AN OLD TALE RETRIMMED.

At sweet sixteen the maiden fair,
With many lovers busy
Will tilt her nose up in the air
And ask with quite a haughty stare,
"Who is he? Oh, who is he?"

At twenty-five she's more subdued—
With sweethearts not so busy—
Still doubtful men must not intrude.
She asks—with no wish to be rude—
"What is he? Oh, what is he?"

But at the age of thirty-five,
With hope deferred quite dizzy,
She works on quite a different plan
And cries when hearing of a man—
"Where is he? Oh, where is he?"
—New York Herald.

Barnaby's Escape.

NEVER had a nephew better reasons for striving to keep on good terms with his uncle. There was the profitable business in the city which John Goldby had promised should be his when he retired, and there was Bessie. Barnaby Morton thought a good deal more of his pretty cousin than of the business—naturally, for the business had no mind to change, and Bessie had.

They were not engaged. John Goldby, perhaps, for reasons of his own, possibly in Bessie's interest, had forbidden him to ask the momentous question until she had seen a little more of the world.

"There's plenty of time for that," he said, and refused to listen to argument. Had his answer been favorable, most likely Bessie would have laughed in her lover's face—they had so long been as brother and sister. But she liked him better than any one else, she had told him so.

Such was the situation when Barnaby was requested to look after his uncle's house during the absence of the family at Brighton.

"I don't want you to neglect the business, you know," John Goldby exclaimed. "You can leave an hour sooner, then you'll get here at 6. Don't be absent at night on any account; and if you go out for a walk, mind you come in early. The parlor maid goes with us, but the cook will be here to attend to you."

His concluding words were:

"Now don't let there be another burglary."

Barnaby promised to obey every injunction faithfully. But—he wouldn't have believed that Bessie's absence could make such a difference—he found those evenings at Mayhorn Villa deadly dull. Seven of them he bore, then tempered his solitude with friends, to whom he gave little dinners in return for their companionship.

One afternoon the most obliging of these young gentlemen, a doctor whose practice had scarcely begun to sprout, called at Mr. Goldby's office in the city.

"I want you to do me a favor, Morton," said he. "You know Miss Trevor. I've persuaded her to let me take her to the theater to-night. Her aunt goes, of course. I should be eternally obliged if you would contrive to meet us—quite by accident, you know—and take charge of the old lady. She's spoiled every opportunity I've had so far, and I want to bring the affair to a head.

"I'm very sorry, Selby," Barnaby rejoined. "You know I promised the governor I would spend every evening at his house."

"Yes; but you're the only fellow I'm acquainted with who knows Miss Trevor and her aunt. I'm afraid a stranger to them wouldn't be able to help me much When is the governor expected back?"

"To-morrow."

"And he has been away three weeks. Burglars don't work haphazard. If a robbery had been planned, your presence every night would have spoiled it. Besides, you get home before 12. Come, I make a personal matter of it."

Barnaby hesitated, and of course was lost. But he did not abandon the position all at once.

"I know I ought not to go, Dick. It's only two years since the house was burgled. If anything were to happen, uncle would never forgive me. Still, if I were in your place, you would help me out if you could."

"Yes, I would. But why not set a few burglar traps? You'll be all right then, if this very improbable event should take place."

"What sort of traps?"

"Some of my own invention. You've heard of McCloskey's whisky that killed at forty rods—dropped the drinker at any rate?"

Barnaby nodded.

"Well, my traps are like that. I'll run back to the surgery and get the stuff. Meet me at Waterloo at 4 o'clock."

They met at the appointed hour. Selby had the burglar traps in a medicine bottle. Thirty-five minutes later they were at Maythorn Villa, preparing to set them.

"Three will be sufficient," said the inventor. "One for the pantry, where the plate is kept; one for your aunt's dressing room where you say she keeps her jewels; the other for the drawing room, which is littered with valuable nick-knacks. Half fill three decanters with mixed port and brandy—plenty of brandy, you know, for the burglar may taste the stuff—and get three wine glasses."

Barnaby procured these adjuncts. Selby divided the contents of the medicine bottle between the decanters.

"It's a strong preparation of opiates," he explained. "All you have to do is to put a decanter and glass in each of the safes and another in the drawing room. If a burglar enters any of these rooms the first thing he will see will be the wine. He'll pour out a glassful, gulp it down—they're thirsty souls, are burglars—smack his lips and drop in about a minute and a half. It won't hurt him, but you will find him here to-morrow."

"It's a good idea," said Barnaby, "but suppose the cook discovers the stuff?"

"You must warn her."

When the traps had been set so that the most purblind burglar could not fail to see them, Barnaby went to the kitchen.

"Look here, Mary," said he, "I'm going out. I've put three decanters of wine about the house. Don't touch them."

The cook fired up in an instant.

"What do you take me for?" she demanded.

"A woman, Mary. Remember what happened in Eden, and don't be tempted."

He retreated in a hurry, dressed, and left the house with Selby, perfectly easy in his mind. At the theater he met his friend and the ladies, by the merest chance, most carefully arranged, of course, but despite his earnest endeavor to be of service, he could not procure Selby the desired opportunity. However, when they reached the street after the play it was raining fast, the doctor had an inspiration. Instead of calling a growler he hailed two hansoms, bustled the younger lady into one, jumped in himself, and was driven off, leaving the astonished and angry chaperon with his friend. The trick succeeded admirably, but Barnaby missed the last train to Twickenham in consequence.

Meanwhile the Goldbys had been enjoying their annual holiday, especially Bessie. She had formed the acquaintance of a certain Captain Dashbury, and, alas! for woman's constancy, had almost made up her mind that she could never be more than a sister to Barnaby now. And John Goldby was equally well disposed toward the gallant officer; indeed, he told Mrs. G. that with the money Bessie would have, he had always expected her to marry into one of the professions.

Just about the time that Barnaby and his chum were setting the burglar traps, Mr. Goldby and his new acquaintance were sauntering along the King's Road.

"By the way," said the captain, "I think of running up to town to-morrow. If you don't mind, Goldby, I'll travel with you."

John Goldby expressed the pleasure he felt.

"You must come to Twickenham and dine with us," he added. "I won't take a refusal."

"I sha'n't give you the chance," laughed the captain.

When they separated John Goldby hurried to the nearest office and sent a long telegram of instructions to the cook, reply prepaid. He also wired to Barnaby at the office—there was just time to catch him before 5—and the cook would need money to get some of the things he had ordered for the dinner on the morrow. He then returned home to await the answers. None were forthcoming. He waited an hour, then thinking the telegrams might have miscarried, he repeated them, sending Barnaby's to Maythorn Villa. Still there was no answer. By this time he was thoroughly alarmed.

"There must be something wrong," he told his wife and daughter. "Who knows? The house may have been robbed and Barnaby and the cook both murdered in their beds! I shall go home at once. You had better follow on the first train in to-morrow. Mind you bring Captain Dashbury," and he rushed away.

Shortly after 11 o'clock next morning Mrs. Goldby and Bessie, escorted by the captain and accompanied by their maid, arrived at Twickenham station, and leaving the luggage to follow, proceeded home in a hired landau. Fifteen minutes later they reached Maythorn Villa. Captain Dashbury rang. No one came to the door. He rang again and knocked. No result. The house seemed deserted, strangely silent. Mrs. Goldby noticed that all the blinds were drawn.

"What can have happened?" she cried, and ran to the back. The door was wide open. Passing swiftly through the hall, she admitted the others, and went straight to the drawing room. Next instant, a shriek, such as only a terrified woman can utter, startled all within hearing. Bessie followed quickly, and found her mother staring with frightened eyes at the body of a man lying flat on his back on the hearthstone.

It was John Goldby, not dead, indeed, but snoring almost loud enough to wake the dead.

"He's been murdered!" cried Bessie, and she burst into tears.

But Captain Dashbury knew better.

"No, no! It isn't so bad as that. Don't distress yourself. He's only in a fit," he said, and stooping, he unfastened the insensible gentleman's collar, and tried to lift him into a chair. But John Goldby was no light weight, and the captain had to let him fall; indeed, he fell with him, rising deadly pale.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," murmured poor, terrified Mrs. Goldby, glancing hastily round for a cordial. A decanter and wine glass stood on a gypsy table. Seizing both she poured out a draught of the liquor, though her fingers trembled so that she quite spoiled the carpet. "Drink this!" she cried.

He took the glass and gulped down the wine. As he did so, the maid burst into the room wringing her hands.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, I've been to the kitchen. Cook's fast asleep in her chair, and I can't wake her."

"What shall we do?" cried Bessie. "Captain Dashbury, what are we to do?" But the captain was staggering about the room.

"That wine's drugged," he muttered, and fell on an ottoman insensible.

The maid rushed from the house shouting for the police. At the garden gate she ran against Barnaby in evening dress. He had been to the office to see the letters and had now come to assure himself that all was right at Maythorn Villa, change his clothes, and give the cook a sum of money, as instructed by the telegram.

"Back already?" he cried. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Go in, go in," she answered, and shouted "Police!" louder than before.

Instinctively he guessed something of what had happened, but he was quite unprepared for the reality. Hurrying into the house he saw his uncle and a stranger lying insensible, his aunt and cousin in hysterics, and ran at his best speed for a doctor and stomach pump.

"This has ruined me!" he muttered as he ran. "Uncle will never let me have Bessie now. Dick Selby, you will have something to answer for."

Luckily, Dr. Maddock was at home. Bringing antidotes and the necessary instrument, he returned with the remorseful Barnaby. A police sergeant and a constable were in the room. They had lifted John Goldby into a chair. Having tasted the drugged wine, Dr. Maddock examined the master of the house.

"He'll soon be all right," he said cheerfully. "He'll wake up of his own acord shortly. Better let him sleep it off where he is." He turned to Captain Dashbury, whom the officers were steadfastly regarding. "I understand this gentleman has only just taken the opiate. He'll come round sooner if we use the stomach-pump. Perhaps you will carry him out of the room, officers?"

"Before we move him," said the sergeant, glancing toward Mrs. Goldby, who, assured of her husband's safety, was almost herself again. "I should like to know what he calls himself and what he is doing in Mr. Goldby's house?"

"He is Captain Dashbury," she answered. He is here by Mr. Goldby's invitation."

"He may call himself Captain Dashbury," rejoined the sergeant, with a grim smile. "He went by the name of Robert Hawkins the last time I saw him. It was at the old Bailey, where he got five years for swindling. I should say he's out on ticket-of-leave now and I should get him out of this double quick, Jones," turning to his companion, "fetch another officer and a stretcher. He'll go very quietly, I don't doubt, and the police surgeon will bring him round. I'm curious to know where he reported last."

The constable left the house.

Pale enough Bessie had been until the sergeant uttered the damning statement. Her face as she stole from the room was crimson.

Barnaby was saved, though he was quite unaware of it.

Mr. Goldby awoke dazed, unable at first to comprehend what had happened to him. But when all was made clear he wrung Barnaby's hand.

"Don't worry about dosing me, my boy," he said, "I owe you more than you think. I was in a pretty state when I found the cook asleep and was unable to arouse her, and I drank a glass of wine to steady my nerves. I must have dropped almost instantly. But we'll say no more about it."

The cook also recovered speedily. She had slept since 5 o'clock the previous evening. Of course, she declared that she never would have thought of touching the wine if Barnaby had not aroused her curiosity.

John Goldby never told Barnaby what had passed between the bogus captain and Bessie at Brighton, nor has Mrs. Barnaby Morton yet found courage to confess. Of Robert Hawkins nothing more was heard, except that he was handed over to the authorities of another town and sent back to prison for failing to report himself.—Waverley Magazine.

MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

For Many Years She Was One of Society's Handsomest Leaders.

Mrs. William C. Whitney, who died recently, at the Whitney country home on Long Island, was one of three handsome daughters of Dr. William May, of Baltimore, and was long a social leader. As a girl Edith May visited Germany with her father and there met Capt. Randolph, a dashing officer of the English army. Randolph was married, but fell in love with the beautiful American and went to England for a divorce. He got it. Long before this Dr. May had taken his daughters back to Baltimore, as he did not approve of the English officer's attentions. Capt. Randolph came to this country later, when he was free to marry, and Dr. May gave his consent. The marriage took place. Capt. Randolph was stationed in Canada and there the family lived until his death. Then the widow returned to New York. Her means were modest, but she was popular in society.

MRS. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

Mrs. Whitney remained a widow for some years after the death of her first husband. On Sept. 29, 1896, she was married to William C. Whitney in St. Savior's Church at Bar Harbor, in the presence of a few friends. Mr. Whitney had been a widower then for four years. His first wife and the second Mrs. Whitney had been friends for some years and the families were frequently together. Mrs. Whitney was related to many families well known in New York society, as, for example, the Kanes, Winthrops and Oelrichses.

Mrs. Whitney met in 1898 with the accident which resulted in her death. On Feb. 21 she was riding to one of the hunts at Aiken, S. C. While she was riding under a bridge her head struck a timber. She had frequently ridden under the same bridge without accident. But it happened on this day that she was riding a hunter much larger than the horse she habitually rode. She was knocked off the horse and ever after that time was practically a helpless invalid. She was removed to New York as soon as her condition made it possible. Later she was removed in her husband's yacht to Bar Harbor, and finally was taken to Westbury, L. I. Mrs. Whitney had always been fond of racing, and a special track was laid out for her at Westbury so situated that she could watch the contests on it from a window of her room. Mrs. Whitney had two daughters by her first husband and they survive.

Looking Ahead.

"It is only a matter of time," said Golfer, "when the expansion policy will carry us into Canada."

"What makes you think that?"

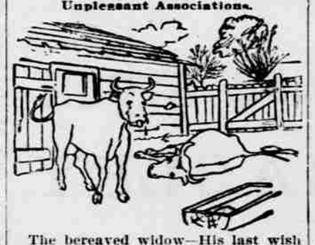
"Oh, we will need the land on the other side of the border for golf links."—Philadelphia North American.

How.

Parliamentary candidate (explaining away his defeat)—Yes, gentlemen, I have been defeated; but how have I been defeated?

Voice in the crowd—You didn't get enough votes.—Tit-Bits.

Unpleasant Associations.



The bereaved widow—His last wish was to be embalmed, but I hate to do it after so much scandal.—New York World.

Sincere Grief.

Funeral director (to gentleman)—Are you one of the mourners?

Gentleman—Yes; he owed me $500.

Agrees with Henry Clay.

Biggs—They say young Wright has just inherited $1,000,000.

Baggs—In that case I'd rather be Wright than be President.—Judge.

Just as Good.

Yeast—Did you ever take any of those mud baths?

Crimsonbeak—Well, I ran for office once.—Yonkers Statesman.

A male boxer puts up his "dukes," therefore a female boxer should put up her "duchesses."

BACKACHE is a symptom.

Something makes the backache and that something requires attention or the backache can never be permanently stopped. "I suffered for years with a long list of troubles," writes MRS. C. KLENK, of Wells, Minn. (Box 151), to Mrs. Pinkham, "and I want to thank you for my complete recovery. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for women.

WEARINESS OF BACKACHE

"I had severe female complaints causing terrible backache and nervous prostration; was dizzy most of the time, had headache and such a tired feeling. I now have taken seven bottles of your Compound and have also used the Sanative Wash and feel like a new woman. I must say I never had anything help me so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I sleep well at night, and can work all day without feeling tired. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all the credit, for I know it has cured me of all my troubles. I would not do without your remedies for anything."

MRS. E. FURTON, of Meade, Mich., writes: "Two years ago I was troubled with constant backache and headache and was very nervous. I resolved to try your medicine and took two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and on taking the third a tumor was expelled. I was a little frightened and sent for the doctor; and he said that it was fortunate for me that it came away. I got quite well after that and have your Compound alone to thank for my recovery."

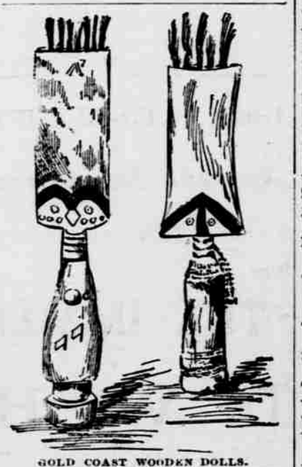
Multitudes of women suffer constantly with backache. Other grateful multitudes have been relieved of it by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

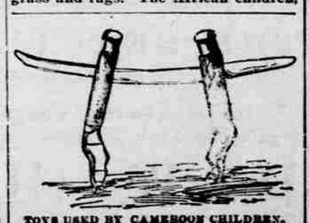
The life of an African baby contrasted with that of an American infant shows a striking difference in the manner of the cultivation of children by barbarians and civilized people. The African children, even the weakest and the youngest, are almost totally neglected. They are carried around by their mothers until they are old enough to be left alone. The mother takes the child on her back or shoulder or hip, and while thus supporting it performs all the work in the field and at home. She is more of a slave than a wife and performs all the manual labor, while the husband lounges about drinking, smoking or doing whatever pleases him most. He thinks little of his wife or wives and children. Polygamy is permitted and a man's wealth is estimated by his household contents and the number of his wives. The babies are considered precocious, and while they have no games or toys, they play in the dirt and sand and build mud houses like the American children do. They have dolls to play with, but those creations shown in the accompanying cuts from the New York Staats Zeitung would not be recognized as dolls by American children. The dolls are made by the mothers from wood, clay, hides, grass and rags. The African children, however, are hardy youngsters and the neglect they suffer while infants is a benefit to them physically in later life.

SPECIMENS OF MADAGASCAR DOLLS.

DOLL MADE FROM CLAY AND COTTON.



GOLD COAST WOODEN DOLLS.



TOYS USED BY CAMEROON CHILDREN.

Making Steel Pens.

Briefly described, steel pens are made as follows: First, the steel is rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches in width. The strips are heated to a bright red and are then allowed to cool gradually, which anneals them. They are next rolled to the necessary thinness, and are cut into blank flat pens, and the pens, while flat, are usually stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer.

To shape the pens is the next process. The rounding makes them hold the ink and distribute it more gradually and evenly than could be done if they were flat. To harden them they are heated to a cherry red, and then suddenly cooled. This not only hardens them, but makes them elastic. The polishing, slitting, pointing and finishing come next, and then they are ready for use. The little holes in the pens at the end of the slits serve to make them more elastic and to facilitate the flow of the ink. It is said that more steel is now used in the manufacture of pens than in that of swords. It is even claimed that the metal annually used in their manufacture weighs more than all the metal used in the manufacture of war implements. If this be true, much force is added to the time-honored saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Use of the Flag.

A visitor at a public school, being requested to address the pupils, spoke of the necessity of obeying their teacher and growing up to be useful, loyal and patriotic citizens. To emphasize his remarks, he pointed to a large national flag that almost covered one end of the room, and said: "Now, boys, who can tell me what that flag is there for?" One little fellow, who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker, replied: "I know, sir. It's to hide the dirt."

There Is a Difference.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "is there any difference between the words 'sufficient' and 'enough'?" "Yes'm," replied the youngster. "'Sufficient' is when mother thinks I have eaten enough pie, and 'enough' is when I think I have eaten sufficient."

Something Forgotten.

Little 4-year-old Edith had often observed her mother, when compelled to take bitter medicine, shiver and say "Ugh!" after swallowing it. One day she failed to make the usual exclamation, and Edith said: "Mamma, you forgot to make a face out loud."

Three Kinds of Force.

Teacher—Johnny, how many different kinds of force are there?

Johnny—Three kinds.

Teacher—Name them.

Johnny—Bodily force, mental force and the police force.

Father's Penholder.

A literary man, who was compelled by circumstances to use his family sitting room as a study, missed his penholder one evening while absorbed in writing a story.

He looked over his desk, through the pigeonholes and in the drawers, but it was nowhere in sight. It was not on the floor. He felt behind his ear. It was not there.

"This is what comes," he said, impatiently, "of trying to work where there is a houseful of children. Which one of you has taken my pen?"

The children looked at each other and laughed. He became irritated.

"I don't want any foolishness!" he exclaimed. "Where's that pen? Who has taken it?"

After a moment's pause one of the children said, slyly:

"If you'll laugh, papa, you will find it."

He stared at her in astonishment. Then, as her meaning slowly broke in upon him, he joined in the laugh, and the penholder fell out of his mouth, where it had been all the time.

How many of the little difficulties of this life one can extricate one's self from by a laugh!—Youth's Companion.

Legally Dead.

In Mexico when a man is condemned to death he is executed by being shot by a file of soldiers and the body is left where it falls, to be taken away by the man's friends, if he has any. Not long ago a worthless fellow was thus executed and left in the open country outside a small village. But after the officer in charge had inspected him, pronounced him dead and the soldiers had left the man got up, walked to the City of Mexico, thirty miles distant, and entered a hospital. He had a wound in his shoulder and two more on his skull, but soon recovered. The authorities now wanted to shoot him again, but the governor of the province decided that the man was legally dead, the lieutenant having said so, and the Mexican was released.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Nuts are securely locked in place by a new device, having the nut cut on one side to receive a lever, which is pivoted in such a position that when its long end is depressed the short end bites into the threads and prevents revolution of the nut.

To prevent the overflow of water in automatically filled reservoirs the lever which carries the float to cut off the supply when the tank is full is provided with an arm at the end to start a motor device and ring a bell when the water lifts the float too high.

Two New Yorkers have designed a kneading machine for mixing dough, a pan being mounted at the end of a vertical shaft, with fluted rollers inside the pan carried by loose spindles to revolve with the pan, the corrugations entering the mass of dough to mix it.

Gloves are made to go on the hand easier by the use of a new stretcher, which is of a similar shape to those now in use, with the exception that one finger is hollow and contains a powder which is discharged inside the glove when the stretcher is in operation.

In a newly patented door check an elastic roll is seated in concaved pockets in the door and casing, one end being attached to the door and the other to the jamb to twist with the movement of the door, forming a cushion which resists the closing of the door suddenly.

Photographic plates of any size can be washed in an improved box, vertical guideways being arranged on three sides, with a movable partition fitted across the box and having similar guideways on one face, the partition being adjusted to the size of plate to be washed.

"A Nice Evening."

Chinese customs and comestibles are so very queer that we never fail to find a Chinese bill-of-fare an interesting document. Three cyclists in the land of the Dragon Flag recently attended a full-dress Chinese dinner, with chopsticks in place of forks and spoons, festive Chinamen clad in purple, blue and green jackets over their gayest frocks, and a menu of which they have given the benefit to the public in Travel.

"The meal was of the usual Chinese topsyturvy order. It began with sweets and ended with soup. First there was served a liquid like warm sherry, together with little jam dumplings and a vermicelli concoction called almond tea. Then we sat down to twelve dishes arranged on the tables; sugar cane, cherries, shrimps, dates, cuttlefish, oranges, slices of preserved duck, preserved walnuts and so on, every one helping himself by means of chop-sticks, and washing all down with draughts of hot wine.

"Then we came to the more serious part of the entertainment—shark's fins, jellyfish, sea slugs, wild ducks, mushrooms, lotus nuts, pickled pigeon's eggs, duck and pork, rice floating in candied water and birds'-nest soup. When we had rested ten minutes from our labors, a bucket of hot plain rice was placed in the center of the table, and everybody filled himself up according to individual capacity. It was a nice evening."

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes Tight or new Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching and Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

After a man has made a good record for himself, it is time enough to hunt up the pedigree somebody has left him.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

The destiny of nations lies far more in the hands of women—the mothers—than in the possessors of power.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Nothing engages our interest and attention more than some of the things that never happen.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

The true reward of a workman is not high wages, but the consciousness of having done a good job.

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.

A snob is a private party who overrates himself and underrates others.

Earth has no brighter blossom than the little child smiling through rags.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Yes, it costs something to be a Christian. But it costs more not to be.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JOSEPH PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

The real character of any act depends very largely upon the motive of the actor.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The man who is determined to win is sure to; there is not enough bad luck in the world to beat him.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. E. 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 sauciest man I know of is a hen pecked husband—when he is away from home.

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

Love is never lost. If not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart.

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.

A Broadside.

Mabel—You should see the French count who is dancing attendance upon me.

Susie—Ah, a French dancing master, dear?—Philadelphia North American.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Some persons say they are never influenced by an advertisement.

It is not expected that any one will buy Ivory Soap solely because it is suggested by an advertisement, but if you have never used Ivory Soap, you may be induced to ask some friend about it; should you find—as you probably will—that *she* is enthusiastic in its praise, then *you* may try it.

Millions of people use Ivory Soap; they use it because they like it. You too will like it. There is a difference in soaps.

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RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

CARMEL faith leads to Carmel victory.

Self-conquest is the truest royalty.

Religion and reason never disagree.

Many a God-sent affliction has been a bridle to check presumption.

Bigotry is not peculiar to religion.

Even in private we are overheard by God.

Notoriety is cheap to get, but dear to keep.

Love is the one universal badge of the Christian.

Christ did for man what the Creator did for matter.

There is nothing truly "God-forsaken" in the world.

Love's flowers are our feelings; its fruits are our deeds.

It is better to go home on foot than to prison in a palace car.

It is always easier to recognize a debtor than a creditor.

The fairest joys bloom where the bitterest tears have fallen.

It does not change the truth to look at it with colored glasses.

The great wonder is not His miracles, but the Miracle of Himself.

God cannot help the man who does not feel the need of His help.

Some men will not worship God because God will not worship them.

It is the goodness you are looking for in others that will fill your own life.

A society gentleman is often a man with white hands and a black heart.

The man cannot help being an optimist who is looking to God all the time.

The secret Christian will either fail to be a secret, or he will fail to be a Christian.

If you count your meridians from Christ, you may wander where you will.

The fleeting smile of the world may be purchased at the price of eternal tears.

"Thy kingdom come" will not be answered till you let it come in your own heart.

The man who wants to work for God doesn't have to go to an employment agency.

Religious worship is dying out. People too often go to church to be entertained.

The sermon that is born in the preacher's heart makes itself at home in the hearer's.

If no one finds fault with you, remember that nobody notices the dirt on a poker.

Many preachers think they are brave because they whip God's saints and let the devil alone.

The man who is learning by his mistakes will be a busy student, and, some day, a wise one.

Wild Collies.

The dog has not hitherto been classed among the wild animals of Canada, but it would not be altogether wrong to put him into that category. A Manitoba paper, the Western Prairie, vouches and accounts for the presence of wild dogs in Canada.

They live in the great woods of the Turtle Mountains, and are collies that are wonderfully fleet and wild and watchful, and are fast increasing in numbers. They belonged at one time to the half-breed population, but have renounced even that measure of civilization and become quite wild.

They live by catching and devouring rabbits, and protect themselves from the cold by burrowing in the ground, just as wolves do, generally selecting a situation protected by brushwood or fallen timber. Settlers are in the habit of capturing the young puppies, when a den can be found.

The puppies are easily tamed and prove superior dogs, as they combine the qualities of civilized and wild dog nature. They possess amazing swiftness, energy and intelligence, and are obedient and self-reliant.

An Old-Fashioned Custom.

The practice so common among merchants and clerks of placing the pen behind the ear is very ancient. According to accounts, the scribes in ancient Egypt would clap their reed pencils behind their ears, while listening or resting from their work. In the middle ages also, public clerks and registrars were accustomed to carry the pen behind the ear.

Learn to avoid detail. It will help you when on the witness stand, and will often save embarrassment when you are telling an innocent little story.

Eating thirty quail in thirty days can't be much of a feat; many a man has eaten beefsteak every day for fifty days.

We are told the cat has nine lives and we are inclined to believe it spends eight of them in vocal culture.

If a girl is really fond of music, her own piano playing will make her sick.

A coincidence is the antiquated plea of the plagiarist.

Character cannot be talked into or taught into a child; it must be lived into him.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give $100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief." AYLMER L. HUNT, 1229 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

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