Who wants to get right out of bed, And, in a word, wants to be fed, Regarding not a thing that's said? That baby boy.

Who wears his mother's patience out, As well as many a willow sprout, And shoes and stockings good and stout?

Who breaks and tears and pulls and hauls Who burns the dog, the kittle mauls, Who makes black marks upon the walls That baby boy.

Who eats and thrives on mud and dirt, And makes a towel of his skirt? Who bawls when he's more scared than

That baby boy. Who rules the house as does a king, And fairly makes the welkin ring

With shouts and vain attempts to sing? That baby boy. Who in his way is better far Than either of his parents are,

Who is so bad and yet so good? Whose naughty ways are understood And we forgive as others should? That baby boy. -Chicago Inter Ocean.

Who ofttimes threaten they will mar

CROOKED JOE

GREAT railroad depot may not be the best school for a boy, yet poor little Joe Bryan had scarcely known any other. He could not remember when the long waiting rooms with their tiled floors and dreary rows of stationary settees, and crowds of his mother's small, bare house, which folks!" he knew as little more than a place for eating and sleeping.

fatherless and transformed him from a strong, well-developed infant to a pitiful creature, which even death refused

outright!" said everybody but the mother. She herself always insisted that only her constant watching over the little flickering life kept her from me anything but Crooked Joe!" going mad in the first dreadful months of her bereavement.

The officers of the railway company were kind to poor Mary Bryan. They after little Joe had slowly mended, em-

night to find him sobbing on the pillow beside her. Only by dint of long coax- Mr. Joseph Bryan!" ing was she able to find out the cause of his grief. Some of the rougher boys -more thoughtless than cruel, let us hope-had called him "humpy," and asked if he carried a bag of meal on

Mary flamed with the fierce anger of motherhood. "You shan't go another day," she declared. "The ruffians! I won't have my darling put upon by the likes of them."

stock of book learning, the development of his mind far outstripped the ten, I was eagerly interested, and there A thin, awkward boy came to the res growth of his stunted and deformed after, during the two hours' speech, idence of a celebrated school principal body. Everybody liked the patient little fellow, tugging manfully at his mother's heavy water buckets and running willingly at every call of the station men. At twelve years old he had picked up no small amount of information, especially on railroad topics. He knew every locomotive on the road. understood the intricacles of sidetracks and switches, and could tell the precise moment when any particular train might be expected, with the accuracy of a time table.

Yet the very quickness and ardor of his nature deepened his sense of his infirmity. How wistfully his eyes followed boys of his own age-straight. handsome, happy-who sprang lightly up and down the steps of the coaches or threaded their way along the crowded platforms. For one day of such perfeet untrammeled life he would have bartered all the possible years before him. Yet he never put his yearning into words-even to his mother.

Mr. Crump, the telegraph operator, was Joe's constant friend. It was he who, at odd moments, had taught the boy to read, and had initiated him into some of the mysteries of the clicking instrument, which to Joe's imaginative mind seemed some strange creature with a hidden life of its own. It was growing towards dark on one

November afternoon. Joe-never an unwelcome visitor-sat curied up in a corner of Mr. Crump's office, waiting for his mother to finish her work. He was spelling out, by the fading light, the words upon a page of an illustrated newspaper, quite oblivious of the ticking, like that of a very jerky and rheu- among rustics. matic clock, which sounded in the

Mr. Crump, too, had a paper before him, but his ears were alive. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, repeating aloud the message which at that moment flashed across the wire. "Engine No. 110 running wild. Clear

the track.' He rushed to the door shouting the

news. "Not a second to spare! She'll be down in seven minutes!"

The words passed like lightning. In a moment the yard was in a wild commotion. Men flew hither and thither switches closing behind them.

The main track was barely clear when 110 came in sight swinging from summer night in the full of the moon side to side, her wheels threatening to had sand enough in his craw to jine leave the track at each revolution. the army? No siree, Jim ain't jined She passed the depot like a meteor, her | yit, and he ain't a-goin' to, till his feelbell clanging with every leap of her in's has underwent a considerible feeth for me, and his bill got around to piston, the steam escaping from her change, er I'm no jedge uv a duck's my office before I did."-Chicago Rec whistle with the continuous shrick of a nest. Have another slivver uv the ord. demon, and the occupants of the cab nie? wrapped from view in a cloud of

smoke. Some hundred rods beyond the depot the track took a sharp upward grade, from which it descended again to strike the bridge across a narrow but deep and rocky gorge.

Men looked after the fiving locomo-

lanched faces.

helpfulness, some moved by that mor- for myself a shelk can live only in his hid curiosity which seeks to be "in at tent!" said the other with dignity.

speed of the runaway engine su slackens.

"What does it mean? She neve ould 'a' died out in that time" shout

parks from beneath. "Who did it? Who stopped her?" The engineer, staggering from the Hsi, is now 65 years old, and probably cab, with the pallid face of the fireman the most brilliant woman in the Bast. o where a little, pale-faced, crookedwith exertion, beside the track.

"He oiled the track!"

"Hurrah for Crooked Joe!" They caught the exhausted child mother, which accounts for the cruelty flinging him from shoulder to shoulder, with which she has treated the sacrestriving with each other for the honor of bearing him, and so, in irregular tumultuous, triumphal procession, they dowager is supreme mistress of th brought him back to the depot and se him down among them. "Pass that hat, pards!" cried one.

their month's wages. Not a hand in power-was made a prisoner in his own all the throng did not delve into a palace. The crooked stick plow policy pocket. There was the crisp rustle of is in the ascendant. Russia is backing "Out with your handkerchief, Joe parently, to-day from the impress of

Your hands won't hold it all! Why, western civilization than ever. Great young one, what-what's the matter?" for the boy, with scarlet cheeks and burning eyes, had clinched both small hands behind his back—the poor, twisted back laden with its burden of de fermity and pain.

"No, no," he cried, in a shrill, high voice. "Don't pay me! Can't you see hurrying people, were not quite as fa- what it's worth to me, once-just once millar to him and more homelike than in my life-to be a little use-like other

The superintendent had come from his office. He laid his hand on the boy's He had been only six months old head. "Joe," he said, "we couldn't when a dreadful accident happened pay you if we wished. Money doesn't which, at one fell stroke, made him pay for lives! But you have saved us a great many dollars besides. Won't you let us do something for you?"

"You can't! you can't! nobody can!" The child's voice was almost a shriek. "What a pity that it was not killed It seemed to rend the air with the pentup agony of years. "There's only one thing in the world I want, and nobody can give me that. Nobody can make

The superintendent lifted him and held him against his own breast. "My boy," he said, in his firm, gentle tones, "you are right. None of us can paid the expenses of the burial, and, do that for you. But you can do it yourself. Listen to me! Where is the ployed her about the depot to scrub quick brain God has given you and the floors and keep the glass and woodwork | brave heart? Not in that bended back of yours-that has nothing to do with When Joe was seven years old his them. Let us help you to a chancemother sent him to school. He went only a chance to work and to learnpatiently day after day, making no and it will rest with you yourself to say plaint, but she awoke suddenly one whether in twenty years from now, it you are alive, you are Crooked Joe or

> Visiting in C- not long ago, friend said to me: "Court is in session. You must go

with me and hear Bryan."

The court room was already crowded at our entrance with an expectant audience. When the brilliant young attorney rose to make his plea I noticed with a shock of surprise that his noble So Joe's schooling had come to an misshapen body. He had spoken but untimely end. Yet, meager as was his five minutes, however, when I had utheld spellbound by the marvelous elo and asked to see the master. The serquence which is fast raising him to the vant eyed his mean clothes, and, think leadership of his profession in his na ing he looked more like a beggar than tive city.

as we walked slowly homeward. Then back door and repeated his request. he told me the story of Crooked Joe .- "You want a breakfast, more like,"

SHE KNEW JIM.

There Were Good Reasons Why He Would Never Enlist,

"Just about the time the war with Spain broke out," remarked the veteran drummer, "I started on a trip through the mountain towns of West Virginia and Kentucky. Great enthusiasm was manifested everywhere in that land and what struck me neculiarly was the nervous anxiety of the women. They were enthusiastic, of course, in a way, folks to go to the war, not their own. bit on her sweetheart.

"'By the way, Susan,' I said, "I through this morning that Jim had enthe first companies sent away.'

"'Is that so?' she replied in that pe

"'Yes, and there's a chance you won't see him again as the company is ordered to leave immediately.' "'Is that so?' and she never stopped

her swinging of a peachtree branch that she was using as a fiv-brush. " 'Don't you want to see him before

he goes? I asked with much dramatic effect, thinking I might move her that "She laughed a low saw-mill buzz

and of a laugh. "'Law, Mr. Barton,' she said, 'you don't think I'm a-believin' what you air sayin' about Jim Short, do ye? Well. I ain't. Do you reckon I'd be green enough to think that a feller that would min things if they didn't see others try spark a gal fer four years and was too ng to get them. cowardly to even try to hug her on a

"I took another slivver."-Washing ton Star.

When the French came into contact with the Bedouin in Algeria it was thought that a ready way of civilizing him would be to assist him to build tive and then at each other with himself a permanent habitation. A sheik who was thus favored was full "They're gone! A miracle can't save of gratitude to the French engineers em," said one, voicing the wordless who had built him a house. "Since my terror of the rest, "If they don't fly house was finished," he said, "I have the track on the up grade, they'll go not lost a single sheep. I lock them down as soon as they strike the tres- up in my house every night, and next morning I find them all in safety." The crowd began to run along the "Then where do you sleep yourself? track, some with a vain instinct of asked an officer in amazement. "Oh,

But look! Midway the long rise the RULER OF 400,000,000 PEOPLE.

ager Empress of Chine, Who He Deposed the Young Emperor. The Downger Empress of China, who Excitement winged their feet. When the foremost runners reached the place into mistress of 400,000,000 human bethe smoking engine stood still on her ings. Her will may precipitate the track, quivering in every steel clad bloodiest war that man has ever nerve, her great wheels still whizzing tnown; her whim or caprice may in round and round amid a flight of red rolve Christendom in the struggle of

sehind him, pointed, without speaking. She was a slave when the late Em peror saw her and loved her. In the backed boy had sunk down, panting Orient the King is all powerful, and princes may marry beggar girls at their At his feet a huge oil can lay over will. Tuen's beauty won her position and power, and her fine brain-s The crowd stared at one another, ing through all the years, the real pow open-mouthed. Then the truth flashed er behind the throne-has at last made her the mistress of the Chinese empire Tuen is not the mother of the de throned Emperor. She is the step

The dowager, Empress Tuen-Teor

The situation in China is this: The country. Kank Yu Mel, who was go ing to reform the antique customs the kingdom, fled in precipitation. Th It had been pay day, and the saved Emperor, who took from Li Hun; engineer and fireman dropped in each Chang the yellow jacket-symbol of bills, the chink of gold and silver coin the dowager, and Peking is freer, ap-



DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA. From a Drawing by a Chinese Artist.

pects vanishing, and with them th United States sees her own hope commerce in China dwindling.

The militancy of Russia and the des potism of China have joined hands and understand each other. What will be the result? Students of China in Washington say that Russia canno hold her place in the flowery kingdom against the march of Anglo-Saxon progress. It is liberty versus slavery, and liberty must win. But there are mer in Washington who freely predict the most bloody war in history and who look forward to the slaughter of mil head surmounted an undersized and lions of Chinese before the question is settled.

defect; in What a Boy Did in Spare Moments anything else, told him to go around to "A wonderful man!" said my friend, the kitchen. He soon appeared at the said the servant girl, and set him down to some bread and butter. "Thank you," said the boy, "I should like to see Mr. - If he can see me." "Some old clothes, maybe, you want; I guess he

has none to spare; he gives away a sight," remarked the girl, eying his ragged clothes. "Can I see Mr. - ?" asked the boy, with the most emphatic emphasis on each word. The girl for the first time stopped her work. "Well. he is in the library; if he must be diswhere there is so little of the eventful, turbed, he must, I s'pose," and she ing, as she opened the door, "Here's somebody terribly anxious to see you sir so I let him in." The professor laid but they wanted other women's men his book aside and talked with the boy with increasing interest, and soon took One of the mountain girls I had known down some books and began to give since my trip of last season, and when him an examination, which extended I got back I expected to find her mar-ried to the young fellow who had been was answered correctly and promptly. sparking her for a long time. When I the professor was amazed at such met her at her mother's where I took vouthful erudition and asked the boy met her at her mother's where I took dinner, I thought I would joily her s how he managed with his apparent poverty to accumulate such an amount of knowledge. "Oh, I studied in my heard down in Slabtown as I came spare time," answered the boy, bright ly, and with the utmost unconsciouslisted and was going to the front with ness that he was an example to even the man before him. Here was a boy, a hard-working orphan, almost fitted culiarly indifferent way commor for college in the spare moments that his companions were wasting. Truly are spare moments the "gold dust of

> time."-Success. Richest Part of Great Britain. Wales is the richest part of Great Britain in mineral wealth. England produces annually about \$10 to each acre, Scotland a little less than \$10, but the product of Wales amounts to over

\$20 per acre. Lac: Making in Ireland. Over 12,000 girls in Ireland are en gaged in the manufacture of lace. Some people would never want cer

Making Good Time. "What does Saddler do?" "He's a short-circuit dentist."

"What kind is that?" "Well, it's this way: He filled som

An Attempt at Flattery. "I want to marry your daughter, sir." "Have you any prospects?" "Isn't the prospect of being your ton-in-law glory enough for one day?" -New York Journal.

Derby. The name of the town of Derby En. zland, is now pronounced as written: hat of the Earl as "Darby," which was ilso the old mode of spelling and proouncing the name of the town.

ss you know.

Inscrutable Womes "Pa, did you know ma long before on married her?" "Know her! Great Scott, child, I lon't know her yet."-Chicago Record. LOUISVILLE. E.

SHE COULDN'T KISS GRANT. seral's Wife Refuses the Favor

The kies which Lieutenant Hobso eroically received from a St. Louis indy at Long Beach recalls an incident in which the late General U. S. Grant igured, without, however, sharing the ushing honor. Just after the close of the civil war General Grant, with his family, went to the Union Hotel at Saratoga Springs. Major William W. Leland, the proprietor of the hotel, had een chief commissary on the General's staff. He gave a banquet to General Grant and his wife. Many officers who were from the Army of the Tenessee were present, as well as several

rominent citizens. During the dinner the guests were omewhat startled to see a Saratoga belle advance, with a gracious Grecian bend, and ask permission of the General to kiss him. There was only one there who received the General's salute. To that high person he now deferred. Turning, he said, "With Mrs. rant's permission.

Mrs. Grant had, as every one oberved, a drooping lid. She was obligd, therefore, to throw back her head o get a good look at the audacious suplicant, who now had not only the eyes f all the distinguished company on her, but those of the other guests of the iotel as well.

After an embarrassing pause, in which Mrs. Grant had time to consider he offensive charge on her defenseless pouse and fortify herself against the air enemy, she came to his relief and eclined to capitulate. Nothing dauntd, however, and to prove to those presnt that the American girl has nerve is well as mettle, the fair heroine seizd the General's hand and said: "Well, as you will not kiss me, I will,

hake your hand," and retired with all he honors of war-vanquished, but not ubdued.-New York Mall and Express. AMOUS TRINIDAD PITCH LAKE

Its Immense Deposit of Bitumen Is Practically Inexhaustible.

The famous pitch lake or great bitunen deposit at Trinidad is situated at Point Librea, on an elevation at about mile from the sea. It covers an area f pearly 100 acres, and its appearance that of a dull, still, dark waste. It regularly circular, and its surface erceptibly covex, being more elevated the center and thence insensibly delining on all sides. In the center the itch is quite soft—in fact, semi-liquid -but it becomes more and more hardned as its circumference widens out. Except the soft central parts the surnce is intersected in all directions by numerous fissures or chasms, varying n breadth from two feet to sixteen. and from half a foot to seven feet in lepth, widening also at the bottom, 'hus producing, as it were, inverted angular hollows, while the sides are egularly rounded. These crevices are at at all times filled with fresh water. Here and there, where the bitumen is nixed with earthy matter, grow lichens, mosses, grasses, etc. The center of the lake—the pitchpot or chaudiere, is it is called—is at all times soft that it would be impossible to venture on it without incurring the danger of be

ing engulfed.

The lake is government property, and parts of it are leased out to private individuals, who have to pay royalties according to the amount of pitch removed, which amount is checked by the government. The lake is, practically, inexhaustible. No matter what quantity is taken out it is replaced by fresh pitch, which always wells up to edges of this most wonderful of lakes is quite hard enough to walk upon; but curious result ensues if you stand still for any length of time on one spot. For some yards around you the pitch bodily sinks until it forms a sort of basin. It is quite different to sinking in sand, where your feet gradually disappear without making any apparent difference in the level of the ground.-Wide World Magazine.

Sayings of Children. Mamma: "Were you late to school this morning, Willie?" Willie: "Yes, ma'am, and I got a tidy mark for it

Florence (at small tea-party given in nonor of the dolls): "What delicious whipped cream you do have, Misses Where did you get it?" Jose phine (the smallest girl): "Oh, we just went out and whipped the cow!"

A pretty little girl of 3 years was it drug-store with her mamma. Being attracted by something in the show case, she asked what it was. The clerk replied. "That is a scent-bag." "How cheap!" replied the little girl. "I'll take two!

Girlle the other day asked her big sister to give her an example. So he sister said, in fun, "Well, if one family has three children, how many children have two families?" "Nine," was the prompt reply. "Why, how's that?" queried her sister. "Oh," said she, roguishly, "the other family had six

Never trust a secret to a person wh is anxious to take it.



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other par-ties. The high standing of the CALI-FORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medi cal profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weaken ing them, and it does not gripe nor nauscate. In order to get its beneficial

ffects, please remember the name of he Company -CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. BAN FRANCISCO, Col.

OPEN LETTERS FROM

Hardy.

Mrs. HARRY HARDY, Riverside, Iowa

writes to Mrs. Pinkham the story of

her struggle with serious ovarian trou

ble, and the benefit she received from

the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vege-

table Compound. This is her letter:
"How thankful I am that I took

your medicine. I was troubled for two years with inflammation of the

womb and ovaries, womb was also very

low. I was in constant misery. I had

heart trouble, was short of breath and

could not walk five blocks to save my

ife. Suffered very much with my

back, had headache all the time, was

nervous, menstruations were irregular and painful, had a bad discharge and

was troubled with bloating. I was a

perfect wreck. Had doctored and

taken local treatments, but still was no

better. I was advised by one of my

neighbors to write to you. I have now

finished the second bottle of Mrs. Pink-

ham's Vegetable Compound, and am

better in every way. I am able to do

all my own work and can walk nearly

a mile without fatigue; something

had not been able to do for over two

years. Your medicine has done the

horse made frantic efforts to throw

him but the rider sat firm. He took

a sudden jerk of the reins the duke

for his backbone was broken. "I was

the only Hungarian in the school," the

my nation's honor was saved!"-Syra-

Noncommittul.

the first time. The teacher, to encour-

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

cuse Standard.

did you say you had?"

my."-London Tit-Bits.

threw him, and he never rose again,

nore good than all the doctors "

writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

now sound and well."

Jennie B. Green and Mrs. Harry THE PAPER JENNIE E. GREEN, Denmark, Iowa

"I had been sick at my monthly periods for seven years, and tried almost everything I ever heard of, but without any benefit. Was troubled with backache, headache, pains in the shoulders and dizziness. Through my tie Once to Road. mother I was induced to try Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has done me so much good. I am

'Long Comes 'Line with the Broom Just as soon's I get to playin'
Noah's ark or train of cars,
Out there in a nice the hitchen,
Trouble's in for the hitchen,
"Long comes 'I brook
"Look out now do, the hitchen,
"Look out now and do;
Clear your duds out or
Can't be bothered here by you!"

"Come now, boy—you're in my way!"
Out she flies. "I've got to sweep!" My Noah's ark, my cars, and me All go tumbling in a heap. "Want to sweep me off the earth?"

That's how I talk back to her; This not a mite of good—
This comes with such a whir,
Sweepin' dust right in my face, That I have to cut an' run, Glad to burry from a place, Where there's not a bit of fun!

He shall play just where he likes, Litterin' up the kitchen floor All he wants to, makin' kites, Pastin' scrap-books, playin' cars-Jolliest place in all the town;

Plant Blooms Like Birds. Archduke Josef's Skill as a Rider. Archduke Josef of Austria-Hungary plant that grows blossoms so like birds has always been noted as a horseman. that they often deceive unwary visi-When he was a young man taking les- tors. This peculiar bit of vegetation sons in riding the master of the school is known as the "bird-pea," and the one day bought a peculiarly intract- bush grows to a height of from three to able horse, which threw one rider after five feet. The picture will give you a

to try him. He got on his back and the the horse three times around the ring. then the animal reared and seemed about to succeed in his efforts, but by duke added in telling the story, "and A little boy had come to school for

age the children to speak, asked them THE BIRD BLOSSOM. simple questions, such as "How many resemble little members of the feathery feet have you?" etc. The cautious little man, however, listened without saying tribe. The plant grows close to the anything. At last the teacher, noticshore of Roebuck bay, in Western Ausing this, said to him: "How many feet tralia, and its blossoms are much sought after. They are of a greenish hue, striped with brown. Not far away Afraid of committing himself, he from the bird blossoms may be found said: "Please, sir, I didna say I had

> How the Fire Went Out. Rosa. Bess and Lettie lived on the same street, a block apart. Bess lived in the middle. They were all good neighbors. But suddenly something seemed go wrong. Rosa said something un-

Catarrh Cannot be Cured
With local applications, as they cannot reach
the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or
constitutional disease, and in order to cure
it you must take internal remedies. Hall's
Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's
Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was
prescribed by one of the best physicians in
this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics
known, combined with the best blood purifiers,
acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The
perfect combination of the two ingredients is
what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Soid by Drugsits, price, 35c. kind about Lettie, and Lettie said some thing hateful about Rosa, and Bess vine oracles. The infant's first gesture is interrog atory. The perpetual question of the said. remark of the Yankee is, "I want t

The Companion for the Rest of 1898 The Companion for the Rest of 1808.

The principal attractions offered by Time Youth's Companion for the remaining weeks of 1828 provide a foretaste of the good tainers to follow in the new volume for 1829. To the first issue in November Frank R. Stockton will contribute a humorous sketch, entitled "Some of My Dogs," and in the issue for the week of November 19th will appear Radyard Kipling's thrilling story of the neroism of soldiers in the ranks, "The Burning of the Sarah Sanda." In the seven issues to follow there will be contributions by L mi Dufferin, William D. Howells, J. E. Chamberlin, the American war correspondent, Mary E. Wilkins, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, the Marquis of Lorne, Mme, Lillian Nordica and I. Zangwill, Teose who subscribe now for the 1839 volume will receive every November and December issue of The Companion from the time of subscription to the end of the year free, the been between the three little girls. It was Bessie's grandma who first found out all about this. would happen?"

"What else?" asked Bess, wondering much. "It says that where there are no tale

Men of humor are, in some degre men of genius; wits are rarly so, al-though a man of genius may, amongst burn.' other gifts, possess wit. Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets

Candy Cathartic, cure constipat on forever, 25c. If C. C. U. fail, druggists refund money It doesn't take much to make you

subscription to the end of the year free, the emmanion Calendar for 1893 free, and then the entire 53 issues of THE COMPANION to Jan-uary 1, 1820. An illustrated announcement of the 1833 volume and sample copies will be sent free to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Found immediate relief in one bottle of Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer-Mrs. S. W. HATCH, Box 450, Wollaston, Mass., Aug. 17, 1888

There is nothing so rare as goo judgment, nor nothing that most ple think they have so much of.

Fits permanently cured No fits or nervous ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, \$2 trial bottle and treatise free DR, R. H. Kling Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa You cannot stop being educated, if

you can do is to select your teachers. Ion't Tobacco falt and Smoke Your Life Away To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak mos strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaran teed. Booklet and sample free. Address Ster ling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A man may recover a lost or badly injured reputation, but a woman cannot efface even a spot from hers.

RUPTURE Cure Guaranteed by DR J. B. MAYER, 1015 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation tree. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office bours 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. When a man considers himself as

one in a thousand," he naturally re gards all the others as ciphers. No To-Bac For Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak een strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. Ali druggists

You can make lots of headway som-

times by admitting you are To Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tableta ruggists refund money if it falls to cure Reputation is a very delicate thing; t can't even be defended without in-

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children eething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma ion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bettle.

jury.

GIRS WEE ALL FISE FAILS.
Bost Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
In time. Sold by druggists.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Felks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Lit-

Then I think I'll try the stoop; So I move as meek's a lamb. Get to playin' nice as ever— Out comes 'Liza's broom, ker-slam!

When I have a little boy.

There sha'n't be a 'Liza then Always bossin' my boy roun'! St. Nicholas.

Besides those curiosities the kangaroo and the boomerang, Australia has a another. Finally the duke undertook good idea of how closely the blossoms



acres of porous rocks covered with rock oysters, which are submerged at high tide but lie exposed when the tide recedes, and there a hungry boy might find ovsters enough to keep him in food for the rest of his days.

burried to tell the other what each had At last the angry feelings grew so hot it seemed as if they would burn up all the warm, sweet love there had always have to toll all night, but Christ will

"Bessle," she said, "suppose Nora enly ethics without a knowledge of should kindle a fire in the wood stove earthly economics is poorly prepared in the kitchen, and then never put a for the work. chip or a stick of wood on it, what

"The fire would go out," said Bess "Yes. You know that yourself. But that very thing is written in the Bible. too. It says in the Book of Proverbe there are 25,000,000 males of smoking that 'where no wood is, the fire goeth

bearers, or people who tell tales, you know, that quarrels stop, just as a fire goes out where there's no wood to

Bess hung her head, and stood still, thinking. "I see what you mean, grandma," she said. "Now, dear, I'm sure you are making

the fire burn by telling Lettle and Rosa what each says about the other, and it's cry when you have run up against two as bad to help on a quarrel as to quarrel or three disappointments in succesanything the other says about her." "I'll try," said Bess, and she went out to play with Rosa and Lettie. She tried hard to make them be friends, and by and-by, as there was "nothing to burn," that fire of anger went out.-The Sun-

> beam. A Lost Art Among Yankee Boys. Every American boy finds many use for his jack-knife. It is equally indispensable whether he is cutting darts out of shingles, making willow whis tles, or trimming kite-sticks; to sa; nothing of carving initials on fence

and desks, or playing mumble-peg. But whittling as an amusement is probably not so common now as it was hal a century ago, when toys of all kinds were much less numerous, and the pocket-knife-often the boy's only store-bought possession-was accord ingly much more important as a source

f entertainment. While every one should rejoice in th many sports and varied devices which at present contribute so much to a boy's mental and physical development, and give him the steady and skillful hands so useful in after life, still it is to be regretted, if in our days of baseball and ennis, of amateur printing-presses and "kodaks," the ingenious use of the jackknife that has made the Yankee boy

proverbially a clever whittler should

become a lost art.—St. Nicholas.

Factories that Make Only Girdles. "The Little Japanese at Home" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas The author says: The child's obl, or girdle, is at first narrower than her mother's, but is made wider and longer as she grows older. Sometimes it is a foot roader. There are factories devoted xclusively to obi-weaving, and maserpieces of beauty and elegance are roduced. It is wound around the valet and made into a large butterfly low in the back, the loops of which are, for state occasions, fastened up to be shoulders, while the wide ends float gracefully over the hips.

Men of the rarest virtue have the there is too much dialogue on most But deep as the St. Jacobs Oil will penetrate and quiet its racking pain.

If the Damp and Chill penetrate, look out for an attack of SCIATICA.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to

types were prophetic jewels.

Don't parley with wrong.

Mercy.

not know it.

nap in church.

close with praise.

have small pockets.

is mighty as heaven.

have to pay on hate.

girded on its sword.

il's choicest reading.

use of his knowledge.

sand improved theories.

cides what we wish to be.

leads to a fall from grace.

ble. He knows when to help.

tumble into the ditch of error.

makes us forget past blessings.

tarianism is not worshiping God.

truth to please men offends God.

The fretting horse galls easily.

There is no civil service bar to salva-

Forgiveness is Love giving birth to

Blind men can walk over gold, and

The day opened with prayer will

Garments for church wear usually

Habits are strong as hell, but Christ

Regret is the compound interest we

Mercy was not born until Justice

The list of man's failings is the dev-

That man is wise who makes a wise

One fact is worth more than a thou

The place where we love to be de-

Walking on the stilts of pride soon

If God knows when you are in trou-

Close your eyes to truth, and you

Mourning over present troubles

The preacher who conceals Bible

Some people lose all interest in good

A common task may become a holy

vork as soon as the bills come in.

service by doing it to please God.

A rainy Sunday prevents many

REAT beights

Tare won by lowly

The well-behav

ed boy is seldom

Adulation is the

bridge some walk

over to reach our

opens the gate of

Old Testament

good graces.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES. Negligence in selling loaded cart-

ridges which are alleged to be but are

not in fact the kind asked for, is beld,

in Smith vs. Clarke Hardware Com-

pany (Ga.), 89 L. R. A. 607, to create a

liability for a resulting injury to the purchaser. The priority of claims against a receiver for wages when earnings which should have been applied to them have been wrongfully diverted to the benefit of bondholders, is held, in Drennan Morning prayer | & Co. vs. Mercantile Trust and D. Company (Ala.), 39 L. R. A. 623, to be enforcible in case of a private corporation, such as a manufacturing or mining company, as much as if it were a

railroad company. An ordinance requiring a street-rafiway company to sprinkle streets, without defining when and in what manner the sprinkling is to be done, is held, in State vs. New Orleans City & L. R. Company (La.), 39 L. R. A. 618, to be invalid, as it leaves the measure of duty to conjecture.

An ordinance prohibiting dogs from running at large on streets is sustained. in Hagerstown vs. Witmer (Md.), 39 L. R. A. 649, as an exercise of the general power to provide for good government. seace and good order. With this case is a note on municipal power over nuisances affecting highways and waters. By-laws providing that a transfer of the stock of an irrigation company shall be made only with the land for which it was issued are neld, in Spurgeon vs. Santa Ana Valley Irrigation Company (Cal.)(39 L. R. A. 701, Inapplicable to a sale of delinquent stock for default in payment of assessments,

Hard on the Pickles. Virtue isn't always its own reward The English pickle manufacturers have been making their pint bottles hold a little more than a pint, to be on the safe side of an English law on the subject. But when they send these pint bottles to Canada they run against a law which provides that any package measuring more than a pint must pay duty on a quart.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; Burning incense on the altar of sec- but he is a wise man who will no

BAD

Some losses are true gain: the gold gains in value what it loses in dross. Men are willing to pay a high price for damnation when salvation is free. The shuttle of Providence weaves many a bright thread in the web of

Ignorance loves to wear borrowed garments, and go out riding with wis-It is the heart-strings of earth that oftenest point our petition heaven-

Those who are always looking for favors are not the most willing to give them. Professing Christians more often

Some people are so anxious about their neighbor's religion that they neglect their own. If you are a fisher of men you will

appear in the morning. The pulpit that would preach heav-

The Smoking Habit. Five billion cigars and 3,750,000,000 cig.frettes were smoked in this country in the last fiscal year. Assuming that age, this means 200 cigars and 150 cigarettes for each one of them.

Thus while the gross figures suggest that the people of these United States, without regard to sex or age, smoke cigars and cigarettes incessantly from rising until bedtime, the per capita figures show that there must be many more non-smokers than we think, and that the smokers are as a rule not given to excess.

It appears further that, while the onsumption of cigars increased by 850,000,000 over the previous year, the onsumption of cigarettes decreased by 400.000.000. It is probable that the bicycle, which

has had such amazing effects in de-

creasing the sale and distribution of

books, is also chiefly responsible for this

remendous decline in the popularity of cigarettes.-New York World. Beauty is Blood Deep steamty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty withou, it. Cascarets, Candy Cathertic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the sazy liver and driving all impurities from the book. Beein to-Jay to banish pumples, boils botches blackbeads, and that sickly billous complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for in cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranced, ire., 25c., 30c.

Leave glory to great folks. Ah, astles in the air cost a vast deal to To Cure tonstipation Forever

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or t C. C. C. fall to cure, druggists refund me The scholar sits, like Matthew, at ich passer-by his toll of truth.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894. A man's character like a fence—you cannot strengthen it by whitewash.

Look After the Prisoners

The discharged prisoners from the

Pittsfield, Mass., jail are being looked after by the Good Citizenship Committee of the Christian Endeavor Union. Prof. Huxley on Smoking. Prof. Huxley said: "Smoking is a comfortable and laudable practice, is productive of good, and there is no

more harm in a pipe of tobacco than in Policy is more often to blame for ome men's honesty than principle.

Jean Richepin, the famous French playwright, was only a few years ago a porter in a Parisian hotel.

There are 189 widows of fifts 1,176 divorces of the same age.

Keep Your House Clean With SAPOLIO

"I have been using CASCARETS and as a mild and effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were bothered with sick stomach and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a great help in the family. WILHELMINA NAGEL. CANDY

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package, and our

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Twenty-five Cents a Bettle.

AITCKELLA COMPOUND

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will not Lenefit. Send 5 cts. to Uteans Chemics Co. New York, for to sample, and 1900 testimonials trafficted with } Thompson's Eye Water 1127

Early Marriages. The farther south one goes the earfler one finds marriages take place. A census was lately taken in Algeria, and it was found that the youngest Arab married man was twelve years old, and that there were very many Loys who

were married at thirteen and fourteen, while some at fifteen years had several wives. There is a youthful Algerian widow of fifteen and a divorced hasband of the same age. Girls are still more precocious, and are sometim s married when only eleven years old, hough twelve is the more usual ago, There are 180 widows of fifteen, and

"A Handful of Dirt May be a Houseful of Shame."