HIS DREAM OF TROUBLE.

Oh, I dream a dream er trouble fo' de
breakin' er de light;
Ol' Satan play de fiddle, en I dance all
night!
I fussin' en I frettin',
En he min' de way I sweatin',
But he still keep up de music en I dance
all night!

I tell him dat I tired, en he ain't a-playin'
right!
But my task is took—he tell me—fer ter
dance all night!
I tell him dat I gwine
Ter de meetin' house, ter j'ine;
But he say: "You know you lyin'!" so I
dance all night!

"Oh, de white man got me hired, en he
comin' wid de light;
How kin I hoe de cotton ef I dance all
night?"
Den he say: "Dat's what you'll do,
suh—
Got de white man dancin', too, suh!
He in de boat wid you, suh, an' he dance
all night!"

Oh, I dream a dream er trouble, but I
rise at break er day—
De devil bust his fiddle strings en up en
fly away;
En whar'ever I's a-stayin'
Dar is preachin', dar is prayin'—
Oh, I done wid all delayin' sence de devil
fly away!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A Young Man's Fancy.

HAROLD WESTERN had been ill for four weeks with typhoid fever, and was now only a weak shadow of his real self, subject to nervous starts and chills, and with just strength enough to turn in bed.

It was in the chill hours of early dawn that he woke with a start and missed the familiar figure that had haunted his bedside for so long, a blue and white figure, with kind, quiet face above it and cool, helpful hands that always did just the right thing.

"Nurse," he called faintly, and a moment more brought the day nurse from the next room. Her blue and white uniform was gone and her stiff white cap. In their place she wore a soft wrapper and her hair was plaited in a heavy braid that hung below her waist. She turned up the gas, drew a low stool to the bedside, and sat down.

"The night nurse has gone," she began, quietly; "you are so much better

HAROLD STUDIED THE TWO.

we thought I could manage alone. You have slept nearly all night, Mr. Western, and now I shall get you your milk and you will go to sleep again."

He followed her lazily with his eyes while she lighted the alcohol lamp and put the porringer of milk over it. Then she sat down on a chair, her head dropped on her breast and she slept soundly for five minutes, waking when the milk was hot as easily as though she were some sort of machine adjust-
[illegible] there were [illegible] old,
as she came toward him [illegible] the milk.

She sat down on the stool by the bedside, holding the drinking tube to his mouth. This action brought her close, and he noted, as he drank, the soft sheen of her hair, the delicate curve of her cheek, the long lashes shading her eyes, the firm, sweet mouth, and the strong, white hands that were ministering to his needs.

"You are Nurse Dimple," he said, as he finished. "I don't remember the other one."

She showed two dimples as she answered, "Yes, that is what you have called me ever since I came. My name is Wade—Emily Wade."

"I like my name best," he answered.

"Very well, but now you are to go to sleep."

But the patient was not so easily disposed of.

"Nurse Dimple," he began, as she turned away, "do patients ever remember what they said and did when they were delirious?"

"I don't know," she answered. "If they do they never spoke to me of it. I hope they do not, for the most of them would feel ashamed of themselves if they did."

"You meant that for me, and you know I remember that I insisted on you calling me Harold or I wouldn't take my medicine or my nourishment. And you did it, too." And he laughed weakly at the remembrance.

"I shall call you something worse than your Christian name if you talk any more. Go to sleep." And she passed her hands over his forehead until drowsiness overcame him.

The next two weeks were very hazy to the young man, and consisted of long naps, with occasional irritating calls to drink gruel or milk.

At last came a morning when the fog cleared from his brain, and he awoke refreshed. Before him stood the nurse, in a fresh blue and white dress, and a snowy cap above her soft brown hair.

"A whole egg this time, Mr. Western, and you look as though you could take it."

He took his egg and asked meekly if he might be allowed to talk, and was granted ten minutes. After he had learned the day of the week and month he asked suddenly:

"Did that night nurse ever come back, or have you taken care of me alone all this time?"

"Not quite alone," she answered. "Your sister, Mrs. Albright, sits with you every other afternoon, and Miss Violet Grant takes the alternate day. She sits in the dressing-room and rings the bell if you stir. She is too shy to run the risk of your waking and finding her here. She has brought a bunch of these violets every morning early, and inquired for you."

"She is a little wood violet herself," he exclaimed, gallantly. "But you, Nurse Dimple, are a very rose for freshness this morning. I prefer roses."

"Spare your compliments, Mr. Western. You are getting too well to be allowed to talk nonense."

"Yes, I am better, thanks to your care," he said, soberly; "but if I am not to be allowed to say what I think and feel toward you I shall wish myself back into the days of weakness and delirium, when I made you do what I wished."

"Your ten minutes are up, Mr. Western." Miss Wade said, a little sharply, and she set about tidying up the room with unnecessary swiftness.

Harold continued to gain each day, and seeing that direct love-making was distasteful to his nurse, and that more careful advances must be made, he turned to studying her likes and dislikes, talking over books with her and getting her to read passages from his or her favorites. Thus a very real and pleasant friendship sprang up between them.

But Miss Wade could not help seeing that the lad was growing to love her, and many long hours at night she debated the question with herself. Harold was much younger than Miss Wade, very handsome, and would soon be very rich. It was a temptation to the woman, who knew just what the world had to offer her.

She had nursed eight years, and knew that two more were about as many as the average nurse could do. Then would come some offer to become matron of an orphan asylum or some similar position, or else she would be obliged to hunt for a chance as companion to some nervous crank or old person. It was not a tempting future to look forward to, and here before her was ease if she would take it.

The thought of Violet Grant always intruded just as she had made up her mind that she would encourage Harold's love-making. "I am afraid that she loves him," was the thought that closed all soliloquies.

Little Violet Grant, with her shy tribute of flowers, her patient waiting in the little dressing-room, and her eager questions about Harold's welfare. It brought Harold's thoughts to a troubled pause, too, whenever he was allowing himself a day dream about Miss Wade. He and Violet had been schoolmates, and he admired her shy, sweet ways, and had given her many reasons to think she was dear to him, though he had never directly proposed to her.

'But, oh, dear!" he would sigh, "she is just as I said, a violet, while my nurse Dimple is a full-blown rose. I wish she wouldn't bring those confounded flowers."

Miss Violet was in love in her own way with Miss Wade, too, considering her the savior of the boy she loved so tenderly; the twelve years between them made the nurse seem an impossible rival. She chatted with her quite freely one afternoon, telling her how pleased she was that Harold would be dressed and on the veranda in a day or two. "I owe you so much, Miss Wade," she finished, with a pretty blush and eyes full of tears.

Miss Wade went up to her own room with hot cheeks. "And you planned to rob her," she scolded at her reflection in the glass. "Well, that's over, you mercenary wretch," and with the same firm expression she wore when controlling a delirious patient she went downstairs.

Harold was asleep when she came into the room, and he looked boyish, even with a six-weeks' growth of silky beard on his chin. "What a fool I was to think the boy could be happy with me, or wouldn't hate me in a year," she thought, and laughed grimly.

The next day Harold was well enough to be dressed and wheeled out on the veranda. It was a June morning, and Violet Grant came up the path with her arms full of roses.

"I overheard you say you liked roses better than violets, Harold," she said simply, "and, oh, I am so glad to see you getting well."

Harold took both her hands and pressed them warmly, reddening suddenly with something like shame.

Miss Wade came [illegible] just then with a magazine in h[illegible] and declared she would h[illegible] them a story, else [illegible] much for her patient's good. So [illegible] produced a bit of embroidery and Harold leaned back luxuriously in his chair and quietly studied the two before him.

Violet was small and very fair, with faintly pink cheeks which blushed easily and prettily, and big blue eyes that had never lost their baby expression of depth and innocence. Her hands were very small and slender, and handled her embroidery floss as though meant for such work only. She wore a pale pink muslin that floated about her softly, making it seem as though she perched on her chair like a butterfly. One tiny toe tapped the floor as she rocked back and forth. The big blue eyes sought Harold's, and smiled frankly and happily while the color deepened in her cheeks.

Harold answered the smile and turned embarrassed toward the reader. In her he saw a face and figure we oftenest describe as comfortable, and to such we turn instinctively in time of distress of any kind, but at other times fail to admire.

"How big she is 'side of Violet," thought Harold, "and how much older she seems out here in the sunlight than she did when I was sick. Why, she must be 30. What a fool I was!"

And he turned once more toward the girl of 18 with a love glance that sent the blushes racing over her sweet face.

At the close of the story Miss Wade went in to make an eggnog, and Violet rose to go.

"I shall be 21 next week," said Harold, "and I shall have something to tell you, Violet, my violet," he whispered, as she gave him her hand. "I promised father I wouldn't engage myself till I was 21, but I didn't promise not to love any one. Do you love me, Violet?"

"I'll tell you next week," she answered with a laugh, and ran away, blushing.—Boston Globe.

The Fruit Was Wax.

When the great account is rendered, when the final balance is struck, it may be found that Uncle Russell Sage has credit with Kingdom Come. On earth for the last twenty-five years the old miser has been the butt end of all complaints. Many a manufactured story of money meanness has been fastened upon him because he was good tackle to carry it. His hospitality also has come in for more than one score. The latest is about a meeting of a board of directors. Having no other place so cheap, Sage invited the members to his house, where business was transacted in the dining-room. On the table was a magnificent basket of fruits, and visions of wine and salads, brandy and cigars, arose. Refreshments, however, failed to materialize, and when the old man left the room a director said, sotto voce, "Gentlemen, there being nothing else in sight, I shall help myself to a pear." The action was suited to the word, but the pear was wax.—New York Press.

Dobson—I say, old chap, what is the difference between Russell Sage and Tom Sharkey? Hobson—I'm dished if I know, my boy. I always thought they were alike as two peas. Dobson—Then let me correct you—Russell Sage makes his money hand over fist, while Sharkey makes his fist hand over money.—Judge.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

DEFINITIONS are limitations.

Contentment is not laziness.

There are few things so selfish as melancholy.

Christ in the heart is the equation of life's variation.

You may flee from justice, but you can never flee from yourself.

Comfort depends on thinking, not on things.

A thermometer will not take the place of a stove.

The King's business requires haste, but not hurry.

The church's best ornament may be rags in the pews.

The saloon stays because we are too gay to be in earnest.

It is effort rather than achievement that counts with God.

The man who condemns all others, condemns himself most.

The same fire that makes the dross evident, purges the gold.

He who knows that God loves him can never be utterly miserable.

The Christian finds joy in sorrow, because he finds his Lord there.

Character is the only reliable certificate issued by the school of life.

Nickel trimmings on a stove are a source of much heat—to some people.

There is much difference between boasting of sickness and glorying in wounds.

That God loves and therefore we love is the essence both of theology and morality.

Many a man who would shrink from the taking a purse for profit will steal a character for pleasure.

When your life reminds the world of Christ, do not be surprised if it also reminds it of the crucifixion.

A patriot uses his private influence for the public good; a politician uses the public influence for his private good.

HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY.

Observations on Commonplace Things by the Atchison Globe Man.

After a bank has failed, how long do the people remember the lesson?

Help your friends while they are alive: don't wait to give them a big funeral.

A man who can't borrow ten dollars of a man, can borrow a thousand of his widow.

If a girl hasn't any money tied up in the corner of her handkerchief, it indicates that she has a larger wad in her stocking.

A woman attaches so much importance to the enjoyment of a clear conscience in time of trouble that she can become almost hilarious over it.

Let a girl enjoy having everything light blue in her bedroom as long as she can; after she is married, she will say less about things matching.

Did you ever in all your life spend one whole day in doing just as you choose? Think it over: isn't one day to do entirely as you please yours by right, but did you ever have it?

Not long ago a certain Atchison man shot at his wife, but fortunately missed her. Nothing was said about it. Another Atchison man didn't do a thing, but people were so anxious to talk about him that they invented a lot of stories.

Our idea of a good singer is one who refuses to sing any of the so-called "popular" colored melodies. The title of the latest song is "The Rats are After Me." It is enough to drive a man out of society to hear a pretty girl, who looks as if she were always thinking of angels and flowers, get up and sing "The Rats Are After Me."

In some towns you hear of, Miss Girl is pulled out of bed at day-break, propped in front of a piano, and compelled to practice until school time, and she is propped there again at 4 o'clock, and puts in from three to four hours more. Mothers are becoming more humane in their ambitions, and a girl now doesn't practice longer than a few minutes a day. At least this is the situation in Atchison, where there are many homes where girls are not taught music at all, and the piano is opened only for company. Mothers are beginning to realize that the world hates a girl who can play a piano, and can't do anything else. The reform should not stop here; the time left unoccupied by keeping the piano closed might profitably be devoted to practice in cooking and sewing. This is a busy world, and the loafer, though she may be a pretty girl, will find herself crowded to the wall.

Over Their Graves.

In many parts of Scotland it used to be the custom to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Thus, a sugar cane would decorate the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, would be found on that of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on a shoemaker's grave, and so on.

Colors of Race Winners.

Winning race horses are generally bays, chestnuts or browns, and for every 100 bays among them there are 50 chestnuts and 30 browns. There is no record of an important race being won by a piebald.

After a girl gets protection through matrimony she next wants free trade in some dry goods store.

Ayer's Pills

Look at yourself! Is your face covered with pimples? Your skin rough and blotchy? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, and dyspepsia. 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.

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

WOMEN do suffer!
Even so-called healthy women suffer!
But they are not healthy!

MUST WOMEN SUFFER?

The marks left by pain are on the young faces of many of our daughters. Pain that leaves its mark comes from a curable cause. If that cause is not removed its influence reaches out and overshadows a whole life. The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so uniformly successful for over a quarter of a century in overcoming the suffering of women, is that it is thorough and goes directly to the cause. It is a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

MISS EMILY F. HAAS, of 148 Freeman St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was down-hearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am happy to say it has entirely cured me."

JENNIE SHERMAN, of Fremont, Mich., Box 748, writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel that I must write you and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had neuralgia of the stomach for two years, so bad that I could not do any work. I had two or three doctors, but did not seem to get any better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and improved from the first, had better appetite, and after taking three bottles of Compound and one box of Liver Pills, can say that I am cured. Your Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine."

TINY CHINESE MAID

Captivated an Entire Train-Load of Admirers by Her Quaintness.

A tiny Celestial Queen held in absolute sway a transcontinental express that recently made its way from San Francisco to New York. She ruled by right of beauty and sweetness, and every man, woman and child aboard acknowledged her sovereignty. Dressed in her quaint Oriental costumes, she accepted the homage paid her with a demure grace that went to every heart.

The little maid was traveling with her mother, Lam Sheng, and her father, Chu Moy Yen. Mr. Yen is employed in a railway office in New York, and, though he has been married eight years, he was only now bringing to his home in America his wife and child.

Mrs. Yen was one of the Chinese beauties of Hongkong before her marriage, and was the daughter of a wealthy tea merchant, who had amassed a fortune in the trade with the United States.

That was how Mr. Yen, who was brought up and educated in America, found favor with the merchant in China, and was permitted to marry his daughter. After the marriage Mrs. Yen could not make up her mind to leave China, and her husband had to return without her.

This summer she consented, and with her little daughter Bo left Hongkong for Port Townsend. Her husband met her there and brought her to her New York home. Mrs. Yen is an Oriental lady of quality in every respect. She has received the advantage of an education, accorded few Chinese women, and speaks English, very brokenly, to be sure, but with sufficient command to make herself understood.

Little Bo has not mastered the language so well, though she smiles prettily and says "Pretty, pretty," when pleased. The costumes of the mother and her child were quaint and attractive. Both were dressed alike, with the single exception of colors, the head being uncovered, and the garments consisting of a voluminous overdress of silk, with flowing sleeves, and silk trousers, covered with a very wide sash of the finest silk.

Mrs. Yen wore an overdress of blue silk, while Bo was dressed in lavender, trimmed with black. The seams were covered with the daintiest of silk embroidery, and both wore jewels. Little Bo had a circlet of velvet, with pendants of strings of pearls at the end of which were sapphires, and wore earrings set with turquoises and small diamonds.

The mother wore a magnificent pair of turquoise earrings, carved in the shape of a crescent. Her slippers, of white silk, which incased feet hardly half the size of those of her little daughter, were embroidered with garnets, turquoises and sapphires. Her long black hair was caught with a bow set with a large number of exceptionally brilliant pearls.

Save the Nickels.

From saving, comes having. Ask your grocer how you can save 15c by investing 5c. He can tell you just how you can get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, all for 5c. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

Weight of a Lion.

Ask any acquaintance how much a lion weighs, and see what he will say. Those who know the look of the king of beasts best, and how small his lithe body really is, will probably come farthest from the truth. About 300 pounds to 350 pounds is the usual estimate. But this is below the mark. A full-grown lion will tip the scale at no less than 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory. The tiger runs the lion very close. A Bengal tiger, killed two years ago by a British officer, scaled 520 pounds. A tiger of this size has, however, considerably greater muscular strength than the biggest lion.

Pavement Made of Human Skulls.

At Gwandu, in Africa, which contains between 10,000 and 15,000 inhabitants, the town, which is oval in shape, is surounded by a palisade of tree poles, the top of every pole being crowned with a human skull. There are six gates, and the approach to each gate is laid with a pavement of human skulls, the tops being the only parts that show above ground. More than 2,000 skulls are used in the pavement leading up to each gate. The pavement is of snowy whiteness and polished to the smoothness of ivory by the daily passage of hundreds of naked feet.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune

Self-possession is more than nine points in law—or in anything else for that matter.

MOURNING CUSTOMS.

Violet the Correct Color in Turkey—Diplomat's Funny Error.

Some men like to wear a broad band of black crepe on their hats. They think it improves the appearance of man and chapeau, and do not hesitate to adopt it whether there is a death in the family or not. The British have taken to the arm band as an outward show of grief, and we see its employment creeping in here. It is in very poor taste. Following an ancient and honorable custom certain people regard the death of a friend as an exemption from bathing for seven days. The Greeks and Romans fasted, and all nations, at one time or another, have had funeral feasts.

In a fashionable street on Sunday I noticed, tied to the doorknob of a brown stone house, a mourning rosette and streamers, the color of violet. I once saw a similar emblem at the Hotel De Byzance, in Constantinople, and the landlord, Mr. Arghiropoulo, informed me that the ordinary color for mourning in Turkey is violet. When we see a black hearse we say "grown person;" when we see a white one it is "child." The ordinary color for mourning in Europe is black, in China white, in Ethiopia brown. It was white in Spain until 1498.

You all have heard the story of the Chinese Minister at Washington, who, having but recently arrived, threw the entire legation into mourning because a boy employed to scatter white handbills through the city cast a lot into the windows and doors of the big house at 2703 14th street. He thought the pieces of paper had been sent there by order of the administration to signify to him that some high official was dead. The blinds were closed and the embassy solemnly proceeded to suspend business for three days.—New York Press.

Like Finding Money.

The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5c you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free

She Rattled Dewey.

Dewey once attended a wedding breakfast at which the able Baroness de Struve, wife of the Russian minister at that time, was present. Dewey had met this famous woman several times before. The facial plainness of the baroness was quite beyond belief, but she was one of the most brilliant, lovable and kindly women ever elected to guide the social affairs of the diplomatic corps in Washington. A lady who overheard it tells of an amusing passage which the baroness and Dewey (who, if memory serves, was then a commander) had at this particular wedding breakfast.

"Referring to leather," said the baroness amiably, after some playful remark as to the spick-and-span polish of Dewey's sword-belt—he was in dress uniform—"the most remarkable bit of Russian leather in the world is my face."

Dewey was as quick a thinker then as he is now, but this stalled him.

"Madame," he said, after a pause, "I am but a rough sailor man, and this is a heavy demand which you make upon me. I am not equal to the emergency."

"Of course," said the baroness, tapping with her fan, "I should have to consider you hopelessly rude were you to agree with me. But you can preserve your neutrality—naval officers are taught that, are they not?—by telling me what really fine eyes I have. They are very fine, are they not?"

Thus assisted, Dewey rose to the occasion. The baroness' eyes were, in truth, magnificent.—Washington Post.

A 50c. Calendar For Two 2c. Stamps

If you will send 4 cts. to J. P. Lyons, Art Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York he will mail you a beautiful screen Calendar for 1900, size 11x16 inches, in 3 panels, lithographed in 11 colors and gold. New York stores charge 50 cts. for Calendars as good.

Returned the Compliment.

The obsequious person who seeks fees from travelers by pretending to mistake them for noblemen occasionally meets one who does not fall into the trap. The following example is taken from an English paper:

An Englishman gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris opera-house by an usher, who bowed low and said, "The door is open, prince."

The Englishman glanced at him, and without extending the expected fee, simply said, "Thank you very much, viscount."

Ridicule is the stifle of all energy amongst those she controls.

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.

Cozy in a corner of the big lounge she lies,
Sleeping in the shadows of her tight-closed eyes;
Dreaming of play and the long, long day,
And her dimpled little dollie who never runs away,
For dollie keeps so still, and eyes opened wide,
And she couldn't go to sleep if she tried.

Oh, you know, it wouldn't do for the two to doze,

For rats might nibble the little girl's toes—
Right through her shoes—or brother might come
With the rubby-dub-dum of his new snare drum!
So dollie, with pride, keeps her eyes open wide,
And watches and waits at the little girl's side!
—Chicago Record.

The Cat Is a Fraud.

All the people who have ever had much to do with cats say that they cannot be trusted. A dog will do as he has been taught, but a cat will only mind while it is watched. A lady who owns one has often whipped it for coming into the parlor, where, with its sharp claws, it tears up the curtains or anything else that flutters. While the lady is in the house the cat will never go into the parlor, but when she has been out she always finds pussy's black hairs on the parlor sofa cushions. The other day, when she came home from a call, she saw pussy in the parlor window lazily watching the people go by. When it saw her coming it jumped and ran up stairs, where she found it pretending to be asleep.

Whipping Machines.

If you were a Scotch boy and were inclined to get into mischief you might appreciate the value of a recently invented Scotch machine. It is a device for whipping young folk who have been unruly. It is said that this ingenious machine works like a charm and will turn out more well-punished boys in an hour than the average person could attend to in a day. The machine is in operation at the town of Airdrie. The complaint that the boys make who have been birched by the machine is that too much time passes between the strokes and each one of them feels like a sound thrashing in itself. Four strokes is a pretty severe punishment for any boy. The lads about the town of Airdie are said to either be growing better behaved or are moving to another part of Scotland.

"A Lazy Man's Load."

Thump, thump, thud!

How many times it had occurred in the last few minutes—that noise!

Willie didn't cry, for hadn't grandma called him, only that morning, "My little man," and who ever heard of a man crying because he had let fall an armful of wood?

Nevertheless, he did look so woebegone and Humpty-dumpty-like, sitting on the lowest stair in grandpa's well-filled wood-shed, with his late armful of wood scattered about him like a "spill" of gigantic jackstraws!

Slowly he picked himself up, and carefully gathered the straggling sticks, making "'most a cord," it seemed to Willie.

One, two, three stairs had been mounted, when again—thump, thump, thud! went his wood, flying in more directions than before.

"Well, well, well!" 'Twas grandpa's jolly voice as he looked down from the floor above.

"O, grandpa! I've had just the awfullest time! The wood won't stay where I put it!" And Willie's sober, upturned face was met by grandpa's smiling countenance coming down the stairs.

"I'm afraid my Willie-boy has been taking 'a lazy man's load,' hey?" said grandpa, as he surveyed the crisscross sticks on the floor.

"Why, grandpa, I'm not lazy, am I?" asked Willie, quickly. "I tried and tried to carry as much as you could—I did, really and truly!"

"Ah, there's where you made your mistake, my boy! Couldn't you have gone a number of times easily with a smaller load, while you were tugging away with so much?"

"Y-e-s!" answered Willie, thoughtfully.

"Trying to carry too much of anything," said grandpa, slowly, as he sat down on the sawhorse, "is what I call 'a lazy man's load;' for a lazy man always tries to carry everything at once, for fear he may take a few useless steps, and by so doing causes himself double the work, besides unnecessary worry and trouble. Had you taken a smaller load, you would have had no trouble in carrying it, and by this time your wood-box would have been full!"

"Grandpa," and Willie put his sturdy little arms resolutely about his grandfather's neck, "I'm tired carrying a lazy man's load, and shall always carry a smart man's load hereafter."

Then as he ran away whistling with what wood he could comfortably carry, grandpa nodded, "And he'll remember it, too!"—Youth's Companion.

Queer Turtle Fishing.

A curious mode of catching turtles is practiced in the West Indies. It consists in attaching a ring and a line to the tail of a species of sucker fish, which is then thrown overboard, and immediately makes for the first turtle he can spy, to which he attaches himself very firmly by means of a sucking apparatus arranged on the top of his head. The fisherman then hauls both turtle and sucking fish in.

Not Fond of It.

"Why, Johnny, you are not afraid of the dark, are you?"

"No, I ain't afraid," said Johnny, "but I ain't very fond of it."

No Candy or Cakes.

The Cubans make no candy to speak of, and their cakes are so high in price that only the rich buy them.

Do not wash your hands and face with a common laundry soap, or if you do, don't complain when you find them rough, hard and chapped. Ordinary laundry soaps are good for scrubbing floors, but not for the skin. Ivory Soap makes a creamy lather that rinses easily and takes the dirt with it. The natural oil of the skin washed with Ivory Soap is not removed, and the skin is left soft and smooth.

IT FLOATS.

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GHOST FOR A FIREMAN.

At Least That's What the Engineer Thought, and It Scared Him.

"I met a man on my last trip," said an old railway conductor, "who reminded me of a very singular story. He used to be an engineer, and about ten years ago he had a job pulling freight on a division that took him in and out of Chattanooga. One night, when he was going up a pretty stiff grade, the coupling broke between the engine and the tender, and his fireman, who was standing on the connecting plate, balancing a shovelful of coal in the glare of the open fire box, went down exactly like a man disappearing through a trap-door. The whole train passed over him and he was ground to rags. This tragedy, happening right before the engineer's eyes, gave him a frightful shock, and his nerves were thoroughly unstrung.

"About two weeks afterward his new fireman was suddenly taken sick and another man was put on just before the train pulled out. The engineer gave him a hasty glance in the dusk of the depot, told him curtly what he wanted him to do and climbed up into his seat. He was vexed, as engineers always are, at having to take out a stranger, and said nothing to him for perhaps an hour. Then he turned to give him some trifling order, and there, standing on the plate, balancing his shovel in the red glare, exactly as he was on that fatal night, he saw his dead fireman. He glared at him a moment and then pitched over headforemost in a swoon. When he came to his senses he was lying in the caboose, and it was a good while before he could tell the boys what had happened.

"Then the explanation came out. The new fireman was a cousin of the one who had been killed, and they looked very much alike. Seen under the peculiar circumstances I have described the resemblance must have been extraordinary. At any rate the episode ended the engineer's career as a railroader. He threw up his job and got a place clerking in a store, and eventually he worked into a partnership. That was the man I met on the train the other night. He told me he was doing very well and that nothing could induce him to go back to the old business."

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Sore eyes in 3 days; chronic cases in 30 days, or money back. All druggists, or by mail, 25c. per box. J. P. HAYNES, Decatur, Texas.

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WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur; and the loftiest of our race are those who have the profoundest sympathies.

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The beauty that addresses itself to the eye is only the spell of the moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PICKERT, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1894.

Those who hunt after happiness will find it at last, if they find it at all, as the old lady did her spectacles, which she had lost—perched on her own nose.

We should manage our fortunes as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.

They Knew His Business.

Professor Frank Rees, of Columbia University, who holds the chair of astronomy there, was a visitor recently at a county fair, where he soon made himself quite popular. While resting in a refreshment tent he overhead women discussing him.

"So he's an astronomer? I wonder how it pays?" said one.

"Pretty well," said another; "he tells fortunes from the stars at 50 cents apiece."

"That isn't all," added a third; "he makes almanacs, with jokes and advice to take pills in the spring, and the druggists pay him as much as $50 for them."

The professor arose and fled.—Philadelphia Post.

Whenever a woman's ear begins to burn it's a sign she has been talking about somebody.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup The best remedy for Consumption, Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough, Croup. Small doses; quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Trial, no forg.

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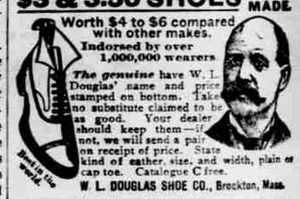

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