HOW HE WAKENED GRANDMA.

Mamma said "Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea."
I knew I musn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair and a little smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she had told me so.
I went up close, and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on the cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
"Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: "Why, pet, I have just now dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face."
She pointed lovingly at the very place.
I never told her 'twas only me,
I took her hand and went to tea.
—Massachusetts Ploughman.

HIS LAST CRIME.

"PITY my simplicity." Simple enough words, and yet, lisped as they were in infantile accents by a little maid of three, they struck an answering chord somewhere in the heart of the hardened criminal who stood concealed behind the heavy draperies of the window.

He had ground his teeth and muttered hard curses when, some minutes before, his plain of action had been unexpectedly foiled by the entrance of the child and her nurse.

What business had they here? This was my lady's room, and as such should have been perfectly free from now until she retired for the night.

Lady Harrington's jewels had long been eagerly desired by the burgling profession, and now an excellent opportunity had occurred in which to annex them.

Slippery Jim had been selected as the very man to bring the job to a successful issue.

Under cover of a dull November night, he had fixed his ladder to the window, climbed up, and effected an entrance.

My lady was at dinner, and as Jim turned up a jet of gas over the dressing table, he had congratulated himself on his adroitness.

Then had come a sound of hurrying footsteps, and quick as thought the gas was lowered, and Jim hidden behind the curtains. The nurse entered, carrying her little charge, the spoiled darling of the house.

"Sleep with muvver," she had insisted, when being put to bed in her own little cot, and to pacify her the nurse had brought her thither.

Next, the little tyrant persisted that her mother must put her into bed, and in response to a messsge from the nurse, Lady Harrington had come hastily into the room.

The young mother looked anxiously at the little flushed face.

"What is it, darling? Do you think she is poorly, nurse?"

"No, my lady, only a bit fractious, and I thought it best to humor her."

"Me wants 'oo to hear my 'pairs." Then had followed the repetition of the favorite nursery prayer, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," but it was the third line, "Pity my simplicity," that had struck the answering chord in the burglar's breast.

Where had he heard that before? Pity my simplicity! The words burnt into his brain as he crawled close to the window. He scarcely heeded what was passing in the room, as he grimly wondered at this seeming familiarity with a child's prayer. Precious long time since he had thought of a prayer, not since his poor mother—ah! now he knew.

It was the very prayer he used to say to her as a tiny boy, and he remembered that he always stuck at that particular line, because he could not say "simplicity." How it all came back! It was years and years since——

But Lady Harrington was putting her little daughter into bed.

"Good night, darling; make haste to go to sleep."

"Night—night," murmured the child, sleepily; then, "Oh, pretty, pretty!" and the tiny hands were pulling at the jewels that encircled her mother's throat.

Lady Harrington unclasped the necklace, and put it in the little girl's hand.

"There, Muriel shall have the pretty thing, if only she will go to sleep."

The mother then left the room, charging the nurse to stay and take the necklace from her when she had fallen asleep. The nurse lingered until the little girl was fast asleep, then looking at the necklace still tightly clasped, murmured:

"Poor little dear, she's overtired. I shan't disturb her to take the necklace." Then she, too, left the room.

The coast was now clear for Slippery Jim. He moved quickly towards the safe wherein lay the famous Harrington jewels.

With unusual celerity he applied his tools and forced the lock. The heavy door swung back. Jim's eyes glistened as he saw the numerous cases packed within. He opened one after another and gloated on the rare gems within.

What a haul! Enough to set the whole gang up for life. Just then a slight sound made him start. He looked round quickly. No, the little girl was still asleep. He began to pack the cases in his capacious bag, when another sound made him pause in his work.

"Hang the child!" he thought, angrily, as he crept towards the bed.

Though she had thrown the clothes back a little, she was sleeping soundly. Something glittered in her hand.

It was the necklace, and much too valuable to be left. He tried to unclasp the rosy fingers that had fastened so tightly on their treasure. Suddenly, the blue eyes opened wide, but Jim held up his hand warningly.

"If yer cries out, little 'un, I'll kill yer! Give me the necklace."

The blue eyes looked wonderingly at Slippery Jim. Their owner had never been addressed in such rough language before.

"Give me the necklace," he repeated, and pulled it from her roughly.

The rosy lips trembled, and big tears gathered and fell. Jim felt a strange qualm as the little face puckered, and she tried to repress her sobs.

"'Oo 'ave taken my muvver's pretty tings. 'Ooo naughty bad man! Does 'oo ever say 'oo 'pairs?'

Jim shook his head, and she jumped up, and kneeling in the bed, raised her piping treble:

"Dear Dod, this is a very bad, wicked man, he doesn't say any 'pairs. Please make him say his 'pairs."

"Look here, young 'un, stow that and get into bed agin, or the bogies'll come arter yer."

"Doesn't mind bogies at all. 'Oo say 'pairs just once, and then me'll go to sleep," she entreated.

The marvel to Jim was her utter fearlessness of him. To pacify her, and in his hurry to be gone, he complied.

It was a strange sight, the pretty, innocent child, clad in her white nightgown, kneeling close to the dark, evil-looking man, who had been "wanted" for many a deed of robbery and violence.

Putting his hands together, as she directed, he repeated after her the verse she had said at her mother's knee; but at the line "Pity my simplicity," Jim's voice stuck. A great lump rose in his throat, and an unwonted moisture dimmed his eyes.

Another scene came vividly before him. A poorly-furnished room, and in it a little lad with his hands joined in prayer at his mother's knee.

Heavens! that little lad was himself. What years and years of sin and misery lay between that sin and this! Who was he to be thus taught by a little child? Hardened, deeply-dyed criminal as he was, a flush of shame rose to his cheek.

"'Oo's crying," said the little girl. "Don't cry, me so sorry," and she laid her soft cheek against his, and patted his hand affectionately. "Oo's a nice man now, and me love 'oo."

"Look 'ere, little 'un, 'ere's yer necklace; you keep it tight, and lie down and go to sleep. Jim won't hurt yer, but ye'll give him a kiss for it."

The little mouth was uplifted; and Slippery Jim took a kiss from those sweet lips.

It sent a thrill through his whole frame, and went far to the softening of his heart.

In after years he was wont to look back to that kiss as the beginning of his salvation.

Then he laid the little girl in her bed, and tucked her up as carefully and gently as her mother had done.

"Good night, little 'un, yer leetle knows wot ye've done for me. Good night, and though it hain't for the likes of me to say it, heaven bless yer!"

Then, quickly replacing the whole of the jewel cases in the safe, Slippery Jim stole out of the window.—Saturday Evening Post.

SHAFTER'S SKILL IN SHOOTING.

The Joke He Played on the Colonel of a Rival Regiment.

Colonel Thomas H. Barry, adjutant-general to Major-General Otis, tells a good story of Major-General Shafter's shooting in the days when he was a colonel on the Mexican border. A day before he took ship for the Philippines, Barry, discussing Shafter's gallantry before Santiago, said:

"I was Shafter's aid years ago when we both were bronzing under the hottest sun that shines in these states. Shafter was known as the best shot not only in his regiment, but in the whole country about. One day an officer from another regiment not acquainted with Shafter's ability in this line, visited the post and soon made it apparent to us that he esteemed himself about as expert a marksman as ever pulled a trigger. We secretly laughed at his opinion of himself and whispered to each other, 'Just wait till Pecos gets after him.'

"Well, his time came. One morning Shafter and I started out to ride forty miles or more to another post, and the visitor asked to be allowed to accompany us. We trotted along easily until about noon, when we halted to eat our luncheon, which we packed with us. At that time officers carried short carbines on such service and I had one strapped to my saddle. The conversation drifted from the topography of the country to marksmanship, and the officer—call him Smith—said, 'Say, Colonel, have you got any shots in your regiment?'

"Shafter smiled and replied: 'Have I? Why, I've got some men that can discount the sharpshooters you read about. Officers, too. I'm not much myself, but when you get back to the fort, I'll tell a few of the good ones to show you a thing or two.'

"Just then an antelope sprang up a quarter of a mile away, and all seeing it at the same moment reached for their carbines. Shafter was quickest and in a second adjusted the sights to 600 feet and blazed away. Down came Mr. Antelope, and when we rode up to where he lay, we found a bullet over his heart.

"Smith examined the wound, looked over the carbine and then muttered half aside, 'Not bad. You say you're not in it with other officers in your regiment, Colonel?'

"'No,' said Shafter, 'I'm ashamed of myself alongside of them.'

"A couple of hours later another antelope appeared, but farther away. Smith fidgeted a moment and then said eagerly: 'Colonel, may I go after him?'

"'Pshaw! You wouldn't chase him on horseback at that distance,' exclaimed Shafter, seizing the weapon and leveling it as he spoke. 'I'll put lead in his head.'

"He fired and we saw the animal bound away. Smith was gleeful. 'A little high, Colonel,' he shouted as we galloped on. Reaching the place where the game had been, we were on a high rising piece of ground, and, looking down fifty feet, Shafter pointed to a dark object and said quietly: 'I guess I got the head.'

"Sure enough, the antelope was lying dead, with a bullet through his left ear. Smith looked as disgusted as any man I ever saw.

"'And the officers are better?' he queried.

"Shafter's eyes twinkled. 'Lieutenant Smith,' he replied, with assumed sternness, 'I want you to say nothing of this at the post. I ought to have hit him in the eye, and I feel ashamed of my poor aim.'

"Smith, who had no sense of humor, was dumfounded. For years after he spread the fame of Colonel Shafter as a marksman far and wide.—San Francisco Chronicle.

An Experienced Man.

Dempsey—You enlisting? Get out, you harpy! What could you do in soldiering?

Dugan—Sure, I'd be the very man for wan av thim mortar batteries I hear about. I can shling mortar with the best av thim!—Vim.

NO WOMAN IS EXEMPT.

Regularity is a matter of importance in every woman's life. Much pain is, however, endured in the belief that it is necessary and not alarming, when in truth it is all wrong and indicates derangement that may cause serious trouble.

Excessive monthly pain itself will unsettle the nerves and make women old before their time.

The foundation of woman's health is a perfectly normal and regular performance of nature's function. The statement we print from Miss GERTRUDE SIKES, of Eldred, Pa., is echoed in every city, town and hamlet in this country. Read what she says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel like a new person since following your advice, and think it is my duty to let the public know the good your remedies have done me. My troubles were painful menstruation and leucorrhœa. I was nervous and had spells of being confused. Before using your remedies I never had any faith in patent medicines. I now wish to say that I never had anything do me so much good for painful menstruation as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; also would say that your Sanative Wash has cured me of leucorrhœa. I hope these few words may help suffering women."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

All suffering women are invited to write freely to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice about their health.

SAVED BY TWO DREAMS.

Castaway's Two Shipmates Dreamed of Him and Went to His Rescue.

The life of Arthus Frazier, one of the crew of the Eliza S. Foster, the fisherman just in from the Grand Banks, was saved by a dream, says a Bucksport (Me.) dispatch in the Boston Journal.

One day when he was out in a dory there was a strong northwest wind and a heavy fog shut down and hid the ship from view. He was making for the vessel with a heavy load of fish, when a heavy sea boarded his dory, carrying away one of his oars and nearly making his boat unseaworthy. This left him in a helpless condition, and he was at the mercy of the wind and waves. He yelled at the top of his voice. The men on board heard his cries, but could not see him or understand what he said. They could hear him as his voice grew weaker and fainter till nothing could be heard but the mournful wind whistling through the rigging; then his voice died away. He did not return that night, and the wind blew almost a gale.

In the morning the wind was strong and the fog hung low. No sign of Frazier could be seen. There was a large fleet of vessels from different parts of the world—France, Portugal, Ireland and America—and when Frazier failed to return members of his crew went among the near-by ones and reported a man lost. Not one had heard of him. At about noon the sun came out and pushed the clouds of fog away, but the wind held to the same point.

The Foster hoisted the flag to half-mast to give notice to the fleet of a missing man. The custom is in such cases that should the man be on any other of the fleet an answer of flag at half-mast is given. No answer came all the afternoon, the flag still held that position, and the wind kept up almost a gale. That night passed; no Frazier appeared, and during the night the wind shifted two points to southward.

Next morning it was back to northwest again. Frazier was given up as lost. It was supposed that the dory was capsized when his calls were heard, so the men resumed work with a feeling of sorrow, for Frazier was the life of the crew, and kept them in constant laughter.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as the cook was scanning the horizon with a glass, he noticed a black speck in the ocean. He told the captain and crew, and asked them to look. They did so. One man said it was a whale, another thought it was a ship, and so on. The cook and John White, who were the close friends of Frazier, believed it must be he, and proposed to lower a boat and go to meet him.

Both men had an odd dream the night before. The cook dreamed that Frazier had lost an oar and that the wind had borne him away, and he said he was called out of a sound sleep by Frazier, who said: "Don't give me up. I'm beating back." White said his dream was that Frazier had broken his right arm and could use only one oar; that he was alive and hungry in mid-ocean. Both men, on comparing notes, found that they were awakened on the same instant by Frazier calling them and telling them: "For heaven's sake, take a dory and come to leeward."

When they saw this speck on the ocean, they lowered a dory, in spite of the jeers of some others of the crew, and put off. They rowed in the direction of the dot, and soon were out of sight themselves, for a heavy fog had shut from view the ship, but not the little tattered sail ahead. At 6 o'clock they reached a boat that was beating against the wind, and, sure enough, it was Frazier. He was in the stern, using the oar as a tiller. It was just as they head dreamed, he had but one oar and his arm was disabled from a blow received in fitting the main boom.

He was in a frightful condition. He didn't appear to notice the boat until they were within a few hundred yards of him; then White yelled to Frazier and the latter fainted away with joy. His boat began drifting and the other oar went over the rail. It was quite a race, but the rescuers soon overtook the dory and took the man to their own boat, and letting the dory go to sea they made for the ship.

That night there was intense excitement aboard ship. There were three men missing now. Fog horns were blown and bells rung until a late hour, and then, as if the last hope for their return had been given up, the noise all died away. The trio in the boat, who had neared the ship, now could not make themselves heard against the wind. All night long did they beat their way against the wind, their only hope being to hold the same position till daybreak.

As the day dawned they were surprised to find that the fog had lifted, that they had passed the ship, and that they were about three miles to windward, but the fleet was in sight. There was no difficulty in getting back to ship, where they were taken aboard. Frazier was nearly exhausted for want of food and water.

Old sailors say that not one man in 10,000 would have had presence of mind enough to beat against the wind in such a case with no compass aboard.

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.

A Paper Fish.

Here is a little experiment that illustrates a principle of natural philosophy. Cut out of ordinary note paper a fish like the one shown in the cut, and let it be a good-sized one. In the center cut a circular opening, A, communicating with the tail by means of the narrow canal, AB, opening at B. Now let plenty of water run in the bath-tub and place the fish in it so that its ventral half may be thoroughly wetted and its dorsal half remain dry. Pour into the

opening at A, a good-sized drop of oil, and this will at once seek to spread itself over the surface of the water. As it can only do so through the canal AB, the reactive force thus exerted will propel the fish forward, which always surprises those to whom the secret of the oil is not known.

The Retributive Giant.

Harry Tucker had never been so scared in all his life. He ran as fast as he possibly could, but the tremendous thing was gaining on him with great strides. It had a huge helmet or some terrible looking head-gear in its enormous hand, raised to clap down over Harry and make him a prisoner at any moment.

Harry, almost fainting with fear, ran breathlessly along, but oh, horrors! the thing is upon him! The great hat falls over him and he is a prisoner! In vain to beat against it or seek to raise it—it is too heavy for Harry's strength.

"Oh! oh!" cried Harry, "there are great giants after all, and I didn't believe it! Oh! oh! I will never see my mamma any more! Oh! oh! I wonder what he will do with me!"

Harry did not have to wonder long. The hat was softly raised and a big, coarse hand appeared, ready to grasp him. He tried to slip out when the hat was raised, but ough! The hand closed on him!

The giant peeped at Harry through his fingers, taking care not to leave an opening in his hand large enough for him to escape through. Oh, that awful, awful face! The big, wicked eyes, the grinning chasm of a mouth—Harry was transfixed with horror.

The giant laughed gleefully.

"A fine specimen," he said, in tones like thunder. "Red hair, minute red or ecru specks on the face—blue shirt and striped trousers. He will look well in my collection, I tell you."

"What does he mean? His 'collection?' Then I am not the only boy he has caught. I wonder if he hangs them up in a row, like Bluebeard's wives!"

While Harry was writhing in an agony of fear, the giant strode on. Soon he stopped and opening his hand dropped Harry into a big glass box and shut it right quick. Then Harry saw that he was in a very queer place—a great cave, and there were three other giants looking at him and talking about him.

"He looks like the one I caught last summer," said one. "He is one of the brightest in my collection."

"Yes," said his captor, in great good humor. "I have always wanted one like that, and I gave this little beauty a great chase, I tell you. But mine has spots on his face larger and redder than yours, don't you think?"

"We will compare when you have yours fixed—I don't think so."

Just then a bigger giant than any of them came in. She scowled horribly when she saw Harry in the box, and Harry was worse frightened than ever. But how relieved he felt when he heard the giant's words.

"Cruel boys! How often have I told you to let those poor, harmless little creatures alone?"

"Lots of times," said the giant who had caught Harry. "Do spare us another lecture, mother. You never were a boy, and you don't know what fun it is. Besides, these little things haven't got much feeling, I know."

Harry's hopes fell when the biggest giant sighed, saying, "Boys will be boys," and then left him at the mercy of her "little boys."

"Women are very tender-hearted," said Harry's captor. Then Harry saw an awful thing. The giant had got a pin—a great pin, long and slim, and sharp enough to pierce clear through Harry's fat little body; and Harry saw a big card in his hand—and horrors! horrors! Neat rows of little boys like himself impaled thereon!

The giant was opening his box now—it was Harry's time to be pinned to the paper.

"I don't believe it hurts them a bit if a fellow sticks them right through the heart. They don't live but a few minutes."

Harry wriggled with all his might to get loose, but what was his strength against that great red hand? So he was laid on the card and saw the cruel pin pointing straight for his heart. With a terrible effort he managed to give a great yell, and——

"Harry, what is the matter, dear?"

Oh, how sweet and dear was the sound of his mother's voice—how comforting the touch of her hand on his cheek!

"Oh, mother, such a dream as I had! I'll never, never chase another butterfly!"—Waverley Magazine.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

"I don't see how I am to keep you in shoes, Willie," said a father to his 3-year-old heir. "This is the second pair you have worn out in three months." After a moment's thought the little fellow exclaimed: "Well, what's the matter with getting me a bicycle?"

Harry's father bought a meerschaum pipe and after a few weeks the little fellow noticed it had turned from white to brown and asked the cause. "Smoking did it, my boy," replied the father. After a few moments of serious thought he asked: "Papa, are all colored people white before they begin to smoke?"

Bessie, aged 4, was just finishing her breakfast as her papa stooped to kiss her before going downtown. The little one looked up at him and then gravely took her napkin and wiped her cheek. "Why, Bessie," said her mother, "is it possible that you are wiping away papa's kiss?" "Oh, no," she replied.

The Rush For Gold.

From the Times, Bluffs, Ill.

The rush of gold seekers to the Klondike brings thrilling memories to the "forty-niners" still alive, of the time when they girdled the continent, or faced the terrors of the great American desert on the journey to the land of gold. These pioneers tell some experiences which should be heeded by gold seekers of to-day. Constant exposure and faulty diet killed large numbers, while nearly all the survivors were afflicted with disease, many of them with rheumatism. Such a sufferer was Adam Vangundy, who now resides at Bluffs, Ill., where he has been justice of the peace and was the first president of the board of trustees. In a recent interview he said:

"A Forty-niner."

"I had been a sufferer of rheumatism for a number of years and the pain at times was very intense. I tried all the proprietary medicines I could think or hear of, but received no relief.

"I finally placed my case with several physicians and doctored with them for some time, but they failed to do me any good. Finally, with my hopes of relief nearly exhausted I read an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which induced me to try them. I was anxious to get rid of the terrible disease and bought two boxes of the pills. I began using them about March, 1897. After I had taken two boxes I was completely cured, and the pain has never returned. I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken, and am willing at any time to sign my name to any testimony setting forth its good merits."

(Signed) ADAM VANGUNDY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1897.

FRANKLIN C. FUNK, *Notary Public.*

Mr. Vangundy's statement ought to be regarded as the criterion of the good merits of these pills. What better proof could a person want than the above facts.

"I jes' wubbin' it in."

"Nellie," said a mother to her little daughter, "I wish you would run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is; she has been quite ill." In a few minutes Nellie came running back and reported: "She said to tell you that it was none of your business." "Why, Nellie," said the astonished mother, "what did you ask her?" "Just what you told me to," replied the little innocent; "I told her you wanted to know how old she was."

The Bid Was Undersize.

The Washington Post is responsible for this piece of capital gossip: A bright little boy—one of the pages in the senate—sat at one of the senate entrances the other day, when a lady approached him with a visiting card in her hand.

"Will you hand this to Senator Blank?" she said.

"I cannot," replied the boy, "for all cards must be taken to the east lobby."

The woman was inclined to be angry and went away muttering. Then a thought struck her, and taking out her pocket book she found a 25-cent piece. With it in her hand she went back to the boy.

"Here, my lad," she said, in a coaxing tone, "here is a quarter to take my card in."

"Madam," said the boy, without a moment's hesitation, "I am paid a larger salary than that to keep cards out."

It Is a Vegetarian Cat.

At the vegetarian jubilee in London recently some remarkable exhibits were made. One was a vegetarian cat, a sleek and handsome pussy, who, having been brought up in a vegetarian family, had not only learned to love vegetable foods, but had forgotten the feline taste for mouse flesh. Mice of the plumpest and most tempting appearance could run across the floor with perfect impunity in the presence of this vegetarian tabby. She just winked sleepily at them and gave a contemptuous curl to her anti-carnivorous tail. A new race of cats is thus brought into sight—the reformed feline who will not eat meat nor kill mice. But the new vegetarian breed of cats will never become popular with the ladies.—New York World.

Boarders.

"Mrs. Corbett, I hear, is taking in paying guests."

"Yes. But, unfortunately, they don't pay."—Judy.

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 pumples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c., 25c., 50c.

The infant's first gesture is interrogatory. The perpetual question of the child is "why." The characteristic remark of the Yankee is, "I want to know."

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

You cannot stop being educated, if you stop going to school. The most you can do is to select your teachers.

Protect Your Ideas by Letters Patent.

The firm of Vowles & Burns, Patent Attorneys, No. 237 Broadway, N. Y., whose advertisement will appear in our next issue, procure patents either on cash or easy installments. Write for terms. Sales negotiated.

The scholar sits, like Matthew, at the receipt of custom, demanding of each passer-by his toll of truth.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

A fool is always smart enough to find a by-path from the highway of truth to the bog of error.

The cry of "wolf" as often emanates from the wolf's companion as from the shepherd.

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.

When people find fault with everything they hear, they ought not to complain if they do not hear everything.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1013 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.

The trees of life are surrounded by human quails prophesying rain. Anyone can be a rain prophet. It takes grace to be a prophet of sunshine.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.

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

The character that is positive has no difficulty in speaking a negative.

To be always thinking about your manners is not the way to make them good; the very perfection of manners is not to think about yourself.

38 1115

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

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

FIDELITY to principle is the highest expediency.

The blush of guilt is nature's confession of wrong.

When humanity proves false, God will still be true.

The steps of duty lead up to the throne of promotion.

Experience is the school of wisdom.

Procrastination is the sleep of folly.

Education is the lighthouse of reason.

Man's rage cannot alter God's purpose.

True principles are as enduring as the throne of God.

The loafer who blames his luck ought to blame his pluck.

The man who walks with God never has to hunt his own road.

Those who prefer the service of sin must be satisfied with the wages of sin.

Daniel would not bow to the king in his religious principles, but made the king bow to his religion.

Words that Trouble the Tongue.

Drimtaidhvickhillichattan is the name of a small hamlet in the Isle of Mull containing not more than a dozen inhabitants. How they pronounce it is a mystery only to be solved by some one acquainted with the Gaelic, but the fact that the Scots are a nation of few words seems easy to explain, if they have many such words as the above in the language.

A sample of Welsh nomenclature is Mynyddywlin, which is the name of a parish close to Cardiff, while another of the same kind is Llanfairpwllgwngll.

Perhaps, however, the Germans may be fairly said to carry off the palm in word coining. How is this for a specimen—Constantinopelischerdudeleisackpfeifer? or this one, Jungfrauenzimmerdurchschwindersuchtoedungs?

The first means a Constantinopolitan bag-pipe player, and the last is the name of a young ladies' club which adorns the brass plate of the door of a house in Cologne to this day.

Rabelais gives the following name to a particular book which was supposed to be in the library of Pantagruel's medical student friend Victor—"Antipericatametanaparbeugedanpteeribrationes Toordicantium," while Anantachaturdasivratakatha is an actual Sanscrit word to be found in any Sanscrit dictionary, and the word Cluninstaridysarchedes occurs in the works of Platus, the Latin comedy writer.—Harper's Round Table.

A Sly Old Moonshiner.

A rich story was told by the officials at the county jail yesterday morning. It was about a sharp trick played by a revenue prisoner which caused him to win a bet and get 22 cents clear profit.

Old man Lindsay, a moonshiner, makes a few dimes by helping the sutler sell goods to the prisoners. He acts as a sort of "local agent" for the sutler. A few days ago one of the guards advised Lindsay to quit selling things on credit.

"Many of these prisoners have no money and no way of ever getting it," said the guard.

The wily old moonshiner thanked the guard, but said he didn't believe that anybody was sharp enough to beat him.

Two or three days ago, so the story goes, Lindsay sold a negro woman a box of snuff for 5 cents. She paid 2 cents spot cash and was debited for the balance.

"That woman will never pay you that 3 cents," said the guard to the moonshiner.

"I'll bet you my valise, clothes and all, against 25 cents," replied Lindsay, "that she does pay it."

The bet was made, and the money and valise put up.

Next day Lindsay gave a negro prisoner 3 cents and told him to make it a present to the woman, and at the same time asked him to advise her to pay that debt with it. The woman got the money and promptly paid the moonshiner.

Lindsay was declared the winner, and pocketed the 25 cents.—Atlanta Constitution.

Gamblers' Jonahs.

Every follower of the races firmly believes in a Jonah. Every man has his particular Jonah, and there is great dodging about to avoid meeting the unlucky man, who is generally a good fellow, but whose tips, while well meant, and given with the best intention in the world, invariably go wrong. Any reader who follows the horses can name his Jonah off-hand, and will tell you now, nine times out of ten, an apparently sure-money bet is lost through contact with the unlucky one.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Good manners are a part of good morals, and it is as much our duty as our interest to practice both.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 38 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

No man ever did a designed injury to another but at the same time he did a greater to himself.

No To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

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

There are many ways of being frivolous, only one of being intellectually great; that is honest labor.

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.

If honesty did not exist, we ought to invent it as the best means of getting rich.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

What right have we to pry into the secrets of others? True or false, the tale that is gabbled to us, what concern is it of ours?

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., October 22, 1895.

Some people eat green apples and then sick about their crosses.

Most people appreciate a good thing at a fair price, but some few will only have the things that cost the most money.

The Ivory is the favorite soap of most people. Some few want the high-priced toilet soaps and think they must be better because they cost more. No soap is more carefully made, or is made of better materials, than Ivory Soap.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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MURDER TRIALS.

Cost of Some of the Famous New York Cases.

It cost the taxpayers about $15,000 to convict Carlyle Harris of the murder by poison of his young wife, and for the defense of that ingenious youth his mother paid $15,000 more in special fees and retainers. Five thousand dollars of this sum went to John A. Taylor, the junior counsel. William Travers Jerome led for the defense, but the amount of his fee has never yet been approximately estimated.

No official estimate of the cost of the trial of Robert W. Buchanan for the poisoning of the old woman whom he married has ever been made public. The case occupied seven full weeks, and at the close counsel on both sides figured the cost of the prosecution, including the heavy fees of such experts as Loomis, Doremus and others, at $20,000. As Buchanan paid over the entire $25,000 which he received by the death of his wife in the vain effort to save himself from the death penalty, his case could not have involved less than $45,000 in expenses.

The two trials of Dr. Meyer, the poisoner, are said, on good authority, to have cost the county $35,000. Just what he paid Charles W. Broke for his defense has never been known. His resources were probably exhausted by the first trial—cut short by the insanity of a juror—for in the second hearing counsel for the defense applied to the court for the statutory allowance of $500.

The determination of the police and the district attorney's office to convict Mrs. Mary Alice Fleming, at any cost, of the murder of her mother, involved the county in a loss of $26,000, of which $5,000 went to the jury and talesmen, $10,100 to the experts, $2,500 to the attorneys, and the remainder in general expenses. Mrs. Fleming estimates that her defense cost $22,000 of the $80,000 in the hands of the city chamberlain.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick's trial at Liverpool in 1889 for the poisoning of her husband was the sensation of the year. Her prosecution, including the salary of Justice Stephen ($25,000 a year), the retainers and refreshers paid to John Addison, Q. C., the leading counsel for the prosecution, and his two assistants; the employment of such famous experts as Carter and Robertson; the expenses of witnesses and general preparations of the case reached in all about $10,000 for ten working days. Sir Charles—now Lord—Russell, who led for the defense, received $5,000 and a daily refresher of $250. Added to this were the fees for junior counsel, for the solicitors for the defense and expert testimony, Mrs. Maybrick calling very few lay witnesses. Altogether her defense reached $15,000.—New York Journal.

Writing a Well-Known Song.

Sir Arthur Sullivan says that he wrote his "Lost Chord" while watching at the bedside of a sick brother. One night the patient had for a time fallen into a peaceful sleep, and as Sir Arthur was sitting as usual by the bedside, he chanced to come across some verses of Adelaide Proctor's with which he had once before been very much impressed. Now, in the stillness of the night, he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their musical equivalent. A stray sheet of music paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, until, becoming quite absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song. In a short time it was complete, and not long afterwards in the publisher's hands. It is estimated that not less than a quarter-million copies of this song have been published.

The intense love of an old toper for liquor goes to prove that familiarity doesn't always breed absolute contempt

Honor your wife and your honeymoon will last a life time.

Put out a fool's eyes and he will say that the world is blind.

Heaven is not altogether like society; fewer people want to get into it.

What a world this will be when all the children are as well cared for as the cattle and pigs.

The devil likes to hear the man talk in church who treats his mule better than he does his wife.

Were the Golden Rule enforced by some competent authority what a wave of commotion would rock the world.

"All things work together for good to them that love God." Even the devil had to work with all his might to help double Job's riches.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

For a tenant in common to take petroleum oil from the land is held, in Williamson vs. Jones (W. Va.), 38 L. R. A. 694, to constitute waste, for which he is liable to his cotenants to the extent of their interests.

The doctrine that the fee is in abeyance while a remainder is contingent is repudiated in Bigley vs. Watson (Tenn.), 38 L. R. A. 679, although the court concedes that a majority of the authorities may be to the contrary.

Operating small cars by a dummy engine in a street at a low rate of speed, with occasional stops, without precautions to prevent children getting upon them, is held, in Jefferson vs. Birmingham R. & E. Co. (Ala.), 38 L. R. A. 458, not to create a liability for the death of a child that got upon the cars and was thrown or fell from them.

The call of a pastor by a Presbyterian church is held, in First Presbyterian Church vs. Myers (Okla.), 38 L. R. A. 687, to be ineffectual until it is sanctioned by the presbytery. With this case the annotation collates the authorities on the liability of a church for the salary of its pastor.

An attempt to avoid a street improvement assessment by selling a narrow strip from the front of the property after the city has contracted for the improvement but before the assessment has become a lien is held, in Eagle Mfg. Co. vs. Davenport (Iowa), 38 L. R. A. 480, to be void so far as respects the assessment.

A statute for the registration of land titles on what is called the Torrens system, which makes the registered title indefeasible and provides that a fund be raised by