remainder by a Pacific coast concern.

Beauty is Blood Deep

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfactioon guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

◆

Porto Rico was discovered in 1493 by Columbus, but was conquered by Ponce de Leon, 1508-20, who, it is said, reduced 600,000 natives to slavery. They were afterward exterminated.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"She says it means more tandem rides and ice cream than the last one she managed, or it will be broken off."

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

Bridges are the part of a railroad system that need bracing up.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

To his clients, the detective is often a friend in disguise.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

Married a Vase.

Miss Hsu, of Soochow, recently married a red flower vase as a substitute for her betrothed, who died before the wedding day. He was a son of Lu Jen Hsiang, Vice Chancellor of the Imperial Academy at Peking. The young woman having determined to marry no one else, adopted this means to enter her betrothed's family and so be treated as a widow. The people of Soochow are talking of building a stone arch to commemorate Miss Hsu's virtues.—New York Sun.

The Cynic's Confession.

I can't engage in useful work. I cannot even sing.
To benefit my fellow man I cannot do a thing.
Since from other occupations I, alas, can't take my pick,
There's nothing left except for me to settle down and kick.
—Washington Star.

When there is a story "on" a man, how he wishes he could censor the news, as the government does at Key West!

After a man has expressed his opinion he often wishes he had patronized a slow freight.

25 1109

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

CAPT. MAHAN ON THE ARMADA.

The Great Naval Tactician Discusses the Cause of the Disaster.

Capt. Alfred T. Mahan contributes to the Century an article on "The Spanish Armada," introductory to a longer paper on the same subject by William Frederick Tilton, Capt. Mahan says, among other things:

The Armada entered the English Channel on July 30, and on the 6th of August anchored off Calais, having traversed the Channel successfully in a week. Three several actions had occurred. None was decisive; but all tended generally in favor of the English, who utilized their advantages of speed and artillery to hammer the foe with their long guns, while keeping out of range of his muskets and lighter cannon. The Spanish losses in battle, by a Spanish authority, were six hundred killed and eight hundred wounded. The English loss, from first to last, did not reach one hundred. Such a discrepancy tells its own tale; but it is to be remembered, moreover, that men slain means sides pierced and frames shattered. Shot that fly wide, or that cut spars, sails, and rigging, kill comparatively few. With hulls thus damaged, the Spaniards had to confront the equinoctial gales of the Atlantic.

At Calais, a friendly town, Parma might possibly join; but there was no harbor for big ships, and it was unreasonable to expect that he, with the whole charge of the Netherlands on his hands, would be waiting there, ignorant when the fleet would appear, or whether it would come at all. Medina Sidonia sent him word of his arrival; but it could not be hoped that the English would allow the fleet to occupy that unprotected position undisturbed. The wind being to the westward, they anchored at a safe distance to windward, and on the night of August 7 sent against the Spaniards eight fire-ships. The ordinary means of diverting these failing, the Spanish admiral got under way. In this operation the fleet drifted nearer the shore, and the wind next day coming out strong from the northwest and setting the ships bodily on the coast, he, under the advice of the pilots, stood into the North Sea. Had Flushing been in their possession, it might, with good pilots, have afforded a refuge; but it was held by the Dutch. The enemy's ships, more weatherly, drew up and engaged again; while the continuance of the wind, and the clumsiness of the Spaniards, threatened destruction upon the shoals off the Flemish coast. The sudden shifting of the wind to the south saved them when already in only six or seven fathoms of water. Here, again, was no bad luck; nor could it be considered a misfortune that the southerly breeze, which carried them to the Pentland Frith, changed to the northeast as they passed the Orkneys and entered the Atlantic, being thus fair for their homeward course.

The disasters of the Armada were due to the following causes: 1. The failure to prescribe the effectual crippling of the English navy as a condition precedent to any attempt at invasion. 2. The neglect to secure beforehand a suitable point for making the junction with the army. Combinations thus intrusted to chance have no right to expect success. 3. The several actions with the English failed because the ships, which could exert their power only close to the enemy, were neither so fast nor so handy as the latter. Only those who have the advantage of range can afford inferiority of speed. 4. The disasters in the Atlantic were due either to original unseaworthiness, or to damage received in action, or to bad judgment in taking unweatherly ships too close to the shores of Ireland, where strong westerly gales prevailed, and the coast was inhospitable.

Turkish Octroi.

Most Turkish towns are surrounded by walls, and officials are usually stationed at the gates to collect a tax on everything that comes in for sale. A recent traveler tells a story of a peasant who wanted to take a cheese into town, but finding that the tax was beyond his purse, he sat down and ate the cheese, whereupon he was allowed to take it in free.—New York Evening Post.

The Sheriff Was Caught Napping.

At Mississippi City, Miss., where the sheriff is also tax collector, thieves pried open the window of the sheriff's bedroom on the night of the day he made his tax collections and with a fishline caught his trousers, and, pulling them to the window, rifled his pockets. The sheriff slept with a light in his room.

The average man is ready and willing to die for his country—of old age.

Will Die Poor.

"He may not always be rich. The estate he inherits has a string on it."

"No!"

"Yes. A string of race horses."—Detroit Journal.

The Bachelor's Joke.

"Another reckless hold-up," remarked the bachelor, as he ruefully gripped his waist band.

He remembered that he had pinned together his burst suspenders, and the pin had given way.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Quid Pro Quo.

The Junior Partner—Did you see Grinder about extending that note?

The Senior Partner—Yes. He said he was willing to extend the time if we would extend the size.—Cincinnati Tribune.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

CHRISTIAN homes are the happiest.

Two nothings should never marry.

Starving the soul to feed the body, makes lean Christians.

The hard places in life are never made any better by growling.

Only a good man can see good things in others.

A little tombstone may cast a very long shadow.

The ball room is a poor place to learn self-denial.

If a sermon pricks your conscience it must have good points.

Most flowers require attention to be made to grow. So does gossip.

God never gave any man authority to say, "Join our church and be saved."

Tribulations and sorrow are the only bleaching agents that will whiten the robes of God's people.

Have you learned the sweet lesson that you can get much out of every little you receive with a thankful heart?

Unless we have our spiritual possessions recorded by our Father, the devil will get a mortgage on them.

Hammer Toes.

Another one came into the room. He passed muster at first all right. "Take off your shoes." Off came the fellow's shoes, and it was found he had hammer toes.

"You'll never get through with hammer toes," said Capt. Baker. "Never in the world," repeated Capt. Hogan.

"I'm sorry for you," said Capt. Baker, and the boy's face grew to be three feet longer as he spoke.

"Hammer toes, what's them?" he asked. "I never heard of hammer toes before. They don't bother me none. I can walk ten miles quicker than any man in this room."

"The only thing you can do is to get that hammer toe cut off if you want to get through," said Capt. Baker.

The boy's face grew a shade paler and he left the room quickly and without further remark. Perhaps he intended to get the hammer toe amputated. Hammer toe is the name given to toes which turn downward at the tips.—Portland Times.

The banister of life is full or splinters and mankind slides down it with considerable rapidity.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and billiousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
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NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

HE PAYS
THE FREIGHT. BEST SCALES. LEAST MONEY. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, N.Y

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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Fine Singing Canaries, Mocking Birds, Talking Parrots and all other Fancy Cage Birds, Fine Bred Fowls, Fancy Pigeons, GOLDFISH and Globes. The largest and best selected stock of first-class Goods at low prices; send for Catalogues. Birds can be delivered to all parts safely by express.
H. W. VAHLE, 319 Market St., & 46 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use } **Thompson's Eye Water**

A Select Crowd.

"A big crowd went up to that Indian town in Cattaraugus County in New York State last week to see the green corn dance."

"We had a green-apple dance up at our house a night or two ago, but there were no outsiders present except the doctor."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Well, Hardly.

Maud—Jack and I were out driving last night, and I had to drive all the way.

Clara—Why, what was the matter with Jack?

Maud—Nothing. You don't suppose he could drive with his feet, do you?

Yellow stories are not confined to the war: you can hear a yellow story on a man, particularly a married man, any hour of the day.

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