AN AMBITION.

The person to be envied most
In this eventful life
Is not the one who counts his gains
Afar from storm and strife;
Nor yet the poteutate who wears
A crown upon his brow;
It is the man who stands around
And tells the others how.

And if the project finds success,
The benefit he'll share;
And if it fail, he'll simply say
'Twas none of his affair.
He joins the triumph every time
And dodges every row,
The man who simply stands around
And tells the others how.

I would not be a warrior great
Nor hold a sceptred sway;
I would not be a bard to wake
Emotions grave or gay.
If fate would graciously consent
My choosing to allow,
I'd be the man who stands around
And tells the others how.
—Washington Star.

GRANDFATHER'S COURTSHIP.

"DO YOU youngsters want a war story," sighed Grandpa Sawyer, glancing fondly over the merry group of children and grandchildren that had assembled to celebrate his sixtieth birthday; and wondering what he could possibly say on this august occasion that had not been repeated at least a score of times.

"You might tell them about the time you fainted dead away," suggested grandma, with her tender, pensive smile, as she bent caressingly over his latest namesake fast asleep in her arms.

Yielding to the clamorous entreaties of more than a dozen young voices, the veteran slowly proceeded: "You see, I was just out of Andersonville, and a little shaky even on an ordinary occasion, and this was a most extraordinary occasion, being the day your grandma graduated at Holyoke.

"I first enlisted for three months, full of fight and sure of victory, and I looked so fine and tall in my blue uniform, I thought I'd go and say good-by to Dr. Miller's daughter. I was only a common farmer, and she had another beau, a student at Amherst, but I remembered once at a party, when she had to choose a partner, she selected me instead of Jim; so I thought I'd go and tell her I was off for Dixie in the morning. I thought maybe she'd cry a little as my mother did, or say something fine about my laying down my precious life for the dear old flag; but she didn't say much, and I didn't say long, for Jim was there.

"Martha went with me out to the gate. I reached out my big, sunburned hand, and she took it in both her own and held it quite a bit, and she said: 'Bennie, I'm sorry you're going to the war; you're too young a man, and too good a man to stand up and be shot at.' Then Jim appeared on the scene, and I went away half cursing my honest hand for being so big and so brown, while Jim's was as white as a lily with a great flashing diamond on the smallest of his slender fingers.

"Talk about standing up as a target for bullets; that's nothing—nothing at all compared with lying down to starve in a foul prison. As the days passed into weeks and the weeks so long, into months so much longer, that I lost all count, how many and many a time I looked at my white, bony hands and wished they were as big and as tanned as they used to be, and when I would have prayed for an ending of my misery, how well I remembered that Martha had said I was too young to die, and the way she had held my hand still thrilled me, and kept me alive and out of the clutch of old Giant Despair, and I said over and over to myself a thousand times, with grim determination, what Dr. Miller had so often repeated: 'While there is life there is hope,' and at last I was exchanged and discharged. Oh, how happy I was to be set free! I did not 'regain my freedom with a sigh,' like the poor prisoner of Chillon, but with a great joy that buoyed me up for the long, weary journey home, and enabled me to assist others who were still weaker.

"When at last the stage set me down in the familiar village postoffice I was so weary and wasted no one seemed to recognize me, but looked at me in a pitying way I could not understand, and so I did not speak to any one, but staggered down the hill to the old farmhouse, trying in vain to scent the supper or the clove pinks. I did not know my precious mother had been dead almost a year, but when I reached the gate I felt the change. It hung by one hinge, and swayed and creaked with a dismal sound that seemed to me like the groaning of a ghost. It weakened me so that I had to rest a while before going down the long walk still lined by my mother's flower beds; but oh, how neglected they looked! As I neared the porch I saw a red calf tied to a lilac bush, one that my mother had herself planted on the very day she was a bride, and then I seemed to know that she was gone. War kills women as well as men. She thought her only boy was dead, and she had nothing to live for—nothing but an empty home.

"That was too good a house to be long unoccupied, and Dr. Miller had rented it to a needy family of foreigners, requesting that my room should be left just as my mother had last arranged it.

"Oh! how I had cheered myself with a picture of that waiting tea table! But I didn't drop down into my accustomed place, for even the table had been moved into the little, overcrowded kitchen, and the robust woman who did her best to serve me could not understand my simple language, but she did comprehend my sorrow and weariness and bitter disappointment, and after I had taken a glass of milk she allowed me to go right up to my own fury chamber, where everything was sacredly familiar. How deliciously soft and clean the bed seemed, and I cried myself to sleep like a tired, homesick baby.

"The first thing I heard in the morning was, not the chirping of the robins, as in the olden time, but the loud bawling of that steer calf under my window. I covered my head with the bed clothes, and was the poor, weak baby once again. When I awoke later in the day good Dr. Miller was sitting by my bedside. He helped me dress, and took me home to breakfast, where the talk, as well as the cooking, was all United States, but somehow I wasn't hungry, and longed to ask what had become of Martha.

"It soon found out. Her father was going to Holyoke the very next day to see her substitutory, and he took me along with him. It was a long drive, but we took it slow and easy, and I had my fill of fresh air, and recovered my appetite. We were a little late to the exhibition, and found the chapel already crowded, but the good doctor finally succeeded in getting a seat well up in front, and there, right before us, was Amherst Jim, just as slim and white as ever. He fingered his watch chain and petted his mustache and made his diamond glisten and devoured the platform with his eyes, just as he used to in the old red schoolhouse when Martha was going to speak her piece. Now he was a full-fledged physician, and Dr. Miller's partner. We had a long time to wait. The essays were lengthy and learned, and Martha's was the very last. The other graduates wore white, but she was all in black, with a crape collar. I looked questioningly into her father's face. He put his arm around me, and whispered: 'She wears mourning for your mother—and for you.'

"For my mother and for me—oh! the pain of it! oh, the joy of it! and whether it was the pain or the joy, or the crowded room, or the way Jim looked at Martha, I cannot tell, but somehow everything slipped away into nothingness.

"When I came back to consciousness the folks were all gone, all but Dr. Miller and his daughter, and Martha was holding me as handy as she is holding that blessed baby now, and I was just as quiet and submissive.

"I don't know much of anything but submission for a long time after that. I didn't know I was helpless in bed in the Miller mansion, with Jim for night watch, mixing the medicine to suit himself, and always telling Martha I was slowly improving, and I could not see the noiseless hand that was stretching a pontoon bridge over the last river, but when my hand was wet with the cold surf, I reached it feebly toward Martha's, and she took it firmly, just as she did when I was going away to the war, and she said: 'Bennie, oh Bennie! you are too young to die; if only you will live, my mother shall be your mother,' and then she laid her warm cheek down on that cold hand and it thrilled me back to life again, and the good old doctor whispered, 'While there's life, there's hope,' and after that he was the night watch, and Martha was the day watch, and Jim dropped out, and Martha's mother was my mother.

"Martha's children are my children; her grandchildren are all mine, too, and poor Jim never had any. I have outlived him by a quarter of a century, and I'm good for twenty-five years more, but I want you youngsters distinctly to understand this is my last war story—positively the last."

Two chubby arms were wound around grandpa's neck, and a reproving little kiss was dropped upon the veteran's forehead. Little Mattie well remembered that he had said those very words, "positively the last," on his very last birthday, and so her grateful caress must needs be a little reproving, for had he not often counseled her, "Tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and did not grandma sometimes say, "Consistency is a jewel?"

Possibly the tender rebuke was quite lost upon grandpa, but the others all appreciated it, and truly, a little child should lead them.—New York Ledger.

Juvenile Jokes.

"Bobby," said the mother of a precocious 5-year-old, "I see your little sister has the small apple. Did you let her have her choice as I told you to?" "Yes'm," replied Bobbie, "I told her she could have the little one or none, and she took the little one."

Laura, aged 4, was asked by a visitor what nationality she was. "I'm English same as my papa is," was her reply, "but my mamma is a Fwenchman." "And what is your baby brother?" asked the visitor. "Don't know," said Laura, "he ain't big enough to talk yet."

The mother of a bright little 3-year-old had been away from home over night, and on her return asked: "And how did my little girl get to sleep last night without mamma?" "Oh," she replied, "papa twied to sing to me like 'ou does, an' I dis went to sleep weal twick so I touldn't hear him."

Little 4-year-old Ethel lived on a farm in Illinois, and her first visit to Chicago was made on a very rainy day. Her father took her for a ride on the elevated road, and after reaching their destination and descending to the sidewalk she looked up at the structure and asked: "Papa, does zay run zat wailwond on stilts to keep ze wheels dwy?"

Little Harry, like other small boys, wanted a bicycle, and having great faith in the efficacy of prayer, he had prayed the Lord to send one for Christmas. His parents, thinking him too young for a bicycle, bought him a tricycle, and then waited with expectancy to see what he would say when he discovered that his prayer had been answered. As his eyes lighted upon it he threw up his hands in disgust and cried: "Oh, Lord, don't you know the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?"

An Experiment with the Memory.

Starting with the word Washington, write down one hundred words just as they occur to you. Let your second word be the one which Washington naturally suggests to you. Possibly it will be capitol. It may be President. Take the word which first comes into your mind. In the same manner let the third word be suggested by the second, the fourth by the third, and so on. Be careful that the third word is not suggested by both the first and second. Drop the first entirely, and let your mind go from the second alone to the third. Having written this list of words, you will have furnished yourself with a cheap but very useful mirror of your mind. If you are able to use this mirror, you may discover some very serious defects in your mental processes. You may discover that you think along certain lines too frequently. You may discover that you are using superficial principles quite too much to the neglect of more important laws of mind. You will be led to avoid certain linkings and to encourage others of a more philosophical nature.—Saturday Evening Post.

Prohibition Law Fluctuates.

One of the most amusing incidents of the treatment accorded the Maine liquor law in different sections of the State is seen at Bar Harbor, where the enforcement of the law follows the seasons. In the summer, when the visitors from other States who are accustomed to having liquors at home are at the watering place, the bars are allowed to remain open, but when the visitors depart and the population is narrowed down to its usual quota of Yankees the law is applied by the municipal officers, and the drought continues until the birds of passage arrive again in the spring.—Waterville, Maine, Mail.

Revive a Southern Scene.

A Southern husking bee, with slaves, slave-drivers, and all, is to be one of the exhibits at the Paris exposition in 1900.

THEIR GREAT LOSS.

How People Manage to Lose Their Wits in an Emergency.

Ludicrous incidents will creep in at times of tragic events, and after the first shock of a tragedy is over, one hears of these little side issues, and somehow or other they seem to soften the harshness of even a fatal occurrence, says the Atlanta Journal. On Saturday evening, when the fatal collision took place between two cars on the Traction line, one of these little incidents cropped out. People were hurrying hither and thither, looking after the wounded and dying, when an employe of the street railway company came upon a young man rushing to and fro in the most frantic manner.

"What's the matter?" asked the street car man, in the tones of one who feared the worst.

"Oh, I've lost my hat! I've lost my hat!" moaned the young man, in seeming anguish, while his eyes roamed searchingly over the wreck.

"Oh, if that is all," said the street car employe, seemingly relieved that another fatality was not suspected, "don't worry; the company will give you another hat."

"That's all right enough," said the excited young fellow, "but your blamed company can't give me back that hat," and he rushed excitedly on, in search of his missing tile.

And yet that is one of the kindliest youths of Atlanta. The boy was simply bewildered by the tragic event in which he had been so immediately concerned.

Older men than he will lose their heads at such a time.

I was in a railroad wreck once in the Indian Territory. A passenger train and a freight tried to pass on the same track, and there was a fearful smashup.

In the vicinity of one of the sleepers, I found a gray-haired man walking hither and thither rapidly, peering with searching eyes here and there into the debris.

The conductor of the Pullman coach saw him, and, rushing up, grabbed the man by the arm.

"It's all right, sir!" he exclaimed, in the tones of one who brings good tidings. "Your wife and little girl are over there, and they are all right."

"Ah, yes," said the gray-haired passenger, with seeming indifference. "Much obliged, but you haven't seen anything of a Masonic watch charm anywhere, have you?" and his fingers toyed with the end of a watch chain from which a pendant had evidently hung.

A half hour later the man was in the first rank of the indefatigable workers who were engaged in rescuing the wounded from the wreck.

Leander Tree and Rose Wood.

I knew a youth, Leander Tree;
He came of foreign stock;
His father was a Pole; the son,
A chip of the old block.

Within a vegetable shop
His budding life began;
His hopes grew evergreen; he was
A poplar, spruce young man.

His look was sage; a heart of oak
Beet currants through his chest;
His hair was bushy, carroty,
But heart's-ease filled his breast.

His limbs were long—a pair of bars—
His walk, a country gate;
But still he did not pine and rail
And rhue his thyme and fate.

He used to board with Widow Wood,
And loved her daughter, Rose;
She'd cherry lips, round radish cheeks,
A little turnip nose.

He vowed they'd make a lovely pear,
And clasped her willowy waist;
"Leander, O-leander, dear!"
She cried, when thus embraced.

"My sweet rosewood, my dear pine knot,
Your beauty I a door;
I cannot leave, cut stick, embark,
And never see you mower."

She said: "Don't be a great gra-ape;
To part now wooden do;
Leander, O-leander Tree,
I'll make a bow of yew."

The parson came, stretched out his palms,
And blessed their wedded vow;
Leander Tree and Rose Wood Tree
Have Olive branches now.
—Toronto Globe.

French Are Saving.

The amount of money at the credit of depositors in the state savings banks of France in 1896, when the latest statistics were taken, was $680,000,000, upon which 3¼ per cent. interest is paid annually. Out of every six inhabitants of the country one has an account at the banks.

Next to Man in Intelligence.

Sir John Lubbock makes the remarkable statement that "when we consider the habits of ants, their social organization, their large communities, and elaborate habitations; their roadways, their possession of domestic animals, and even, in some cases, of slaves, it must be admitted that they have a fair claim to rank next to man in the scale of intelligence."

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED THE QUALITY.

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.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here is proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice. —MISS JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.

SHE SELLS HORSES.

Bright Western Girl Making a Success of a Masculine Vocation.

"I would rather sell a horse than sit down to a sumptuous banquet," said Miss Kitty Wilkins, the famous horsewoman. A well-formed, bright-eyed woman, with a voice as soft as spun silk, and that grace of manner which marks the convent-bred girl—this is the personality that surprises those who meet Miss Wilkins for the first time, expecting to see perhaps a counterpart of that woman famed in two continents as a judge in horseflesh, the late Millie Morgan. Millie Morgan wore a wide-brimmed straw hat, guiltless of trimming, and crunched under a broad black ribbon down over her ears; her feet were encased in men's coarse leather boots, and as she stalked about the barnyard her dress skirt lacked 12 inches of reaching the ground. But the slender young woman of Idaho who travels all over the country with her car loads of wild horses is dressed entirely in the conventional style. Her blue serge dress is of finest weave, her necktie of the latest fashion, and her hat one of those large affairs of velvet and feathers which is the ideal of every feminine woman.

The ranch on which Miss Wilkins lives is about 300 acres in extent, and besides her father, mother and brother, a regiment of cowboys make their home on the place. The family owns vast tracts of other land, and has between 5,000 and 6,000 horses. There are cattle also in large numbers, but Miss Wilkins takes little account of them. The horses are her chosen spirits. The horses are turned out to the four winds, winter and summer. When the deep, cold snows fall and human beings are killed in the storms, the horses have wisdom enough to find some sheltered gully and enough vegetation to live on. They are not given any food by their owners, but in the spring they come to the open land again, as fat and sleek as the pampered carriage horse.

Miss Kitty is a lover of all athletic sports and is so agile that she mounts her pony from the ground, but she cannot bring herself to the thought of wearing bloomers or of riding astride. She has an old-fashioned idea that such things are unwomanly, and when she rides she wears a long blue skirt and a blue jacket with bright brass buttons. Her side-saddle she finds entirely comfortable, and though she throws the "riata" as well as any Mexican, her skirts have never hindered her in the exercise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Awful Risk.

Two impecunious Scotsmen came upon a saloon. They had only "saxpence" between them, so they ordered one "nip o' whusky." They were hesitating who should have the first drink, when an acquaintance joined them. Pretending that they had just drank, one of them handed the new-comer the whisky, requesting him to join them in a drink. He drank, and, after a few minutes of painful and silent suspense, said: "Now, boys, you'll have one with me?" "Wasna that weel managed, mon?" said one to his pal afterward. "Ay, it was," said the other, solemnly; "but it was a dreadfu' risk!"

"How is it that you are always in debt? You should be ashamed of yourself." "Come, now; don't be too hard on a fellow. You would perhaps be in debt, too, if you were in my place." "What place?" "Able to get credit."—Odds and Ends.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

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

No woman probably appreciates how pretty and graceful she looks when using a needle. And a woman never looks awkward by the way with her sleeves rolled up and flour on her arms, though she may appear at a great disadvantage at a social affair.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. R. MAYER, 1011 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 1 P. M.

Skeptical.—He—"I love you." She—"Are you sure, or is this merely based on a rumor from Mole St. Nicholas?"

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Elimination.—"Say, what would you do if you had a skeleton in your closet?" "The best thing to do is to make no bones of it."

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

At the beginning of this century the population of Berlin was 172,000; in 1870 it numbered 800,000, while at present it is nearly 2,000,000.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA HINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1896.

The latest Government census in India showed 6,616,759 girls between 5 and 9 years of age who were already married, of whom 170,000 had become widows.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Were the equal suffragists made suffragists by marriage, or did they get married to find out the real facts about men?

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

A Little Rhyme of Four.

Busy all day long,
Cheerest of lasses,
Like the cricket's song
In the grasses;
Wakeful with the waking sun,
Working till each task is done,
Thinking earnest thoughts which none
May divine—
That's Cora.

Ruffles not a few,
Slippered feet a-twinkle,
Eyes like stars of blue
Periwinkle;
Airs engaging, exquisite,
Tiny frowns and smiles that flit,
Arch, coquettish just a bit,
Fairy-fine—
That's Flora.

Neat and sweet and nice
As all care can make her;
Prettily precise
Little Quaker;
Smooth brown hair and forehead pure,
Quiet step and look demure,
Toes turned out, you may be sure,
On the line—
That's Dora.

Brimmed with sweetness as
Clover-tops with honey,
(Scarce a blossom has
Looks so sunny!)
Brave and loyal, blithe and brown,
Laughing every trouble down,
Loving though the whole world frown,
Sweetheart mine—
That's Nora.
—St. Nicholas.

Good Work or None.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do work discreditable to himself. Judge N——, a well-known jurist living near Cincinnati, loved to tell this anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job even when directed to.

He had once occasion to send to the village after a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared with his tools.

"I want this fence mended to keep out the cattle. There are some unplaned boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner, and, coming out, found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job of it, he ordered him to nail them on at once just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned, the boards were all planed and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said, angrily; "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter, gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was finished there was no part of the fence so thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on that job, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had the contract to give for the building of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among the master-builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

It is a pity that boys were not taught in their earliest years that the highest success belongs only to the man, be he carpenter, farmer, author or artist, whose work is most sincerely and thoroughly done.—Living Age.

Its Head Is Upside Down.

How would you like to have your head hung upside down? How would you like your chin and mouth to be where your eyes and forehead are? That is what has happened to "Twist," a sheep belonging to T. K. Weldy, of Philadelphia.

The sheep was born with its head upside down, but it throve and grew stronger, notwithstanding. It was

A SHEEP FREAK.

made a pet and now numbers among its accomplishments bag-punching and ladder-climbing. No, the picture was not put in upside down by mistake. It was put in that way because it shows Twist to the best advantage.

Monument to Potatoes.

The potato is everybody's friend. So universally is this vegetable cultivated throughout the land that the potato may almost be said to divide, with bread the honor of being the "staff of life." But indispensable as it has become as an article of food to all classes of our people, we do not celebrate its virtues as they do in Germany. There they erect statues to it. Offenberg was the first city to erect a statue of this kind, which was—and is, for it is now standing—certainly unique. The upper part consists of a statue of Sir Francisco Drake, who is revered for having introduced the plant into Europe. This, as well as the pedestal, is draped with garlands of the potato vine, with the full-grown tubers intact. On the pedestal are inscriptions to the following effect: The first side sets forth that the above figure is that of Sir Francis; the second explains in words of highest praise what a blessing the potato has been to mankind; the third records that the statue is the gift of a certain Andrew Frederick of Strasburg; the fourth contains the names of the erectors. A statue similar to this is placed in the town of Murs.—Chicago Record.

American Flags.

Upward of 10,000,000 American flags have been sold since the blowing up of the Maine.

A Guardsman's Trouble.

From the Detroit (Mich.) Journal.

The promptness with which the National Guard of the different states responded to President McKinley's call for troops at the beginning of the war with Spain made the whole country proud of its citizen soldiers. In Detroit there are few guardsmen more popular and efficient than Max R. Davies, first sergeant of Co. B. He has been a resident of Detroit for the past six years, and his home is at 416 Third Avenue. For four years he was connected with the well known wholesale drug house of Farrand, Williams & Clark, in the capacity of bookkeeper.

The First Sergeant.

"I have charged up many thousand orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," said Mr. Davies, "but never knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for that aggravating trouble but could only be helped temporarily.

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office man but what is more or less a victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressed pains would force me to quit work.

"I tried the hot-water treatment thoroughly, but it did not affect my case. I have tried many advertised remedies but they would help only for a time. A friend of mine recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but I did not think much of them.

"I finally was induced to try the pills and commenced using them. After taking a few doses I found much relief. I do not remember how many boxes of the pills I used, but I used them until the old trouble stopped. I know they will cure dyspepsia of the worst form and I am pleased to recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The constitutionality of a succession tax is sustained in State, ex rel. Gelsthorpe vs. Furnell (Mont.) 39 L. R. A. 170, although it exempts estates less than $7,500 each.

The ability to read the constitution of the State, which is required of a voter, is held, in Rasmussen vs. Baker (Wyo.) 38 L. R. A. 773, to be an ability to read it in the English language, and not merely in a translation.

A rule of a partnership association against the purchase of additional shares by a member without re-election to membership in respect of them is held, in Carter vs. Producers' Oil Company (Pa.) 39 L. R. A. 100, to be valid under a statute making such shares personal estate transferable under such rules as the association prescribes.

The power to require vaccination as a condition precedent to school attendance is denied in Potts vs. Breen (Ill.) 39 L. R. A. 152, where the statute has not expressly conferred it—especially when there is no emergency calling for its exercise.

The fact that a railroad operated by a receiver crossed the State boundary and his employes incidentally performed some services in another State is held, in Guarantee Trust and S. D. Co. vs. Philadelphia, R. & N. E. R. Company (Conn.) 38 L. R. A. 804, insufficient to defeat the jurisdiction of the State court which appointed him to direct payment of wages, although the receivership is ancillary to one in the other State.

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, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

She—"I hope you were polite to papa, dear?" He—"Indeed I was. I gave him a cordial invitation to make his house my home."

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

According to statistics out of every 100 women who threaten to report street car conductors for incivility, none of them ever do it.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

An apple tree that has stood on a farm near Danville, Ky., for more than 100 years is 9 feet 9 inches in circumference, and is still bearing fruit.

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.

Mrs. Wiggles—I didn't know that Mr. Binks had a title.

Mrs. Waggles—Neither did I. What is it?

Mrs. Wiggles—Well, his servant says that everything comes addressed "James Binks, C. O. D."

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.

Few and Simple.

The wants of most persons are many and complex. Their needs are much fewer and often very simple. If one wishes for peace of mind and any great measure of success in this world, he must learn to reduce his wants as nearly as possible to necessary things. It is not at all essential that a person be rich, but many people wish to be and make haste to be. The result is anxiety and oftentimes loss of integrity, and failure to reach the real needs of one's being; for happiness never lies in satisfaction of our wants, because these ever become greater as we try to satisfy them.

Troublesome Wounds.

In the delicate operation of handling flowers danger lurks. The thorns of roses cause the greatest mischief. Florists ascribe their most serious hurts to poison absorbed in hot-house productions which have undergone a strong vermin-killing process. A number of the dealers infer that, after many applications, the juicy parts of the plants become impregnated with poison.

Russia's Population.

The last census of Russia places the population of the immense empire at 126,411,000. Of these 20,000,000 dwell in cities and villages.

Little Sister (studying her grammar lesson)—How can you compare the words "beautiful girl?" Big Brother (absent-mindedly)—Positive, you call; comparative, you propose; superlative, she accepts.—Baltimore News.

27 1104

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

SOME QUEER TOURISTS.

They Go Abroad as Cattle and Return as Swells.

While hosts of people look over the passenger lists of the lucky ones who are able to go abroad and envy them way down in their hearts, there is a class of men who make frequent trips across the ocean which would hardly excite envy, excepting by reason of their peculiar privileges. This class is humorously called "cattle chambermaids," because of the fact that those who belong to it give their attention to the live cattle that are exported from this country to Europe. The men who do this are the riffraff of the world and when here find it difficult to earn more than enough to keep body and soul together. But when they are lucky enough to get one of these "chambermaid" jobs they feel like millionaires, for they get more money a day for the trip than they could get on shore in a week.

There are a number of Chicago stock yards men who do a large business exporting cattle, and they always have a gang of fellows around waiting for the first chance to go out with a cargo. The average time of these trips from Chicago to London is about fourteen days and the price paid the attendants is $30 in gold. The chambermaid is at no expense whatever. He is fed, but, oh, such feed. It is worse than that of the animals he looks after. There is always a gang boss and he it is who dispenses the "grub." Ordinarily this is boiled fat pork and bread, with only water to drink. The pork comes from the kitchen in a great pot or tub. The boss stabs a chunk of solid fat with the long handled fork, almost a pitchfork in fact, and hurls it at one of the "maids" with some choice specimens of billingsgate. It is caught much as a dog catches a chunk of meat in his mouth and no attention is paid to the liquid grease which flies in every direction. The fat pork is followed by a hunk of stale bread, and a drink of water finishes the repast.

But what care these fellows for the fare and the labor going over. They know there will be joy and pleasure when their destination is reached. Once landed in Liverpool or Southampton they are given their $30 in English gold, this so they will spend it in England, and a return ticket good for ninety days from date.

Then at once begins a season of riotous living. The first thing is a flashy suit of clothes and a walking stick and then off for London. The old hands know better than to "blow in" their money on expensive eating. They have become familiar with the "coffee palaces" to be found all over London, where they get an imperial quart of coffee for one penny and a "bun," equal in size to an average loaf of bread, and thus for two pennies they buy all they can possibly eat. On certain days, when they feel like luxuriating, they may perhaps spend threepence on some dainty like a dozen shrimp, but even with that extravagance indulged in every two or three days the $30 will not last a long time and give plenty of opportunity to soak themselves with "'alf and 'alf."

These chaps always stay until the money is about gone and then back they come to Chicago, where the glory of their London clothes soon becomes dimmed as they loaf around the cattle pens at the stock yards while waiting for another chance to act as chambermaids to a drove of cattle.—Chicago Chronicle.

JOCKEYS

What Agonies They Suffer "Wasting" Themselves to Reduce Weight.

A prominent physician, in a discussion of the superiority of the new method of reducing the weight of jockeys by means of coverings electrically heated, says that probably no one undergoes such labor on such low diet as the jockey who is "wasting" himself so as to scale with another lucky fellow whose nature runs less to fat. In the hottest weather he piles on clothes and takes sharp walks. He labors hard, and the more he sweats the more he feels he has done his duty. Then comes the muzzle. After the labor there is appetite; after the sweating there is thirst—a raging thirst—but the food must be strictly limited, and the drink must be of the smallest, or all the labor would be for naught. The privation is horrible. Training for condition is bad enough, and has made many a good fellow throw athleticism to the dogs; but training for weight is a far greater infliction. So many pounds have got to be got off, and there are only so many days or weeks in which to do it. It is done by physic, by sweating, by hard labor, and by starvation. A successful jockey is envied by thousands; but on the other hand it must be remembered that there are few occupations which demand so much of self-denial, and entail such painful discipline as that of the jockey. The ordeal comes when he is working himself down to scale. A man in ordinary condition hardly varies in weight from day to day, and he may keep his weight almost without change for months and even years. It is not so, however, when training has brought down the weight far below its natural level. Then every cell in the body seems hungry and athirst, and a moisture is sucked up as by blotting paper. Many break down under the strain, the starvation telling on their nervous system before it affects their flesh, while others throw up the effort rather than continue the misery of starvation which is involved in keeping the scales on the right side.

A girl seldom objects to a young man stealing something from under her very nose.

"Want a situation as errand boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?" Boy—Well, guv'nor, I don't know, but I reckon it ain't near enough to interfere with me running errands." He got the job.—Ex.

Inventor—I'm working on an appliance that will revolutionize things in this country if I succeed in perfecting it. Friend—That so? What is it? Inventor—An air-brake that will stop a grocery bill in half its own length.—Chicago News.

"She is very frigid in her manner," remarked Willie Wishington. "Perhaps," was the reply, "but she has a heart of gold." "So I have been informed. But I am tired of trying to cross a conversational Chilkoot Pass in order to reach it."—Washington Star.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

TALK not of yourself—but of Jesus.

Light and purity never blush.

Pride is the bloom of perdition.

Killing time is maiming character.

Noted bravery—doing good for evil.

An aimless life insures a homeless evening.

Oily tongues and mute dogs are dangerous.

Pigs do not squeal when they are feeding.

The man above counsel is always in danger.

Good breeding is manifested by what we read.

The "proper thing" is less than the right thing.

If you are trusting in the love of the Father, you must live the life of the brother.

It is safe to be a doubting Thomas, if you settle all your doubts by an appeal to Christ.

For the dividing of cares and the doubling of pleasures, share both with the Lord.

If a man's words taint the air, he has a cess-pool in his heart: Beware of infection!

If it is "a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," it is surely a bad thing not to do it.

The most sensational preaching in the world is that Jesus Christ died to save sinners.

One of the questions that will be asked at the judgment day is this: "How did you vote?"

When we begin the day with praise, we will not be so apt to end it with worry and fret.

Don't let your hurrahs for your brother in Cuba drown the plea of your brother at home.

Scientists have never explained why it always rains harder on prayer meeting night than at other times.

The Proper Care of Umbrellas.

Judge Dustin, in speaking of his stay in England, said: "Umbrellas are carried every day, for showers there are liable to occur at any moment." It seems, therefore, that we cannot do better than to follow the directions of an Englishman on the proper care to take of an umbrella:

"Do not let it dry while opened, as this strains the silk and makes holes at the seams.

"Do not place it to dry with the handle up. In this case the moisture lodges in the center, where the ribs meet, causing the silk to decay.

"Never put it in the wardrobe without unrolling it, for after a long period of dry weather you may have the misfortune of finding that the continuance of the pressure has cut the silk between the ribs.

"If you are satisfied for the present with your umbrella, and are not anxious to be obliged to purchase a new one, see that it drips on end with the handle down,