THE STORY OF LIFE.

Only the same old story, told in a different strain;
Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain;
Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue;
Sometimes black as thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue;
Sometimes false as Satan, sometimes as heaven true.

Only the same old story, but oh, how the changes ring!
Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king;
Sometimes the warmest handclasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in hush of even, sometimes in the midday strife,
Sometimes with dovelike calmness, sometimes with passion rife;
We dream it, write it, live it, this weird, wild story of life.
—Boston Transcript.

In Love with a Painter

JACQUES BRUHIERE is an artist whose mythological pictures have a most delightful modern air. His Grecian goddesses look like Parisiennes; their wind-blown hair, their high-heeled sandals, and a peculiar twirl given to their drapery have captivated the Parisian ladies. So they crowd Jacques' studio, and implore him to let them sit for Dianas and Andromedas. But he is a most unromantic fellow, and is swayed by no considerations other than those of gain. Although he is but 30, he has gained fame and some fortune; and he is so industrious that he flies from useless words and time-consumers—that is to say, women and bores.

A year ago, just after the art exhibit closed, Jacques determined to go on a sketching tour. So he packed his trunk, assisted by his friend, Eugene de Lassi, and was bidding adieu to his studio, when the servant entered with a note. It was a nice little note, daintily perfumed, and the address was written in the most delicate hand imaginable. He read it, frowned, and, crumpling it up, threw it on the floor.

"Confound the women!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" asked his friend.

"Why, I'm such an unlucky fellow," replied Jacques. "There's always some woman or other bothering me, writing about how she admires my paintings, and how she'd like to see me, and all that sort of thing. Just as if a man should say he would like to see my paintings because he admired the cut of my beard. "Look," said he, picking up the letter, " 'address Mme. Leonie,' such a street and number."

"But," said Eugene, who was reading the note, "it's very well written, I assure you, full of most delicate wit. What are you going to do with it?"

"Oh, you literary men!" groaned Jacques. "What am I going to do with it? Why, burn it, of course. What do you suppose I am going to do with it?"

"I'll tell you what to do with it," said Eugene, "you're going away——"

"Yes."

"Then give it to me."

"Why, what'll you do with it?" said Jacques, with a stare.

"[illegible] I'll play painter," replied Eugene. "I'm not much of one, but I can daub a little—enough, at all events, to deceive a woman in love. And I'll find out who 'Mme. Leonie' is—that's only part of her name, I'm sure."

So it was settled. Jacques Bruhiere, painter, set off for Switzerland, and Eugene de Lassi, man of letters, remained to personate him. But only for Mme. Leonie. Other visitors were told the truth—that the master was gone.

At last she came. Eugene's romantic fancy had painted her as young and beautiful. But she was more than that—she was divine. She was a brunette, and had the most delightful nose, the most sparkling eyes, the most glorious hair, and the most adorable little hands and feet that Eugene had ever seen. He flattered himself that he was correctly made up for his role. His velvet blouse and jaunty cap were a little too clean, perhaps, but that was a good fault.

Mme. Leonie wanted her portrait painted, and it was very difficult for her to decide how it should be done. She wavered long. One day she would be Omphale; the next she had decided that to be represented as Salome was necessary to her peace of mind. But when Eugene had made his preparations, his fickle goddess decided that Delilah was the character that suited her. And then she would wander around the studio, and drape herself with the barbaric stuffs used by long-gone models, and handle the curious weapons, and examine the porcelains. And then she would say that she was weary, and would come the next day. And she would go, leaving Eugene de Lassi deeper in love than ever.

As for him, he was in a dream. He had retired from the world. At his own quarters his door was daily stormed by publishers, by managers, by printers' boys, by creditors, and by friends. But no one knew where he had gone. He had told his servants he was going away, but had not told them where. It was wrong, decidedly wrong; but he took a certain ferocious joy in it when he thought how he himself had once pursued these same editors and managers.

Eugene had at last discovered that his inamorata was a widow, wealthy, and of good family. Her full name was Leonie de Nores. He had never told his love, but that she was blind to it was impossible. Yet she was certainly blind to his painting, for she exexpressed her admiration of it with an enthusiasm that made Eugene wince. But one day, when he was, as usual, attempting to transfer her to canvas, a particularly atrocious tree which he introduced in the background attracted her attention.

"Jacques," said she, "don't you think that you are—that you are—well, that you're losing a little of your skill?"

"What!" shouted Eugene.

"I mean—that is—I'm afraid that I keep you from your work so much that——"

"I only hope that you may keep me from it forever," returned the amorous Eugene. And so the dangerous moment passed.

* * * * * * *

But this state of affairs could not last forever. One fine day, as Eugene was seated upon a divan thinking of his lady-love, who had just departed, who should enter but Jacques Bruhiere. Yes, there he was, with his attendant carrying his umbrella, his sketch-books, his camp-stools, his baggage—a true artist just from the country. The false one trembled as he thought that his dream was over. Had he been a Borgia he would have slain his friend. As he was not, he pressed him hand warmly, and bade him welcome.

But how could he extricate himself from his dilemma? How could he answer to a high-spirited woman for the deception he had practiced upon her! As to persuading Jacques to consent to any arrangement for keeping up the deception, that was out of the question; where his art was concerned the painter would prove as deaf as a post and as unamanageable as a balky horse. So Eugene was puzzled.

Finally a bright idea occurred to him. "Why not," thought he, "give a comic turn to the affair? If properly done, Leonie will be disarmed. She is easily moved to laughter, and then I will explain and beg her forgiveness."

Alas! Poor Eugene's idea was not a happy one.

The next day when Leonie appeared, it was Jacques who met her at the door. He was in blouse, cap, and carried palette and brushes.

"Can I see M. Bruhiere?" she asked, with some little surprise.

"That is my name, madame," replied the painter.

"You Jacques Bruhiere!" said she, with an amused laugh; and she pushed by him and entered the studio. "You the great painter? No, no!" and she seated herself and looked at him defiantly.

But if she was at her ease in the studio, he was more so. Her quick woman's eye noted this, and on the easel there was already begun a canvas in which she recognized the master's touch. Leonie was becoming ill at ease. She picked up a little Hindoo god which stood on the table beside her, and fingered it nervously. Her hands trembled, the little monster slipped from them, and dashed in pieces on the floor.

The artist stepped to the wall and rung the bell. The door opened, and a servant entered, clad in livery and wearing an apron—rendered necessary by the fact of his cleaning brushes.

"Did monsieur ring?" he asked.

Leonie stared at him, and grew white.

"Yes, Jean," replied the artist. "Gather up the fragments of this trifle, which madame has unfortunately broken. Now," said he, turning to Leonie, "if madame will kindly inform me to what I owe the honor of this vis——"

He stopped. Her white, set face, her staring eyes, frightened him.

"A lackey!" she hissed; "a base lackey! And I have loved this heartless, cruel, lying wretch!"

With a sudden impulse of fury she snatched up a pretty toy, a silver poniard, which lay upon the table, and sprang at Eugene. Quick as a flash the artist dashed between them. But quick as he was, he was too late. The poniard struck Eugene in the side, inflicting a deep wound. As he did so, Leonie uttered a shriek, and fainted away.

Eugene's comedy had become a tragedy.

"Truly a pretty sight for the studio of an honest, hard-working painter," groaned Jacques Bruhiere, as he gazed upon the two prostrate forms. "This comes of obliging your friends. Catch me doing it again."

* * * * * * *

Three years had passed. Leonie was in the brilliant salon of the Comtesse de agone, whose house was always filled with the literary men of the day, and she invariably secured the literary lion. She was making her way through the brilliant throng toward Leonie.

"My dear," said she when she reached her, "you have read that novel of which all Paris is talking—'Les Deux Princesses?' "

"Yes," said Leonie, "it is a charming work."

"Do you know its author?"

"Eugene de Lassi? [illegible] Is he here this evening?"

"Yes, and I want to present him to you. Ah, there he is. M. de Lassi!" and in another moment there stood before Leonie—the false painter!

For a moment she hesitated; but the old spell reasserted itself, and she found herself listening, almost against her will, to his pleas for pardon. And he pleaded his cause most eloquently.

"I am half inclined not to forgive you," she said at length, "you acted abominably—you know you did."

"I acted like a fool and a knave," said Eugene, "and you ought never to pardon me; but you will, won't you?"

"Well," said the beauty, semi-reluctantly, "if you'll be a very good boy——"

"Yes."

"And never deceive me again——"

"Never."

"And never paint any more such wretched trees——"

"Never."

"Then I forgive you for having played the servant."

"But I want to play it again."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"I want to be your servant forever."
—Argonaut.

Behind the Scenes.

"Ye gods!" exclaimed Rowland Rantts, as he peered through the peep hole, "we have an alms asylum tonight."

The sweet singer stared blankly.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Rantts. Did you say we had an alms asylum?"

"Yes, or, in other words, we have a poor house."

In Chicago.

She (musically inclined)—What is your opinion of Wagner's works?

He—Never saw them; but I don't suppose they are in it with Pullman's."

The Professor's Opportunities.

"She told Mame Simpson that the professor said she looked like a Greek goddess."

"Where did the professor ever see a Greek goddess?"

"Oh, he knows lots o' foreigners. He's teaching a Sunday school class down to the dago mission."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Getting On.

"Done anything yet?" asked the fond father, who proudly speaks of his young son as a coming lawyer.

"Oh, yes. I succeeded in having my rent reduced, and have a fine bunch of accounts against you for collection. I'll get there."—Detroit Free Press.

Needed a Bracer.

Newlywed—Have a drink, old chap?

Bachelor—Thanks; I'll take a ginger ale.

Newlywed—I want to tell you something about my baby.

Bachelor—Waiter, make that a whisky and absinthe.—Puck.

Languages in Africa.

Africa has very nearly 700 languages, and this fact presents great difficulties to missionary effort.

Silk in Madagascar.

In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing. It is cheaper than linen in Ireland.

The man who will not marry until he finds a woman who thinks before she speaks may remain a bachelor all his days.

"Look into your heart and write"—the colors may be dark, but they will be true.

The sun should not set upon your anger, neither should it rise upon your confidence.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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

Come, tell me, dolly, if you know
What makes dear mother love you so?
Is it because you're very fair,
And have such pretty golden hair?
Or just because you always do

"COME, TELL ME, DOLLY."

Whatever mother wants you to;
And grow more loving ev'ry day
And try to never disobey?

As dollies cannot talk much yet,
I'll tell you why I love my pet.
Well, yes, your goodness does, I'm sure,
Make mother love you all the more;
But that is not the reason true
Which makes me care so much for you
I love you for this fact alone—
Because you are my very own!

Quick Way to Multiply by Division.

Everybody knows that learning the tens in the multiplication table is as easy as "pie," and that the fives are not much harder. But slight as is the mental effort required in multiplying any number by five, it may be lessened still more by discarding the multiplier entirely and substituting a divisor instead. This may sound paradoxical, but by experimenting you will find that dividing by two will bring the same result as multiplying by five, providing you add a cipher to the quotient if the dividend be an even number, or five, if it be odd. For instance, if you multiply 2,734 by 5 the product is 13,670. What is still easier, divide 2,734 by 2, which is done almost instantaneously. Then tack on your 0 and you have 13,670.

Early Habits.

A look into the bed-room of a boy or girl will give one an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothing hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always tidy, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. A boy who throws down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner, and throws her dress or bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. It is such little things that reveal the character, and such little acts of carelessness that grow into strong habits.

Nora's Stone Buterfly.

Teddy and Nora ran into grandpa's study all out of breath.

"It is, isn't it, grandpa?" cried Nora.

"It isn't, is it?" cried Teddy.

"What are you talking about, children?" asked grandpa, smiling.

"About my stone butterfly," said Nora, eagerly. "I found it down by the brook. It must have got caught in the stone some way. See here!"

Nora held out a stone in which was something that looked very much like a butterfly with his wings spread. Grandpa took it in his hand and looked at it carefully. "That is not a butterfly," said he.

"There, Nora!" said Teddy. "I told you it just happened so."

"No," grandpa went on, "it did not just happen so. Let me tell you a story."

"Oh, da, grandpa!" cried Teddy and Nora together.

"A long, long time ago——"

"When you were a little boy?" interrupted Nora.

"It was long before there were any little boys in the world," said grandpa, "and just where our farm is now nothing was to be seen then except the ocean. In this ocean lived a great many shell-fish. There was one little fellow who had a very pretty shell, though I can't tell you now just what color it was. He had a splendid time swimming about with his mates in the warm sea-water as long as he lived, and when he died, he left his little shell in the sand at the bottom of the ocean.

"The sea slowly dried away, and the sand drifted over the shell and grew harder and harder, till at last it turned to stone, and the shell turned to stone, too. There it lay for thousands of years till at last a little girl found it and called it a stone butterfly."

"O grandpa, how funny!" said Nora. "And are there any more shells in the rocks?"

"There are so many," said grandpa, "that you could not write the number on your slate."

"Then see if I don't fill my cabinet with 'em!" cried Teddy.—Youth's Companion.

Danger.

Quinn—Dick's father must be a railroad man.

De Fonte—What makes you think so?

Quinn—Because when Dick lost on the races and wrote home for money his father replied in four words.

De Fonte—What were they?

Quinn—"Keep off the track."—Chicago News.

Ayer's Pills

Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers
50 cts. of Druggists, or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

EVERY woman suffering from any female trouble can be helped by Mrs. Pinkham. This statement is based on sound reasoning and an unrivalled record. Multitudes of America's women to-day bless Mrs. Pinkham for competent and common-sense advice. Write to her if you are ill. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Absolutely no charge is made for advice. "I suffered seven years and would surely have died but for your help," writes MRS. GEO. BAINBRIDGE, Morea, Pa., to Mrs. Pinkham. "It is with pleasure I now write to inform you that I am now a healthy woman, thanks to your kind advice and wonderful medicine. I can never praise it enough. I was a constant sufferer from womb trouble, and leucorrhœa, had a continual pain in abdomen. Sometimes I could not walk across the floor for three or four weeks at a time. Since using your medicine, I now have no more bearing-down pains, or tired feelings, and am well and hearty. I shall recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my suffering friends as the greatest remedy for all female weakness."

SAFE COUNSEL FOR SICK WOMEN

MRS. SUSIE J. WEAVER, 1821 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had inflammation of the womb and painful menstruation, and by your advice I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Have taken four bottles and used one package of Sanative Wash and feel like a new woman. I thank you so much for what your medicine has done for me."

MRS. M. BAUMANN, 771 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "After two months' trial of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I can not say enough in praise for it. I was a very sick woman with womb trouble when I began its use, but now I am well."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

TRIBULATION is the pathway to triumph.

To nurse injuries is to raise a brood of miseries.

The liquor traffic has many defenders, but no defense.

Nothing has religious value that is without moral weight.

Absolute rest belongs only to the dead.

No man can make anything until he is something.

Gideon's band weighs more than the Philistine's army.

The only evil that has any power over us is the one we love.

God gives a man his tools, but he must acquire his trade.

Worthlessness is one of the most costly things in the world.

One who has a mind to think will soon have a thinking mind.

There is as much "white blood" in a black man as any other.

Failure is the one thing often that succeeds better than success.

It is only what we give away that we keep; the rest we lose at death.

Flattery and fool's food are both fashioned out of the same cook book.

It is the upturned face of prayer that catches the beams of heavenly hope.

The gospel seed takes no root because men have made the fields of their lives into wagon roads of commerce.

FIRST GREAT LAKE DISASTER.

Burning of the Erie Aug. 9, 1841—Thirty Saved Out of 200.

Fifty-eight years ago occurred almost the first great lake disaster in which Chicago was interested. This was the burning of the steamer Erie Aug. 9, 1841. Out of 200 persons on board only thirty were saved. A cargo valued at $20,000 and $180,000 in specie went down with the wreck. The little City of Chicago, in that day of slow communication, did not receive the news of the disaster, which occurred in Lake Erie, until the following Sunday. Attendance on church was slim that day, and for the next two or three days the excitement was great enough to almost suspend business. Two or three of the passengers lost were Chicago citizens. The only woman saved was a resident of Milwaukee.

The Erie was the crack boat of those days, a wooden side wheeler, comparatively new at the time. The boat left Buffalo on the afternoon of the day mentioned with thirty cabin passengers and 140 steerage, the latter being Swiss and German emigrant families bound for the Northwest. The $180,000 gold on board belonged to them. Many of the cabin passengers were wealthy residents of the West returning home on the steamer. The crew numbered thirty. When the vessel had reached a point thirty-five miles west of Buffalo a barrel of turpentine near the boilers exploded. The boat had been newly painted, and almost in an instant the deckhouse burst into flames, which ran with great rapidity in every direction.

Captain Titus, an old lake navigator, turned the boat toward shore, and, descending to the deck, endeavored to quell the wild panic that broke out. The emigrant passengers rushed on deck frenzied. Some of the women actually threw the children into the water. There were 100 life preservers on board. Captain Titus and two sturdy mates ran up and down the decks, wresting the preservers from male passengers and fastening them around women. So rapidly had the flames spread that it was impossible after a few moments to enter the cabin, where the preservers were stored, and thus only a few were available.

Meantime three boats had been lowered. Two immediately swamped in the heavy sea running. The third struck the water safely with three or four persons in it. It drifted past a woman struggling in the water. The only oar in the boat was thrown to her, and, clinging to it for several hours, she was finally rescued by the steamer Clinton—the only woman saved. This was Mrs. Lynde of Milwaukee. When the steamer Clinton mentioned came up to the burning wreck more than three-quarters of those on board had perished either in the flames or by jumping into the lake. The Clinton lowered her boats, but so maddened were the shrieking passengers left that only thirty of these were rescued. The Chatauque and the schooner Lady arrived on the scene afterward, but the fire was out.—Chicago Times-Herald.

—Blue roses grow wild in Servia.

A Lesson Learned.

Benny was a new boy at school, and as the teacher enrolled his name in her book she asked:

"Where do you live, Benny?"

"On Blinker street," he answered.

"You should say 'In Blinker street. That is considered the proper form now."

"Yes'm."

"You have lately come to town, have you not?"

"Yes'm."

"Where was your home before?"

"Boonville."

"Where is Boonville?"

"In the Erie Canal, ma'am," said Benny.

And many will be inclined to think that, taking the teacher's premises for granted, Benny's language was logically correct.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Never be unkind to a dwarf. God's hand is heavy on his head, for what purpose we know not.

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.

Be determined to succeed. If you have great difficulties, cut your way with the diamond of faith.

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.

It is almost impossible to elevate a man suddenly without making his head swim a little.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

CLEAN STREETS OF BERLIN.

Germany's Capital Is the Delight of the Wheelmen of Europe.

American bicyclists who have traversed Europe from end to end say that upon the asphalt streets of German cities, notably Berlin, the tendency to "side slip" is there much less marked than on similar pavements in this country. The explanation of this fact may possibly lie in the statement which is made by the American consul at Breslau, that the asphalt streets in that city are regularly washed, the purpose of the washing being to remove the slime which the asphalt seems to leave and to keep the street from being slippery. The washing has the further effect of preserving and hardening the asphalt. The care taken of the asphalt by the city authorities contrasts strongly with the methods usually adopted in the United States.

For instance, the space in front of the consulate is divided into four squares, which are in charge of one man. After cleaning the street early in the morning he wheels out a barrow load of very fine, sharp sand and scatters it lightly over the streets to prevent slipping. On rainy days the process is repeated several times. Once a week the whole street is sluiced and thoroughly washed with sprinkling carts. These are followed by ample roller brushes, which sweep the water and slime into the gutter, whence it is carted away. After this the man who has charge of the street comes along with his wheelbarrow and sand sprinkler. In spring or autumn when the streets are often sloppy and wet the washing is done several times during the week.

The man in charge of the asphalt pavement is paid 5 cents an hour, the ordinary street hands receiving 4 cents. Nobody litters up the street or puts sweepings on the pavement. There is a box kept for these. Wire baskets are fastened on lamp posts, against houses, fences or trees, in which the public may throw its waste paper while walking along. The citizens are very proud of their clean and sweet-smelling streets, and the householders have to sweep to the center of the street in front of their sidewalks every morning before 6 o'clock. The litter is piled up and soon the city teams cart it away.

Dr. Bull's
Cures all Throat and Lung Affections.
COUGH SYRUP
Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.
IS SURE
Dr. Bull's Pills cure Dyspepsia. Trial 20 for 5c.

Millet's Famous Painting Has Carried a Message of Hope to the World.

This celebrated painting was given to the world in 1859, but the painter did not live to see it reach the height of its fame. Millet died in 1875. In 1880 the picture was bought at auction by the American Art Association and brought to the United States and exhibited in the principal cities, but in 1890 was sold to the agents of M. Chauchard for $150,000, the purchaser signifying his intention of keeping it as long as he should live, and presenting it to the Louvre at his death.

Etched, painted, woven into tapestries, reproduced by various processes, the picture has become a familiar one in all countries, and one which speaks to the masses everywhere of the people's toil, their rest and their worship. No matter how poor the copy, the spirit of the original is there. The ear catches the distant sound of the bells ringing their solemn call to worship; the evening sky is bright with the sunset glow; labor is relieved of its curse, and the slaves of the soil become the children of God. Two peasants, a man and a woman, at the sound of the Angelus bell from a distant church, have stopped their work and stand in the field praying with bowed heads. It would be hard to conceive a more simple and pathetic representation of peasant life in France, and it is not strange that it touched the hearts of the common people. Here the peasant is in his grandeur, living by the soil and the fruit of hard, incessant work. In the picture and out of it his type proclaims that in spite of man's oppression—in spite of long hours of work, coarse fare and the absence of culture—the toiler can be kept from being brutalized by that voice from the sky, heard in the bells of the Angelus, which speaks of peace, of God, and of the final redemption. If "The Angelus" has a social mission it is to indicate the only way out of the thraldom of the centuries—the way God has provided. And if you think the world is terribly wicked—if you think hard toil fearfully enslaving and deadening to the senses—go to beautiful Barbizon, hear the ringing of the Angeles at morning, noon and evening, and even though hope has died in your heart it will revive and live again.—Woman's Home Companion.

American Marksmanship.

It was said during the late war with Spain that America's success was due to the fact that her sailors could shoot straight. Skill of that kind is no new thing for Americans. As far back as 1775 it was found that the marksmen of this land could stand a test specially designed to throw out all but the most expert.

Harper's Magazine reminds its readers of the June of that year, when Congress passed a resolution creating a corps of sharpshooters. Couriers on relays of swift horses carried the news to the various county committees on the frontier. In less than sixty days from the date of the resolution, 1,430, instead of the 810 men required, had been raised, and had joined the army, marching from four to seven hundred miles over difficult roads, and all without costing the Continental treasury a farthing.

Volunteers had poured into the little recruiting stations in such numbers as to embarrass the officers, who would gladly have been spared the duty of discriminating. One of these officers, beset by many more applicants than his instructions permitted him to enroll, hit upon a clever expedient. Taking a piece of chalk, he drew upon a blackened board the figure of a man's nose, and placing this at such a distance that none but experts could hit it with a bullet, he declared that he would enlist only those who shot nearest to the mark. More than sixty men hit the nose.

So much for American marksmanship in revolutionary times.

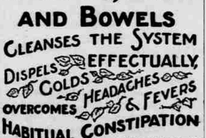
Amazing Speed of the Otter.

The speed of an otter under water is amazing. Fish have no chance against them. In some places in India otters are kept by the natives to fish for them. They are tied up to stakes like dogs when not working, wear plaited collars and seem happy.

Rhodesia Gold.

The Rhodesia gold output for April was 5,755 ounces, and for the first four months of the year 25,000 ounces.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ACTS GENTLY ON THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER
AND BOWELS
CLEANSES THE SYSTEM
EFFECTUALLY
DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS
OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY
TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.
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The odor left by a highly-scented toilet soap is not agreeable to most people of refined tastes. A delicate perfume may be used after an Ivory Soap bath with much more pleasing effect.

Ivory Soap leaves only a comfortable feeling of perfect cleanliness.

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Boyhood of Dreyfus.

A special to the Philadelphia Times from Pittsburg says:

Louis Perrot, a Pittsburg florist, was probably more interested in the progress of the Dreyfus trial than any other Pittsburg citizen. His interest arises from the fact that he was a playmate of Dreyfus in the town of Mulhouse, Alsace. He, of course, hoped for the acquittal of his former comrade in boyish sports. Of Dreyfus he says:

"He was very popular. His father was a dry-goods merchant, rich and prominent in the town. Capt. Dreyfus and I attended the same school. Then the studies were all in French. After the war between France and Germany both French and German were taught for a time, and then only German. I think it was during the war, or shortly after, that Dreyfus was sent away to college. I did not see him any more until he was a young man, and then not to talk to him. He came home for a time, and I remember seeing him about the town in his college cap and gown. That was the last I knew of him until I began to read about his trial.

"While we were in school as boys we played such games as schoolboys usually do, and it was only during play that I saw anything of Dreyfus. While the war was in progress, we all wore the red, white and blue and were enthusiastic for France. I do not recall that Dreyfus was more or less enthusiastic than the rest of us in this matter, but that he was thoroughly French is shown by his having become a French soldier after Alsace became German territory."

The Sweetest Boy.

Little Frank got at the can of new maple syrup which his mamma had just received from her old home in Vermont. He also found a paint brush and began to decorate the parlor furniture with the sticky liquid. From chairs and sofa legs he went to pictures. After he had turned several horses into odd colored animals he happened to get the syrup on his fingers. Naturally he tasted it, and finding it sweet, he cried "O-o-o! Dat's nice!" He found a spoon and fed himself, but more syrup dropped upon his clean, white dress, which his mamma had put on him for "company," than went into his mouth.

When the bell rang his mamma went to the door. In came Aunt Sue and Uncle Ned. When they saw little Frank they said: "Oh! What a sweet little boy!"

"Yes," said Uncle Ned, "he is the sweetest boy in all the world."

Mamma laughed because she could not help it. So Frank knew that he was safe. But he was sent from the parlor as a "bad boy," and had a good time eating the syrup on the back doorsteps with his kitten, who contentedly licked the spoon and purred, thinking all the time Frankie really was the very "sweetest boy on earth."

Are You Using Allen's Foot Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

The second death may be less mystery than it seems, if we consider the shock many will be subjected to on entering the kingdom where dwelleth righteousness.

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.

Man is the only thing that laughs; angels don't; brutes can't, and devils won't; but there is more deception in laughing than in tears.

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Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 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

Wages will vary according to character on the other side—many a poor struggling soul here will have all the luxury of the season there.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets

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

Hope is perennial; it thrives on rebukes, disappointments and vicissitudes of all kinds, and is ever ready to lend a helping hand.

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

Scepticism is not an end, but a beginning, is as the decay of old ways of believing, is as the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new, wider and better.

How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

The common opportunity comes, as the divinest opportunity in the whole history of the world came, cradled in obscurity.

Happiness is not in doing what you like, but in liking what you do.

Though but few walk the way of life they can never be alone in it.

Russian Girls.

Russian girls are sketched by Darley Dale in the Girls' Realm. The writer says they are charming in childhood; they mix with their parents and elders much more than is allowed in England, and while thus becoming excellent conversationalists by 15 or 16 have few illusions left. Until marriage they are kept under sharp surveillance, and perhaps in consequence are inclined to evasiveness. To escape the tender mercies of a chaperon, girl students go through the form of marriage with some man, but without otherwise entering married life. They are excellent linguists, read widely, are practical and domestic, have little sense of humor. Their faces are remarkable for pallor and heaviness, with an expression of sweet melancholy. Cigaret smoking is a universal custom among Russian ladies, though not quite so prevalent among girls. They skate well, dance beautifully and are fond of amusements.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
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