THE MILKMAID.

In days of old the milkmaid went
About with dimpled arms.
In days of old the poet loved
To sing the milkmaid's charms.

In days of old the lowing kine
Obeyed the milkmaid's call—
In days of old the milkmaid was
The merriest maid of all.

In days of old the artist took
His brush and showed us how
The milkmaid went to work upon
The wrong side of the cow.

In days of old the milkmaid's song
Resounded through the land,
And many a gallant's lips were pressed
Upon the milkmaid's hand.

Alas! Old Bossy heeds no more
The merry milkmaid's calls,
For the milkmaid of to-day's a man
In greasy overalls.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Act of Providence

"YES," cried my friend Amory, as he rose to go, "the whole world is run by chance, and no one can make me think differently."

We had been spending an evening at whist, and now that the game was over, we four had enjoyed a social cigar before separating.

The talk had turned upon serious matters, and Amory, an agnostic, had advanced his favorite theory that everything was governed by chance alone.

Clark, who had studied for the ministry, but was now in business, had combated with him for a vigorous half hour, and as the night was cold, and we were about to part, it was evident from Amory's last remark that he had not been convinced.

"For myself," said I, also rising, "I have listened to you both, and have said nothing; but if you will come to my rooms to-morrow night I agree to tell you a story that bears upon the matter, and then you can better decide which theory is the right one."

It was agreed, and the next night, after a little supper, my three friends settled themselves about my open fire and told me to begin.

"You will remember my brother-in-law, Merriam, of the navy? Well, thirteen years ago, he was in Paris, on leave. He had a good-looking, smart valet, for he knew but little of the customs of the country, and needed some one to assist him, and he thought he had a most desirable servant, until one night he awoke to see the fellow at his cash box with a dark lantern at one side.

"Ned did not wait, but springing from his bed he seized the man, and they had a hand-to-hand struggle in the dark, for the lantern was overturned the first thing.

"Merriam was of good size, and it was evident that he was about hand powering the valet when the fellow stabbed him, and slipped from his grasp out of the door and escaped. The wound was not a bad one, and as he had in turn given the thief a good pounding he did not follow.

"Upon examining his cash box he found that the man had only taken some 200 francs and a handsome meerschaum pipe that he had recently bought, and, feeling himself a stranger in a strange land, he concluded to call the matter square and not to go to the police at all, which conclusion he followed, and he never saw his valet in France again.

"When he returned home, naturally he told of the experience and described the pipe to me, as it was a curious one, and seemed to be the thing that he most regretted losing.

"It was a Turk's head, small, and with flowing hair and beard, with the mouth open, as if laughing, and in the back of the mouth the artist had inserted one small gold tooth that could only be seen if you knew where to look for it.

"It was just the sort of thing a naval officer would fancy and spend his money for, and, as I say, it was the one article that Ned most seemed to miss by the robbery.

"Five years after the occurrence that I have related, an old client of mine introduced me to a gentleman one day by the name of Dupray. He was a Frenchman who had come to England to engage in business, and in some way had become acquainted with Mr. Leroy.

"Leroy was a merchant, rich, queer, and with no family but his daughter. Now this daughter, strangely enough, was entirely opposite to her father.

"He was homely, she was beautiful; he was queer and rough; she was one of the sweetest women that I ever had the good fortune to meet. He wanted everything his way and she was willing to do his will in every particular but one, and in that I upheld her against her father, and to his disgust.

"She wanted to marry a young man who was a doctor in a neighboring town, while her father desired that she should make a grand match with some one who should raise her from the level on which she was born.

"A few days after my first meeting with Dupray, Leroy came to my office in a most merry frame of mind, and in a few moments announced to me that the Frenchman was in love with his daughter, and would marry her if he would allow it.

"The Frenchman was willing to settle on her all the property that her father might leave her, so that he was not after her fortune.

"'He's a fine man, too, Hamilton,' said the old merchant, rubbing his hands; 'comes of one of the old families, and has plenty of money. I think we shall make a good thing of it if Marcia marries him.'

"'Well, I suppose she will, of course, if you demand it,' said I, knowing how strong was his control over her, and wondering whether she had given the young doctor up. 'What does she say?'

"The old fellow's face sobered.

"'That girl's the apple of my eye, as you know, but she's as stubborn as her old daddy. She refuses, unless I can produce what she calls proof of the high standing of Dupray, and he has sent to France for the papers.'

"I thought for a moment, and then said:

"'Was the wedding to have been at once, before she made this demand?'

"'That's it. I wanted her to have him, and he wanted her at once, for we were to go to the continent together—and make the wedding trip a sort of business trip, too. But—confound it—you know the girl, and she has simply backed out until the papers come. It's all right, though, and in two weeks the matter will be arranged.'

"I cogitated a little and then said:

"'Better have the settlement drawn while you are waiting. I suppose you intend to give Marcia everything, and you might make the will and then have Dupray sign the settlement, or at least have it all drawn up so that it can be signed when the time comes. I tell you that I want to draw that paper, for while your foreign son-in-law may be the best fellow in the world, and willing to promise everything now, I am going to put British law about his neck, so that he will have to keep his promise by-and-by if he should want to change his mind.'

"The old man laughed.

"'I know you were always in favor of that young doctor, and he's a good enough fellow, but now that a better man has come along and wants my girl, and she is willing, he's going to have her. But it's right that everything should be done in proper form, and I'll bring Dupray down in a day or two and we'll fix the things up.'

"Three days later, one afternoon, Leroy and the Frenchman came into the office. Dupray was as polite as one could ask, and yielded a quick consent to all the suggestions I made with relation to the papers to be executed; but, somehow, as I began to write, I felt that he was not friendly with me, and that he laid it at my door that these papers were being brought to a head so certainly before the marriage.

"You may be sure that when that idea took possession of my mind, I was stubborn enough to determine that the papers should be drawn and signed that day; and when Leroy proposed that they should leave me to my writing, while they went and had a smoke, I said:

"'No, smoke here; and then when I want you to sign I shall not have to run after you.'

"And they sat down.

"Leroy took out some cigars, and offered one to the Frenchman and one to me. I declined, as I did not like to smoke and work, and the Frenchman declined, saying that he preferred a pipe, producing from his inside pocket a handsome meerschaum, and proceeded to fill and light it.

"Remember that this was more than five years since my brother-in-law had told me of his foreign experience, and I doubt if I ever thought of it even for half that time.

"Well, the two men smoked and I wrote, but all the time with that uneasy feeling that sometimes comes when you are not in accord with your surroundings, and it was with satisfaction that after an hour I completed the first draft of the paper and laid down my pen to read it to the high contracting parties.

"As I turned in my chair with the agreement in my hand, Leroy threw away the stub of his third cigar, while the Frenchman removed his pipe from his lips and drew nearer to me to listen carefully to the legal bars that he knew I was preparing to keep him out of the money. I felt pleased to think that it was so, and perhaps my face showed a trace too much of that pleasure.

"As I began to read, the man replaced his pipe in his mouth, and from time to time blew clouds of soft, aromatic smoke in my face; but as I was a smoker myself, I determined not to allow this to disconcert me, as I had no doubt he intended it to do, but read steadily on. When an agreement had been covered, I would pause and look at Leroy for his approval, then continue to read.

"At one of these pauses, for no known reason, my eyes turned upon the pipe held loosely in the Frenchman's hand as he sat listening at my side, and my heart leaped into my very mouth as I saw that it was a Turk's head, small and with flowing hair and beard, with an open, laughing mouth, wherein gleamed a single small gold tooth.

"It was the pipe that my brother-in-law had described to me as having been stolen by his valet.

"'May I see your handsome pipe?' said I, extending my hand, while my eyes studied the face of the Frenchman. 'It certainly is a beautiful one, and very odd. Where did you find it?'

"For an instant the fellow hesitated, his mouth twitching, then he handed the pipe to me, replying:

"'I purchased it in Paris some years ago, from a friend who imports them. I think it rather a curio in its way myself.'

"'It surely is,' I said, 'for I never saw but one like it, and that belonged to a naval officer, Lieut. Merriam. It was stolen from him, I think, in Paris.'

"The man's face flamed in an instant.

"'What!' he cried, 'do you accuse me of stealing this pipe? Do you call me a thief?'

"As he spoke, the door of the outer office swung slowly open, a man entered who advanced directly to our group. I looked up in surprise, but before I could speak the newcomer said:

"'No, Felix, he does not; but I do. This is my pipe, and this is the man who stole it from me five years ago!' And with a quick motion he seized the article in question. 'And now will you kindly call the police?'

"It was unnecessary. With a single, startled curse, the Frenchman fled before I could raise from my chair, and Merriam, home unexpectedly on leave, turned to grasp my hand, with a laugh, saying:

"'How I frightened that rascal! what was he doing here?'

"'Only some business with my friend, Mr. Leroy, here,' said I, with a meaning look at the old merchant; 'but I think we are well rid of him, and shall not seek to follow him. Was it not strange that you should have happened to come in at the very moment when I had told him that the pipe was similar to the one which you lost? A lucky chance, I call it——'

"'No, sir, it was no chance,' interrupted Mr. Leroy, 'but an act of Providence direct to prove to me that I am an old fool, and to save my girl. Hamilton, you may tear those papers up. My Marcia will marry the man of her choice, if she marries at all. Good day!'"—New York Weekly.

Where Feuds Generate.

"The topographical situation to which Kentucky and Tennessee were relegated in the first half of the century is the situation that still encircles and enthrones them. Being neither hot nor cold of temperature, they became the scenes of impact between the North and the South, the battle-grounds of the civil war. They still nurture the abnormal to some extent in the feuds between the Bakers and the Howards, the Griffins and the Phillpots, because they are not inviting to the iron-makers, the wood-workers and the general factors of the North, nor entirely habitable to the people who lave in the suns of the South. Their characteristics extend over into Arkansas, which, too, is rugged, and has been more rugged in some of its people. Yet Kentucky makes the gallants of American history, because it is on the border; and Tennessee affords rural homes, which have been exemplars for the romancer and passions for the dramatist, while it installs in the gubernatorial chair men who write verse for their own inaugural odes. Tennessee lies picturesquely between the moonshiner and the sugar cane."—Ainslee's.

Words are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance without wages or compulsion.

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.

All of our months were named by the Romans a great many years ago. One of the months looks back on the old year, and it looks ahead to the young or new year, so it was named for a god whom the Romans worshiped. He was represented as having two faces, looking in opposite directions. One of his faces was old and the other one was young. His name was Janus. Can you guess which month was named for him? Another month was named for the god of war. What was his name and which month was named for him? May was named for Maia, a goddess who was the mother of the god Mercury, and June was named for Jupiter's wife, Juno.

Have you ever noticed that while most months alternate with thirty and thirty-one days, July and August come together with thirty-one days? That is because these months were named for the two emperors, Julius and Augustus Caesar. It would not have done to give one a longer month than the other received, so both months were given thirty-one days.

In early times the Romans had only ten months, with names that meant first month, second month, and so on. Four of those names are used now, for instance: December really means "tenth month," although it is now the twelfth month. Can you find the other three? A man named Numa added the two months of January and February, shortening the others in order to do so.

It is said that February is a name taken from a Latin word that means to purify, because during that month they held what they called the feast of purification, and that April is from a word that means to open, because at that season the buds begin to open.

Dreaming a Dream.

"Little girl, little girl, whither so high?
To sweep all the cobwebs out of the sky?
I should think it would scare you to ride like that,

On a broom, in the clouds, with an old black cat."

With a peal of gay laughter she answered me,
"You mustn't believe everything that you see,
Your May's not the little girl witch that that she seems,
She's in bed, fast asleep, and you're dreaming a dream."

Pussy Understood.

He was a fine, black Persian cat and came proudly marching into the house one day with a poor little sparrow in his mouth, for pussies will catch birds, no matter how fine their family blood may be.

After showing his prize Pussy went to the front door, and, thinking the mat there would make a nice table, commenced his meal. Of course, he scattered a great many feathers around and made the front entrance look anything but tidy, and the cook was not pleased at the litter Pussy had made and told him so, and said the next time he chose to dine there he must turn the mat over on the wrong side. And, following his own text, cook turned the mat over.

About two weeks afterward Pussy brought another bird to the front door and, though the mat was quite heavy for him, took his claws and turned it over as cook had told him to do. Then he proceeded to enjoy his feast.

What the Spider Said.

"I was spinning a web in the rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, her needle broke and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she said. 'I can't! I can't!'

"Then her mother came and bade her look at me. Now, every time I spun a nice silky thread, and tried to fasten it from one branch to another, the wind blew and tore it away.

"This happened many times, but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it close and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

"'What a patient spider!' she said.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the steps."

Trees Have to Sleep.

Trees and plants have their regular times for going to sleep as well as boys and girls. They need the same chance to rest from the work of growing and to repair and oil the machinery of life. Some plants do all their sleeping in the winter, when the ground is frozen and the limbs are bare of leaves. In hot countries, where snow never falls and it is always growing weather, the trees rest during the rainy season or during periods of drought. They always choose the time when they cannot work the best for doing their sleeping, just as mankind chooses the night, when he cannot see to work. A Norwegian scientist has made some interesting experiments trying to chloroform plants, and he has found that the fumes of this sleep-giver make the plant sleep harder and grow faster when it wakes up.

Matie's Composition.

Little Matie wrote a composition on the cow. It was very brief, containing only the following words:

"The cow is a very useful animal."

The minister called and Matie's mother requested her to read the production to him, which she did, amending it to suit the occasion. She read it thus:

"The cow is the most useful animal except religion."

Johnny's Reason.

Teacher—Johnny, write upon the blackboard the sentence: "Two heads are better than one." Now, Johnny, do you believe that?

Johnny—Yes'm.

Teacher—Why?

Johnny—'Cause then you'll git a job in a dime museum an' make lots o' money.

One More Question.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank, as he was being put to bed.

"Well," acquiesced the tired mamma.

"When holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"

Spain's Sunday Schools.

In all Spain there are only 3,230 children in the Sunday schools.

MARS IS INHABITED.

PEOPLE DWELL ON OUR PLANETARY NEIGHBOR.

This Claim Is Very Confidently and Soberly Advanced by a Skilled German Scientist—Improbable that Communication Will Ever Be Established.

"Is Mars inhabited?" has been asked very often during recent years, and has engaged the serious attention of many astronomers, and especially of M. Camille Flammarion, a noted French scientist and author.

Some new light is now thrown on this subject by Prof Ernst Haeckel, an eminent German philosopher, in a book entitled "World Problems." After pointing out that men have studied the heavens for more than 4,500 years and have only been studying themselves for the last half century, he says we may safely assume that the many fixed stars whose light requires thousands of years to reach us, are suns, and are surrounded by planets and worlds similar to those we know. We may also assume, he holds, that thousands of these planets have arrived at the same stage of development as our world, and it naturally follows that on them the same conditions of life prevail as on this earth, and there is no valid reason why human beings should not live there as they do here.

Prof. Haeckel takes care to explain that there are doubtless many planets the temperature of which is such that life, as we understand the term, cannot be sustained on them. He thinks it very probable that there are types of animals and plants on some planets which are not to be found on this earth. According to him, it is very likely that the biogenetic process exists on Mars, Venus and possibly some other planets of our system, as well as on planets of other solar systems, but plants on these planets have reached a higher stage of development than has been reached by animals and plants of this earth.

If we assume that Mars is inhabited—and Prof. Haeckel seems pretty well satisfied that it is—we must assume, he holds, that the men and women whose home is on the planet are not such as we, but of a far higher type. They may resemble us exteriorly, but they are free from our physical defects and excel us in strength and gracefulness. It is in the intellectual sphere, however, that their superiority is most clearly shown. If there are human beings on these planets, says Prof. Haeckel, it is extremely probable that they far surpass ordinary men and women in intelligence.

Another question often asked is: "Will we ever be able to communicate with the inhabitants of distant planets?" Prof. Haeckel's reply is that there is very little probability of any direct communication ever being established. His reasons are because the earth is such a great distance from Mars and other planets, and because the condition of the air between the earth and these planets is such as to render direct communication by any means at present known to us impossible.

Dialect in England.

"Lonnon," or rather "Lunnon," was the usual pronunciation in Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire when I was a boy there, fifty years ago. It was only in reading from book or paper that the "d" obtained recognition. Among elderly people many other words, when they came to be read, had a different pronunciation from that which prevailed in ordinary conversation. For example, in reading, "have" became "hayve," "are" was "air," "said" was turned into "sayd," and the "ed" of a participle was sounded as a separate syllable. Colloquially a man might say, "We have err'd and stray'd * * * like lost ship;" but at church he would swell out the phrase to "We hayve err'ed and strayed * * * like lost sheep." So, also, the common remark, "I sed, How ar you?" became in reading aloud, "I say'd, How ar you?" No doubt these peculiarities have been noted before; if so, I have not been fortunate enough to meet with the record.—Notes and Queries.

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.

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.

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.

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Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BURNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

It cannot be denied that outward accidents conduce much to fortune's favor—opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue, but chiefly the molding of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

How Are Your Kidneys?

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

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well without a thought of fame.

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The world may be divided into people that read; people that write; people that think, and fox hunters.

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POLITENESS

Of Women to Women as to Seats in Street Cars.

If anything riles a woman, it is to have some younger woman get up and offer her a seat in a street car. This misplaced civility infers that the elder woman is to be considered on account of her age, when, in fact, there is little difference in years between the two. I witnessed a droll bit of comedy the other day in a Brookline electric that makes me smile every time I think of it. The car was full, with several passengers standing, when in bounced a stout, well-preserved person, with white hair beautifully pompadoured. She was dressed in deep mourning, but a bunch of violet in the front of the coat gave a touch of "mitigation" to her grief, which was quite borne out by the merriment lurking in her mouth and eyes. The lady grasped a strap and looked out of the window. Then suddenly a young person sitting near, observing, perhaps, that no man in the car intended to offer his seat, rose and leaning forward touched the other on the arm, saying:

"Won't you have my seat?"

"Are you going to get out?" asked the standee.

"No, ma'am," replied this tactless creature, "but you are older than I, and——" But the sentence was never finished. If a glance could slay, that young person would have fallen on the floor dead.

"Thank you. When I am too old to stand up, I shall not enter a public conveyance."

That was all. The junior woman slunk back into the seat, and some of the passengers tittered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Didn't Recognize Him.

A parson who occasionally preaches in South London arrived to take the place of the vicar, who had been called away on account of some family bereavement, and found an old and rather asthmatic lady struggling up the steps which led to the front door. He courteously gave her his arm to assist her, and when they reached the top the dame asked him if he knew who was going to preach. "Mr. So-and-So," replied the parson, giving his own name. "Oh, dear me!" exclaimed the old lady, "help me down again, if you please! I'd rather listen to the groaning and creaking of a windmill than sit under him," and she prepared to descend. The parson gently assisted her down stairs, and sighfully remarked, as he bade her good-by, "I wouldn't go in either if I weren't the preacher."—London Telegraph.

Ready Answer.

Everything possible, of course, is named for Admiral Dewey in these days. There are "Dewey" hats, "Dewey" shoes, collars, neckties, articles of furniture, cigars, and so forth, to an endless extent, and even certain dishes at restaurants are named in his honor.

A guest at a lunch counter on the day the Admiral landed at New York observed "Dewey cakes" on the bill of fare and called for some.

"Waiter," he said, after he had tasted them, "are these your Dewey cakes?"

"Yes, sir."

"They taste very much like the 'General —— cakes' I got here not long ago."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the waiter. "They've got lots more ginger in them."

Other Boy Didn't Count.

"Why, Johnny, what is the matter with you? You've been fighting! And I told you to count 10 when you were angry."

"I did, but Tommy Tinker played roots on me. He didn't count his 10 until after he'd plunked me in the eye."

The First "Boo!"

How many are aware of the origin of the word "boo" used to frighten children? It is a corruption of "Boh," the name of a fierce Gothic General, the son of Odin, the mention of whose name spread a panic among his enemies.

Pity is brief; piety is long pity.

WOODEN INDIANS OUT OF STYLE.

Molded Cigar Signs Have Become the Vogue of Late Years.

Wooden Indians, bemoans a man who had carved them for years, have gone out of fashion and his occupation is disappearing with them. Luckily, he is the only one in the business still and there is employment enough for him, although prospects for some years have been of such a character that no recruits have been added to this calling and with him it will die out of New York. Tobacco shops in these days are, according to his experience, not especially anxious to possess an Indian as a sign of their business. In case they select this advertisement a molded Indian serves their purpose just as well, and the former ambition of tobacconists to place in front of a store a well-carved presentiment of the native American no longer exists. Degenerate cigarette shops uptown call attention to their business by means of an exhibit which, compared with an Indian, carved or molded, seems a lamentable decline in taste and aesthetics. The swarthy young women with beaded jackets and fezes who make cigarettes in the shop windows still are potent in attracting crowds to watch them. One who has seen them frequently must be suprised that the tobacconist business could possibly be improved by the contemplation of these young women at work. If anything could destroy the ideas of delicacy and exquisiteness connected with the Turkish cigarette it would be a sight of these women.

The wood carver complains that the tobacconists are not the only persons who have ceased to demand his handiwork. The circuses, for which he used to carve all kinds of show wagons for the street parades, no longer call on him or any other wood carver, but have them made by a cheaper process of molding, if they want such articles. It is easy enough for any person who has seen a circus parade in recent years to realize that there must be little demand for any work in that direction. For fifteen years one circus parade has exhibited annually the same set of gilded wagons, without even the change that might come from a little fresh paint.—New York Sun.

BATTLE WITH A BURGLAR.

Girl Tackles a Midnight Intruder and Forces Him to Take Flight.

Chester can boast of another heroine, one whose brave conduct in fighting a burglar prevented the house of a sick friend from being robbed. Her name is Miss Helen Louderback, aged 18 years, daughter of Prof. Louderback, of Chester. Miss Louderback was nursing her sick friend, Miss Alice Pierson, of Ninth and Main streets, Chester, Pa. The latter has been sick for months and her friend has been living with her in her Chester home for more than two months. Miss Louderback retired at 10 o'clock on Wednesday night. She sleeps in the same room with the invalid. She had been in bed only an hour when she heard a suspicious noise in an outer shed.

The young woman made her way down stairs to investigate. She went to the kitchen, put the lamp on the table, and proceeded to the outer shed in the dark. She opened the door and in the dim light of the moon she saw the form of a man. Almost at the same instant she was seized by both arms in a grip that would have made any other woman scream at the top of her voice. On the contrary, she pluckily resisted and during the desperate struggle that ensued managed to free herself. Then with all the force she possessed she struck the intruder full in the face. This unexpected attack from the young and fragile girl shattered the would-be burglar's nerve. The next instant he took a header through the shed window. Just as he turned from her the young girl sprang after him and succeeded in landing another blow on his cheek. As soon as the man was out of the window he disappeared.

Miss Louderback proved herself different from other women again. Instead of spreading an alarm she further displayed her coolness by re-entering the house, locking up the premises, and retiring again for the night. Recently she related her thrilling experience in her own quiet way, and explained her reason for saying nothing about it before retiring, saying she did not want to alarm her invalid friend, whose physical condition she thought might not have survived such a shock. The modest little heroine shows indisputable evidence of her struggle in marks and bruises. Her arms are severely swollen and scratched from the burglar's clutches.

DIFFICULT CHINESE LANGUAGE.

Lack of Alphabet and Number of Characters Distinguishing Features.

The oldest spoken language now existent upon the earth is the Chinese. It has an enormous list of words—the estimate of the number of characters ranges from 25,000 to 260,000. The language has no alphabet. Each character represents a complete idea, and corresponds, practically, to the English word. It is written in columns from top to bottom of the page, and from right to left. A Chinese book ends where an English book begins. Writing is done with a fine camel's-hair brush and india ink.

The lack of an alphabet and the number of characters make the labor of learning to read Chinese burdensome. Each character must be learned by itself. When the student has mastered 5,000 characters the succeeding thousands must be learned in the same way. Those which he has mastered furnish no assistance to learning the others, save as practice may have given him a certain quickness in perceiving the peculiar form which distinguishes each character from its fellows.

The grammar of the language is so simple as to be almost non-existent. The same word serves indifferently as a noun, verb, adverb or adjective. Moods, tenses, persons, gender and number are lacking; there are neither conjugations, nor declensions, nor auxiliary verbs. The few Chinese who have attempted to master the English tongue regard its grammatical construction as clumsy and full of pitfalls.

The Chinese characters give no clew to the pronunciation, and no amount of book study will enable a foreigner to speak the language. That ability must be acquired from the lips of a living teacher, assisted by months of drill, a quick ear, and great flexibility of the vocal organs. Even the most faithful effort fails to enable many foreigners to speak Chinese correctly.

Full often the most advantageous place for our manhood is that which is surrounded with splenddi difficulties.

1 1182

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

The "Ivory" is a favorite shaving soap because it makes a profuse rich lather, which softens the beard to be removed and leaves the skin unharmed.

It costs about one-fifth as much as the so-called shaving soaps and many who have used it for this purpose for years, will not have any other.

The vegetable oils of which Ivory Soap is made, fit it for many special uses for which other soaps are unsafe or unsatisfactory.

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TRUMPET CALLS.

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

HOMELESS boys make lawless men.

Children are born; men are made.

A loving apostle is a living epistle.

To triumph over a temptation is to build a temple out of the devil's stumbling blocks.

Faith is the soul's ballast in the storm of fear.

One man is but man; two make humanity.

The Christian life is progress by resistance.

To be always bold is not always to be brave.

The higher you sit, the better you can drive.

A good boy is worth far more than a bad man.

The home is the headquarters of the humanities.

Time is God's loan, and character His interest.

A golden chain may chafe as badly as an iron one.

The saloon is our national attempt to commit suicide.

Consecration is not so much in getting as in letting.

The man who does not respect himself, cannot reverence God.

Some people continue to be offensive, even when conferring favors.

A man's prosperity can only be measured by its effects on his heart.

According to our measure, John the Baptist made a miserable fizzle.

The shingles you are going to buy are not keeping you dry to-day.

Sacrifice in the home sends the incense of joy through the house.

The father who votes for the saloon is whetting a knife for his own heart.

The prizes men pursue are often but the bubbles blown by their own breath.

The measure of a man's goodness is not the ill he avoids, but the good he does.

Christ calls for perfection, because there is no limit possible to moral qualities.

The effect of your prayer in the young people's meeting is somewhat marred by your neglect of the old people at home.

When you pray in public, don't try to include a digest of the daily news in your prayer. Remember, God knoweth all things, and needs not that any man should tell Him.

Effect of Altitude.

Perhaps in no State of the Union has climate so much to do with the character of the people as in Colorado, is the contention of a writer in Ainslee's. He says in part:

"Go into Colorado; climb the long ascent from the level of the Missouri, and then as you emerge from the train into the handsomely improved streets, and among the unsurpassed brick and stone residences of Denver, feel your head swim with the lofty altitude and the rarefied air; then realize that the miners went on a mile further into the air, that they are working and taking out millions of dollars of gold to the present day a mile higher in the air, at Cripple Creek, at Leadville and a dozen other places; it will make you pause to think what exaltation there is in dwelling there always, what staying powers the pioneers must have had. Wait a day or so, until the vertigo has passed away, and the exhilaration comes to you that always comes when you have climbed a mountain and stood upon its top and gazed out over a wide world that expands below you; then you will begin to feel that electric, that nervous surcharge, that indomitable, undiscourageable, almost towering spirit of elevation and still further elevation that makes Colorado almost the liveliest, the most irrepressible, the most determined element in the American body, social and politic."

Arizona's Enterprise.

There are many ways of settling a State or Territory, according to Ainslee's Magazine: "Look down into Arizona, for example; dig under the desert and find ruins of cities buried in the blowing sands; climb up the precipitous walls of the canyons and attempt to rest among the cliff-dwellers who sought to escape floods and enemies' arrows; you will discover why the traders who were in Arizona and New Mexico before Fremont's first entrance into California forsook the country and went further West in the search for gold, and you will see what nature of pluck and enterprise it must now require to make a conquest of those deserts, as is being done, with mammoth schemes of irrigation."

A good example is the best sermon.

Guided by Wisdom.

A public notice was given in Leamington, England, not long ago, which seemed to indicate that the parish of St. Paul's had some confidence in its own perspicacity as well as an unwavering trust in the wisdom of Providence.

A special prayer meeting will be held on Saturday next, at half past eleven o'clock, to entreat the Lord to give us a man of His own choosing for the pastor of St. Paul's. Such we believe the Rev. H. Linton, of Birkenhead, to be.

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.

There are two modes of establishing our reputation; to be praised by honest men and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will invariably be accompanied by the latter.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr Kline's Invigorating Tonic. Free $1 trial bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

Let us hope that science, commerce and labor will flourish; for the shedding of blood is a thankless business.

To Cure Constination Forever

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

"Golf is such an expensive game that I really can't afford to play," sighed Mrs. Quiverfull. "That's where you make a great mistake," said Mrs. Bowser. "I found it a great economy. I don't have to keep a nurse any more, as the children are always on the links with me; we don't have any more doctors' bills; and besides all that, I don't have to buy any more expensive delicacies to tempt my husband's appetite. He talks so much about his game at dinner that he doesn't know what he's eating."—Harper's Bazar.

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 25c.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer 1 Pkg. City Garden Beet, 10c
1 Pkg. Earliest Emerald Cucumber, 5c
1 " La Crosse Market Lettuce, 15c
1 " Strawberry Melon, 15c
1 " 13 Day Radish, 10c
1 " Early Ripe Cabbage, 10c
1 " Early Dinner Onion, 10c
2 " Brilliant Flower Seeds, 15c
Worth $1.00, for 14 cents. $1.00

Above 10 Pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalog, telling all about SALZER'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO upon receipt of this notice & 14c. stamps. We invite your trade, and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never do without. $1000 Prize on Salzer's 1900 earliest Tomato Giant on earth. A C—

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

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Scientifically made—Therefore THE BEST.

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