

**FOR THEE.**  
The sun, with its glories unspread,  
Is gliding the land and the sea,  
And I fancy it smiles as it glides  
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The birds, with their songs of delight,  
Are waking the morning with glee,  
And they're singing—'I fancy I'm right—  
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The roses that grow at thy door,  
The daisies that nod at thy feet,  
Their sweetness I fancy outpour  
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!

The love that endures in my breast,  
The worship my feelings decree,  
I know are most truly possessed  
For thee, little sweetheart, for thee!  
—London Sun.

**IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.**

There was an air of suppressed excitement among the members of the C. E. Club which culminated in an open demonstration as the reading of the constitution was demanded. The President rapped loudly for order.

"It has been requested that the constitution be read," said, in a clear, high soprano.

"This organization shall be called 'The Chaney Elopement Club.' Absolute secrecy as to time and particulars of elopement shall be maintained even between members. Membership shall be limited to seven, and shall consist of the moment a wedding ring is placed on a true sister's finger. The older the man involved in eloping, the more credit shall be given the departing sister. Boys under 18 are not to be considered responsible. No wedding trips are also barred. The penalty for being a member longer than two years is expulsion. Each departing member shall suggest a sister to take her place."

"You have heard the reading of the constitution," said the President, rising from his chair. "Now, what action is to be taken?"

"Madam President"—a tall girl arose with a malicious sparkle in her black eyes—"the reading of the constitution was demanded for the purpose of calling attention to the clause which reads that the penalty for being a member for over two years is expulsion. We have one such member. I think it time that action was taken."

The members gazed at the audacious girl for some moments, and then breathed for the President's answer. That official raised her head defiantly, and said haughtily:

"I presume that you mean me, Miss Andrews? I believe that I alone represent the original seven."

"I do; and I move that the Vice President take the chair while we consider the case."

"One moment, please," the President turned to the Secretary. "Will you kindly look up the time of my membership?"

"And did she silence the Secretary reported: "There are two months remaining, Madam President."

"I thought so," the President turned to the club, ignoring her of the black eyes. "You see," she said, "that it is impossible for the club to take any such step as the member moved, for the present. I will say, however, that such action will never become necessary in my case," and a resolute look came into the blue eyes.

"O, Gracie!" broke from the girls in a tone of surprise. "I have seen secret that the fair President had been engaged for some two years to a dignified professor of science, a man some twenty years her senior."

Grace walked away. "The hateful thing!" she exclaimed, the tears filling her eyes in spite of herself. "I'll show her! He does love me! He does! He will do anything I wish; only he does not approve of eloping. Oh, I wish that he did! But I'll manage somehow, and he must do it, whether he approves or not."

"A month is passed, and still no opportunity presented itself for putting into practice any one of her numerous plans. Grace was almost in despair. Sadie Andrews openly laughed her to scorn as the time passed and Gracie was still Grace Dawson. Many of the girls looked dubious, and smiled faintly when Sadie would triumphantly ejaculate: "I told you so," in their presence. Grace preserved a calm bearing outwardly, but inwardly raged at her helplessness.

One day a merry party of excursionists boarded a boat, and went for an outing thirty miles down the river. Among them were Grace and Professor Harper. The C. E. Club was out in full force, and a long speech from itself in the maiden's mind that this should be the eventful occasion.

A cave in the vicinity visited an lunch partaken of, the party broke up into groups of two or three and scattered over the hills into the woods, the Captain of the vessel catching them against straying too far away, as the boat would put out promptly at 5 o'clock. As was natural, Grace and the professor sauntered off together.

"Now where shall we go?" inquired the professor. "Have you any special place you would like to visit?"

"I thought," said the artful miss, "that perhaps we might find some specimens of the adamant pedatum."

"True, my dear. Let me see what the time is. We don't want to go so far that we will not be able to get back to the boat in time."

He drew out his watch, but before he could glance at it Grace had snatched it from him.

"Now, guess, Herbert," she cried, merrily, putting her hands behind her. "Guess the time."

"Professor Harper smiled indulgently. "It must be 2 o'clock or after," he said.

"Oh, you had guessed!" said Gracie, laughing, handed back the watch. "It is only half past 1."

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the professor, amazed. "I was almost positive that it was after 2. That will give us time for a long tramp."

So on they went farther and farther into the woods, until at last, with arms filled with the specimens of maidenhair, they sat down on a mossy stone to analyze them. Suddenly the professor seemed to have a fresh idea. He was stying and whipped out his watch.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. "We will barely have time to get to the boat. It is 4 o'clock now. We must hurry, Gracie."

"They had not gone far before the deep whistles sounded in their ears.

"Why! We can never reach that boat in time in the world! We must run for it, Grace."

Grace hung her head, but made no reply.

"Grace!" he exclaimed, "I believe that you did it, and on purpose. Did you?"

Grace nodded.

"But why, child? Why should you want to be left out here in the woods? 'I'm going to run off with you, Herbert; so that you might as well make up your mind to it."

"Why! What does the girl mean?" gasped the professor, in amazement.

"But why, child? If you will agree to marry me right away I know a man that lives about a mile from here who will drive us to Chaney. If you don't promise I will not tell you where he lives, and you will just have to stay here all night."

Professor Harper stared at her for a moment in astonishment; and then, as her meaning burst upon him, gave vent to a roar of laughter. Grace's lips quivered.

"Oh, I surrender! I surrender!" cried the professor, hastily. "I will do anything you ask, my dear. But what a desperate character you are."

Shamefaced, but determined, Grace led the chucking professor to the house of a farmer with whom arrangements were soon concluded to drive them to Chaney.

"You don't really mind, do you, Herbert?" whispered Grace, as they reached the house of the minister.

"Mind? No, I wish we had done this long ago," whispered back the professor, smiling boyishly. "I haven't been on such a lark for years."

The C. E. Club held a private jollification when it was known that Professor Harper and Grace Dawson had eloped, and the villagers wondered at the depravity of a man of his age.

"All the same, my dear," said the professor to his wife, "I hope that you won't always use such desperate methods to obtain your own way."—Ex.

**About Horse Rite.**  
"A few days ago," relates a solicitor in an English paper, "as I was sitting with my friend D.—in his office, a messenger came and said: 'Mr. W., the livery stable-keeper, tricked me shamefully yesterday, and I want to be even with him.'"

"State your case," said D.—

"I asked how much he'd charge for a horse to go to Richmond. He said he'd take the horse and the carriage, and when I came back, he said he wanted another half sovereign for coming back, and made me pay it."

"D— gave his client some legal advice, which he immediately acted upon as follows: He went to the livery stable, and asked the man how much he would charge for a horse to go to Windsor?"

"The man replied: 'A sovereign.'"

"Client accordingly went to Windsor, came back by rail and went to the livery stable-keeper, saying:

"Show me your money," paying him a sovereign.

"Where is my horse?" said W.—

"He's at Windsor," answered the client. "I hired him only to go to Windsor."

**AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION.**  
SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE BASED ON MERITS.

The importance of informing the Public of the Value of an Article Through the Leading Newspapers.

The few remedies which have attained to the position of being the most successful and giving satisfaction to millions of people everywhere, are the products of the knowledge of the most eminent physicians, and presented in the form most acceptable to the human system by the skill of the chemist, and the use of the most successful examples is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. This is a simple, natural, and healthy preparation, and its effects are so beneficial, that it is known to individuals here and there, it is thought good, but now-a-days a laxative is needed to give relief to the bowels, and never used Syrup of Figs, give it trial; you will be amazed to find how it opens up to your friends or to any who suffer from constipation, over-feeding, colds, headaches, biliousness, or other ills resulting from an inactive condition of the kidneys, liver and bowels.

By manufacturing the pleasant family laxative made by the California Fig Syrup Co., and named Syrup of Figs, we are able to give you a pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal properties of the remedy are obtained from the natural laxative of plants known to be medicinal laxative and to act most beneficially. The true and original remedy is Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., and is the only one of its kind in the United States through which to inform the public of the merits of its remedy.

**The Spider's Appetite.**  
The spider has a tremendous appetite and his web is a deadly trap for his human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in twenty-four hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scale he would eat at daybreak (approximately) 100 lbs. of meat, 100 lbs. of fish, 100 lbs. of a sheep, and would finish up with a lark pie in which there were 120 birds. Yet, in spite of his enormous appetite, a spider has wonderful power of restraining himself from food, and one has been known to live for ten months when absolutely deprived of food. A beetle lived in a similar state of unrefreshment for three years!—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**How the Sermon was Spoiled.**  
Rev. Simon J. McPherson preached on "The Sermon on the Mount" in New York recently. He pictured in burning words the terrors awaiting the unrepentant wicked in the next world. His sermon made a deep impression on the congregation. The organist had not known the subject of the sermon when he sat down to play, and he had been told to play the organ. The organist began to play the air planissimo, and a broad grin spread over every face. Dr. McPherson looked appealingly upward to the organist, and then turned over the leaves of the hymn book with desperate eagerness. The organist left his pipes, and hurried down to the pastor.

"We must change that response," whispered the pastor.

"Why?" asked the organist innocently.

"I have been preaching on 'Hell,'" said the Doctor, "and the response you have chosen is 'What Must It Be to Be There?'"

The organist grinned as he climbed to the organ and started up "Art Thou Weary?"

**Stage Directions.**  
Stage Manager—You do not inject enough contempt, spite and venom in that word.

**Access—It can do no better.**  
Manager—Access? Speak it just as you would say "plumb" when you meet a rival in an imitation salskita jacket.—Tid-Bit.

**PERFECT womanhood depends on perfect health.**  
Nature's rarest gifts of physical beauty vanish before pain.

Sweet dispositions turn morbid and fretful.

The possessions that win good husbands and keep their love should be guarded by woman every moment of their lives.

The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from derangement of the feminine organs.

Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their beauty, barely in time to save their lives. Many other thousands have availed of the generous invitation of Mrs. Pinkham to counsel all suffering women free of charge.

Mrs. H. J. GARRETON, Bound Brook, N. J., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with the best results and can say from my heart that your medicines are wonderful. My physician called my trouble chronic inflammation of the left ovary. For years I suffered very much, but thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and kind advice, I am today a well woman. I would say to all suffering women, take Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and your sufferings will vanish."

Mrs. MAGGIE PHILLIPS, of Ladoga, Ind., writes:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For four years I suffered from ulceration of the womb. I became so weak I could not walk across the room without help. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and wrote for special information. I began to improve from the first bottle, and am now fully restored to health."



**Very Natural Conclusions.**  
"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me what a propoganda is?" The little fellow looked at the ceiling and wrinkled his brow as he bravely wrestled with the problem, and finally replied: "I don't know for sure, but I think it must be a 'goose's brother.'"

**A Poser for the Elderly Person.**  
"Ah!" sighed the elderly visitor, "would that I were a little girl again like you." "Well," replied 4-year-old Ethel, "let's play that you are my little girl and your pretent to be naughty and I'll whip you and send you off to bed without your supper."

**Why Tommy Was Nervous.**  
Teacher—What's the matter with you today, Tommy? You seem to be nervous and uneasy.

Tommy—I am. Yesterday was my pa and ma's wooden wedding and nearly all the neighbors sent 'em shingles.

**Electricity used to fire the powder in a new flashlight apparatus, a sparkless device being operated by pushing a button at the end of a grip held in the hand, which closes the circuit and sets fire to a fuse running to a pile of the powder.**

An Englishman has patented a bicycle tire which has a double row of airtight tubes overlapping each other inside the shoe, with a valve for each tube, the advantage being that, in case of puncture of the outer tube, the inner tube still will embrood her?

For use in holding the work while sewing a Kansas woman has invented a new device which has a pair of spring jaws to grip the work, with a screw clamp at the rear, to be attached to the edge of a table or sewing machine to keep the holder in place.

**Resting Irons.**  
To prevent irons from rusting, wrap them in brown paper and put them away in a dry place. If they have already become rusty they may be brightened again by rubbing them over a smooth board sprinkled with white sand.

**Principle of the Thing.**  
"Feller spoke disrespectfully of my sister."

"What did he say?"

"Said my sister were false teeth."

"Does she?"

"Hein't got no sister. It was the principle of the thing that I got licked for!"

**PERFECT WOMANHOOD**

**FOR LITTLE FOLKS.**

**RECENT INVENTIONS.**

**RUPTURE**

**BOMBEROW AND BOMBEROWE**  
AMONG THE MUSCLES AND JOINTS

The Pain and Aches of

**RHEUMATISM**

comes Right on its track

**St. Jacobs Oil**

CREEPS IN

It Penetrates, Soothers, Drives Out.

**FOR LITTLE FOLKS.**

**CHAINED LIBRARIES.**

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**Modern Science Recognizes RHEUMATISM as a Disease of the Blood**

There is a popular idea that this disease is caused by exposure to cold, and that some localities are infected with it more than others. Such conditions frequently promote the development of the disease, but from the fact that this ailment runs in certain families, it is shown to be hereditary, and consequently a disease of the blood.

**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE**

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**DR. SETHARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER**

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**SYRUP OF FIGS**

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**Creeping Consumption**

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