THE STORK.

Last night the Stork came stalking,
And, Stork, beneath your wing
Lay, lapped in dreamless slumber,
The tiniest little thing!
From Babyland, out yonder
Beside a silver sea,
You brought a priceless treasure
As gift to mine and me!

Last night, my dear one listened—
And, wife, you knew the cry—
The dear old Stork has sought our home
A many times gone by!
And in your gentle bosom
I found the pretty thing
That from the realm out yonder
Our friend the Stork did bring.

Last night a babe awakened,
And, babe, how strange and new
Must seem the home and people
The Stork has brought you to;
And yet methinks you like them—
You neither stare nor weep,
But closer to my dear one
You cuddle, and you sleep!

Last night my heart grew fonder—
O happy heart of mine,
Sing of the inspirations
That round my pathway shine!
And sing your sweetest love song
To this dear nestling wee
The Stork from "Way-Out-Yonder
Hath brought to mine and me!
—Eugene Field.

Hunting an Heiress.

"SHE must be ill," said Ettie Hall to herself, "or else she would have been here long ago. Poor Justine! Somehow things are arranged strangely in this world! I can't understand what it all means, nor what I have done that I should be rich and courted, while Justine Maynard, who was my classmate at Mme. Paulini's, trims dresses for a living. She isn't to blame because her guardian was a villain. I deserve no credit for the skillful management of Uncle Crotchley, whereby my pennies all became dollars. I only wish she would let me divide with her, but she has too much of the haughty Maynard blood in her veins for that. I'll go and see her."

Just as she came out the maid brought up a card on a silver salver. Her telltale eyes sparkled as she glanced at the Roman-lettered inscription on one side:

Markham Fernley.

And then taking it up perused on the reverse the following words:

"May I accompany you to the opera to-night? Florine has a box, and Salterelli will sing."

"Please, ma'am," said Barbara, the maid, "the man is waiting for an answer."

Ettie caught up a sheet of notepaper, and hurriedly scribbled upon it the one word, "Yes."

"Give that to him," she said, and hurried off.

Justine Maynard's little room was no luxuriously appointed nest. Bare, and cold, and poverty-stricken, its cracked walls and sloping roof gained no glow from the rosy sunset, and Justine herself lay on the bed, with hands pressed to her throbbing forehead.

"Only a headache, dear," she said, essaying a faint smile, as Ettie Hall hurried toward her. "That is all. And I have been a little worried with the landlord; he will be back again presently for the money that I shall not be able to give him. If he would only wait until to-morrow."

"Let me pay him, Justine."

"I'm not [illegible] never yet so dear a will—no, not [illegible] how I can take that satin dress home and receive $5 for making it. I should have returned it to-night, but this pain makes a mere child of me."

Ettie turned, and for the first time saw a folded dress upon the table—a robe of satin, trimmed with lace.

"Justine," said she, "I've an idea. I'll take this dress home for you. I'll get the money and bring it back."

"Nonsense, Ettie."

Ettie deftly placed it within sheets of brown paper, wrapped and tied it up.

"Come, where is it to go?"

"To Miss Fernley, in Middletown square. O, Ettie! how shall I ever pay you for all your kindness?"

Ettie was tying a dark-brown veil so closely over her hat that Justine Maynard never saw the deep dye on her cheek. She was almost sorry she had offered to take Florine Fernley's new dress home. For a second her resolution wavered, and then she reproached herself for even that second's indecision.

It was not a long walk, for the Fernleys lived in Middletown square, but a few blocks distant. And Ettie went up the steps of the marble-fronted mansion, wondering if she should see Markham.

She was not certain, but was beginning to suspect that she liked the handsome young fellow, whose dark eyes and jetty curls were such a counterpart of her own blonde beauty.

A smart, blue-ribboned maid came to the door.

"Yes, Miss Fernley was at home," and with a supercilious insolence which made Ettie's blood boil the girl pointed up a dark stairway.

"Just up there and you'll find her. First door to the left."

Miss Ettie Hall followed the directions and found herself in a twilight apartment, where draped mirrors and sweet, faint scents betrayed the manifold mysteries of a young lady's toilet.

"What's wanting? Why can't I have my nap in peace?" querulously demanded Florine Fernley's voice. "O, it is that everlasting dressmaker. Mark! Mark! I want $5."

"So do I—$10,000," retorted a familiar voice from the next room. "But I can't have all I want."

"You borrowed $20 of me to hire that nonsensical opera box."

"That was business, my dear."

"Business! Nonsense! Give me the money, I say," fretted Florine.

"Yes, business, my girl. Heiress-hunting is as much business as speculating, and the fair Henrietta is a fish that won't jump at any ordinary bait."

"Hush!" cried Florine, sharply, and then turning to the soidisant dressmaker, she said:

"It isn't convenient to pay you to-day. Call again next week or the week after."

"Excuse me," answered Miss Ettie in a low but resolute voice; "I must have the money now."

"Must!" retorted Miss Fernley, as she angrily rang the bell. "Mary, show this person out."

"I decline to leave the dress until I am paid for it," said Ettie, firmly.

"Now, look here, you dress-making girl," said the harsh voice of Markham Fernley, as he advanced from the inner apartment, "none of your impudence. Leave the dress, or I'll send for a policeman and teach you your place in short order."

"I would not do that, Mr. Fernley," said Ettie, who had by this time recovered her self-possession completely. "I am not a 'dress-making girl,' but I shall collect the money my friend has earned."

Struck by some accent of her tone Markham Fernley paused a second then lighted the gas. Ettie Hall deliberately threw back her veil.

And that was the last he ever saw of Henrietta Hall.—London News.

KEITHS', PHILADELPHIA.

Ching Ling Foo, the Chinese magician, is proving such an attraction that he will appear for a second week in order to give the many who were unable to obtain admission during the past week, an opportunity of seeing this Hermann of the Orient.

He is assisted by a clever troupe of artists, including the little girl baby, Chee Tai, who renders the latest popular songs.

The entire program for the week is an exceedingly attractive one, including Clifford and Huth, in the Chappie's Visit; Hines and Remington, funniest character act in the profession; Reno and Richards, kings of acrobatic comedy; The Royal Trio, in a picturesque and tuneful Hawaiian operetta; Farnum and Nelson, a novel male and female comedy acrobatic specialty; Frank Monroe and Dramatic Company, "One Wife Too Many;" Juno Salmo, the Golden Mephisto; Biograph, new series of views; The Three Westons, comedy musical act; The Crawford Sisters, song and dance specialty; Howley and Leslie, character impersonators and expert dancers; The Benards, Dutch musical sketch; Stereopticon, miscellaneous views.

Occupations of Age.

Oliver Wendell Holmes repeats a New England story he once heard of a young farmer who was urged to set out some apple-trees. "No," said he, "they are too long growing, and I don't want to plant for other people." The young farmer's father was spoken to about it, but he, with better reason, alleged that apple-trees are slow and life is fleeting. At last some one mentioned it to the old grandfather of the young farmer. He had nothing else to do, so he stuck in some trees. He lived long enough to drink cider made from the apples that grew on those trees.

"After all," continues Dr. Holmes, "the most encouraging things I find in the treatise, 'De Senectute,' are the stories of men who have found new occupations when growing old, or kept up their common pursuits in the extreme period of life.

"Cato learned Greek when he was old, and speaks of wishing to learn the fiddle, or some such instrument, fidibus, after the example of Socrates. Solon learned something new every day in his old age, as he gloried to proclaim.

"Cyrus pointed out with pride and pleasure the trees he had planted with his own hand. I remember a pillar on the Duke of Northumberland's estate at Alnwick, with an inscription in similar words, if not the same. That, with other country pleasures, never wears out. None are too rich, none too poor, none too young, none too old to enjoy it."—Youth's Companion.

The Bull and the Red Wagon.

A writer in Forest and Stream tells how two friends of his set out to find a certain trout stream in a wild region twenty miles from San Francisco:

Riddle had imported from Boston a light express wagon, with the gear painted bright red. A part of the route led them across a pasturage for wild cattle, and their first intimation of mischief was the bearing down upon them of the whole herd, headed by a bull, pawing the ground and bellowing.

"Ward," said [illegible] at fellow [illegible] in for it."

The men whipped up the horse and tried to escape, but it was useless; down came the drove. The bull charged the wagon, capsized it, and threw the men and their belongings to the ground. Then, for protection, they crawled under the vehicle, and the bull battered away at the wheels.

It happened that Riddle's gun had landed within reach. He crawled from under the wagon, slipped in two cartridges, and the bull, at his next charge, was amazed at receiving a couple of charges of shot in the face. The drove stampeded at the report, and the full followed, shaking his head, evidently in great surprise at the tendency of red wagons to go off in that disagreeable manner.

The two fishermen returned to town, one with his arm in a sling, and the other very much battered about the face. The wagon was immediately painted a sober green.

When the Seasons Change.

The Emperor of China has some strange duties. One of these is the ordering of the seasons. It is summer in America when the sun warms the earth, and not till then, but in China it is summer when the Emperor says it is summer.

As soon as the Emperor declares that summer has come, everybody in China puts off winter clothing, and arrays himself in summer garb, no matter what his feelings say on the subject. All domestic arrangements are made to suit the season, as proclaimed by the Emperor, although they may not suit the individual at all.

The nearest approach to the Chinese custom of ordering the seasons is the practice observed in France in all public buildings. There it is winter on and after Oct. 1. Fires are then lighted in all government offices, and the servants exchange their white summer waistcoats for the thicker and darker ones of winter.

At that date the public libraries are closed at 4, and in the streets the sellers of roasted chestnuts make their appearance. In official France it is winter, no matter what the weather may say, and no matter what unofficial France may think.—Youth's Companion.

Bombarding Storm Clouds.

A Rome correspondent writes: The idea of dissipating storm clouds by discharges of cannon has been successfully put into operation at Colepio, in the province of Bergamo, which was lately visited by two hurricanes, accompanied by heavy clouds, which threatened a hailstorm.

About forty discharges were fired on the first occasion and thirty on the second. The effect of the concussion was most marked on the second storm. The black clouds were broken and dissipated by the atmospheric disturbance, and watchers stationed to observe the results reported that the threatened storm had been driven back.

What is certain is that while hail fell in all the neighboring districts not a particle descended on Colepio on either occasion.

The cannon were loaded with threepenny weight of powder and plugged with paper. After the explosion, which was effected by a fuse, a column of smoke rose vertically into the air to the height of about a mile, bearing a current of warm air, which penetrated the clouds.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

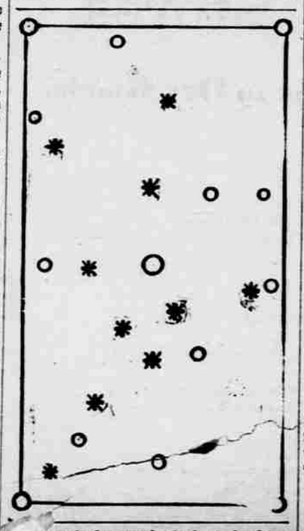
Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Wanted—a boy that is manly and just,
One that you feel you may honor and trust,
Who cheerfully shoulders what life to him brings,
Its sunshine and pleasure, or troublesome things;
Whose eyes meet your own with no shadow of fear;
No vile on the face that is open and clear;
Straightforward in purpose and ready to push—
For "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;"
Who scornfully turns from a something to gain
If it brings to another a sorrow or pain;
Who is willing to hold what is right ever dear,
And is patient, unheeding the scoff or the jeer;
Who does all he can with a heart that's elate—
He is wanted, that boy, whatsoever his state.

Wanted—a girl, not a butterfly gay,
Who is gentle and sweet in a womanly way;
No beautiful picture, so languid and fair,
That always seems labeled: "Please handle with care;"
But one in whose heart there is hidden true worth,
Who faithfully follows her mission on earth;
Hopeful and earnest in helping and giving,
Finds plenty to do in the life she is living;
Filling its duties with quiet and content,
Whether adverse or pleasant, just as they are sent;
In the garb of a queen, or in homespun arrayed,
Whatever her station—is needed that maid.

Can You Solve This?

Here is a new puzzle for our young folks to solve. The puzzle is to go from center circle to one corner by one line



[illegible] three strokes, each stroke to be from [illegible] circle to another circle in a straight [illegible], and each stroke passing through one star.

Dorothy's Caller.

Nobody went to the door. Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat, again and again little Dorrit heard it. She began to feel the "fidgets" creeping up the spine of her back, she told Tortoise. But what did Tortoise care? The fidgets might creep up little Dorrit's back and clear down again, and Tortoise would only lie on the soft, fur rug and purr snoozily.

Rat-tat-tat! It sounded distinct and imperative. It must be at the back kitchen door. Nora must be asleep or gone off somewhere.

"Oh, my sux! If I could only go to the door!" fretted little Dorothy. "Somebody's there a-trying to come in and make a call, and they'll think my mother isn't polite. I don't know," she shook her fluff of gold-colored hair a little severely, "I don't know as it's any politer to stand at folks' doors and keep a-knocking and a-knocking, when it makes the fidgets creep up folks' spines. Seems 's if that isn't polite, too."

Rat-tat-tat. Again!

"Oh, my! doesn't she want to get in dre-ad-fully! Maybe she s'poses we're the doctor."

Tortoise blinked sleepily on the rug. Little Dorrit—that was what papa called Dorothy—lay back in her invalid chair, despairing. Her little crutches were out of reach and Tortoise was nothing but a lazy cat. She must wait for mamma—hark!

"Mamma! O, mamma!" she called. Yes, mamma was coming down-stairs.

"Well, then, Dorothy?"

"O, mamma, there's somebody knocking like everything. She's been doing it most forever. I can hear her just as plain through the crack of my window. Do go quick and let her in."

Mamma listened, too, and pretty soon a little smile curled her lips up. But she only said, "I'll go and see about it, dear."

When she got back again, the smile had grown into one of mamma's big, cherry laughs.

"She didn't want to come in, after all, little Dorritt," she said. "I invited her and invited her. But she is only Mrs. Woodpecker out doing a little marketing for dinner."

How little Dorrit laughed!

"But I guess the butcher keeps his door locked, mamma," she said, "'cording to the way she keeps knocking it it!"—Youth's Companion.

Was Not Particular.

Little Henry was dining out and was on his very best behavior. "Will you have light meat or dark?" asked his hostess, preparing to help him to chicken. "I'd like a drumstick, thank you, but I don't care at all whether it is white meat or dark," said he, politely.

Could Lick Him.

One day Tommy accompanied his mother on a shopping expedition, and seeing a large candy man standing in a confectioner's window he paused in front of it with a wistful look, then, turning away regretfully, he said "Mamma, I could lick that fellow with both hands tied behind me."

Out of Breath.

"Where is your papa, Nellie?" asked a mother of her little daughter. "He's out on the back porch," was the reply. "What's he doing there?" queried the mother. "His bicycle's all out of breath and he's putting some more in," answered the small observer.

THIRTY-THIRD NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT AND RE-UNION OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 4-9, 1899.

Nearly every one is busy, these days, in preparing for the Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, which takes place the first week in September. The idea is to make the thirty-third event the greatest in the history of the wonderful organization, composed of soldiers who answered the call of their country at a time when it seemed in danger of dissolution. Philadelphia never does things by halves. When she starts out to accomplish an object, she always gets there, and in September she intends to show the whole country how to entertain the old soldiers who saved the Union.

The parade, on September 8, promises to be as large and as attractive as any that ever took place at an Encampment. The route will be about three miles long and the line will form on Broad street and Montgomery avenue at ten in the morning.

Among the numerous costly decorations during the week, the most important will be to the north and south of the City Hall, along the route of the parade. This feature will consist of a series of splendid Corinthian columns, each fifty feet high, with lesser columns intervening and all connected with festoons of bunting, laurel and electric lights. Upon the bases of the main column heroic figures of soldiers and sailors will be placed.

The City Hall, which will be midway in this Court of Honor, will be magnificently draped, and at night will glow with immense designs of the G. A. R. badge and other devices in electric lights. Another feature, which is now being worked out by ingenious minds, is the illumination of Independence Square, just back of the State House, where the Declaration of Independence was signed and where the famous Liberty Bell rests. In this square there are many large and beautiful trees. The desire is to fill each one of them with vari-colored incandescent electric lights. When illuminated at night the scene would be grand and would almost equal the Court of Honor on Broad street. As the display would be historic ground it would certainly prove an attraction, not only to the thousands of visitors, but to the residents of the city as well.

Independence Hall and Carpenters Hall will be open day and night and they are sure to be shrines to which most of the visitors will wend their way. All know what took place in Independence Hall. In Carpenter's Hall, the Continental Congress met, before it gathered in the State House, and in that place Washington appeared as a delegate from Virginia. The old building looks now as it did in 1776, but of course the surroundings have changed, as they have around the State House. The headquarters of the G. A. R. General Committee are also on historical ground, lying as they do, between the old State House and the hall of the Philosophical Society, of which Benjamin Franklin was, for many years, the President.

There are many other points of historic interest also to which those fond of the great events of their country may hie and with the scenes on the streets and the presence of the veterans of '61, they may pass a week, which will live forever in memory.

American Horses in London.

Few of the million passengers or more who make their daily journey in a London bus or street car know that the horses which draw them are nearly always American or Canadian. Great Britain, the "horsiest" country in the world, buys more than 20,000 horses from the United States every year. Nearly all of these are heavy draught horses. The truth is, since the coaching era came to an end, the British farmer has neglected the harness horse in favor of the hunter, and still prefers to rear "something that can gallop and jump."

Sirius Photographed at Midday.

The fact that bright stars can be seen with a telescope at high noon sometimes astonishes curious visitors to an observatory. Even more surprising is the fact that stars can be photographed in broad day. The Draper photographing telescope, belonging to the Harvard observatory, has pictured the dog star, Sirius, at midday, and it has been suggested that the photographing of bright stars crossing the meridian in daylight may prove to be a source of increased knowledge for astronomers.

Family of Dancing Masters.

The D'Egvilles of London have taught dancing since the days of George III. The present survivor declares that dancing among the upper clases has degenerated into a vulgar romp. His principal work now is teaching young women how to walk, how to enter a room and to coach them for presentation at court.

A suspicious nature suspects other people of being suspicious.

Pleasure is like a cordial; a little of it is not injurious, but too much destroys.

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snowstorm.

No need of this snowstorm.

As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this: it prevents their formation.

It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address,
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 78,663

PERIODS OF SUFFERING GIVE PLACE TO PERIODS OF JOY

"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries were affected and had leucorrhœa. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived.

"I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."—MRS. J. F. STRETCH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown Was Helped.

"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor.

"I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."—MRS. MAGGIE A. BROWN, WEST PT. PLEASANT, N. J.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

GOD does not heed the prayer that asks for what we can earn.

God's saints need to have their harps in hand this side of Jordan.

The sermon the devil likes best to hear is that preached for his own funeral.

Peter's fervor but leads to his faithfulness.

The softer the bed, the easier it is to smother in it.

It takes the rod as well as the staff to comfort us.

A kind heart and a helping hand will redeem a homely face.

God's assay often finds gold where we only looked for iron.

It is always easier to die in a despised cause than to live for it.

Many men are fit for heaven, but it is their own and not God's heaven.

Because you can do all things in Christ, there are many things you cannot do.

The sweet hour of prayer is only possible to those who live the life of prayer.

Even the soft tire of a bicycle will cut a deep furrow in the heart when it rides across God's law.

Yielding to inclination rather than submitting to limitations, accounts for the narrowness of many lives.

Solomon said: "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Of course, that depends altogether on the quality of the dog.

True brotherhood is based not on a common parentage in the past, but on a common Fatherhood of God in the present.

The sign of the true church will be the same as Jesus sent to John in proof of his ministry, men are healed and the poor have the gospel.

UNCLE SAM'S HOT WATER PLANT

Profit Made Every Year from Arkansas Hot Springs Reservation.

By an act of Congress, passed in April, 1832, when Arkansas was still a territory, the Hot Springs, with four sections of land, were set aside for the future disposal of the United States. By the act of March, 1877, the appointment of commissioners was authorized to lay out into town lots and streets certain tracts of land in Garland County, a part of the Hot Springs reservation. The levying of a special tax on water taken from the hot springs was authorized, the money arising from water rents to be used in improvement of the reservation. By the act of June, 1880, those divisions of the Hot Springs reservation known as North Mountain, West Mountain, and Sugar Loaf Mountain were dedicated to public use as parks on a permanent reservation, aggregating 900 acres.

The hot water issues from the base and side of the Hot Springs mountain, and the actual quantity is not known; that which is under control and being used to supply the bathhouses amounts to about 600,000 gallons daily, and the amount collected and passed through the impounding reservoir about 350,000, making a total quantity of hot water under control of about 950,000 gallons daily. The hot springs are not under government control, but are directly managed by the United States government, which has an investment in them in excess of $500,000. As shown by the last published treasury report, the total receipts from bathhouses and hot water rent at the hot springs for the fiscal year ended July 1, 1898, was $18,171. The disbursements by the superintendent for salaries, fuel, lights, and water (cold) were $12,388. This represented a profit to the United States of $6,000.

A large number of the patrons of the hot springs are indigent persons, who, unable to pay the ordinary hotel charges or to avail themselves of the paid bathing opportunities, are supplied free. There is, moreover, a free dispensary under direction of a United States army surgeon. The total number of patrons is about 5,000 a day, though the facilities of the hot springs allow, as at present arranged, for 3,000. The resident population of Hot Springs is about 8,000, and the average number of persons in town patronizing the seventy hot-water springs is about 7,000 additional.

It is supposed popularly that many of the "outside ventures" of Uncle Sam are unprofitable, but the fact is that he makes a considerable profit on some of them, $170,000 a year on the patent office, $3,500,000 from the operations of the mint, and a considerable sum from the sale and leases of public lands.

One-Cent Carfare in Italy.

Electric power has been introduced on all the street railway lines in Milan, Italy, and the directors have tried the experiment of reducing the fare from the equivalent of 2 cents to 1 during the rush hours—7 to 9 a. m. The effect was a gain of 50 per cent. over previous receipts for that period of time, three passengers being carried at 1 cent for every one carried at 2 cents. The innovation will be made permanent.

EMANCIPATED SERFS.

Contrast Between Former and Present Conditions in Russia.

Prince Kropotkin, a Russian nobleman whose detestation of despotism has exiled him from his native land, tells in the Atlantic this story, to show what the abolition of serfdom meant for the peasants:

One evening our village priest found a middle-aged peasant, Anton Savelieff, reading a book of psalms. He was reading a psalm of which each verse began with the word "Rejoice."

"What are you reading?" he was asked.

"Well, father, I will tell you," was his reply. "Fourteen years ago the old prince came here. It was in the winter. I had just returned home, almost frozen. A snow-storm was raging. I had just begun undressing, when we heard a knock at the window; it was the elder, who was shouting:

"'Go to the prince; he wants you.'

"We all—my wife and our children—were thunderstruck. 'What may he want from you?' my wife began to cry. I signed myself with the cross and went; the snow-storm was blinding me as I crossed the bridge.

"Well, it ended all right. The old prince was taking his afternoon sleep, and when he woke up he asked me if I knew plastering work, and only told me: 'Come to-morrow to repair the plaster in that room.' So I went home quite happy, and when I came to that bridge I found my wife standing there. She had stood there all the time, with the baby in her arms, in the snow-storm, waiting for me.

"'What has happened, Savelich?' she cried.

"'Well,' I said, 'no harm; he only asked me to make some repairs.'

"That was, father, under the old prince. And now, the young prince came here the other day. I went to see him, and found him in the garden, at the tea-table, in the shadow of the house; you, father, sat with him, and the elder of the canton, with his mayor's chain upon his breast. 'Will you have tea, Savelich?' he asks me; 'take a chair.' 'Peter Grigorieff,'—he says that to the old one,—'give us one more chair.'

"And Peter Grigorieff—you know what a terror for us he was when he was the manager of the old prince—brought the chair, and we all sat round the tea-table, talking, and he poured out tea for all of us. Well, now, father, the evening is so beautiful, the balm comes from the prairies, and I sit and read, 'Rejoice! Rejoice!'"

Taking Exercise.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has been ordered by his doctors to take exercise, and he has probably discovered the easiest way of taking it that was ever thought of. The Ameer is getting fat, and has been suffering from indigestion, and that is why he has got to take exercise.

He has ordered from a famous carriage-making firm of Oxford street a peculiar vehicle, for exercising purposes. The carriage has a light body and is propelled by an arrangement of bicycle wheels from the rear. Two stalwart Afghans sit on saddles over these wheels and pedal with all their might to drive the fat king over the terrible roads of Afghanistan. When the Ameer feels inclined to take exercise a little more violent than merely sitting down in the carriage, he does so by pushing two pedals arranged in front of him. In this way he can add about half a small boy's power to the efforts of the stalwart Afghans pedaling away behind him. The carriage is a handsome one, and the body is patterned like an old English Georgian phaeton. It is fitted with silk cushions, rather luxuriously.

Besides the carriage for his personal use, the Ameer has had another built for the use of members of his harem. The carriages have cost $1,000 each and are capable of maintaining a speed of twelve miles an hour.—London Mail.

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.

It will be observed that those persons who obstinately refuse to change their minds are usually in the wrong.

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.

We haven't any faults that the devil don't keep account of.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

The most perfect friendships seem to exist between those of strong, but different traits of character.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Ball's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Reading, without reflection, and swallowing without chewing, is what brings on dyspepsia.

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

See where a road leads before you take it, and to what an action leads before you begin it.

Do not anticipate trouble, nor worry about what may never happen.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERLIG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1898.

He who always complains of the clouds receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

Gravity never yet made a man wise, but it has no doubt hidden a great deal of folly.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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

It requires more brain power to keep a secret than it does to be a justice of the peace.

A dog's pants may indicate warm weather, but they don't bag at the knees.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudication, atty.

"You see, madam, Ivory Soap is really the most economical. The cake is so large that it easily divides into two cakes of the ordinary size. There is twice as much soap as you get in the usual cake of toilet soap. Then it is very economical in use, for although it lathers quickly, it is always firm and hard, even in hot water. As it floats, you can not lose it or leave it to waste in the bowl. We sell it to all of our best trade for general use."

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FOUR WOUNDS BY ONE BULLET.

Private Lane's Experience in the Battle of San Juan.

Private Julian Lane, of the Thirteenth Infantry, which participated in the heavy fighting at Santiago, has been spending a few days in this city on sick leave visiting relatives, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Lane was wounded four times in the engagement of July 1 and the surprising part of it is that all four wounds were received at the same time from the same bullet.

"We were driving the Spaniards from the last trenches on the hilltops overlooking the city," he said, in telling the story, "and the nature of the ground made it impossible to charge in anything like formation. So we went at it in rushes by handfuls, taking cover between times as best we could. I had dropped behind a palm tree in one of the pauses and was lying on my left side, with my right leg bent at the knee and drawn up. I was just reaching for a cartridge, when along came a Mauser ball and passed through my hand, between the thumb and index finger, without breaking any bones. Keeping on it made a flesh wound or my right hip, went through my calf and took off the end of my third toe making as clean a hole in the sole of my brogan as if it had been drilled with an auger.

"I felt a sudden shock," continued Lane, "as if I had received a charge from an electric battery, but no particular pain—at least not then. In fact it took me some time to inventory my wounds, and I didn't know I had lost a piece of toe until I took off my shoe and found it full of blood. I tried to get up, but the contraction of the muscles was too severe and I had to lie still. One of the boys tied me up with a bandage from my 'first-aid package' and I crawled under cover and lay there for eight hours before the doctor got a chance to examine me. I suffered a good deal, but I got the best attention there was to be had and was treated with the utmost kindness. As you may see by the scar on my right hand, the Mauser makes a very small wound and I bled hardly at all except for the wound on my toe. One of my comrades was shot clean through the chest and was out in five days. The only really ugly wounds that were made were when the bullet had hit something else first and came side-on. In such cases they tore a man all to pieces."

Cerrachi.

The likeness of Franklin upon our postage stamps is taken from a bust made of him by Cerrachi, and not by the artist whose name usually figures in postoffice reports. Cerrachi was a Corsican, and one of the party who attempted to assassinate Napoleon while on his way to the theater one evening at the time when Napoleon was plotting to be made Emperor. Cerrachi was guillotined. He had made the acquaintance of Franklin when the latter was the American envoy to France, and on Franklin's invitation had visited America, and here made busts of many eminent men.—New York Post.

Wanted Papa to Try Him.

"Papa," said little Minnie, "won't you please to pat that doggie for me and see if he will bite?"

Half the people in the world seem to raise flowers, according to the opinion of the other half, for the sole purpose of quarreling with their neighbors over dogs and chickens that get into their gardens.

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 wise man keeps his own counsel, while the lawyer sells his.

The best cross for us is one that will sooner kill our selfishness.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1016 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.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

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.

The man who gives without making a sacrifice gets rid of things he has no use for.

Everybody fusses at somebody else's idea of a joke.

An English Cobbler.

The New Voice tells of the good work accomplished by John Pounds an English cobbler. His heart was filled with pity for the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin in the streets. He pondered over their situation until he began gathering in the outcasts, and trying to train them up in virtue and knowledge.

He taught them to read and write, and with no thought of fame or recompense, single-handed, earning his daily bread meanwhile by toil at the cobbler's bench, he saved five hundred children, who became useful citizens.

He was sometimes seen hunting down a ragged urchin on the quays of Portsmouth, compelling him to attend school, not by the power of a policeman, but by the temptation of a potato. He knew the love of an Irish boy for that delicacy, and was often seen running beside an unwilling lad, holding a hot potato under his nose—the boy's temper nearly as hot as the potato.

It was this work, undertaken by a man poor even to rags, that inspired the greater work of Thomas Guthrie, founder of the Ragged Schools of Edinburgh.

When a woman sees a horse fed by fastening his nose in a bag in which there is feed, she wishes some one would invent a similar plan for feeding boys; it would keep the tableclothes clean. You can walk around any dining-room table and pick out where the boys sit, by the spots.

Took His Advice.

Edna—Why do you wear gloves while learning to play poker?

Edith—Because Jack told me never to show my hand.

Balked.

Quinn—As long as pencils and jokes are used woman can never hope to equal man.

De Fonte—Are those the greatest obstacles?

Quinn—Yes, they can't put a point to either one."

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."
JOS. KREULING, 1211 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

YO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists. Buffalo, N.Y.

Doesn't your boy write well? Perhaps he hasn't good ink.
CARTER'S INK
IS THE BEST INK.
More used than any other. Don't cost you any more than poor ink. Ask for it.

LIQUID PEPTONE
Makes flesh and blood. Used in sickness and all run down conditions to furnish strength and energy. It brings good health quickly. It is a life saver. Write us for particulars.
STEVENSON & JESTER CO.,
215 Chancellor Street, Philadelphia.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

Quick Relief Female Pills Relieve 2 d's. $1. Dr. Read, 1037 South St. Phila.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days treatment, postpaid, 10 cts. ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Greenwich St. N. Y.

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