"I DIDN'T THINK."

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to the start,
We'd find not one in ten begun
From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
The elf "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite,
He so regrets the woe he wrought,
And wants to make things right.
But wishes do not heal a wound,
Or weld a broken link,
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through "I didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting place.
If from that great unsefish stream,
The Golden Rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause
To say, "I didn't think."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Love's Vicissitudes.

"I'M going to enjoy myself all I can for the next three weeks, for after that I shall have to settle down into a nice, respectable matron;" and the speaker drew down her pretty mouth in mock solemnity.

"That doesn't sound as if it were a pleasurable anticipation," observed her companion.

"There, Alvin, what makes you take everything so seriously? Of course I didn't mean it that way," exclaimed Edna, half impatiently.

They had been engaged for some time, and the day had been decided upon which should see them united for life. Edna Lewis was a bright, vivacious girl, with mischief lurking in her gray eyes. She loved excitement, while Alvin Hall was quiet and rather grave.

"May I ask?" he inquired, "what are the dissipations you are planning for these three weeks?"

"Well, there's Laura's party and the moonlight excursion of the club, and the circus is coming next week—you'll take me to that, won't you, Alvin?"

"My dear Edna, you know my views on that subject. I do not think it a proper place for a lady to visit."

"I don't think it's any harm, and I've set my heart on going."

"To please me you will not go, Edna," he said quietly.

"Well, Ishall. Jack Woods offered to take me, and I said of course you would. If you won't I'll go with him, that's all," she exclaimed.

"Very well, if you choose to disregard my wishes I cannot prevent it," and with that he bade her good-by.

A week passed. At the party Edna met Jack Woods.

"I suppose you and Alvin are going to the circus?" he remarked, casually. "Going to be a big thing this year."

"No, Alvin isn't going," she replied. "He does not approve of those things."

"Whew! Aren't we good all at once? It isn't right, though, for him to spoil your pleasure."

So Edna thought, and when Jack renewed his offer of escort to the forbid- [illegible] she accepted it. Somehow, [illegible] went [illegible] lover's manner showed that he had not forgiven her. Those were unhappy days. Edna was too proud to show her regret, and only those nearest her knew that she suffered. Alvin Hall went West, and reports came to her that he had married and settled down. It was then that Jack asked her to be his wife and she consented, though acknowledging that her heart had been given to another. She made him a cozy home, however, and soon three little ones came to bless it.

But one day the change came. Her husband was brought home insensible, and the doctor said that paralysis would prevent him from ever working again. Then Edna faced the problem bravely. She obtained work as a dressmaker and earned enough to maintain the family. At length her husband died, and she was alone with her children, the oldest of whom, a bright boy of 15, was employed in a store. One day he came home breathless.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "to-day two ladies came in, and one was asking where she could find a good dressmaker. I made bold to speak about you, and she gave me her card, and said would you please call to-morrow."

"I am glad of it, Jack," said his mother, "for I am not busy just now."

The next day found her at the residence of Mrs. Gleason. Her references being satisfactory, that lady gave her a dress to be finished by the following Saturday. Edna worked at it early and late, and at the appointed time she stood again on the step of that dwelling so different from her own. A gentleman answered the bell and invited her inside.

"Mrs. Woods, is it not?" he asked. "My sister said she expected you, and, as she was called out, she wished you to await her return."

As he placed a chair for her she thanked him; but something in her manner made him observe her closely. Her eyes wandered from a portrait in one corner of the room to the face of the man before her. The picture was of a young man with dark, serious eyes and a broad, high forehead. When Edna saw it she started and turned white.

"Are you ill?" inquired the gentleman. He approached her. "Good heavens!" he cried, "is it Edna, after all these years?"

"It is strange that we should meet again here," she murmured, trying to calm herself.

"Yes," he answered. "How have you fared since I saw you? Is your—husband well?"

"My husband died five years ago," she said quietly. "How are your family?"

"They have been taken from me. I am alone, except for my sister."

They were silent for a little, each occupied with many thoughts. At last Alvin spoke.

"I have much to ask forgiveness for," he said. "My heart has not changed through my long absence. Tell me, can you forgive my arrogance?"

"It was my fault, every bit of it," she exclaimed with something of her old impetuosity, "but I paid the penalty," she added.

"Then say we may begin over again," he said eagerly, "and make bright the short time that is left to us here. Will you, dear?"

"You don't know what you are saying," she faltered. "There are Jack, and Elsie, and little Alvin——"

"And, best of all, there is Edna," and he held her fast.

The door opened at this point, and Mrs. Gleason stood amazed.

"My dear," said her brother, with an arm around his first and last love, "I am glad you found a dressmaker, but I'm afraid you will have to change, because she belongs to me."

HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY.

Observations of Commonplace Things by the Atchison Globe Man.

Every prodigal knows the fatted calf story.

People soon learn to dislike a pretty girl who is slouchy.

No sane woman, past 35 years of age has an ideal.

No difference how cheap a thing is offered, people want it for less.

Every renter asks so much that he finally moves, just because he is mad.

A yacht race seems to need just what the human race has too much of—wind.

A farmer's wife can beat her husband selling butter and eggs to a store keeper.

You are in favor of the heathen accepting religion, but do you accept it yourself?

There is nothing to some men, except that they are smart and well educated.

A busy man always hates the fellow who has nothing to do beyond giving good advice.

The average man goes home from a visit sooner than he expected. The average woman remains longer.

We have noticed that those persons who have great confidence in medicine usually have great confidence in religion.

At the foot of a two-column notice of a wedding, it is generally stated that the groom is a clerk, and a rising young man.

When a woman has imaginary trouble, she has a great deal to say about the flower, that, being trampled on, gives out a sweeter odor.

It is one of the unfortunate things of life that when a family has quail to eat, their neighbors don't know it as they do when onions are fried.

Some people have never purchased a gold brick for no other reason than that the gold brick man has never suspected them of having the price.

After a woman has been told she is a good manager, she makes herself unpopular by attempting to manage her friends' affairs, as well as her own.

Before marrying a girl, young man, look her mother over. You can tell what a girl will be twenty or thirty years hence by looking at her mother.

FATE OF AN INDIAN MURDERER.

Queer Capital Punishment Among a Primitive Mexican Tribe.

Speaking of primitive law among the Mexican Indians brings to mind a most curious case that was told me some years ago in the State of Oaxaca by an old Zapoteca chief who had become a convert to Christianity. He said that a long while ago an American botanist was traveling through the mountains of Oaxaca studying the rare and beautiful flora of that region. He had with him a mozo from another part of the country. He carried several gold pieces sewed in the lining of his jacket. The mozo became aware of that fact, and one day when the botanist got down on his knees to drink at a little spring, the mozo cut his head off with a machete, took the gold pieces and fled to the higher Sierras.

Not long after the body was found by some Zapoteca Indians, who had seen the botanist in former days studying the flowers and plants near their village. They knew that he was a harmless and good man, because he loved flowers. All Mexican Indians love flowers. [illegible] body to the chief [illegible] found.

"What!" he said, "shall the kind stranger with the white face, who loved flowers and sought not our goods, nor insulted our women, come to such a dog's death among us and not be avenged?"

He then dispatched four swift Indian runners in different directions, with orders not to return without the murderer. After a week's time they returned, bearing the malefactor, bound, in their midst. A council of old men was called. The case was examined. The guilt of the mozo was proved, as he still had with him the strange pieces of gold.

Then the old chief gave the sentence. It was speedily performed. They led the trembling murderer to the center of the little plaza. There four green stakes were driven in the ground. The murderer was stripped naked and stretched by the wrists and feet in the air among the four stakes, to which he was lashed. Then the Indians made a great heap of unslaked lime under the wretched man's body, and when the heap touched his breast and sides they poured water over it until the scalding steam of the burning lime had cooked all the flesh from the bones. Then they took the bones and threw them into a hole in the mountain side. And so was the stain of the murdered man's blood covered and vengeance was wrought by the Indians in behalf of "the white stranger who was good and loved flowers."—Mexico Two Republics.

Electricity and Skin Coloring.

It has been noted that in the surgical uses of electricity the color of the skin has been changed and there is no doubt that the electric current has a direct action on the coloring matter or pigment of the epidermis. Now it is neither impossible, nor even improbable, that electricity acts on the pigment, since it always leaves behind it light-colored scars. Hence to bleach a Kaffir or a Zulu, a Yolof or an Abyssinian, instead of buying soap and rice water, set to work to depigmentize him electrically.

Spanish Officers Rewarded.

Spanish army officers are receiving honors and rewards on a lavish scale, notwithstanding their ill success in the war. It is said that the honor list for the campaign will contain the names of between 500 and 600 officers. For their services in Cuba in 1896 and the following year 58 generals, 1,882 other officers and 680 non-commissioned officers have been rewarded.

Work on Eiffel Tower.

The Eiffel Tower is being put in readiness for the exposition. It is to be given a coat of enamel paint in five shades, graded from lemon-chrome on the summit to deep orange on the pedestal. Two coats will be applied, for which nearly fifty tons of enamel will be required.

In families where they don't put up any fruit, one of the children is sent around the corner for canned peaches whenever company unexpectedly comes.

We never saw a boy down town with his mother so young that he didn't draw back when she entered a dry goods store.

There Is a Difference.

"Does your daughter play the piano?"

"She says she does, but it sounds more to me as if she were working it."—Indianapolis Journal.

The average man's conscience is more or less elastic.

Love of virtue is as native to man as love of knowledge.

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.

Once there was a little girl who spent the summer days
With sheep and cows and pigeons and horses out to grass,
And other gentle comrades. They all had pleasant ways
Except a horrid parrot with a very brilliant head,
Who never made polite remarks, but always moaned instead,
"Oh, ah, wah! Ah, hoop-bah! I—don't —want to go to bed!"

Now all these other animals were very, very good;
They neighed or they brayed, or they crowed or purred or mooed;
They barked or they bleated, or they quacked or clucked or cooed;
But still that hateful parrot, he drooped his gaudy head,
And with a twinkle in his eye he dolorously said,
"Oh, ah, wah! Ah, hoop-bah! I—don't —want to go to bed!"

The Sultan's Son.

The young son of "the Sick Man of Europe," as he has been called for so long, has just been admitted to the religion of the Mussulman, and to celebrate that event has had his photo-

A LITTLE TURKISH PRINCE.

graph taken. The little Prince Abdul Rahim Effendi is just 5 years old, the necessary age for initiation into the mysteries of the religion of Islam. His admission into the sacred order was made the occasion of a grand fete.

Where Biddy Found the Clothes.

It was the funniest thing! They took a ride right over the church steep—but that's beginning at the wrong end! Bessie says I always tell my stories back end to. This is how Bessie tells 'em:

[illegible] always be upon a time") papa was out on the side lawn a-mowin' with that com'cal little carpet-sweeper. Biddy had just got the clothes all spread out nice, 'side of the kitchen door. Then's when it happened—just after Biddy went in.

It came up just as quick—a little big whirlwind and took Biddy's clothes up in its arms an' carried 'em off! Yes, it did. Papa looked right up in the air an' saw 'em a-flyin'! They went up twice as high as the meetin'-house, right over the steeple! You can 'magine how they must've looked to papa, an' don't you guess he laughed? Well you've guessed right, 'cause he did!

An' the funniest of all the things those clothes did was just too perfectly com'cal for anything! Our nightgowns did it—Bessie's an' mine. They're real long nightgowns, you know, an' they filled all full of the whirlwind till the sleeves bulged out round, and the rest of 'em, too, just as if Bessie and I were in 'em! And they acted as if they were real frightened, sailin' up there so high, an' put their arms round each other and held on to each other! That's the way Bessie and I do when we're frightened. Papa laughed and laughed, and then he came in to tell us 'bout it. The clothes sailed 'way over into the minister's orchard an' sat down there to rest—an' that's where Biddy found 'em!

And that's the right end of the story to stop at, only Bessie always says "the end."—Youth's Companion.

Weeds Have Wings.

"Mamma, I never knew weeds were so pretty. Just look there!" And Gracie held before her mother a downy white globe of the daintest texture clinging to a stiff little stem.

"Isn't it beautiful!" said mamma. "See, the globe is made of white wings."

"Wings?" said Gracie, wonderingly "They look like little white stars."

"Yes," answered mamma, "they do but they are really wings. Do you see the cluster of little brown seeds at the center?"

"Yes," said Gracie, looking at it carefully.

"Now," said mamma, "pull one of them out. No, wait. Blow the globe instead."

So Gracie blew upon it gently and lo away floated the little white star, each carrying with it a tiny brown seed.

"Now, do you see," asked mamma "why I called them wings? Each little seed has a wing, and when the wind blows upon it, it flies away, carrying its seed with it, and then it drops down sometimes a long way from the spot where the little weed which bore it grew, and there the little seed lies until it sinks into the earth, ripens, and sends forth another weed of the same kind."

"Isn't it wonderful, mamma? And see, too, how beautiful each little wing is. I don't think I shall ever say 'old weeds' again. Their seed wings are as pretty as the flowers."

Artist Who Loved Children.

Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the artist, loved children very dearly. When his small children were naughty their mamma punished them by standing them for a few minutes in a corner, with their faces to the wall. This seemed to be quite severe punishment to their beauty loving papa. So he had painted in the corners where his children were punished sprays of flowers, saying, "If he has to go to the corner I am determined he shall go by himself there." It is also as that the artist, when visiting, found a child of his host receiving the same punishment, and that he quietly sketched, with a pencil, flying birds in the corner where the small boy stood.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Marvelously Developed Sense of Hearing and Touch.

"It is not always possible," said the retired burglar, "to avoid making a noise in a house; which doesn't seem remarkable when you take into account the fact that a man is all the time in strange houses, and more or less of the time in the dark; the wonder is that a man doesn't fall over something seventeen times in a night and rouse the whole neighborhood. A man's got his lamp with him, to be sure, but he can't be all the time fooling around with that; in his ordinary goings about he relies upon his sense of touch, which comes to be very sensitive.

"A great help to a man in getting about is the fact that there's more or less sameness to houses, in the arrangement of the stairs and halls, and things in general; he isn't an architect, but he has at least inspected a good many houses, and a glance at the start, as a general thing, will tell him how things lie. And so, while he's got his lamp, he relies a good deal on his senses of touch and hearing. I don't know, but it seems to me that I could feel a door, or a wall, or a partition before I touched it, by the compression of the air between it and my shoe as I put my foot forward, and one is in a state of constant readiness to stop. And no matter how hard a man's hands may be they are velvet-tipped as far as the sense of touch is concerned, and as fielding as willow. If he touches anything movable he rarely upsets it, though he may sometimes; but the only wonder to me is, as I said, that he doesn't fall over things right and left.

"But while he is quiet himself, any noise, however slight, made by anybody in the house, he can hear with certainty; he comes to be very sensitive about that, too. If a man in a room overhead gets out of bed and stands on the floor you can feel him if you don't hear him. You know how boards that have been trodden down upon the beams that support them swell up again if they are not walked upon for a time; the fibers of the wood spring back to their original form. Then when you walk on them for the first time, when they settle down, you hear them creak; the way stairs do, the first time anybody goes down 'em in the morning. You might hear a sound like this when a man, however quiet he might be himself, got up and stood on the floor. But if it was a perfectly firm and solid and settled floor, that made no sound whatever, you could still feel him by the vibration of the house caused by the shifting of his weight, communicated to you from the beams of the floor upon which he stood, through the walls, and thence through the beams of the floor upon which you are standing. The vibration might be so slight that it could scarcely be measured by any known means, but in your condition of sensitiveness you could feel it.

"I really believe that in a frame house I could feel a mouse walking on the floor above. I don't mean a rat. Sometimes you hear a rat running across a floor; and that, under such circumstances, makes practically as much sound and shake as a horse would galloping over a wooden bridge; but I mean that I think I could feel a mouse walking slowly over a floor overhead; and you can easily imagine that if a man should knock down anything in a house, anything whatever, why, it made more noise than an earthquake.

"I still have that sensitiveness of touch, just the same; and, though I don't visit other people's houses at a late hour, as I formerly did, I find myself in my own house just as susceptible as ever to the faintest sound or jar."

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

The Names of the Contractors.

Two park laborers sat on a curbstone opposite the Museum of Arts and Sciences in New York eating luncheon out of their pails. "'Tis a foine big building," said one of them; "you'd never think they'd put up that solid a strookchur just to kape dead boogs an' other crachures in." "Indade, no," replied the other, "but what are thim big letters cut into the stone above the windies the names av?" "I dono," said the first speaker. He fell to spelling out the words, and presently a ray of intelligence succeeded the puzzled expression on his face. "Sure, I have it," he said. "Thim is the names av the contractors." Patrick made a good guess, for the names graven in the stone were Aeschylus, Sophocles, Pericles, Herodotus, Socrates, Thucydides and Demosthenes.

A New Cab-Fare Meter.

A fare meter that claims to possess several improvements upon the taxmeter, has been recently introduced. The apparatus has two dials which are inside the vehicle, one of which shows the distance run in miles and yards, and the other the time which has elapsed since the hiring of the cab, both starting from zero when the hirer enters the vehicle. In addition, there are secret registers by which the proprietor can tell the exact distance run by the cab during the day, so as to check the driver's accounts. The connection between the wheel and the mechanism is by a steel wire which receives a 'to-and-fro' motion from a cab on the hub, and works a rachet wheel in the fare meter.

Ayer's Pills

Sick headache. Food doesn't digest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 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.

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

Sick Women Advised to Seek Advice of Mrs. Pinkham.

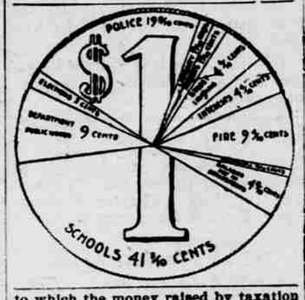
[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 94,553]

"I had inflammation and falling of the womb, and inflammation of ovaries, and was in great pain. I took medicine prescribed by a physician, but it did me no good. At last I heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after using it faithfully I am thankful to say I am a well women. I would advise all suffering women to seek advice of Mrs. Pinkham."—Mrs. G. H. Chappell, Grant Park, Ill.

"For several years my health was miserable. I suffered the most dreadful pains, and was almost on the verge of insanity. I consulted one of the best physicians in New York, and he pronounced my disease a fibroid tumor, advising an operation without delay, saying that it was my only chance for life. Other doctors prescribed strong and violent medicine, and one said I was incurable, another told me my only salvation was galvanic batteries, which I tried, but nothing relieved me. One day a friend called and begged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began its use and took several bottles. From the very first bottle there was a wonderful change for the better. The tumor has disappeared entirely and my old spirits have returned. I heartily recommend your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. Van Cleft, 416 Saunders Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

CHICAGO TAXPAYERS' MONEY.

Chicago taxpayers contribute every year, in one way or another, over $16,000,000 for the support of their city government and the school system. The figure below gives the taxpayer, at a glance, an opportunity to learn how each dollar he contributes to the public use is divided among the various uses



to which the money raised by taxation is put. It shows the proportion given the schools, that to the police, what the fire department gets, and so on. As it has been found impossible to show the amount spent for salaries in each department the entire proportion given to each department, including what it pays for salaries, has been thrown together and then a separate statement made for the salaries not included in any of the department figures.—Chicago Tribune.

Marriage.

"Marriage," says a fair correspondent, "in common with all the blessings and evils of this world, is governed by the laws of compensation. A man loses, possibly, a certain amount of liberty—a vague term at best—he may, perhaps, have to deny himself his cigar and a few other unnecessary luxuries. He must, in short, be a little less self-centered than formerly. Yet are not his denials more than amply repaid by gaining a comfortable home, where he reigns paramount, where he is considered, loved and waited upon at every step? Above all, on securing a tender, sympathetic, loving helpmeet, always ready to sink into oblivion her own worries and troubles, to advise and cheer him in the daily fight, to sympathize in trouble, to nurse in illness and to transform his very faults into virtues. All this and more a man gains as a reward for a little self-denial and an increased responsibility, and I say it is emphatically untrue that men 'rank wedlock as a tremendous and most undoubtedly uneven bargain.' Don't judge men by a few who, unworthy to be husbands themselves, have been disappointed in their wives, or by those small-minded creatures who lack the faculty for seeing two sides of a question. No; marriage, where man and wife are true to their calling, is an undoubtedly even and profitable bargain."

IDAHO'S SOLITUDE.

Every State is settled differently, is the contention of a writer in Ainslee's. "Look up into Idaho," he says, 'once called the 'mountain-walled fastness,' and realize how long the pioneer must have been held there in lonely solitude before the fame of his success with the soil or with the mines could have reached the other world, and then calculate why Idaho has given existence to the Coeur d'Alene, and why it has men in Congress with the electric vim of Dubois. Can a man arise from such an environment without bearing with him the resoluteness of the master, even though he fail after he has emerged?"

Life is continually weighing us in very sensitive scales and telling every one of us precisely what his real weight is to the last grain of dust.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mankind generally are like soap bubbles floating along the stream—some are larger and more brittle than others, because they have more wind in them.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by DR. J. E. 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.

Man lacks nothing more than righteous courage to resist injustice; death is too late and too ignominious a retreat from human oppression.

FRESH LITERARY NOTES.

Birthplace of the Twentieth Century.

The cradle of the new century is a remote, isolated quarter of the globe where there are few people to hail its birth. In that country the twentieth century will be an infant of quite considerable growth before time can speed its dawning into the next nearest habitation of man. John Ritchie, Jr., will tell "Where the New Century Will Really Begin," in the January Ladies' Home Journal.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind; the sign of a large and generous soul and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1895.

There are ideas powerful enough to revolutionise society—they only wait to be incarnated in a sincere and unselfish personality.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

PRINCIPLE flies no flag of truce.

Service is greater than sovereignty.

When money is king misery is queen.

Circumstances are less potent than ideals.

There is a tree somewhere for every Zaccheus.

The neighborhood of need is the Christian's parish.

A good pastor is an incarnation of the Good Shepherd.

Grasp the irksome duty tight, it shall turn to sweet delight.

Courtesy may conceal selfishness, but Christ alone can cure it.

Many a geologist has yet stumbled and fallen over a stone.

The true church is the hospital where the Great Physician walks.

Weaken your lusts by starving them before you wrestle with them.

The preacher who starves his head, cannot feed his people's hearts.

If the heart-strings are rightly moved the purse-strings will surely be loosened.

The man who calls himself a "moderate drinker" deceives nobody but himself.

Sunday is not to teach us to give God one-seventh, but to remind us that all time is His.

We can bear one another's burdens without being busy-bodies in each other's business.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not," will ring in the ears of some of the lost, through all eternity.

If we were more anxious to get Christ to church, we would have to worry less about the crowd.

FLORA TEMPLE'S SHOE.

Story of One the Mare Wore When She Broke the World's Record.

John R. Rome, of this city, who has for several years been a visitor at the summer hotel conducted by Mart Kimble near Honesdale, Pa., has presented to Mr. Kimble a souvenir which would be highly prized by many turfmen. The souvenir is one of the shoes taken from Flora Temple immediately after her great race against her own and the world's record in 1859. She was shod for the occasion, and immediately after the race the shoes were taken off, as they could not be used on ordinary roads. The owner of Flora Temple was an intimate friend of Mr. Rome, and presented to him one of the shoes, with the request that he see how long he could keep it in his possession.

For forty years Mr. Rome has guarded the memento with jealous eyes, but last week, believing that the shoe would be an interesting object to others, he presented it to Mr. Kimble. It is a dainty piece of workmanship, well befitting the mare about whom clings more horse gossip, romance and interest than has been allotted to any other of her kind. It is nearly round, and its diminutive size indicates the dainty formation of Flora's foot. It is extremely thin, and the nail holes in it can hardly be pierced with a knitting needle. It was gilded when taken off, but the gold has worn off, and the beautiful workmanship of the blacksmith is plainly apparent.

The hoof side of the shoe is slightly rusted, but otherwise the shoe is as it was when the unknown Flora stepped on it into fame.

Tradition has it that Flora Temple was of humble origin and that in her early days she was worked as a truck horse. She was sold for $150 just before her fortunes began to mend. Her purchaser fortunately could recognize merit no matter how lowly its origin. No other horse was for so long a time the undisputed "Queen of the Turf." At that time "2:40 on the plank road" indicated the fastest trotting time. Tacony got the record down to 2:25¼ in 1853 and held it there until three years later, when Flora Temple lowered it to 2:24½, and that record stood until 1859, when it was decided to give Flora an opportunity to beat her own record, as no other horse seemed to be able to do it. The event was awaited for with great interest by sporting men, and the result, lowering the record by four and three-fourths seconds, was received with profound surprise.

The best horsemen of that day expressed the belief that the feat would never be repeated. Whatever the record now be, Flora Temple is held in loving memory by old-time turfmen, and they will learn with pleasure that one of her shoes worn on the occasion of her memorable race against her own record is still preserved.—New York Evening Sun.

Dot's Prayer for Peace.

On one evening little 4-year-old Dorothy had failed to remember her father in her prayer because he had scolded her. "You must pray for papa, too, Dot," said her mother. "But I don't want to," replied the little one. "But you must, Dot," said her mother. Dropping upon her knees again Dot added: "And for pity's sake, bless papa, too, and let us have peace in the family."

Cost of a Muddy Day.

It has been calculated that the cost of a muddy day in London is something like $25,000.

Exhibit of Serpents.

Brazil will exhibit 500 varieties of serpents at the Paris Exhibition in 1900.

Some people expect ten cents' worth of entertainment for every nickel's worth of trade they give you.

Cecil Rhodes' Ambition.

Sixteen years ago Cecil J. Rhodes, then a man of small means and no political record, stood in a small Kimberley shop and looked for a long time at a map of Africa which hung on the wall. An acquaintance who had watched him for several minutes stepped up to Rhodes and asked him whether he was attempting to find the location of Kimberley. Mr. Rhodes made no reply for several seconds, then placed his right hand over the map and covered a large part of south and central Africa, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. "All that British!" he said. "That is my dream." "I will give you ten years to realize it," said the friend. "Give me ten more," said Rhodes, "and then we'll have a new map." Three-fourths of the required time has passed and the full realization of Rhodes' dream must take place within the next four years.

The Universal Language.

At a recent meeting of the Russian Academy of Sciences Prof. Dills advocated the use of English as a universal language for men of science.

Some grocers are so short sighted as to decline to keep the Ivory Soap, claiming it does not pay as much profit as inferior qualities do, so if your regular grocer refuses to get it for you, there are undoubtedly others who recognize the fact that the increased volume of business done by reason of keeping the best articles more than compensates for the smaller profit, and will take pleasure in getting it for you.

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Jews in Palestine.

There is a new Turkish regulation requiring Jews arriving at Yafa to leave the country again in thirty or ninety days, if they come as visitors. There is no provision, however, as to how these people are to be made to return. As the Turks do not accept the word of the immigrants on landing, a system of money pledges has been resorted to. This may be called "fine," "tax," "deposit," "backshish," "bail," or 'pledge." It is a money guaranty that the parties will carry out the requirement of the Turkish Government. Unless they pay the guaranty the immigrants have great trouble in landing. In many cases the consul is appealed to, and rather than see them starve or sent back to the steamer, which would probably not receive them again, he gives his word as security that they will leave the country at the expiration of the time specified. Respectable American Jews, going there as bona fide travelers, encounter no more trouble than do Christian travelers. It is the immigrant class—Russian or Polish Jews—who are suspected by the authorities as likely to swell the ranks of the colonists.

Scent Drinking.

"Let me most fervently warn all your lady readers against the deadly habit of drinking or sipping scents," said a leading doctor, referring to the now prevalent vice.

"Generally, merely in order to do something daring, a young schoolgirl will take a sip at her mother's scent bottle. The habit grows. It is only natural it should, since when a woman is, as she thinks, innocently sipping the juice of some sweet flower, she is in reality drinking a form of alcohol much more deadly in its effects than her husband's most daring drink.

"Perhaps when I tell you that more than half the serious mental and physical breakdowns among society leaders which come under my notice can be traced to this secret scent drinking, your readers will take warning and stop now immediately. I would rather foster a love for cold gin in my own daughter than one for the finest scent ever manufactured. The hold of the former over her would be comparatively easy to conquer; but once let the craving for scent clutch a woman, and only the grave can cure her."

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 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, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. "Red Cross" Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It has won for itself praise from all parts of the United States. It has superseded everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, rice and corn, and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hubinger, Keokuk, Iowa, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years' practical experience in fancy laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all fine grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocers for this starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

The Colored Problem.

"Benjamin Franklin, go right along an' agitate yo'self toward de proximity ob dat cawn field. What's de use ob yo' poor ole fader climbin' de tree ob biography an' pickin' out de biggest names fer yo' ef yo' doan' lib up to yo' namesake, fur de lan' sake? Dar was yo' brudder George Washington. Now he's makin' hatchets in an ax factory in Atlanty an' drinkin' cherry brandy faw his health. Dar was yo' brudder Thomas Edison; he was run ober by an electric cyar. Dat was accordin' to de 'ternal fitness ob tings, as Chauncey Depew says, an' dar was yo' uncle Patrick Henry an' he went down to Texas an' dey gib him liberty an' den lofe. Yo' wants to coincide wid de coincidence, an' lib up to yo' blue chiny, else yo' slide off on yo' ear. Benjamin Franklin he drord de 'lectric fluid from de clouds an' yo' couldn' draw a box ob hairpins in a tousand dollar lottery. Yo' kin experiment wid a bottle an' a smokehouse key, but dey's de wrong kind. Talk 'bout 'lectricity; yo' wouldn't strike nottin' widout yo' fall ober on it. You hear me, Benjamin Franklin."—Washington Post.

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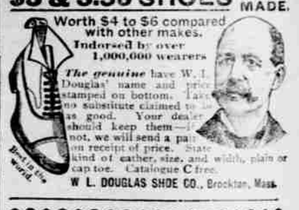

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Language is the dress of thought.