MY BAD LITTLE BOY.

Did you ever see him, my bad little boy,
Down on the sands by the sea?
That is his picture—my boy's own self—
With his big eyes smiling at me!
With his hands in his pockets, his hat awry,
And his face all covered with tan;
Oh, he was a bad little boy—my boy,
Who never will be a man!

He kept me busy from morn till night;
I lived in a Babel of noise!
He would romp and play in the roughest way,
After the fashion of boys.
He spilled my ink and he broke my pen,
I had never a chance to write,
Till the mystical music of winds and waves
Had lulled him to sleep at night.

But once in a while he would come and lay
His curly head on my knee,
And watch the Sun King going down
To his kingdom under the sea.
And talk in his odd little way of things
Too deep for my duller ken
After the fashion of some little boys—
Boys who will never be men.

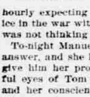
Alas and alas for my bad little boy!
It happened one summer day
That the light went out of the tired eyes
And the little feet lagged on the way.
And just as the sun was going down
To his kingdom under the sea,
The angels came for my bad little boy
And took him away from me.

There is quiet now when I want to write,
There is never a toy on the floor.
Nobody teases the cross old cat,
Nobody pounds on the door.
Nobody loses or breaks my pens,
Nobody spills my ink;
I have plenty of time to read and work,
I have too much time to think.

And I think as I sit here alone to-night
In the shadowy silence and gloom
I would give the wealth of the world to see
My bad little boy in the room,
To hear the rollicking ring of his laugh,
To see him among his toys,
Or playing at leap frog over the chairs
After the fashion of boys.

I would give the world—for I miss him so—
To have him with me again!
My boy who has entered the silent ranks
Of the boys who will never be men.
And I think if an angel looked down to see
His song would lose some of its joy,
For all that was dearest in life to me
Is gone with my bad little boy.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A PRISONER IN ARMS.



CHANCITA sat on the rose-covered porch listening, but with inattentive ears, to the marching and countermarching of the militia which was drilling in the block below.

The troops were hourly expecting a call to active service in the war with Spain, but Chancita was not thinking of war, but of love.

To-night Manuel would come for his answer, and she had decided at last to give him her promise. The reproachful eyes of Tom Reilley haunted her, and her conscience remonstrated, but Chancita shrugged her shoulders in disdain. It is true she had encouraged Tom. Had even gone so far as to contemplate with pleasure the possibilities of the three rooms over his grocery, for the home-making instinct was strong in Chancita, but Tom was so hopelessly slow—unresponsive and as awkward as a schoolboy when she was kind, and when she openly scoffed at him he had never a word to say in reply, but stood looking at her with a pained, uncomprehending look. Now Manuel—the hot blood rushed to her cheeks at the thought of La Fiesta and the moonlight walk in the park. She thrilled at the memory of the way Manuel's arm had stolen around her and his dark head bent over hers until his mustache brushed her cheek. She had resented the kiss with a blow, and then Manuel, seizing her hands, had kissed her again and again til she lay trembling and subdued in his arms.

But Chancita's thoughts were interrupted by Lupe Valencia, who came running down the street with a shawl thrown over her head, Spanish fashion.

"Chancita," she exclaimed, breathlessly, as soon as she was within speaking distance, "Mrs. La Spada has been arrested. She wrote a letter to the Spanish Premier——"

"What folly," interrupted Chancita. "Mrs. La Spada cannot so much as scratch her name with a pen, and, as for writing a letter——"

"But 'tis true. I was there when they took her. She cautioned me to say nothing, for 'twas Manuel who wrote it, and she would not betray him."

"And what then? Can we no longer write to Spain without arrest?"

"O, the letter was opened at the postoffice. It urged the Spaniards to attack Santa Barbara; told how there was only one gatling gun on the coast south of San Francisco, and that all the troops were to be called away, leaving us defenseless."

"The traitor," exclaimed Chancita, springing up. "The double-dyed traitor. To enjoy the good things of a country and then—a stab in the back."

"Manuel hoped great things from the Spaniards—perhaps even a rancho in Cuba."

"It was a regular Judas trick."

Lupe shrugged her shoulders and slipped away, saying: "Well, there was no harm done. I just come over to tell you the news."

"Mother," called Chancita through the pen door, "if Manuel comes tell him he will find me near San Morro watching the drill."

Manuel did not follow Chancita. He felt that he had received his answer, and turned away with an angry light in his eyes and a curse on his lips. His family was in too great disfavor for him to care to mingle in a crowd of loyal citizens.

Tom Reilley, although a new recruit was winning the approbation of the officers by his military bearing and the skill with which he executed the maneuvers of the drill, but his heart was heavy, for to him enlisting had meant more than the mere facing of danger. It meant relinquishing the last hope of winning the beautiful Spanish girl whom he loved.

Suddenly he looked up and met Chancita's gaze. Surely there was no anger there. Admiration shone in her eyes and there was a wistful look in the drooping corners of her scarlet lips. Never had he seen her face so soft and tender. Forgetful of military discipline, Tom would have left the ranks and gone to her but for the sharp reprimand of the Captain, which recalled him to his duty.

However, the drill was soon over, and Chancita, womanly wise, lingered.

Walking home under the shadowy trees, Tom carried his first assault against the Spanish. Never was an attack more sudden nor a surrender more complete. What was said is a secret between them and the stars, but Chancita found herself a prisoner within the barricade of his arms.

"And the banns shall be published next Sunday," declared Tom, triumphantly.

"Why such haste?"

"That I may have a wife to look after my interests at home," said Tom, gazing tenderly at the sweet face resting against his shoulder.

And Chancita, smiling contentedly back at him, consented.—Boston Post.

SCHLEY'S RESCUE OF GREELY.

His Daring Lead of a Relief Expedition to the Frozen Arctic.

The most notable achievement in the career of Commodore Schley previous to the bombardment of Santiago was the rescue of Lieut. Greely and his starving companions at Cape Sabine, in the Arctic regions, in the summer of 1784.

Schley, then a commander, had three little ships, the Thetis, Bear and Alert. The Greely expedition people had fallen into a condition of extreme want, in the fall and winter of 1883 and 1884.

Utterly worn out and discouraged, in the middle of September, 1883, Lieut. Greely concluded that rescue was improbable where they were, and he decided to break camp and proceed southward, where he hoped to establish himself on a point on the open sea, where he might be able to attract the attention of some passing whaler. The little party made its way more than 100 miles over snow and hummocks, with many distressing experiences, to Cape Sabine, and it was here that Schley and his little squadron found them.

Schley was delayed in getting started from the Brooklyn navy yard, and this delay came near defeating the object of the expedition. His ships were merest tumblebugs, barely able to get out of their own way, much less to get anywhere with dispatch. By the time they entered the Straits of Belle Isle in the progress northward the season was dangerously far advanced, but Schley cracked on all the steam his boilers would carry and bowled along with energy to the ice-bound shores of Greenland. Upon leaving Upernavik great bergs began making their appearance. It is a pretty wide sea opposite Upernavik, yet the prospect was very discouraging. One of the commanders of Schley's squadron, Lieut. Bill Emory, of the Bear, advised stoutly against undertaking unusual hazard in going against the dangers of the vast ice field. In fact both commanders were in favor of extreme caution, but Schley was not of this mind. He said in the conference with his associate commanders:

"We have been sent to find Greely. I will come back with Greely or we will all stay here." He hoisted the signal to advance north, and led out boldly with his flagship, the Thetis.

It was by the merest accident that he discovered the poor Greely fellows at Cape Sabine. It was only the contrast of a dirty, smoke-stained tent against a background of snow that attracted the attention of the lookout in the crow's nest. It was at first thought to be a great rock. It was a hundred and odd miles south of where the expedition was supposed to be, but Schley thought it wise to miss no chances, and when he found an opening through the mass of icebergs with which he was surrounded, he made a drive direct for the usual object.

When they were within two miles of the capes they discerned questionable evidences of human habitation. The ships came to anchor, and a boat party went ashore to investigate. To their delight they found Greely and his comrades. There was not one of the eight who was still alive who had the strength to toss a cracker ten feet. Greely himself was prostrate, without the power to raise his hand two inches. The others were little better off, although some were able to be up, and to stagger about just a little, utterly helpless, utterly hopeless, waiting in anguish and in dread for the inevitable end. The poor fellows were too hopeless even to smile when they saw rescue in sight. Greely himself was so far gone that he could not realise that rescue was at hand.

Loyal to the Union.

Labor unions are perhaps a little strict about their rules, but the innocent reader is under no obligation to accept as literal truth the following story printed by the Cleveland Leader. The best newspapers will sometimes exaggerate.

There was trouble at the Maginnises night before last. Mrs. Maginnis had just made a fine batch of "ketchup," which she left in the kitchen.

When Mr. Maginnis got home he went into the kitchen for a drink of water, and presently several "dull thuds" were heard in the back yard.

Loud talking between Mr. and Mrs. Maginnis followed, and at one time the sounds indicated that something like a fight was in progress.

When Mr. Maginnis fared forth, next morning, one of his neighbors asked him if he and his wife had been having an engagement with burglars.

"Not a bit av it," said Mr. Maginnis. "I trowed Mrs. Maginnis' ketchup out o' the house, so I did."

"Why did you do that?" he was asked.

"Why did I do it? Say, I'm a union mon."

"Well, what has the union to do with your wife's ketchup?"

"If I had 'a' left that ketchup in me house I would have been expelled," said Mr. Maginnis.

"How so?"

"Why, there it was 10 o'clock, and the ketchup workin' over time. The union don't allow that. Not a bit av it!"

Useless

Binks was a good-hearted fellow, but a hopeless inebriate. When not in his cups he was a most exemplary citizen, but at intervals of a few weeks he was wont to indulge in a prolonged "spree," during which he would squander his money, reel about the streets, and conduct himself in a disgraceful manner generally.

Then he would "sober up," suffer tortures of remorse, promise better behavior for the future, be a pattern of industry and sobriety for another period, and in some unguarded moment fall again from his high estate, and make a beast of himself in the old way.

On one occasion, when he was undergoing the sobering process and was pouring his sorrows into the sympathetic ear of a friend, the latter interrupted him.

"Binks," he said, "why don't you end all this? The next time you feel that intolerable craving coming on, old fellow, go and jump off the pier."

"It wouldn't do any good," tearfully answered Binks. "I—I can swim!"—Youth's Companion.

Some actors find the glare of the headlights more annoying than that of the footlights.

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.

Hold on Boys.

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to your hand when you are on the point of punching, scratching, stealing, or doing any improper act.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games and revelry.

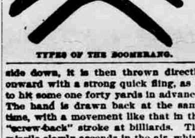
Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

The Queen Bumble-Bee.

The length of life of a queen bumblebee is probably little more than a year at most. Here is one reason for this belief. She hatches among the late broods of summer, and soon after leaves the nest, leading a vagabond existence, night and day, among the autumn flowers. The winter she passes in an earth-burrow dug by herself, and unaided establishes a colony in the spring. These combined periods of fall and spring require the daily use of her frail wings in the field at least four months. Now, we know that the wings of the worker honey-bee wear out in less than half that time; also that the old queens who take to the field after the nest breaks up in August frequently have tattered wings and soon disappear. Nature does not supply insects with new wing cells, as it supplies birds with new wing feathers. So the loss of the power of flight at this season of the year to the queen bumble-bee means the loss of life.—St. Nicholas.

The Boomerang.

One of the most remarkable weapons used by savage races in war or in hunting is the boomerang of the aborigines of Australia. It is of hard wood, bent in a curve, and is from two feet to two feet nine inches long by from two to three inches broad. It has one side convex, the other flat, with a sharp edge along the convexity of the curve. The curve varies greatly in different instruments. When to be thrown, it is taken in the hand by the handle (which has cross cuts on it) and held up at arm's length over the shoulder. With the convex edge forward and the flat side down, it is then thrown directly onward with a strong quick fling, as if to hit some one forty yards in advance. The hand is drawn back at the same time, with a movement like that in the "screw-back" stroke at billiards. The missile slowly ascends in the air, whirling round and round, and describing a curved line of progress till it reaches a considerable height, when it begins to retrograde, and finally, if thrown with sufficient force, falls eight or ten yards behind the thrower, or it may fall near him. This surprising motion is produced by the bulged side of the missile. The air impinging thereon lifts the instrument in the air, exactly as by hitting the oblique bars in a windmill, it forces it to go round. It should be added that the path of the boomerang can be varied by the will of the thrower, and that the sweep of no two boomerangs exactly agrees. The force with which it flies is great; the Rev. J. G. Wood has seen a dog killed on the spot, and nearly cut in two by the stroke.—Family Herald.



TYPES OF THE BOOMERANG.

Pass It On.

Once when I was a schoolboy, going home for the holidays, I had a long way to go to reach the far-away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare; and, that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward, and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you?" he said.

I gave him my hand, and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he pleasantly; "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I.

As soon as I got ashore, I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to them."

Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket, when I saw a little lad crying, a thorough gentlemen he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money enough to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me, the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago and of the steward's kindness to me. "Now, to-day," I said, "I pass it on to you, and remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to them."

"I will, sir, I will," cried the lad, as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

"I am sure you will," I answered.

I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say: "It is all right, sir; I will pass it on."—Home and School Visitor.

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

[A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.]

A woman with the blues is a very uncomfortable person. She is illogical, unhappy and frequently hysterical.

The condition of the mind known as "the blues," nearly always, with women, results from diseased organs of generation.

It is a source of wonder that in this age of advanced medical science, any person should still believe that mere force of will and determination will overcome depressed spirits and nervousness in women. These troubles are indications of disease.

Every woman who doesn't understand her condition should write to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham for her advice. Her advice is thorough common sense, and is the counsel of a learned woman of great experience. Read the story of Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, Westphalia, Kansas, as told in the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed, suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's remedy for woman's ills. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

AN ISOLATED RACE.

Ainos of Japan, Who Had Never Seen a Foreigner.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd writes for the Century, from personal observation, an article entitled "In Aino Land." Mrs. Todd says: In the summer of 1896, as a lay member of the Amherst College expedition which visited northern Japan to view the total eclipse of the sun, I had the rare opportunity of seeing the absolutely primitive "hairy Aino" of that region. In the southern portion of the island, near Hakodate and Sapporo, and about Volcano Bay, travelers have visited these shy and silent people. But several hundred miles north are many Ainos who, until the summer of 1896, were strangers to the members of any race but their own or the few Japanese who are establishing small fishing villages along the coast. The dwellers in the province of Kitami are too distant to be sought by visitors; and a foreign woman, the Japanese officials informed me, had never before reached Kitami.

Skirting the rough western coast by steamer, and rounding Cape Soya, the eclipse party located at Esashi, which must not be confused with another town of the same name near Hadodate. The news of the arrival of strange white foreigners spread quickly among the neighboring villages. Walking with stately tread, bushy-haired and bearded groups of Ainos often passed the expedition headquarters, apparently looking for nothing unusual, and giving no evidence of curiosity, yet never failing to see every foreign figure within their range. Humbly accompanying their lords, women and children frequently followed, far less imposing than the men. Somewhat larger, and apparently stronger, than the Japanese, although not taller, the older men are actually patriarchal, with long beards, and masses of thick hair parted in the middle. Many faces have a benign and lofty expression.

Driven gradually through ages from the south to Hokkaido, the Ainos are among the few races yet retaining, in this over-civilized world of ours, an utterly unspoiled simplicity. Their origin has never been satisfactorily traced, but they were certainly in Japan long before the present race of Japanese had arrived, and names clearly originating in the Aino tongue are still retained all over the empire. Gentle and subservient to the conquering race, it is evident that they formerly held more egotistic views than now, even fancying themselves the center of the universe, as is shown perhaps by an old national song:

Gods of the sea, open your eyes divine,
Wherever your eyes turn, there echoes the
sound of the Aino speech.

England's Ancient Wheat Fields.

"The wheat fields of England are the oldest national industries in the country," says a recent English writer. "A wheat field a thousand years old is quite a common sight in this country. Of course it has not grown a crop of corn every year in the ten centuries, but during that long sequence of ages, in the fixed and abiding order of this ancient country, that particular area of land has been cultivated, with the production of wheat as its main object, and it has remained as part of the English granary from the days of Edward the Confessor until those of Victoria. Many of the wheat fields are far more ancient than this, but the record of Doomsday Book is a practical voucher for a period of 1,000 years. The custom of the Saxon cultivators, and the evidence of local names are proof of a still greater antiquity of cultivation on some of the best corn land; and beyond the days of the Saxons lie the last two centuries of Roman occupation, when England was the great wheat growing country of the west, and supplied the population of Rome with daily bread. Perhaps the most interesting feature of our ancestral corn lands is the small degree in which their appearance can have changed in course of ten or twelve centuries. Their area is much greater than in the old times, when villages were separated by wide woodlands, and only grouped and contiguous in naturally open country. The early Saxon times were not days in which men cared to lay field to field. There was plenty of ground available, and of this the villagers cultivated and sowed with corn as much as they needed for their year's supply."

It's surprising how much a woman can say about herself without telling anything.

A PLOT FOR A NOVEL.

One Offered Ready-Made for the Desperate Literator.

A novelist in Boston—do not laugh, there are novelists in Boston, yes, and actually living here—said to us the other day, "If I could only find a plot!" Here is a plot for him free of charge, and the story is a true one:

In 1739 a lady—a real lady—came into Birmingham, England, with a handsome equipage, and desired the landlord of the inn to get her a husband, being determined to marry somebody or other before she left the town. The man bowed, and supposed her ladyship to be in a facetious humor, but being made sensible how much she was in earnest, he went out in search of a man that would marry a fine lady without asking questions. After many repulses from poor fellows who were not desperate enough for such a venture, he met with an excise man, who said he "could not be in a worse condition than he was," and accordingly went with the innkeeper and made a tender of himself, which was all he had to bestow on the lady, who immediately went with him to one who gave them a license and made them man and wife, on which the bride gave her spouse £200, and without more delay left the town and the bridegroom to find out who she was or unriddle this strange adventure. Soon after she was gone two gentlemen came into the town in full pursuit of her; they had traced her so far upon the road, and, finding the inn where she had put up, they examined into all the particulars of her conduct, and on hearing she was married gave up their pursuit and turned back.

Truly a noble dame, one worthy of a full length portrait in the gallery constructed by Thomas Hardy.

Why did this noble dame offer herself to the first comer? And why were the respectable males of the town so backward? There was no hint of scandal. Who were the pursuers? Did she wish by one sudden marriage to escape one deliberately contrived and repugnant? Was the excise man a petty fellow in spite of his abject condition? Did she ever see him again? Did she ever regret that she had not braved the world and lived with him? Perhaps the memory of her apparition haunted him; perhaps it roused him to doughty deeds. It's a pity that Mr. Hardy has not accounted for her action and her fate with his grim irony.—Boston Journal.

Where Fingers Are Clumsy.

The countries where the long finger nail is most affected are Siam, Assam, Cochin China and China. The approved length varies from three or four to twenty-three inches. A Siamese exquisite permits the nails on his fingers to grow to such an extent that his hands are practically useless. The aristocrats who affect these nails cannot write, dress themselves or even feed themselves.

The Siamese hold the long finger nail in the same reverence we hold the family tree. Many of them never have their nails cut from the day of their birth. On the first finger the nail is of moderate length—three or four inches—while on the other fingers the nails grow occasionally to two feet. The thumb nail, which is also allowed to grow long, after reaching a certain length curves around like a corkscrew.

In both China and Siam the owners of long nails wear metal cases over them to preserve them, made of gold or silver, and jeweled. While long nails are not regarded as singular in China, they are rarely met with except on fanatics and pedantic scholars.

Among the fakirs in Hindoostan a peculiar custom is that of holding the hand tightly clenched and in one position so long that at last the nails grow through the palm, emerging at the back of the hand and growing thence almost to the wrist. When the wasted muscles refuse to support the arm any longer it is bound in position with cords.

In Nubia the long nail is regarded as indicative of good breeding. The aristocrats constantly subject their fingertips to cedar wood fire to insure a good growth.

The inhabitants of the Marquesas islands are among the most expert tattooers on earth, and not even the crown of the head, the fingers and the toes are exempt from the needle. The hands are ornamented with utmost care, all the fingers having their own pattern, so the hand would look as though incased in a tight-fitting glove were it not for the finger nails of enormous length which complete the hand adornment of the wealthier natives.

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 Carcarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfactioon guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Most men remember obligations, but not to be grateful; the proud are made sour by the remembrance and the vain silent.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. *Adv*

Talkativeness has another plague attached to it, even curiosity; for praters wish to hear much that they may have much to say.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A friend that you buy won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter what that may be.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which expresses the worth of man; but what he is.

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

Reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation that must form our judgment.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

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

When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life, sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

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.

Do your duty and do not swerve from it. Do that which your conscience tells you to be right, and leave the consequences to God

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

LIFE is God's largest word.

Health is a religious duty.

The proof of sincerity is service.

Every true man is seeking truth.

Charity asks, "Is he worthy?" Christ, "Art thou weary?"

He is strong who never does wrong.

Half the troubles of life are imaginary.

Wounded pride uses dignity for a salve.

What will the fault-finding Christian do in heaven?

When you let go the good work, the devil takes hold.

The ascent of man comes through the descent of Christ.

Don't judge Christianity by the mistakes of its friends.

Cheerfulness brightens the gift and beautifies the giver.

The brother's blood stains the entrance to every saloon.

You can't afford to take any chances with God and eternity.

Don't sow your own opinions for the wheat seed of the gospel.

God's law for your soul is as unvarying as His law for the sun.

The pure in heart see God because they keep their eyes clean.

When He said, "Follow Me," He meant all the way to glory.

Falling on your knees is one way to prevent falling from grace.

Judas Iscariot hangs out a red light to every man who has money.

Every man you see on the street has a soul for either heaven or hell.

Habits make ruts either for God's chariots or for the devil's wagons.

When Christ shines, others are not seen, like the stars in the daytime.

The poorest possible use for a man's brains is to think forever about himself.

It is just as much a sin to indulge your eyes in intoxicating pictures as to indulge your throat in whisky.

There is no worse fate possible for a man in this life than to be compelled to live with a self that he does not respect.

There is that in a man which leads him to crave notice from his fellows, even if it be only the compliment of an obituary notice.

No man is the sole architect of his own fortune. Even a prophet Noah must have his carpenters to help him in his ship-building. Even a Solomon must hire help of Hiram.

In most lives the centripetal forces abound over the centrifugal. Thought and feeling revolve slavishly about the self-center, instead of generously tending off on lines of sacrificing service.

Some people forget that they are bidden to love the Lord with all their mind. They are willing that their hearts should be converted, but not their wits. But God demands the whole man.

Bugs Save Lumber.

Prof. A. D. Hopkins, the entomologist at the West Virginia Agricultural Experiment Station, is well pleased with the result of his recent trip to the Black Forests, in Germany, where he studied the insects to be found there, and returned to West Virginia with millions of little beetles, which he turned loose in the pine forests to make war on the pine-destroying insects which are killing the trees.

By the introduction of this little insect, millions of feet of lumber were saved and the destructive insect was almost exterminated.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

New Use for Peanuts.

A new use for peanut is developing as the peanut butter industry becomes better understood. The product of the peanut answers in the place of ordinary butter for the table use, and is said to be excellent for shortening purposes, and for gravies, sauces, etc. In point of purity it is well designed for the use of vegetarians who strenuously object to anything animal. There is already a considerable demand for this butter substitute, and it is very probable there will be an enlarged market for the nuts. At present the product of the United States is about 500,000 bags annually, and that of the world is 600,000,000 pounds.—West Coast Trade.

As He Understood It.

"Benny," said the Sunday school teacher, "what is your idea of a hypocrite?"

"A feller what pretends to think that another feller's bike is better than his," replied Benny Bloobumper.—Judge.

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A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Never borrow trouble. If the evil is not to come, it is useless, and so much waste; if it is to come, best keep all your strength to meet it.

"Santiago de Cuba; the History of the Beleaguered City," is the title of an instructive and entertaining article in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE for August, which gives in brief the story of Santiago from the building of the city to the time of our advance upon this stronghold of Spanish tyranny and oppression in Cuba. The illustrations accompanying the text are noteworthy.

Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us by others. Man is made great or little by his own will.

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 way of truth is like a great road. It is not difficult to know it. The evil is only that men will not seek it.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

We are always on the forge or on the anvil; by trials God is shaping us for higher things.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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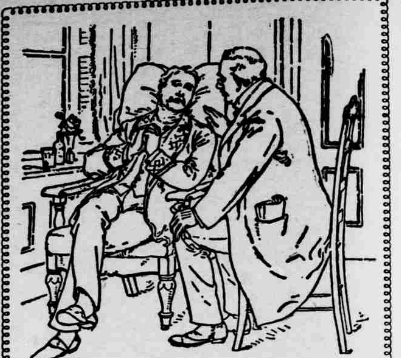

"Doctor, what is free-alkali?"

"The alkali used in the manufacture of soap is a strong chemical and is destructive of animal and vegetable tissue.

"Pure soap is harmless, but when the soap is carelessly or dishonestly made, alkali is left in it and it is then said to be 'free.' Soap containing free alkali should not be used where it may do damage.

"In the medical profession, in sickness, in surgery and in the hospitals we use Ivory Soap because it is pure and contains no free alkali.

"Ivory Soap is a powerful antiseptic, it is healing to a diseased surface and stimulating to a healthy skin."

IVORY SOAP IS 99$\frac{44}{100}$ PER CENT. PURE.

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On High Ground.

Lately several clergymen, in comparing notes of their work, were telling of their ill-success in preaching personal sermons—those which are supposed to be general, but really are directed against the known weakneses of members of their congregation. One of the clergymen, in illustration of his position, told a story of a rector who thought some of his parishioners were getting so wicked that he must tell them what would become of them if they did not mend their ways. He preached a severe sermon on the eternal fate of the wicked, and afterward sought to "improve" the lesson by personal admonition. Meeting one day an old woman who was noted for her gossiping disposition, he said to her:

"I hope my sermon has borne fruit in your mind. You heard what I said about that place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?"

"Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anythink to say, it be this—let them gnash their teeth as 'as 'em—I ain't!"

A Chinese Typewriter.

A missionary at Tung Chow has invented a Chinese typewriting machine. The characters number about four thousand, and are on the edge of wheels about a foot in diameter. Twenty or thirty wheels are required to carry all the characters, and two keys must be struck to make an impression. The first turns the wheel, and the second stops it at the required letter, which is then brought down to the paper. The machine is complicated, but the inventor (Dr. Sheffield) hopes to make it more simple. There are 18,000 characters in the Chinese language, each representing a distinct word. The 4,000 in common use have been selected for the new machine.

Marketing Early Potatoes.

To those who are unfamiliar with potato growing, the high prices which early potatoes command might seem to make it an object to dig a large part of the crop and market it while the price is up. But there are several drawbacks in marketing potatoes early. The weather is hot, and while the skins of potatoes are tender, they will rub off their jackets if handled freely, and the potatoes are then almost sure to rot. Hence they are never sent far or in large quantities. In digging potatoes early there is great waste, as only a few of the largest are of marketable size, and those that will sell would grow still larger if left a few days longer in the hill.

The More Ladylike Method.

Edith—Do you think it wrong to say "darn?"

Bertha—Perhaps not, but when one is vexed, instead of saying "darn," I think it more ladylike simply to knit one's brow.—Boston Transcript.

In de Mawnin'.

De good Lawd hide me out er sight,
Fer dey got a ship th'ows dynamite,
En blows you up laik a streak er light;
En de war won't end in de mawnin'!

De good Lawd keep me day en night
Fum de ship dat come wid de dynamite,
Or I'll go ter glory on a streak er light,
En de war won't end in de mawnin'!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Choice of Evils.

"At dinner we have to keep up a steady flow of conversation."

"Why?"

"If we don't Clara begins to recite her graduating essay."

Love Changes His Plans.

Borchrevink, the Antarctic explorer, has just got married to a young woman in England and has put aside his plans for reaching the south pole for a time.

Teacher—I want each of you to make a sentence, using the word "delight" in it. Small boy (colored)—De wind come in de winder an' blowed out de light.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He—I wonder if that couple are married. She—Certainly not. He—How can you tell? She—Why, they've been talking to each other for nearly half an hour.—New York World.

"Is this a healthy portion of the State?" asked a traveler in Arkansas. "Well, I should say it is. There has been nobody hung about here in three months."—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking? Mrs. Burnem—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as he did when we had a cook.—Boston Traveler.

Guarded by a Snake.

There was a stampede among workmen engaged in cleaning the Canner street sewer to-day. The sewer is a five-foot affair, and several men, under the direction of Daniel Lawlor, were inside sweeping the accumulation of sand and filth that covered the floor of the conduit knee deep.

Mr. Lawlor was in advance of others, laying out the work, when he heard a prolonged hiss issuing from an "eye" in the sewer, directly ahead of him. Turning his lantern in that direction he saw a huge snake of the most venomous species coiled upon a pile of hardened sand. Its head swayed from side to side, and its forked tongue played with lightning rapidity.

An alarm was given, and the workmen ran pell-mell for a manhole. Finally two of them ventured back into the sewer and killed the reptile with spades after an exciting fight. It was three feet long, and as big around as a man's wrist.—New Haven Spec. New York World.

How Edison Proposed.

The idea of the great electrician Edison marrying was first suggested by an intimate friend, of whom Edison timidly inquired who he should marry.

The friend somewhat testily replied, "Any one." But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day as he stood behind the chair of a Miss Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said:

"Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind or near me." Edison fronted the young lady, and, looking at her fixedly, said:

"I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I would like to marry you."

The young lady said she would talk the matter over with her mother. The result was their marriage, and a very happy one it proved to be.

Devotional Oxen.

In many parts of Germany it is believed that oxen fall on their knees in the stalls at the moment of Christ's nativity.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cts. to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war. 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

Bass—Was that baby talk your wife was talking as I came in? Fogg—That was mother talk; no baby I ever saw indulged in such gibberish.—Boston Transcript.

The Chaperon—You should never run down your friend, my dear. The Chaperoned—No danger of that; they can all beat me at scorching.—New York Evening Journal.

Doctor (to female patient)—You have a slight touch of fever; your tongue has a thick coat—— Patient (excitedly)—Oh, doctor, do tell me how it fits.—Fact and Fiction.

Mistress—Now, you must always sweep well behind the doors, Mary. Mary—Yes'm, trust me for that; it's the only way one can get the dust out of sight.—Pick-Me-Up.

"Forbid a Fool a Thing and that he will do."
Don't Use
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