## ANNIE OF THE VALE.

The young stars are glowing,
Their clear light bestowing!
Their radiance fills the calm, clear summer night.
  Come forth like a fairy,
  So blithesome and airy,
And ramble in their soft and mystic light.

Come, come, come, love, come!
Come ere the night torches pale!
  Oh! come in thy beauty,
  Thou marvel of duty
Dear Annie, dear Annie of the Vale.

The world we inherit
Is charmed by that spirit
As radiant as the mild, warm summer ray!
  The watchdog is snarling,
  For fear Annie darling.
His beautiful young friend, I'd steal away.
—A. C. Dawes.

# THE LETTER FROM CAMP.

SAYS Betty, who has spread her small person and voluminous many-ruffled skirts as much as possible over the whole window seat: "Lovey, dear, such a nice letter from poor old Freddy. He says—listen to this: 'The weather is industriously engaged in raining rapid blows upon our defenseless camp and the wind is endeavoring to fold my tent about me and bear me up to my rightful place in the world. Everything in sight, blankets and bed included, is soaked and I feel as if I were running a pawnshop as I gaze around on the cheerful prospect. Scudday just slopped in as wet as a sponge, but as chipper as a sparrow. He says: "If you're writing to Betty, tell her that she could wipe up the floor with me now, as she always used to, with some real advantage to the floor." I am writing this, my—er—er——' "

"Esteemed friend," suggests the little girl whom every one has come to call Lovey Dear, an endearing title bestowed by the irresponsible Bobby Smythe, who chased her all around the garden with a siphon of soda-water one afternoon in endeavoring, so he said, to perform the ceremony of baptism in a perfectly legal way.

That the name fits her goes without saying, for, however droll he may be, Bobby is incapable of that would-be funny sarcasm which makes unkind cuts of one's small eccentricities of appearance or personality, and if she were not just the sweetest, gentlest, and altogether most lovable of young creatures Mr. Smythe would have dubbed her otherwise or not at all. At any rate he never would leave a loophole through which a less chivalric nature might poke ridicule.

Betty laughs and blushes charmingly. "Yes, thanks," says she, "that's it—er—— Where was I? O, yes. 'I am writing this, my esteemed friend, on the back of my mess plate, which is the only writing desk the quarters afford, and my impressive style makes it go "ker-plunk, ker-plunk" at every word. I have placed a few lumps of moist sod beneath my feet to keep them out of the pleasant pool of water which has found a resting place in the tent, and as I sit here more or less drenched, I must confess my—er—er—esteemed friend, that the damper which has spread itself over my person threatens to even permeate my patriotism, and I don't believe anything except a sunny letter from you will dry it off. I cannot help, under these circumstances, turning a longing, retrospective eye upon that dear old room where, at about this time in the afternoon, Lovey Dear, in her gray gown, was wont to pour tea for a thirsty mob, while you and I turned up to treat them to—perhaps I ought to say inflict them with—what Bobby Smythe with a perverted and distressing sense of humor called a "Deweyett," lingering on the ett, as he always lingers at any suggestions of eat.' "

Betty pauses to laugh gayly.

"That was good," cries he. "Freddy is awfully funny, don't you think, Lovey Dear?"

"No, I don't think," answers Lovey Dear, in a gently injured way. To disparage, be it ever so lightly, that homely, obstreperous young Bobby is always to step on the tail of her coat.

"O, well, dear," says Betty, "Bobby's appetite is such an acknowledged success that——"

"I have eaten my way into even the most reserved larders of the social set," finishes a cheerful voice from the doorway. "Howdy, girls! I knew you'd be glad to see me! Betty singing my praises, as usual? I declare the way that old lady does rave over me! It is embarrassing, really. But I cannot conscientiously give her encouragement, Lovey Dear; there is such a difference in our ages, and for me to wed Betty would be mating May to December, would it not? 'Pon my soul, as I notice how aged and decrepit she is getting it reminds me of a story——"

"Help! Help! Help!" cries Betty, faintly.

"Of a story?" says Lovey Dear, encouragingly, though Bobby needs none. An entire room full of people all protesting violently against hearing one of his tales have, nevertheless, many a time been made to stand and hearken to the bitter end, for no man has ever been known to prevent Bobby spinning a yarn which he thinks funny or appropriate. Therefore, it goes without saying that Betty's appealing wail has no effect.

The girls laughed lightly, possibly from the force of habitual politeness, and Bobby, as usual, doubles up and howls at the wit of his own yarn. People, unkind critics, are wont to ascribe Bobby's persistence of anecdotes to this laugh of his. They say he roars so himself and makes such a noise that he thinks every one else is enjoying it.

"Bobby," remarks Betty, when at last Mr. Smythe's mirth has subsided; "it has just occurred to me that you are still in town—that you haven't gone to war with the rest of the boys. I declare I'm ashamed of you, and Lovey Dear must be, too, I know, for she said yesterday that it was better to die a hero than live a nothing; didn't you, Lovey Dear?"

For a second a keen observer might notice how white Bobby gets; what an anxious look flashes in his eyes; what a firm set his mouth takes. Then he answers quietly:

"I wanted to go awfully, Betty, and it gave me a pretty good wrench to see the other fellows shoulder their guns and go off to fight around the old flag; but my mother, you know—well, I support her first, Uncle Sam next."

And there is a little ring in his voice as he says this that brings a light into Lovey Dear's soft gray eyes—a light that, perhaps, who knows, may never fail.

"You are a good boy, Bobby," remarks Betty, "and what will you do if I tell you there is a watermelon on ice in the refrigerator?"

"Have spasms in rapid succession until it is produced," replies Mr. Smythe promptly.

Whereupon, rather than expose herself to the danger of hydrophobia, so Betty says, she leads the way diningroomwards, where, in the luscious juice of a round slice of really indecent size, Bobby buries his homely visage and apparently the gravity that was his a moment ago.

Presently Betty, being small and easily satisfied, rises.

"I leave you two budding boa constrictors to gorge yourselves out of proportion while I go and write a line to Freddy; and, Bobby, for mercy's sake wipe that melon off the end of your nose! Why can't you eat respectably, like other people?"

"Well," answers Bobby, grinning over a half moon of rind, "you know a quill-driver must be so much around a pen that he loses style. Good-by, dear. If there were not another prospective slice of melon between us, Betty, I should be tempted to eat you—you look like a stick of peppermint candy in that red and white get-up."

"Candied compliment," says Betty, and disappears to avoid reproaches.

For a moment there is silence in the room, then Bobby looks up with the same odd, grave expression on his face that was there a while ago.

"I know," observes he, speaking hurriedly, "that you girls think banners and fireworks of the fellows who are going to fight for all that is best in Cuba. It must seem tame to you for me not to go. Did you," jerkily now, "er—do you—er—like—er—me less, think less er—of me for it, Lovey Dear?"

And Lovey Dear (how the name fits her) answers gently: "O, no; not less of you Bobby. There are even higher duties than those which one owes to one's country, and the best and the bravest and the grandest battles fought are the battles that no one sees; and the greatest heroes are the silent ones who must stand fast to the plain things while others go marching on."

"Lovey Dear," and though Bobby is beaming like the midday sun and his pleasant, homely face is wreathed in smiles, his voice breaks in an odd little way, and there is something besides light shining in his eyes, "Lovey Dear, you're brick! Have another slice of melon with me!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Round the Corner.

An amusing incident of Dr. Lyman Beecher's student days was told in a sketch of the famous clergyman, written by John Ross Dix over forty years ago.

One night he was awakened by a sound at his window, as if some one were drawing cloth through a broken pane of glass. Springing up, he dimly say his clothes disappearing through the broken window, a thief having taken a fancy to them.

Waiting for no ceremonies of toilet, young Beecher dashed out after the burglar, who dropped the clothes at once and put himself to his best speed. But Lyman was not to be easily outrun, especially when thus stripped to the race.

After turning several corners, the caitiff was seized and marched back by the eager student. He ushered him into his room, compelled him to lie down on the floor by the side of his bed, while he, more comfortably ensconced in the bed, lay the night long watching him, the silence being broken only by an occasional "Lie still, sir!"

In the morning the culprit was taken before a magistrate, who was evidently a lineal descendant of Justice Shallow. The magistrate, after hearing the particulars, asked Mr. Beecher "whether, in turning the corners, he lost sight of the man at all."

He replied that the man was out of sight but a second, for he was close upon him.

"Ah, well," said the magistrate, "if you lost sight of him at all, you cannot swear to his identity!"

So the man was discharged. Mr. Beecher met the fellow several times afterward, but was never able to "catch his eye."

### An Idea from Belgium.

In Belgium, according to a correspondent of the Chicago News, they have what is known as the hospital car, and when an accident occurs the car may be run to the spot, where the wounded may be picked up and carried to the nearest large city for treatment, instead of waiting hours for the arrival of surgeons.

Again, the car can be used to transport large companies of invalids from place to place at certain seasons of the year. The interior of the car is divided into a main compartment, a corridor on one side and two small rooms at the end.

The hospital proper is in the larger compartment. It contains twenty-four isolated beds on steel tubes hung from powerful springs. Each patient lies in front of two little windows which may be opened or closed at will. Each bed is provided with a little movable table to hold all objects required.

On the outside of the hospital chamber the corridor leads us to the linen closet and the doctor's department, in which there is a huge cupboard used for drugs, surgical instruments and a folding bed. Various trap doors in the floor open into receptacles for ice, a provision cellar, etc. Arrangements are made for an operating chamber, and there is even a small chapel for religious worship.

The car will be used principally to carry invalids from Belgium to the miraculous cure at Lourdes, France.

### He Has Won Honors.

A fine specimen of the greyhound is the English dog, Pennegant, and he is very beautiful in spite of the fact that his coat is not the mouse color usually seen, but a clear white and brindle. He has had especial success in racing, for which his master is duly grateful.

PENNEGANT A RACER.

### Her Kind Friend.

Miss Blackleigh (looking at her photograph)—I should like to know what people say about my picture.

Miss Daisey—No, dear, I don't think you would.—Boston Transcript.

Elderly gentlemen seem to have a penchant for youngerly ladies.

A Coming-out Party—The man whose sentence has expired.

A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty and the ability to perform it is the one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

# FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

## A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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

### The Little Volunteers.

Handkerchiefs for little flags,
  Epaulette—a rose;
Hobby horses for their nags,
  And—off the cavalry goes!
(They've heard the fireside talk of war
And that's what they've enlisted for!)

With little shiny swords of tin
  (O patriotic sons!)
And garden plots for fighting in,
  With Liliputian guns,
They march to forts and fairy ships,
With mother's kisses on their lips.

And fierce shall rage the fight and long,
  Till from the flower-sweet west
The shadows fall, and evensong
  Shall summon them to rest.
Then mother's kisses, and "Goodnight"
Beneath their little tents of white!
—Atlanta Constitution.

### An Elephant's Teeth.

Whoever has looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight. Elephants have no front teeth, and they never eat flesh, or any food that requires tearing apart. Eight teeth are all they have, two above and below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand, and about two inches thick. Over these hay or fodder is shifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue in the whole animal kingdom, a tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no power or movement except in the middle, where it shifts back and forth from side to side, arching up against the roof of the big mouth like an immense wrinkled pink serpent.

There is nothing stranger than the working of an elephant's tongue, unless it be the working of his breathing apparatus when he sleeps. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth—the milk teeth, which are smaller than the permanent molars, fall out when the animals are about 14 years old. These baby teeth, which are, nevertheless, enormous, are occasionally picked up by circus men among the fodder and preserved as curiosities.

### To Splice a Break.

Many a boy breaks his fishing rod or his tennis racket, or his camera tripod, or his ball bat, and doesn't know how to mend it.

If the fracture is a "splitting" break—that is, if the bat or stick is not broken "short off"—mending it by means of splicing threads or cord is one of the easiest and neatest ways in the world. It will make the rod almost as good as new and quite as strong, where glue would only be a temporary and unsatisfactory relief.

Before trying to mend anything by this means, however, it is best to get a little practice first, say on a broken broom handle. Always use waxed cord or coarse pack thread. For large bats and handles fine fishline is the very best thing to use. Place the broken ends of the handle firmly together and hold them with the left hand or tie them temporarily with a bit of string. Make a loop from 1 to 2 as shown in the picture and lay it on top of the handle, holding it in place with the left thumb. It should be of sufficient length to reach beyond the break—represented by the dark line. Take two turns very carefully so as to hold firmly the end of the loop at 2, and then wrap the string tightly and closely around and around the stick until 1 is nearly reached. The picture represents the string loosely wound so as to show how the loop is made. In winding the real splice, of course, the string should be as close together as the thread on a spool. On reaching the end of the loop at 1 thread the loose end of the string through the loop, being careful to keep the wrapping tight. Then pull at the other end of the string at 2 until the loop is half way under the splice. Thus both ends of the string are well out of the way and perfectly secure from unwrapping. Cut off the projecting ends close to the splice, and your work is done. If very large cord is used a grove should first be cut in the wood to accommodate the loop. Soft annealing wire can be used instead of string for splicing, and it sometimes makes a much prettier piece of work.—Chicago Record.

HOW TO SPLICE.

### Children's Parties in Japan.

"The Little Japanese at Home" is the title of an article by Ida Tigner Hodnett in the St. Nicholas. Miss Hodnett says: The little girls, of course, enjoy playing at scenes in real life, and imitate successfully weddings, funerals, dinners of ceremony, visiting, etc. Like our little people, they sometimes "play doctor," and they can mimic pompousness and peculiarities of all kinds. They have children's parties, too, for which the young lady of the house sends invitations in her own name. Children, as well as grown persons, have seals, and these invitations are sealed with the young lady's own seal in vermilion. The parties are given in the afternoon, and the guests begin to arrive about 3 o'clock, sometimes accompanied by servants. The young hostess puts on her lacquered clogs fastened with scarlet thongs in order to receive her guests at the top of the steps, where she bows very low to each, but does not shake hands. All are conducted to the reception room, which is usually in the rear, overlooking the pretty garden, the little clogs being first taken off on the veranda.

Each wears a silk kimono with sleeves touching the ground; a handsome obi, woven in rich designs, is tied in a butterfly bow, and gleams of scarlet or blue crepe are seen in the elaborate chignons. The girdles are gay, but the dresses quiet and harmonious in color. The guests are arranged according to well-known rules of precedence and etiquette, the place of honor being next to the raised dais at the end of the room; and all sit with knees bent under so as to rest the body on the heels. The little hostess, aided by an elder sister, or perhaps her mother, at once serves her guests with refreshments; and these consist of the invariable tea, sliced sponge cake and various sweet confections, and are placed before each guest on lacquer trays, or little wooden stands about four inches high. Refreshments finished, they begin to play at quiet little games, always addressing each other with titles of respect, never lapsing into noisy play.

"What a stupid old party!" some little American may exclaim. Perhaps you would not think so if you saw them yourself, unseen, and could understand what they were saying. They play with spirit, and have a sense of humor, quiet as they seem.

### From Children's Mouths.

Teacher (to boy in his class)—John correct the following sentence: It is very cold. John (as he wipes the perspiration from his forehead)—It are thundering hot.

"Well, Davie, did you enjoy your visit to the museum?" "Yes, mamma." "Do you remember any of the nice things you saw?" "Oh, yes, I remember lots of them." "And can you tell me what they were called?" "Yes; most of them were called 'Do not touch.'"

"Johnny, I find three mistakes on the first page of your letter," said a mother to her 9-year-old son one day. "You have spelled 'until' with two l's, 'very' with two r's, and left out the word 'brother' in the last line." "I don't call that three mistakes, mamma," replied the boy calmly; "I call that two mistakes and one forget."

Mrs. Cakebread was entertaining some ladies at a select 5 o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well-behaved, was in high feather. "Ma," he said, as cake was being handed around, "may I have some tongue, please?" "There isn't any tongue, Bobby." "That's funny," commented Bobby. "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."

A little girl went visiting one day, and after a time was given the album of family photographs to look at. She turned the leaves over carefully, and pretty soon closed the book. "Well, dear," asked the hostess, "did you look at the album?" "Oh, yes," answered the little maid, brightly, "and we've got one 'zactly like it, only the pictures are prettier."

The boy came into the house weeping and his mother was naturally solicitous. "What's the matter, Tommy?" she asked. "The boy across the street hit me," he replied. "Oh, well, I would not cry for that," she returned. "Show that you can be a little man." "I ain't crying for that," he retorted. "Then what are you crying for?" "He ran into the house before I could get at him."

## STATISTICS AS TO DUELING.

### Code Is Most Popular in Germany, with France Next.

More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country. Most of them are student duels, which culminate in nothing more serious than slashed cheeks or torn scalps, which look extremely ugly when healed and often cause much trouble to the sufferer while healing. Of all German university towns Jena and Gottingen are most devoted to the code. In Gottingen the number of duels averages one a day, year in and year out. Within the space of four-and-twenty consecutive hours, several years ago, twelve duels were fought in Gottingen. In Jena tne record for one day in recent times is twenty-one. Fully 4,000 student duels are fought every year in the German empire. In addition to these there are the more serious duels between officers and civilians. Among Germans of mature years the annual number of duels is about 100.

Next to Germany France is most given to the dueling habit. She has every year hundreds of meetings "to satisfy honor"—that is, merely to give two men the opportunity to wipe out insults by crossing swords or firing pistols in such a way as to preclude the slightest chance of injury. In the duel statistics these meetings are not reckoned, as they are far less perilous than even the German student duels. Of the serious duels France can boast fully 1,000 per annum. The majority of these are among army officers. More than half of them result in wounds and nearly 20 per cent. in serious wounds.

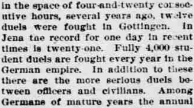
Italy has had 2,759 duels in the last ten years. Some 2,400 of these meetings were fought with swords, 179 with pistols, ninety with rapiers and one with revolvers. In 974 cases the insult originated in newspaper articles or in public letters and scores were purely literary quarrels. More than 700 principals were insulted by word of mouth. Political discussions led to 559 and religious discussions to twenty-nine meetings. Quarrels at the gaming table were responsible for 189.

A summary shows that as regards numbers the sequence of dueling countries is: Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Russia.—London Mail.

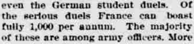
## WHO HAS THESE COINS?

### Two Confederate Half Dollars Which Are Each Worth $1,600.

If you happen to have one of these half-dollars of the Confederate mint of 1861, you have a possession worth about $1,600. You probably have not the coin, however. Only four were made, because the Confederate Government did not have silver bullion for more. One now belongs to J. W. Scott, of New York, who values it at $1,000, and one to J. T. Jefferson, of Memphis, Tenn., who holds it at $1,600. The whereabouts of the others is unknown.



NOW WORTH $1,600.



At a certain age every girl gets an idea that it is cultured to rave over cut glass.

Just because a man admits that he is wrong is no proof that he thinks he is right.

As soon as a man begins to be sorry he got married, he begins to try to trap his wife into admitting it.

The best points in a story are the ones you think you would have put in if you had told it instead of the other man.

The easiest way to make a bitter enemy of a man is to tell him a good story and then get it off at a dinner before he has a chance to.

The only real use the average woman has for a man is to shut the front shutters and to blow out the alcohol lamp under the chafing dish.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with a severe pain in my side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sanativ[illegible]sh, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you use my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Mulberry St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure any-one, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now pefectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:

"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhœa and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

### Yuma Convicts Need No Guard.

The anomalous spectacle of a large gang of penitentiary convicts working in the open with no officers or armed force to guard them is presented every day at Yuma, Ari. They are camped on the Colorado river, a little above Yuma, to be exact, and they are engaged in cutting wood for the territory. None of them escapes. None tries to escape. Why do they stay? Because each man guards the other. Each man is a "short-termer," none of them having more than a year yet to serve. All are allowed a rebate for the work they do. When a convict has cut two cords of wood he has earned a day's rebate on his term. But should one escape all lose rebates. Thus each man becomes his brother's keeper.—San Francisco Call.

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.

God be thankful for books; they are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

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

Nature often enshrines gallant and noble hearts in weak bosoms, oftenest, God bless her, in woman's breast.

I can recommend [illegible] Cure for Consumption to sufferers from [illegible]thma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1894.

More firm and sure the hand of courage strikes when it obeys the watchful eye of caution.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

Never build after you are five-and-forty; have five years' income in hand before you lay a brick, and always calculate the expense at double the estimate.

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

Men are often thought proud and ostentatious because their accusers would be so if they occupied their places.

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.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.

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 1 P. M.

"But" is a word that cools many a warm impulse, stifles many a kindly thought, puts a stop to many a brotherly deed. No one would ever love his neighbor as himself if he listened to all the "buts" that could be said.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

### A Queer Calling.

To-day, even the emotions have a value in the money market. There are in London professional sympathizers who soothe and comfort the bereaved in return for pelf, performing the service for which they are engaged in so tactful a way that they soon become indispensable to their employers. One of the most prosperous of their sympathizers is a lady of unusual characteristics. She is a charming conversationalist, has a useful knowledge of medicine, and possesses a marvelous power of sympathy, which fairly fascinates those upon whom it is exercised. By these methods, combined with innate tact, she has contrived to secure the patronage of several wealthy ladies, upon whose bounty she thrives amazingly, giving them in exchange timely supplies of the suave and magnetic solace for which she is so remarkable.

### Figuring the Profits.

"I suppose," remarked the horse reporter to his friend the humorist, "that you make a good thing out of your paragraphs."

"Well, some days I make very little and other days not quite that much," replied the funny man. "Now, take yesterday for example; I only penned five lines, but it represented twelve big, round dollars."

"Why, that isn't so worse for one day's toil," said the horseman. "By the way, what did you write?"

"An order to my grocer for interior department supplies," replied the jokesmith.

### Women Criminals Outnumber Men.

Russia's penal statistics show that in the dominion of the Czar the women criminals outnumber the men by nearly 50 per cent, just the contrary being the case in other countries. Most of the women criminals are unmarried, and the majority come from the laboring classes in the cities.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

### Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

THEY have no isms in heaven.

Every true man is seeking truth.

Christ came to set the prisoners of habit free.

He who hurts your feelings may be helping your life.

He who seeks honor of men, must become their slave.

Some pastors pore too much over the book of Numbers.

The obstinate man is usually too weak-minded to give up.

Lose a minute and the chase of a life-time will not catch it.

Knowledge of the Truth makes us free to welcome new truth.

It is a compliment to be called "superstitious" by an agnostic.

The Christian who borrows religion will never have any to return.

The pearl of patience comes from the irritating grain of persecution.

One tear in God's sight was intended to cover an acre of hardened soil.

As the living tree bears fruit so the living witness for Christ bears testimony.

If we owe God a debt, He helps us pay it. If we owe man, he requires usury.

The sin which has been soaked in the tears of repentance is easiest washed away.

Some men like to mistake the echoes of their desires for the voice of conscience.

It is when we are most dependent upon God that we are most independent of men.

A dark night makes a bright moon; a dark world ought to make a bright Christian.

To please a man, find out what he wants—what he needs is of minor importance.

Creeds are evaporated graces. Catechisms are the dried theological fruit of salvation.

Yes, salvation is free, but there is a vast difference between free salvation and cheap religion.

The farther men wander from the Bible, the nearer the devil may approach without a rebuke.

It is generally the man who is striving to do right, who is amazed at the opportunities to do wrong.

The very weakness of those who disbelieve, is exhibited in their constant desire to explain the reason of it.

## LIEUT. BLUE GOT HIS CONGE.

### Doctored the Scales; Officers "Lost Weight;" Then They Dropped Him.

Lieut. Victor Blue, the nervy young officer who recently performed the feat of getting a good view of the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor by making a daring detour of seventy-five miles or so on Cuban soil, was attached to the Bennington, which was lying in Honolulu harbor about three years ago. He was then an ensign, and he had not up to that time been a wardroom caterer. So he was unanimously elected as soon as he was attached to the Bennington. Lieut. Blue is a giant of a young man and exceedingly good-natured. But he made a sad hash of the caterer's job. He got his accounts all mixed up before he had served as caterer a week, and he had to pay a lot of seigniorage out of his own pocket. The meals he placed before his messmates were satisfactory enough, but the caterer's job wore on Lieut. Blue a great deal. He figured on how to get his conge. When a new caterer is elected it is the custom of the wardroom officers to weigh themselves every day, in a spirit of fun, in order to worry the caterer, and to make it appear by their solemnly averred loss of weight that they are being half starved. Lieut. Blue went down into the engine room one day after he had been worried over the caterer's job for a week or so and dug out a big drop scales. He tinkered with it for a while. Then he rigged a bo-sun's chair to it, carried it aft, and suggested to the officers that when they wanted to weigh themselves thereafter they use those scales of his. The officers didn't suspect anything, and after dinner the same day several of them weighed themselves. They had all lost a pound since the day before. They said the scales were wrong, and Lieut. Blue admittred that perhaps they were. They all weighed again the next day. Each of them had lost another pound, and they began to feel of their waist bands wonderingly. All the officers of the Bennington's wardroom mess went on losing flesh, according to Lieut. Blue's scales, for ten days or so. Then a meeting of the wardroom officers was called, and Lieut. Blue was dropped as caterer, as being "incompetent" and "no account, anyhow." Lieut. Blue didn't have to serve as caterer for the rest of that cruise, and he wore a smile of deep content every time he looked at a weighing apparatus.—Washington Star.

### Mistook His Man.

Wallace—And did you make him eat his words?

Hargreaves—No. He turned out to be one of those fellows who would rather fight than eat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound, much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

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

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Some people are disagreeable because they can't attract attention any other way.

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## THE QUALITIES THAT WIN.

### Anecdote of Lieut. H. H. Whitney When He Ran the Hedge at West Point.

In the last few days many stories have been printed about Lieut. H. H. Whitney, Fourth Artillery, who recently returned from Porto Rico with valuable information for the War Department. There is one incident of his career that has not found its way into the newspapers. The story is connected with his student days at West Point, and was told to a reporter of the Sun by a person who knew all about it.

Whitney is the son of a clergyman, and the father intended that the son should be a clergyman. The son wanted to be a soldier, and refused to study for the ministry. When he was ready for college he asked his father to try to get him an appointment to West Point. The elder Whitney refused, and the boy went to a Congressman from Pennsylvania, in which State the Whitneys were living, and secured an appointment.

He passed an excellent entrance examination, and stood so well in tactics and discipline that in his senior year he was made captain in the corps of cadets. Just before graduation in the spring of 1892 a young woman in whom the cadet was interested arrived at the hotel in West Point. One evening Whitney wanted to call upon her. It is a rule that no cadet may pass the hedge which surrounds the hotel without special permission. Whitney could not get the permission. The girl was going away the next day, and it was absolutely necessary that Whitney should say good-by.

There was only one thing for him to do—run the hedge and take his chances. He did so, made his call, said everything but what he intended to say, and started to return to the barracks. On the way he ran into the officer of the guard, who asked questions which the young cadet couldn't or wouldn't answer to the officer's satisfaction. He was court-martialed, and in the presence of the assembled corps was stripped of his shoulder-straps and reduced to the ranks.

The boy was terribly cut up, and, while still smarting under the humiliation, went to the wife of one of the faculty and told her the whole story. It happened somehow that whenever a cadet got into trouble he went to the same quarter, and when he came away he felt better for having gone. When Whitney had told his story she merely laughed at him. He couldn't understand this, and, jumping up, he said he would resign from the army immediately after graduation, as he could never live down his disgrace. After the young man had given vent to his feelings the professor's wife said quietly:

"Sit down a moment, Mr. Whitney, and listen to me. It is the lot of an army officer to take many chances in active service. When he decides he must act quickly, and once his plan is settled he must not turn aside until his purpose is accomplished. He who pushes forward boldly, without faltering, is bound to succeed in the army. In running the hedge, after you had decided that that was the thing to do, you showed the very characteristics which will win you success in your chosen profession. If you hadn't run that hedge, when you knew who was waiting for you behind it, I should have advised you to leave the army at once. Now I'm sure you'll make a brilliant record."

### His Poor Excuse.

She—Why is it that you have never married?

He—Well, to tell you the truth, I have never had time.

She—Still, you always seem to have plenty of time on your hands when you loiter around here.

Then they heard a rooster crowing in the distance and he hurried away.

Candor is the brightest gem of crit-

### No Chance for Breakage.

Gobang—He boasts that he never breaks his word.

Grymes—That's so. No one will take it long enough to give him the opportunity.—Up-to-Date.

### The Solitaire, as It Were.

He—Well, what do you think of my love?

She—It lacks the ring of sincerity.—Up-to-Date.

### Impairment of Memory.

She—Did you bring me that complexion powder?

He—Er—my dear, it slipped my memory entirely.

She—And yet, before we were married, you said my face was one no man could forget.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Facts About New York's School Army

The school army of New York, numbering 400,000 young Americans, would make 400 regiments of the American Guard—allowing the girls to enroll—each regiment numbering 1,000, an army equal to forty full brigades of ten regiments.

The length of stride of the average school boy is two feet six inches. Drawn up in the single line, the last boy in the line would be up the State 200 miles, somewhere in the vicinity of Syracuse.

Marching in platoons of sixteen, close order, practically filling Broadway from curb to curb, the column, when ready to move, would be twelve miles long, extending from the City Hall up Broadway to Fordham.

To carry the comparison further, what a monster of a schoolboy this army of 400,000 would make. Assuming an average weight of fifty pounds each, all the schoolboys made into one would produce a giant of 20,000,000 pounds weight. As 4 feet 6 inches is an average schoolboy's height, this Greater New York boy would be 840 feet tall, his girth at the top of his knickerbockers a mere trifle of 180 feet, and the length of his feet sixty feet.—New York Journal.

### Old Brattleboro Stamp.

The latest inquiry for the old Brattleboro (Vt.) stamp comes from a Pennsylvania university, and the writer asks the postmaster if he would kindly send one, two or more, for which he is promised five cents apiece. The last one sold brought about $500. It was sold to a former Brattleboro woman, now a resident of Chicago.

### Not in Their Class.

"Why don't you come forward and help whip the enemy?" inquired the indignant patriot.

"Why?" replied the pugilists in chorus. "We're waiting for Spain to get a reputation."—Washington Star.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

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Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau.
3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

### A Good Beginning.

"I'm going to be a contortionist when I grow up," said little Johnnie, proudly; "I'm in training now, so I want you to tell me what is the best thing for me to eat."

"Green apple, my boy," chuckled the old man.—Demorest's Magazine.

### Among the Bleachers.

"Josie Dashaway has got her hair dyed so naturally that it looks like the real gold, doesn't it?"

"I don't know. I thought it looked plated."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Parting Shot.

Mistress—Mary! Have you got a young man in the kitchen?

Cook (under notice to leave)—I have! An' I consider a young man in the kitchen is a jolly sight better than an old man in the drorin' room! So there! Pick-Me-Up.

"Use the Means and Heaven will Give you the Blessing."
Never Neglect a Useful Article Like
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