

A MEMORY.

A wall of a child at midnight. The chime of a minister bell. The sorrowful moan of a sorrowing soul.

VANE'S MANGOUVE.

YOU, Teddy, asked Miss Ferrers, looking up from her easel for a moment, and bestowing a lovely smile upon the young man.

"The same," sighed Vane, as he cleared a chair of two paint brushes and a saucer of olive water. "Where should I be when I have a moment to spare, if not here?"

"What's on your mind, Teddy?" she asked, smiling again and causing two tantalizing dimples to dance about her lips. "If you've come away from work just to ask me to marry you, I tell you again, I won't."

"I'm in trouble, sister," she said, leaning against Miss Ferrers' shoulder. "Oh, dear, I've left poor Horace outside!" She ran back to the door and swung it open. "Come in, dearie," she called.

"You just can't think, Gladys," she began hurriedly. "Poor dear Horace is called to New York on business. He must go to-day, so he's taking me with him and our help is going to visit her people."

were married, you know, and Angora are so short-lived, too. If Van Winkle were lost it would just break my heart."

"I understand," assented Vane, gravely. "And now you propose—"

"To leave him with Gladys for a few days?" interrupted the little woman eagerly. "We've fetched him in the hamper, Glad. Let Van Winkle out, Horace, dear—I'm sure Gladys is happy to do this for sister, aren't you dearie?"

"There was silence for a moment or two during which Miss Ferrers positively edged the silver gray Angora. "I suppose I am awfully wicked," she said at length. "Heigho! Well, I accept my punishment."

"You'll be very careful and not trust him to nurse or Bridget, won't you, Glad? It would just make me ill to lose him, and I couldn't keep house, I know."

"I think I ought to understand," she said, rather crossly. "Feed him three times a day one-eighth of a pound of stewed liver and one gill of milk; let him sleep by the kitchen range at night, wash his face in the morning, or he will be out of sorts, and be sure not to let him get out. That's all, isn't it? If you say anything more, I declare I won't keep him! Now go, do before you drive me quite frantic."

"But, Glad, put in the little woman, "Van Winkle is such a pet. Why, every morning—"

"My dear," interrupted her husband, "our train leaves in twenty minutes. When they had finally gone, and Vane found himself free to do so, he laughed heartily.

"That fixes the Saint Bernards, I guess," he ventured. "They don't go well with cats, do they, Glad?"

"Without another word he left the room. Miss Ferrers stared after him in surprise.

"I really think he has tired of me," she said at length, with a faint attempt at a smile.

During the first day of his exile, Van Winkle conducted himself as well as might have been expected. It was almost the close of the second day, when Aunt Theo and Miss Ferrers were sipping their afternoon tea, that they first missed him.

"It happened that Vane had been delayed a day in his trip, and having repented his hasty leave-taking of Miss Ferrers, had called to tell her as much. So it was that when he opened the door boldly and stepped into the porch, Van Winkle, suddenly seeing the world before him, took to his heels and ran away as fast as ever he could, with Vane close upon him.

"As Vane gained on him Van Winkle grew the more frightened, and finally subsided and crouched shivering in the snow. Vane put two big hands lightly upon him, and gathering him up, was about to return him to the house, when he suddenly saw a little figure that it would be a good little joke on Gladys if she thought for a little that Van Winkle was really lost.

"He went up to a side of the veranda, and lifting the blind and ever so little thrust Van Winkle in, and dropped the board again. Then he presented himself at the door.

"All was confusion. Bridget, with a brow, was scratching at all the dark corners of the hall, and helping abysmally Van Winkle in, and dropping the board again. Then he presented himself at the door.

"What is it? What's the trouble?" he asked Aunt Theo, gravely.

"Oh, Teddy," sobbed the voice from the staircase, "you know she said it would break her heart, and there were tears in her eyes, too, Teddy."

to her breast as joyfully as ever her sister had done. "Oh, Teddy, you're such a comfort!" she said, leaning a sigh of relief.

"Thanks," said Vane. "By the way," he went on soberly, "I came over to say that I was sorry I went off in such a huff yesterday. We've been such good familiar friends all our lives, that I sometimes feel that you aren't my sister. I hope you'll forgive me for being such a boor."

"Certainly," Gladys said smiling, and wondering in her heart what he meant by such politeness.

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"Oh, never mind that," Vane laughed carelessly. "I know better than to try to hold you to your promises."

"But I meant it, Teddy," urged Miss Ferrers, causing the tall smiling dimples to play about her smiling lips.

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A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM, FOR TWO YEARS I FELT TIRED AND SORE AND DIZZY THAT SOME DAYS I COULD HARDLY GO AROUND THE HOUSE. BACKACHE AND HEADACHE ALL THE TIME AND MY FOOD WOULD NOT DIGEST AND HAD SUCH PAINS IN THE WOMB AND TROUBLED WITH LEUCORRHOEA AND KIDNEYS WERE AFFECTED.

"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and bearing so much of a load, for years, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Loosenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did. I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLESTON, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's expert in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she has done her side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.

When he had gone out of the room and she had heard the door close, she put her face down on the lid of the piano and kept it there for two or three minutes.

"Oh, Teddy, Teddy, Teddy," she said brokenly. "I meant every word of the promise. I did! I did!"

"Did you?" asked a familiar voice close at hand.

Gladys started up. Vane stood close by her, his handsome young face covered with smiles. An angry dust buried the tears from her eyes.

"Did you?" he asked again, slipping his arm about her.

"Yes, I did!" answered Miss Ferrers, crossly. "Waverley."

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came down stairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. You know how to do it better than that. Now, go back and come down stairs like a lady."

"Did you hear me come down stairs this time, mamma?"

"No, no, I am glad you came down quietly. Now don't let me ever have to tell you that you come down noisily, for you managed to come down like a lady the last time. I am sure you will be more careful in the future."

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances. "Harper's Bazar."

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"That boy has got good stuff in him," remarked to her husband as the gate closed behind the little laborer.

"His head ached, he was tired, he was hungry; but he had never been so happy in his life as when he climbed to his old seat on his mother's lap and whispered: "I am not ever going to have any bills again, mother, dear; I'm going to pay cash."—Morning Star.

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All the members of the family except Tom, a small boy, were at church, and he refused him the exciting privilege of informing his parents of the unexpected arrival of their distinguished guest.

"If your folks knew I was here," said he, "they would either leave the meeting or could not enjoy it."

After dinner the boy found means to draw Mr. Wise apart, and immediately put the burning question: "Mr. Wise, why did you take that piece of billed chicken in your fingers and bite mouthfuls off? Instead of using your knife and fork? My mar, how long time the parents returned, embarrassed by the honor of receiving a visit from Mr. Wise. They were both painfully ill at ease, and at dinner Mrs. Crockett grew so flustered that she could scarcely pour the coffee."

Not long ago this cupbearer was called away, and did not come back until late the next day. The rules in the Sultan's court are very strict, and one beside the cup bearer can taste of these dishes in the presence of the Sultan, so that timid monarch had to go to bed without his supper. Who would want to be the Sultan of Turkey?

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BEHIND MADE OF PAPER

Dentists Now Fill Patients' Mouths with Paper Teeth. Paper teeth are the latest thing in dentistry. For years some substance has been sought for which could replace the composition commonly employed for making teeth and a fortune awaited the man who was lucky enough to hit upon the right material.

Up to this time china has been used almost entirely, but it presents so many disadvantages that dentists always have been on the lookout for some other substance which could replace it. Not only does china resist the action of saliva and turns black, but china affects the nerves of the jaw. People who wear false teeth often complain of suborbital neuralgia, and this is put down by many dentists as being caused by the heat or cold acting on the china or porcelain. Porcelain or metal composition also is liable to chip or break and for these reasons has never been satisfactory.

The paper teeth are made of paper-mache, which is submitted to a tremendous pressure until they are as hard as required. Their peculiar composition makes them strong, and the price of a set of teeth will go down considerably with the new invention. The color of the paper-mache can also be made to vary, which is an important point, as no two sets of teeth are identical in color, some teeth having a strong yellow cast, while others are bluish white. In order, therefore, to obtain the right tint the coloring matter has only to be introduced into the mixture before the tooth is cast in order to match the other teeth exactly. It is in this particular that china teeth often fail to appear natural, the color differing from the other teeth in the mouth and showing that the tooth is artificial.

Another novelty with regard to teeth consists in their filling. Dentists no longer use as much gold or platinum as they did formerly, in fact, metal fillings are out of date. Bone or ivory is the substance employed, and both possess the advantage of appearing more natural. Of course, those who already have gold or platinum fillings will not go to the expense and trouble of having them removed, but they have been taboed by the smart set, and in future nothing so conspicuous will be used. Neither bone nor ivory satisfies the dentists, however, and they are hunting around for some composition which will be both durable and pleasing and yet will match the color of the teeth.—New York Press.

Endless. An Irishman who served on board a man-of-war, says the Oxford Democrat (Maine), was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow line of considerable length that was dragging over the taffrail.

After pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of the line, which put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, but loud enough to be overheard by an officer: "Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the leg or arm I'll have last! What! More of it yet? Och, murther! The boy's mighty deep, to be sure!"

After continuing in a similar strain and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and looking up to the officer on the watch, he exclaimed: "Bad luck to me, sir, if I don't find somebody's cut off the other end of this line."

Without Doubt. It is well, before entering too far aloft on the wings of eloquence, to make a trial flight in private, and settle upon a spot on which to alight with ease and dignity.

It is no use for people to strive to live outside of their own element, that for which they were born, and in which they are at home," said the lecturer of the evening, addressing the Potucket Club on "Socialism and Where It Leads."

"The bird is made to live in the air," he added, struck with a brilliant thought, "the fish to live in the water, and the ox to live in the ground."

"Put the first in the element of the second, it struggles feebly for a short time and then is strangled. Put the second into the element of the third, it founders, gasps and dies. And should the lovely mole attempt to soar like the bold eagle above the gray mountain crags, and cliffs he—if it would make him dizzy?"

Just Practicing. He-Carrie, I saw you flirting with Tom Sweetest last evening. She-Well, it was about your sake. He-For my sake? How do you make that out? She-You wanted me to learn to love you, and I was just practicing on Tom.—Boston Transcript.

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We cannot believe all we read in all advertisements, but when we see an article advertised month after month and year after year, we know that it must be a good thing.

If you do not use Ivory Soap, try it, and you will find that the claims for it are moderate.

Ivory Soap is good because it is made by men who have been soap manufacturers all their lives, they know how to select their materials and how to make pure soap.

Our profession of love to God is only proven by the practice of the love of God. It is never safe unless it be the expression of theocracy. He who would learn to work for men, must learn to wait on God.

Christ did not say that the world would be lighted by preachers, but by practitioners.

The saloon light is a false beacon that can only be extinguished by Christian virtues.

It is a poor sort of virtue that consists in abstaining from sins that are not cared for.

It is the bitter real, seeming to destroy our ideal, that, wrestled with, makes that also real.

Prayer is not merely getting God to do something for us, but it is putting ourselves where God can do something with us.

Many who profess to follow Christ are willing that their brothers should sacrifice liberty.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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