

THE HAPPY ISLES.

Their breezes bear the orange scent,
About their groves the wild doves
The sunshine girls their shawls.
O'er their
Eyes made them utterly Her own.
But far they lie—ah, far
Beyond the toiling bar,
Beneath the sunset, and alone.

The long lagoons are lapped in calm,
The shadows are tinged with sunset
sheen;
The shadows slant from palm to palm,
But dim they lie—ah, dim
Upon the utmost beam
Of sea and sunset, faintly seen.

Within their eyes I gaze, and there
The thart is plain. Ah, Sweetheart, be
My pilot while the winds are fair.
Come, then, beloved, sail with me,
For near they draw—ah, near
And clear they grow—ah, clear,
Beneath the sunset on the sea.
—Fall Mail Gazette.

"DI."

HERE we are at the old willow.
What do you say to coming to
anchor for a bit?" he remarked,
bringing the Canadian close in to the
bank.

"That is just what one finds so im-
possible in life—coming to anchor, I
mean," she said, dabbling her left hand
in the water.

"Look here, DI," he jerked out pre-
sently, "what is the good of beating
about the bush? There's something
wrong, and you are worrying yourself
about it, and I am going to make you
tell me everything. You used to tell me
everything once, DI, without invita-
tion," he added, with an attempt at
rallying that was chiefly pathetic.

"Don't be a duffer, Hugh," she ob-
served. "May I not be tententious now
and then without being forced to ex-
plain that I mean nothing at all? Now,
will you please amuse me? It is a
shame to waste an afternoon like this."

"Of course it is," he said, "and you
see, dear, all the gods and the fairest
of mortals—meaning your delightful
self—seem to be conspiring for my hap-
piness: when the gods behave in this
odd kind of way we are told to distrust
them. First of all, I have you—have
you quit fast, since the days when I
robbed orchards, and you, like a see-

Recently a medical man told me
at a professional banquet,
"Not long since," said the doctor, "a
member of the medical profession died,
and in due time approached the gates
of the beautiful land. He was, of
course, accosted by St. Peter.
"What is your name?" asked the
aged doorkeeper.
"Sam Jones," was the reply.
"What was your business while on
earth?"
"I was a doctor."
"Oh, a physician, eh?"
"Yes, sir."
"Made out your own bills, I sup-
pose?"
"Yes, sir."
"Collected 'em yourself, sir?"
"Why—why—yes, sir," stammered
the wondering shade of the physician.
"And then St. Peter threw wide the
portals and said: 'Go right in, my
friend; if you've done that you've
had your share enough.'"—Colorado
Springs Facts.



"I AM GOING TO TELL YOU A STORY."

BOOK AGENT IN HARD LUCK.

His recipe for the benefit of drowning
Men Did Not Work.

"I'm through," said the book agent
wearily, "I notified the house that
they may no longer expect me to risk
my life handling their goods. For the
last thirty days I have been touring
the State with a universal compendium
of knowledge, containing first aids for
drowning, for snake bites, how to bring a
drowned man to life, and a thousand and
one other things that every man should
know, and at a price within the reach
of all. I traveled on my wheel,
and that enabled me not only to work
the country, but also to see the surrounding
country as well. One day I chanced
to call upon an old farmer. I tried to
get him interested in the great work
that I was handling, but without suc-
cess until I showed him the chapter on
drowning; then I saw that I had him.
There was a small lake near where
the boys were swimming and the old man
lived in fear that some one would get
drowned.

"Well, when I showed him how fully
the book treated the subject I made a
sale. It was a hot day, so I accepted
an invitation from the old man's sons
to go in swimming with them. I was
hardly in the water when I was seized
with a cramp. I slipped a good deal
of water, but I managed to reach the
shore without much trouble, though I
was greatly exhausted. While I was
gasping for breath the old man came
running up with the book that I had
sold him. Finding the chapter on
drowning he read the directions to his
sons and told them to go ahead. Be-
fore I knew what was going to happen
I was seized by two of his husky sons
and hung up by the heels and pounded
on the back until all the breath was
knocked out of me. Then I was rolled
over a barrel and pounded again; then
belly was jammed down my throat,
and I was pumped so full of wind that
I thought I would burst. They tried
every fool idea that was in the book,
and it was only owing to a sound con-
stitution that I lived through it. I'm
through now, I can't go any further.
The chances that are in the business,"
New York Telegraph.

Great French Disaster.

Twenty-five thousand German prisoners
were taken by the German troops at
the battle of Sedan, in the Franco-Ger-
man war, on the 31st of August, 1870,
while on the following day, over 83,000
French soldiers surrendered, together
with 70 mitrallions, 400 field-pieces,
and 150 fortresses. About 14,000
French wounded were found lying on
the battlefield, and about 3,000 escaped
into Belgium and laid down their arms.
On the 27th of October, in the same
year, Marshal Bazaine, after fighting
and suffering several defeats in the
neighborhood of Metz, surrendered
with 100,000 men, including Marshal
Canrobert and Le Boeuf, 96 generals,
about 6,000 officers, and 173,000 men,
including the Imperial Guard; 40
pieces of artillery, and 33 eagles or
standards.

Characteristic of Twins.

Last year, in Vienna, S. L. Clemens
(Mark Twain) sat talking with a Scotch
barrister named Guthrie.
"Do you ever smoke?" asked Mr.
Clemens of Mr. Guthrie.
"Yes, Mr. Clemens," replied Mr.
Guthrie, "when I am in bed company."
"You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr.
Guthrie?"
"Yes, I am."
"Ah," said Mr. Clemens, "you must
be a heavy smoker."—Philadelphia
Post.

If an honest man is the noblest work
of God it must be policy to keep an eye
on the self-made man.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

Bessie, Bessie, come quickly, and
bring kitty with you," called Aunt Ella
up the stairs.
"What for, Auntie?" was the answer,
as Bessie came running down. She
held a pretty little tabby kitten of three
months old in her baby arms.
"Cook says there is a mouse back of
the kitchen, dear," replied Auntie, as
she kissed the little girl off the last step
of the stairs.
"A live mouse!" cried Bessie, trot-
ting down the passage after her Auntie.
"Why, hasn't it run away?"
"It will be kitty's first mouse, won't it,
Auntie?"
"Yes, and I think it will be mouse's
first kitty, too. Cook says it is a very
little one," said Auntie.

Opening a door at the end of the pas-
sage, Bessie ran into the kitchen.
"Where is the mouse, cook?" she
asked. "I've brought kitty."
"So very quiet, Bessie," she called
as she led the way to the little yard back
of the kitchen. "He'll come out again
in a minute if you wait."

Bessie put down the kitten, who
never having come up here this
morning was not very big, no doubt
mouse thought it was his mother.

"Kitty thinks 'What a funny little
thing,'" said Bessie in a whisper, as
he beat down and smelt it. Mouse
gave a little jump, and ran away as
fast as he could go. Then kitty sprang
after him.

"Oh! he will kill the poor little
mouse!" cried Bessie, jumping up from
her chair.
"No, he won't. Look, dear! He's
gone!" said Auntie. And sure enough,
Bessie saw that mouse had reached
his hole under the fence, and ran into
it with a squeak of joy.

Bessie picked up the kitten. "Poor
kitty! don't be disappointed! Never
mind if you have lost him. I'll give
you a nice kitten instead."
"You're a very good little kitty to let
mouse run home and not kill him!"

Just a Little Boy.
There is a boy in our town,
(And he is wondrous wise),
Who, when the rain comes pouring down,
And clouds obscure the skies,
Says, "I'll just smile the best I can,
No matter how it pours;
And we'll have sunshine in the house
If it does rain out of doors."

When naughty words swarm through his
brain,
He clams to be said.
He sets his teeth together tight
And says, "I'll kill you dead,
Unless you will be sweet and kind.
And good and full of fun;
You'll come to my party if you are—
No, not a single one."

He thinks when he's a grown-up man,
With wis and smother face,
He'll do some wondrous deed to make
that a boy is brighter; place:
But nothing in this whole wide world
Can give more lasting joy,
Or make more solid sunshine,
Than just a little boy.
—Philadelphia Times.

Punch and Judy Are Great Favorites.
Park's old-fashioned favorites still
have Punch and Judy shows. The au-
dience are models of attention. The
children sit serious or lightly laughing,
following with delighted eyes the evo-
lutions of the notary, the gendarme,
Pierrot, Totter Berlingo, and the others
that take the places of the charac-
ters of our own puppet people again.
The theaters are in the open air. All
through the fall into early winter the
bare-legged little folk come to them,
rosy-faced and hardy. Under the bare
branches of the horse chestnut trees of
the Champs Elysees they play their
tops when it is all but freezing. The
play is a much longer one than is given
here, and there is always a wheezy old
accordion to furnish the music, but Mr.
Punch fights his way through it all and
meets with the same end at last.

There is a nine-months-old baby in
Chicago which is a wonder. For the
first four weeks after it came to this
world it was like any other baby, jus-
t a soft little kicking bundle of bliss.
Then his papa, who is Mr. A. Stagz,
the teacher of athletics in the Chic-
ago University, took the little Stagz in hand
and started in to make a baby Sandow
out of him. First he exercised the tin-
gles and legs every day, and the baby
cooed and laughed and thought it great
fun. And he was hungrier than ever.
The baby's papa would roll him up
in a blanket and pull him toward him
and haul him and maul him till the friend-
ship of Mr. Stagz were afraid he would
kill the little fellow. But Mr. Stagz
just how to handle a bundle of human-
muscles, be they ever so tiny, and now
that the baby is 9 months old it can do
things that very few little ones a year
and a half old can do, and it is better
and stronger in every way than most
babies. It has never had a sick day.
"This baby athlete will raise his body
straight up from a lying position with-
out using his arms, will raise his body
by the leg muscles alone, from a crouch-
ing position to an upright one several
times in succession, will arch his back
like a wrestler, and will stand up on
his papa's hands and balance himself
like a bareback rider. His papa has
made him a little trapeze, to which
Baby Stagz hangs while he is swung
roughly about, and draws himself up
by the strong muscles in his little arms
like an old performer. Every baby in
the block is being trained in athletic
now—and they are all hungry all the
time."
Why It Was Bedtime.
"Bobby, you must go to bed now."
"But, no, it isn't time."
"Yes, it is; your Uncle Robert and
your father are going to tell what bad
boys they used to be at school."
Life at the longest is but the begin-
ning of life—the vestibule of eternity.

Nervous Women

are ailing women. When
a woman has some female
trouble she is certain to
be nervous and worried.

**With many women the
monthly suffering is so
great that they are for-
days positively insane,
and the most diligent ef-
forts of ordinary treat-
ment are unavailing.**

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

comes promptly to the relief of these women. The letters from women cured by it prove this. This paper is constantly printing them.

The advice of Mrs. Pinkham should also be secured by every nervous woman. This costs nothing. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Pulpit Echoes

By D. L. Moody
An ingenious gentleman has devised
an instrument which he thinks will be
of great assistance to white soldiers in
their combats with native tribes. It is
a big wooden tub, with a piece of per-
forated raw hide stretched over the top;
when blown it makes a noise which
can be compared with nothing on
earth, and is calculated to make the
savage anxious to depart for the happy
hunting ground, or whatever may be
his idea of a future existence, without
further delay.

Scared Them to Death.
An ingenious gentleman has devised
an instrument which he thinks will be
of great assistance to white soldiers in
their combats with native tribes. It is
a big wooden tub, with a piece of per-
forated raw hide stretched over the top;
when blown it makes a noise which
can be compared with nothing on
earth, and is calculated to make the
savage anxious to depart for the happy
hunting ground, or whatever may be
his idea of a future existence, without
further delay.

A Bag Full of Breath.
The "pneumatophore," an Austrian in-
vention for enabling miners, firemen,
etc., to breathe when surrounded by
fire, damp, smoke or noxious fumes
of any kind, consists of an air tight
rubber bag containing a steel bottle of
pure oxygen at a pressure of 100 liters,
and a metal protected glass bottle con-
taining a 25 per cent solution of caustic
soda. The oxygen gas is admitted
by a hand screw into the bag and
drawn into the mouth through a rub-
ber tube, the nose being closed by a
clip. The turn of another hand screw
sinks the glass bottle, allowing the
caustic soda to flow out and be absorp-
ed by a knitted network in the bag,
so absorb the carbonic acid exhaled,
allowing the oxygen to be re breathed,
the apparatus being capable of furnish-
ing oxygen enough to last from thirty
to ninety minutes, as has been attested
by numerous experiments.

RUPTURE
Care Guaranteed by **DR. J. B. BAYER**,
1015 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA. BAYER OTCY.
PAIN EXPELLER. Indorsement of
Prominent Citizens. Send for circular.

One of the highest emblems upon
which we may stand in the life to
be able to look back upon a long life
well spent.

FRANK'S COUGH CURE is the best
and most reliable cough cure that
exists. It is a mixture of pure
ingredients, and is the only one
that cures. It is the only one
that is the only one.

Pitch Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1.
Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Hoarseness,
Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Price
10c. per bottle. Sent by mail.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MOODY.
He was a Man Who Insisted on Having
In action, i. e., in the thick of a great
religious campaign, he was something
of a martinet. I remember a little
scene between him and the able sec-
retary and manager of his London con-
ference, Robert Paton. It was 11 o'clock
on a Saturday morning. Mr. Moody
had suddenly changed the plan of the
campaign for the following week and he
wanted fresh tickets ready in time to
distribute to his 5,000 workers who
would assemble early the next (Sunday)
morning at the 7 o'clock workers' meet-
ing. "Paton," said he, "this is Satur-
day and 11 o'clock. All the printing
establishments close down work at
noon to-day, and even if they did not,
50,000 tickets could not be prepared in
half a day." They argued the point a
few minutes, but then Moody turned
upon his heel with the remark: "Paton,
it must be done." Mr. Paton looked
blankly for a moment at the huge re-
treating figure and then went out of the
room like a shot and in two minutes he
was in a cab tearing down to the print-
ing establishment. I do not know how
it was managed, but the 50,000 tickets
were distributed the next morning to
his 5,000 workers. Thus it ever was
with Moody. Once in a critical time,
during the early building operations up
here, Mr. Marshall, his general superin-
tendant, said that he was absolutely
necessary before the end of the week
that a large sum of money be had. That
afternoon Mr. Moody took train for
New York. He came back the next day
with the money. He did not borrow it.
Moody, of all men I ever knew, could
do things, and he did them. As I heard
of one of his close friends only yesterday
say: "He always got there." "And
Abraham went forth to go into the land
of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan
he came." That was characteristic of
Mr. Moody. What he went forth to ac-
complish, that he accomplished.—Geo.
F. Pentecost, in the Independent.

Strange Money.
Chocolate is still used as money in
certain parts of the interior of South
America, as also are coconuts and
eggs. According to the Rev. Mr. J. C.
of the Aztecs consisted of quills full of
gold dust and bags of chocolate grains.
Before the introduction of coined money
into Greece, skewers or spikes of
iron and copper were used, six being
a drachm or handful. The small, hard
shells known as the cowrie are still used
in parts of India and Africa in place of
coin. Whales' teeth are used by the
Fijians, red feathers by some of the
South Sea Islanders and salt in parts
of Abyssinia. In parts of India cakes
of tea and in China pieces of silk pass
as currency. Omen still forms the cir-
culating medium among many of the
Zulus and Kafirs.

Write the Doctor
If you do not obtain all the benefits you
desire from your present medicine, write
the doctor about it. He will tell you just
the right thing to do. Write to Dr. J. C. Ayer,
Lowell, Mass.

POTATOES \$1.20 a Bbl.
CLOVER

WASH YOUR FACE
LIFE FOR
EVERYONE

Luck is the lazy man's logic.

CAPT. SLOCUM AND OOM PAUL.

Yankee Shipper Tells the Treasurer
President of the World's Fair
President of the World's Fair

I traveled the country over from Sim-
onson Town to Pretoria, being accorded
by the colonial government a free rail-
road pass over all the land. The trip
from Cape Town to Kimberley, Johan-
nesburg and Pretoria was a pleasant
one. At the last-named place I met
Mr. Kruger, the Transvaal president.
His excellency received me cordially
enough; but my friend, Judge Beyers,
the gentleman who presented me, by
mentioning incidentally that I was on
a voyage around the world, unwittingly
gave great offense to the venerable
statesman, which we both regretted
deeply. Mr. Kruger corrected the judge
rather sharply, remarking him that the
world is flat. "You don't mean round
the world," said the president; "it is
impossible!" he said, "impossible!" and
not another word did he utter either to
the judge or me. The judge looked at
the base, and will be a much more or-
namental building than the Eiffel
Tower. It will be served by no fewer
than thirty-three electric elevators,
sixteen of which will run only to the
first landing, 225 feet above the level of
the ground. The whole journey from
the bottom to the top will necessitate
four changes of elevators, and will take
about six minutes, while the elevators
will have a carrying capacity of 10,000
an hour. The estimated cost of this
tower, which will be built of steel, is
\$800,000, or about twice as much as
that of the Eiffel Tower.

The Highest Tower.
The highest tower in the world is
presently to be built as one of the
great attractions of Buffalo during the
Pan-American Exhibition, which is to
be held in that city in 1901. It is to
be 1,152 feet high and 400 feet square at
the base, and will be a much more or-
namental building than the Eiffel
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Eating and Weighing.
It has been seriously asserted by
many people that we are naturally
lighter after a meal and they have even
gone the length of explaining this by
the amount of gas that is developed
from the food. Average observations,
however, show that we lose three
pounds and six ounces between night
and morning; that we gain one pound
and twelve ounces by breakfast; that
we again lose about fourteen ounces
before lunch; that lunch puts on an
average of one pound; that we again
lose during the afternoon an average
of ten ounces; but that an ordinary
dinner to healthy persons adds two
pounds and two ounces to their weight.

Acceptable.
I should say so; they all say the same,
too, when they get them. Who is there
that would refuse such works of art when
they can get them for almost nothing.
Ask your grocer for a conion book, which
will enable you to get one large 10c. pack-
age of "Hob Crook" starch, one large 10c.
package of "Hob Crook" starch, with
the premiums, two Shakspeare panels,
printed in twelve beautiful colors, as nat-
ural as life, or one Twentieth Century
calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed,
all for 2c.

Spitters Are Gluttons.
Commenting on the amount which a
spider actually consumed during twenty-
four hours, Sir J. Lubbock says: "At
a similar rate of consumption a man
weighing 160 pounds will require a
whole fat sheep for breakfast, a steer
and five deer for dinner, and for sup-
per two bullocks, eight sheep and four
hogs, and just before retiring nearly
four barricks of fresh fish."

Bridge Burned with Electricity.
A novel method of destroying a wood-
en bridge has recently been tried with
complete success. Weighted wires are
placed across certain beams and heated
by means of electricity; the wires burn
their way through the wood, sided by
the weights, and the bridge falls.

Latest in Roses.
The latest thing in roses is in the pos-
session of an East Anglian rose-grower,
who, in his catalogue, says that its
name is Kruger, and that it requires a
warm position and much disbudding.

"Ah!" said the detective. "Evidently
a married man."—Indianapolis Press.



Business men find that the profuse quick lather of Ivory Soap readily removes the dust and grime of the office. Ivory Soap is so pure that it can be used as often as necessary without causing chapping or roughness.

IT FLOATS.

The Highest Tower.
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Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough
Unexcelled for Consumption, Gives
quick, sure relief. Refreshing
Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation, Trichinosis, etc.

FARM SEEDS
GROWN IN THE NORTH
FOR FIFTY YEARS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN
FOR FIFTY YEARS.

CARTERS INK
Buy it for your storekeeping.

DR. ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER
Cures Coughs and Colds.
Prevents Consumption.

SPRING LUMBERS
Complete External and Internal Treatment
\$1.25

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to
cleans the skin of crusts and scales and
soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Oint-
ment (50c.), to instantly allay itching, irri-
tation, and inflammation, and soothe and
heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to
cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET
is often sufficient to cure the most torturing,
disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humors,
with loss of hair, when all other remedies fail.
Sold throughout the world. Prices 25c. a box, 50c. a set. Made in U.S.A.

