

OLD FOLKS.
All don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, darling,
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

**'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waxes, they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There aren't more clouds than sun.**

We are old folks now, my darling;
Our heads are growing gray;
And taking the year together, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We had one May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

As, God of the night, my darling—
Of the gates of death so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife
Is the gate that leads to Him.

AN AIMLESS LIFE.
ANDREW FRENCH was one of those mortals who are so unfortunate as to be dependent upon their own efforts for support. Having graduated at college, he passed two years abroad, and returned to his native land uncertain whether he would be a physician, a lawyer, or a minister of the gospel, for either of which vocations he deemed himself equally adapted. For "business" he had no inclination. As he lazily reclined in an easy chair smoking a fragrant cigar, his eye fell upon the following "ad" in a paper of which his father's issue which he had been reading.

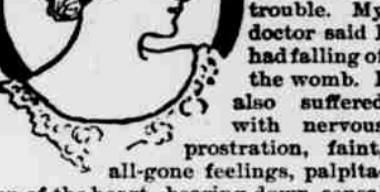
Soon after he and his host left the house, and on their way back to the latter's home he explained how he chafed to be following his present vocation, causing Mr. Marsh to laughingly exclaim:

"Well, I declare!"
After breakfast, the next morning he said to Mr. Marsh:

"I should like to remain here two or three weeks; can you conveniently do so?"

MRS. LUCY GOODWIN
Suffered four years with female troubles. She now writes to Mrs. Pinkham of her complete recovery. Read her letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish you to publish what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills have done for me. I suffered for four years with my female troubles. My stomach was so weak that I could not eat, and I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, fainting, all those feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time. When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work. I had a miscarriage three months ago, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of household work and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 131 lb. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds. Surely it is the greatest medicine for weak women that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once, and address Brown & Co., 115 N. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn. Your medicine has given me a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. LUCY GOODWIN, Holly, V. Va.



As he lazily reclined in an easy chair smoking a fragrant cigar, his eye fell upon the following "ad" in a paper of which his father's issue which he had been reading.

"Wanted—Intelligent young man, of pleasing address, to canvass for the sale of a domestic article on commission. References required, but experience unnecessary. Call upon address Brown & Co., 115 N. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn."

For a few moments he remained silent, and then muttered:

"I am not destitute of intelligence, and think that I can be pleasing in my address," smiling as he spoke. "I wonder if it would not be advisable for me to confer with Brown & Co.?"

He rose from his seat, started from the house, and wended his way to 115 N. 5th street, where he learned that the "article" was a kerosene lamp appliance which increased the volume of light at the same time it decreased the quantity of oil consumed.

He easily—indeed, greatly to the satisfaction of Brown & Co., when they had acquainted themselves with his antecedents—secured a situation as canvasser, and the next day left the city on his bicycle.

The first place which he "worked" was a thriving village, where his sales were few, and, despite his uniform courtesy, he was subjected to the repulsive treatment which agents are wont to receive. His next venture was in a rural district, where the houses were far apart, and he was obliged to travel many miles without being allowed to even show what he wished to dispose of, as he was usually confronted at the door by some one who said: "We are not prepared to purchase anything of the kind to-day," or similarly.

"I declare, I pity the poor fellows whose bread and butter depend upon work like this," he frequently remarked to himself, laughingly.

Quite late one showery afternoon he reached a hamlet where there was no hotel, but he finally secured entertainment in a private family.

As he sat on the porch of the house which he was temporarily domiciled, the first evening of his stay in the place, the tones of some one singing to the accompaniment of a piano were audible, and addressing his host—Thomas Marsh by name—with whom he was conversing, he asked:

"Who is possessed of such a wonderful fine voice?"

"It is the daughter of a man who lives in that house," Mr. Marsh replied, indicating with his finger the house nearest his own, "who is fitting herself to teach music."

"I should think her already fitted to teach it—vocal music at least," French observed.

For a few minutes he sat without uttering a word, and then he inquired:

"Are you willing to go with me a little farther, Mr. Marsh?"

"I will conduct you into the room where she is."

"Why, she not be offended if we go there?"

"She is not the kind of girl that is so easily offended."

BAD, WORSE, WORST SPRAIN
Can, without delay or trifling, be cured promptly by the
GOOD, BETTER, BEST REMEDY FOR PAIN, St. Jacobs Oil.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Table Manners.
In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate;
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
Nor move my fork or knife or spoon,
Nor move my glass or glass or cup;
I must not speak or whispering
I must not talk or use my tongue;
For children must be seen, not heard,
I must not talk about my food,
Nor feet or feet I think I see;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I eat, say "If you please,"
The tablecloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my feet my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with quiet foot,
And lift my heart to God above
In praise for all His wondrous love.

Visit to a Mahatma.
Lives in a Cave and Shows Himself
In a Cave and Shows Himself
"I was told of an urgent famine
Inspection to get a disorder straight
In a village, the name of which signifies
'deu cobras.' Famine and cobras,
a double enemy—hard luck, I thought.
Famine battled bravely with the
cobras, but there was no sign or trace
of the other, and the sea was no
better than a name. The village was
perhaps never known for cobras,
they are now extinct, or the belief
lingers still, the cobra played truant
from the time the Mahatma Kathappa
came to settle here. A shepherd
youth, grazing cattle with his companions,
by verbal command created a
spring, in the early twenties, from a
rock; it is perennial to this day, proof
against the worst drought. He would
secure the village from famine and
possibly, or give timely warning of their
appearance of course the last two or
three families excepted. He lives in
a cave over a hillock 350 feet high,
known after him for miles around, and
even in the village survey map. The
hillock attracts the distant wayfarer
by who appears to him, turns after
the manner of the Jain architecture,
but which really are rudely carved
monolithic domelike rocks. His name
is on every lip, but nobody knows his
history.

TRUMPET CALLS.
Soul is worth more than a sermon.
True love slays lust.
Love is never wasted.
Two many good resolutions die in their infancy.
Shallow brooks make much babble.
It is grand to right the wrong you see.
The will of heaven never has a cold.
Minor sins rarely fail to reach maturity.
Calling bricks butter will not make them soft.
If you cannot dispel the mist, climb above them.
Personal salvation means pure and all consecration.
Prayer performed as a mere duty, brings no blessing.

VOYAGE ON A WATER LILY LEAF.
sought to determine the carrying capacity of the leaves of the nymphaea Victoria regia, more commonly known as the royal water lily.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.
The drilling of wells by each owner of adjoining lands near the division line, so that each may obtain the amount of oil contained in his land, is held, in Kelley vs. Ohio Oil Company (Ohio), 30 L. R. 735, to be lawful and to afford each of them sufficient protection against the other.

Five Cents.
Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, and its price is held at the highest price. It is made in new and clean, as common house soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer, 40c.

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago.
That form of government is the best and will last the longest, the law of which are administered promptly and impartially.

Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean. It kills liver and driving all impurities from the system. It cures all skin troubles, blotches, blackheads, and that sticky bilious complexion. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Iron sharpens iron; so a man sharpens the countenance of his friend.
As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Cascarets From Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure.

Most of the happiness in the world is due to the fact that ignorance is bliss.
The man who thinks the world owes him a living wants it a loaf at a time.

The Major's Experience.
From the Detroit Free Press.
One of the staunchest supporters of the deep-water way from the Great Lakes to the ocean is Major W. H. Willard, of 115 Third Ave., Detroit, a civil engineer of wide experience and considerable prominence in his profession. He was assistant engineer on the Hudson River Railroad in 1860 and was later employed by the same company in operations. He has been located in Detroit since 1881, and has a large acquaintance with the business men and citizens of this city.

Two years ago, for the first time, Major Willard was in the hospital. For two months he had the best of medical attendance, but when he was discharged he was not like the Major Willard of old. When asked regarding his health, he said: "When I had my last spell of sickness and came out of the hospital I was a sorry sight. I could not gain my strength, and could not walk over a block for several weeks."

"I noticed some articles in the newspapers regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which convinced me that they were worth trying and I bought two bottles. I did not take them for my complexion, but for strength. After using them I felt better, and I am pleased to recommend them to invalids who need a tonic or to build up a shattered constitution."

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THE volume for 1899 will be the best THE COMPANION has ever published. Each of the 52 weekly issues will contain half a dozen delightful stories, besides articles of rare interest. Famous soldiers, sailors, statesmen, scholars and dozen-writers will give their best work to readers of THE COMPANION.

50-CENT CALENDAR FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.
NEW SUBSCRIBERS who will cut out and send this slip, with name and address and \$1.00 at once, will receive THE COMPANION every week from the first November issue until January 30, 1900. FREE—All the November and December issues of 1900, inclusive of the beautiful Double Holiday Numbers. FREE—The exquisite Companion Calendar for 1901, richer and costlier than any of the famous Companion Calendars of former years. Designed and lithographed in twelve colors exclusively for THE COMPANION. A charming calendar for the home. AND THE COMPANION for the 12 weeks of 1899—a library in itself.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.



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

The Youth's Companion...

THE volume for 1899 will be the best THE COMPANION has ever published. Each of the 52 weekly issues will contain half a dozen delightful stories, besides articles of rare interest. Famous soldiers, sailors, statesmen, scholars and dozen-writers will give their best work to readers of THE COMPANION.

50-CENT CALENDAR FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rudyard Kipling Nov. 10th issue. "The Burning of the 'Sarah Sands.'" The story of a hero.

W. D. Howells Dec. 1st issue. "The Watermelon Patch." A story of fruit-loving boys.

Lillian Nordica Dec. 8th issue. "Incidents in a Singer's Life." An American prima donna's trials and triumphs.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 201 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

PIMPLES

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
REGULATE THE LIVER

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

SAFE CHILD BIRTH
MITCHELL'S COMPOUND

FREE PATENTS

Dropsey's New Discovery
Dropsy's New Discovery is a...
Wanted—One of best health that...
A Religious Broker.
Her head had dropped upon his shoulder.
"If only," she whispered, "thy check could remain there forever."
Little thought he what was to be. Little thought he until he got home, and tried to remove her check from his dress coat with ammonia and alcohol.

When You Want to Look on the Bright Side of Things, Use

SANTALIN

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