THE FREEMAN.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—my Father made them all!

—William Cowper.

THE TRUMPET CALL

THERE was something worse than weeping and wailing among the Pink dragoons when it became known that their pet squadron had been gobbled up by the enemy and sent off to languish in the retirement of the racecourse at Pretoria. Even their old rivals, the Tyrone fusiliers, with whom they had met and fought in all parts of the world with belts and fists, had nothing but pity for them, and delicately forbore to make any remarks upon the news.

Since they were under orders for the Cape the Tyrone fusiliers were on their best behavior, and the Pink dragoons at the depot felt too low and depressed even to desire a farewell fight with the Irishmen.

So they chummed instead. For the first time in the history of the British army Pink dragoons and Tyrone fusiliers were seen walking together, drinking together and smoking each other's tobacco. Some of them even walked out with the same girl, and proud were the damsels who walked out escorted by a fusilier and a dragoon, thus forming a link, as it were, 'twixt two gallant regiments which had been at enmity since the days of Wellington.

No man could rightly trace the cause of the quarrel between them. One historian claimed that at the battle of Waterloo the fusiliers had peppered the dragoons under the mistaken impression that they were French cavalry, thus adding injury to insult. Another authority held that the trouble arose between the regiments during the peninsular war, when, after the fierce battle of Albuera, the fusiliers had come up for their share of some pipes of looted Valdepenas wine to find that the Pink hussars had absorbed the last glassful and had filled up the pipes with water.

Perhaps the truest story of the feud was that which told how, when quartered in the same town, after the Crimean war, the dragoons and fusiliers had intermarried freely, so that they had become almost as one family. All had gone well until the daughters of the fusiliers who had wedded dragoons began to patronize the daughters of dragoons who had married fusiliers referring to their husbands as "fut sojers."

Anyhow, all these wrongs were forgotten in the one great trouble which had befallen the Pinks. Sympathy found beer to drown sorrow, and no one rejoiced but the wives of the men who had been made prisoners. When the day of departure came for the fusiliers, the band of the Pinks played them down to the station. Then the dragoons hung on the footboards of the carriages to bid them a last farewell, and close-cropped heads were cuffed affectionately.

"W'll bring 'em back, dn't you fear, an' their 'orses, too," said the Tyrone fusiliers.

"An' ould Kruger wid 'em," interposed a corporal on his own account.

Although there was plenty of room in the special train, the Tyrone fusiliers preferred to travel fifteen in a compartment, as being more sociable and convivial than the orthodox five a side. So the bugler had a compartment all to himself, and was spreading himself accordingly.

"Don't you be afraid, Danny," he said to the trumpeter; "I'll keep a good lookout for your chaps when we reaches pretorier, an' I'll see what I can do for 'em!"

"Don't you be too sharp an' get a-cuttin' yerself, Bugler Simmons!" replied the trumpeter, with gentle sarcasm, "especially along o' that new bay'nit o' yours, an' if you see my pertickler friend, Corp'ral 'Awkey along o' them pris'ners, give 'im my love an' arsk 'im if 'e likes Pretoria better'n Portland. All right, guv'nor—all right! Keep yer 'ands orf the army, carn't yer. It's a-lavin' its precious lives for the likes o' you, ain't it?"

These last remarks were addressed to the guard.

"Don't forget them calls I taught yer!" cried the trumpeter to his departing friend.

"Not 'arf!" shouted back the bugler appreciatively.

Then, having made a grimace at the guard, he pulled in his head and settled himself comfortably in the corner to start a tiny packet of particularly villainous cigarettes which had been pressed on him by a sympathetic friend as they marched out of the barracks.

Beyond the trumpeter of the Pink dragoons, Bugler Simmons had had no friends to see him off. He had not missed this last tribute to the departing soldier, since throughout his short life he had never enjoyed the privileges of relationship.

He had been an orphan at the tender age of 6 months, had been raised in a workhouse school, and had drifted into the army by reason of his proficiency in sounding wind instruments.

One lady, indeed, as the troops had marched down to the train, had, much to his indignation, lifted him in her arms and kissed him.

"Just as if I was a bloomin' baby!" he remarked scornfully to himself as he sat in the corner puffing bravely at his cigarette; "wait till we comes across some o' them Boers, that's all!"

* * * * * * * * *

Five weeks later the bad luck of the Pink dragoons fell upon the Tyrone fusiliers, and Bugler Simmons had his first chance of tasting the stern realities of war to the uttermost dregs of the cup.

Of course, it was nobody's fault in particular, and everybody's fault in general, and the fusiliers cursed nothing but their own proverbial luck, when they found themselves at the nightfall of a day of battle cut off from the army and surrounded by an overwhelming force of Boers.

They occupied the position of some strength, such as the Boers themselves love—a bowlder-strewn kopje, standing high above the surrounding plain. In the middle of the afternoon an order had come that they were to take the position.

They had taken it, with a loss of over 100 men.

Later on a message had come, saying: "Hold position until you are reinforced."

They had held the position with the loss of another hundred men against an overwhelming Boer attack, but the reinforcements had never arrived, and the cartridges were beginning to run short. Then, with twilight, the heavy firing of cannon on the surrounding hills had died away.

The fire of their opponents, too, as the day drew to a livid streak of gray over the western mountains, had slackened down to an occasional sniping shot.

Bugler Simmons had been very happy all the afternoon. He had found a snug corner between two large bowlders, occupied by a wounded Boer, one of the defenders of the hill who had been left behind in the fight.

He had tied up the Boer's legs with tender fingers and an air of importance which had brought a quiet smile to the bronzed face of his patient.

"Now, I'm just a-goin' to borror that there Mouser o' yourn for a bit o' shootin!" he had remarked coolly when he had concluded the operation to his fancy; "that is, if you don't mind me pottin' at your pals," he added with some diffidence.

The Boer laughed. He was an Irish "Boer," and, although a citizen of the Transvaal, had no great sympathy with his friends, who had left him so precipitately when the Tyrones had rushed the kopje at the point of the bayonet.

"Never mind me, youngster," he replied as he slipped off his bandolier, which was well filled with cartridges. "I'm only a prisoner of war."

"You talk jolly good English for a Dutchy," remarked Bugler Simmons, as the Boer showed him how to load the strange weapon.

"My father was Irish," answered the Boer.

"Then you're on the wrong side, cocky," said Bugler Simmons with conviction.

"I sha'n't be to-morrow morning" answered the prisoner with grim meaning.

"You mean we shall all be dead if those reinforcements don't come up?" queried Bugler Simmons.

His prisoner nodded.

"Looks like it, don't it?" remarked the boy cheerfully; "but we ain't dead yet, wot ho! We ain't got much money, but we do live!" he added, as he sighted and fired.

"Hit anything?" asked the Boer with a laugh.

"Kicks a bit!" suggested Bugler Simmons, rubbing his shoulder.

"She's a bit heavy for a young 'un like you," answered the Boer, as he slipped another cartridge into the breech. "By the way, sonny," he added, "how old are you?"

"Fourteen last birthday," replied Bugler Simmons promptly.

"Too young for this business," murmured the wounded man to himself.

"Say, Dutchy," said the bugler, "d'ye see that chap down there, crawling behind that rock? Is he a pal o' yours?"

"I don't think so," answered the Boer. "Why?"

"'Cos I'm going to pot 'im," replied Bugler Simmons quickly, as he cuddled the stock of the rifle against the cheek which the lady had kissed, and sighted.

The Boer behind the rock was aiming at a wounded British soldier who had dropped in the rush for the kopje and was now trying to crawl to cover.

There was a sharp report, as the whole of the bugler's little body twisted with the recoil of the rifle, and the Boer behind the rock pitched forward on to his face.

"Got 'im!" said the small savage triumphantly; "my, but that was a close shave for Private Jones!"

He had certainly saved the wounded private's life.

"That was a clean shot, young 'un," said the Boer with approval, "but you mustn't show your body like that when you fire, or you'll get plugged, as safe as eggs!"

"Right, oh, Duchy!" acquiesced the delighted bugler. Then a thought struck him. "I say, would you like something to read?" he asked, thrusting his smoke-fouled little paw into the breast of his tunic. "'Ere's the ha'penny journal wot I take in when I'm at home. It's six weeks old, but there's some proper reading in it; all about pirates and snakes and buried money. The worst of it is that those chaps always knock off their stories in the most excitin' parts. Now, there's Jack Dashaway in that story, 'e's just going to get nobbled by the pirates wot are coming up the hill after him, and you gets so excited that it fairly makes you sick when it cuts off short just as the pirate king comes up the hill with his mouth full of knives an' about three thousand pirates behind him."

The Boer took the tattered dog's-eared paper, and a queer look came into his eyes as he regarded this remarkable youngster, who, in the very face of death, was more interested in the fate of a novelette hero than in his own.

"I say, youngster," he said; "why don't you clear out of this and get back to the army?"

"Wot! an' leave our chaps be'ind? Not me!" responded the bugler rather indignantly.

"There will be about seven thousand men on to you by daybreak, and your general seems to have forgotten you. If you keep those two stars in a line with the top of yon mountain peak, you will come to the horses of the commando which are surrounding us now. Why not take my hat and run down there, collar a horse and ride for reinforcements. Your general has mislaid you. There are some good horses down there, too; some that we collared with a squadron of your dragoons," added the Boer.

Then Bugler Simmons made no more demur. He sought his officer, who had been mourning him as dead, and laid a plan before him. His officer gave him his blessing and a compass, the face of which was painted with luminous paint, so that its points might be read easily in darkness, and explained to him the probable position of the British forces.

* * * * * * * * *

Half an hour later Bugler Simmons was crawling quietly among a dense crowd of Boer horses. Armed with a penknife, he cut hobble after hobble till, in the darkness, he came to a bridled and saddled horse, who attempted to bite him affectionately.

He felt the brute's knees. There was no doubt about it. He had happened upon an old friend, Corporal Hawkey's Ginger, late of the Pink dragoons, now serving in a Boer remount.

For reasons best known to himself Ginger always bit at a trumpeter, but he allowed Simmons to climb on to his back without resenting.

Some Boers on the outside of the crowd of horses moved backward and forward suspiciously, and Bugler Simmons lay low on Ginger's neck as he inflated his lungs and placed his trumpet to his lips.

The Boers and the besieged on the hill above heard a sharp succession of cavalry calls sounding from the midst of the horses.

They were answered by the tramp of disciplined hoofs as the horses of the squadron galloped toward the sound of the trumpet. In another second the whole mass of horses was in motion, surging round Ginger, on whose back lay Bugler Simmons, giving call after call, until he felt the troop horses responding, bringing their Boer brothers with them.

"F ward!"

"Charge!"

The calls rang out in quick succession.

The dragoons' horses set example, while the Boer steeds stampeded in sympathy. Picket ropes and hobbles snapped like pack threads and there was a thunder of hoofs on the plain. In vain the Boers shouted and tried to head them off. The mass had started, and from the center rang out the "Charge," which kept the leaven in a state of wild excitement. In a few minutes Bugler Simmons was surrounded by a racing crowd of 800 horses, against which nothing could stand.

They charged over a Boer encampment, and the twenty men who occupied it were found the next day beaten to a pulp beneath the thundering hoofs.

The pace slowed after six miles, when an English patrol hove in sight. The trumpet from the middle of the mob of horses sounded a signal of distress, and the patrol bore down.

"Are you a circus?" called the officer in charge.

He rode in and cut the bugler's horse out of the snorting, stamping mob.

"If you please, I've come for a little help for the Tyrone fusiliers," answered Bugler Simmons faintly, but with a tone of rodent sarcasm. "You can tell those blooming reinforcements that we couldn't send cabs for them, but I've brought them a few horses!"—Pictorial Magazine.

A Great St. Bernard.

A lady in Newton was drawing her little girl on a sled, just after a great snowstorm, through a long, narrow path to the schoolhouse, the snow being thrown up very high on each side of the path, when she met midway a large St. Bernard dog, a stranger. She immediately addressed him as she would a human being, explaining that the path was narrow and the snow deep, and that he must turn around and go back. He listened carefully to her explanation, then wheeled about and walked back a considerable distance, until he found a place where the snow had been shoveled out a little at the side. Into this he backed, and waited quietly until she passed him with the sled and child. The lady thanked him for being so much of a gentleman; he wheeled about and started again on the path.

Bobby Wasn't Selfish.

"I want Bobby to take some medicine now. Will he take it like a good boy?"

"Es, mother. Is it nice?"

"Yes, very nice."

"Does oo like it, mother?"

"Yes, very much."

"Then oo d'ink it, mother, 'nstead of me. Bobby not selfish 'ittle boy."

Hard Work at the Vatican.

I met a prelate employed in the Vatican the other day, and in the course of our conversation began to deplore my hard lot in having to stay in Rome during the heat of the summer and work, says Pall Mall Gazette. "Oh, well," he said, "you are not worse than we are in the Vatican. Now that most of the employes are away we who are left have to work hard."

"Work!" I exclaimed. "Yes, walk in the Vatican gardens and count the grapes of the Pope's vineyard!"

"Do you know that every evening the mail brings to the bronze doors of the Vatican an average of 20,000 letters and newspapers, to say nothing of telegrams? All the letters have to be opened, sorted and classified, while the newspapers are read and selections cut or extracts made during the night to be ready for perusal by the officers of state early next morning."

"And where does the Pope come in?" I interrupted. "They say he works so hard?"

"Much of this work is submitted to him, and he should read all the letters addressed 'Sanctitati Suae Leoni Papae XIII., feliciter regnanti.' However, as the whole twenty-four hours of the day would not be enough for the pontiff to even glance over them, he only sees what Cardinal Rampolla thinks necessary for his inspection."

TOMMY'S DREAM.

Little Tommy was a hero, and the fairies
thought him good;
He felt as brave as twenty Jack-the-Giant-Killers could.

One day, as he was dozing, he was summoned to the fray,
"You shall have," a fairy cried, "an opportunity to-day!

The Princess Dainty Darling is a prisoner in yon tower,
And a lowering Giant guards her—oh, how darkly he can lower!"

"Let me have some wings," said Tommy, "and a sword that goes thwack, thwack,
And I'll make a few things happen at that tower ere I come back."

So they flew away together, and the Giant soon was seen,
Low'ring at them with a visage that was wicked and unclean.

Then the Giant waved his spikey club, but Tommy killed him dead,
One blow sufficed to separate his body and his head.

And the Princess Dainty Darling he proceeded to unchain;
To the King and Queen, her parents, then, he brought her back again.

The good King said, "Sir Thomas, you shall have her for your own,
And when I get too old for work, I'll let you have my throne.

You shall have a royal palace, filled with knights and serving folk,
And your pockets full of gold, and——"
'Twas at this point Tommy woke

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

There was an alarm of fire in one of the crowded tenement regions. Great columns of smoke arose from the upper windows of an apartment house, and when the engines arrived a portion of its hallway was in flames. By this time most of the tenants were in the street. In one of the groups of the families gathered there a girl of 9 suddenly clasped her hands to her head and cried out:

"Oh, mother! Where's the baby?"

The mother had not thought of the child, as she had not been accustomed to care for it. She supposed that, as usual, the baby's elder sister had it in charge, and, instead of blaming herself for neglect, she blamed the little mother with hysterical severity.

"I thought you had him, mother," said the girl, patiently; "but I can get him."

Before any one thought of stopping her she darted past the firemen and through the smoke coming from the door into the burning building. Up two flights of stairs she staggered, groped for a familiar room, and there she found the baby. Thoughtless, as usual, for herself, she rolled him in thick blankets, and began the terrible descent to the street. By this time a fireman was sent to look for her, but was driven back by the smoke and flames. In intense excitement the crowd waited. The seconds seemed hours. When the little mother and baby had been almost given up as lost a figure shot through the smoke—through the crumbling door, and, coming to the outer air, stood still. Strong arms hurried to support her, but she said simply:

"Take the baby!"

Although her hair was singed, and her face burning red with heat, she seemed to be miraculously preserved. There she stood and stared. Then a loud wail burst from her parched lips:

"Oh, my! Oh, mother! Mother! What is the matter with me? I cannot see!"

The fire had smitten the little heroine blind—and blind for life.

London's Youngest Lord Mayor.

Richard Whittington, famed among London apprentices, at the age of 39 was appointed Lord Mayor of London. Born in 1358, he was the youngest son of Sir William Whittington, of Puntsey, in Gloucestershire. His father dying, Richard set out for London when aged 13, and apprenticed himself to Sir John Fitz-Warren, a prosperous mercer, whose daughter he afterward married. He became a member of the Mercer's Company in 1392, the year after an Alderman and Sheriff. In 1397 he was appointed Lord Mayor, and on two subsequent occasions, in 1406 and 1419, he was again appointed to the same position. He was knighted by Henry V., and died in 1423.

Tricky Goat.

A crowd of children were playing on a vacant lot in the suburbs some time ago. Among the spectators was a large white goat, that was looking on as though he were watching his opportunity for getting some fun out of the game himself. The children, who were very much scattered at first, finally came together in a very complete ring, the largest boy in the crowd being closest to the goat. The goat did not argue with himself long, but smiling with his peculiar smile made a bee line for the boy, and, striking with full force, knocked him winding, thereby sending the other children tumbling in every direction.

"I don't believe," said the man who told about it, "that any animal but a goat would have struck just at that time and in the manner which he did unless he had been prompted by a sense of humor, even if it were only a goat humor."

Belgium's Electoral Law.

The electoral law of Belgium provides that every man between the ages of 21 and 25 years who shall pay $1 per year in taxes will be entitled to vote one ballot; married men over 25 years of age will have two ballots each; and if such married men shall own real estate or government bonds or savings bank deposits producing an income of $20 a year they will have three ballots each.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Tells About Her Daughter's Illness and How She was Relieved—Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

"MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you about my daughter. She is nineteen years old and is flowing all the time, and has been for about three months. The doctor does her but very little good, if any. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I want your advice before beginning its use. I have become very much alarmed about her, as she is getting so weak."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., May 21, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After beginning the use of your medicine she began to mend rapidly and is now able to be at her work. Her menses are regular and almost painless. I feel very thankful to you and expect to always keep your Vegetable Compound in my house. It is the best medicine I ever knew. You have my permission to publish this letter if you wish, it may be the means of doing others good."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., September 18, 1899.

His Pleasing Way.

Snarley—"How did he become so popular?"

Yow—"He'll repeat the story you told him yesterday to you to-day and say that it was the funniest yarn he ever heard."—Syracuse Herald.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Idleness is a craven's goal. No man or worth wants to be free from work. Without work life is not woth the living.

Jell-O, the New Dessert,
Pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry At your grocers. 10 cts.

When interest is at variance with conscience, any pretence that seems to reconcile them satisfies the hollow-hearted.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Humor is the electric light in the halls of literature. Wit is the flashlight and sarcasm a torch darkened by the smoke of prejudice.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Young man, if you expect to succeed, don't offer to settle with the world for fifty cents on the dollar.

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.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you imagined.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

THE truth needs no apology.

Asceticism is self-abandonment.

Lucky stones are only found in plucky paths.

Just for devilitry, the devil is occasionally honest.

There is no music in hell.

Timidity is a robber.

Cynicism is sin-icism.

Mite sometimes becomes might.

Every seat may be a mercy seat.

Bitter truth is sweeter than flattery.

Faith begins where the human arm ends.

"The spirit of the age" is the Holy Spirit.

Inequalities in refraction make rainbows.

Dissatisfaction may be the spur to activity.

There is nothing more eloquent than silent time.

It takes more piety to bear praise than blame.

INVENTIVE WOMEN.

Some Useful and Unique Devices Discovered by the Fair Sex.

It is not generally supposed that many of the labor-saving inventions of the world may be credited to women. The Chinese Empress Tao, for example, worked out useful ideas in her busy brain. She invented the spinning of silk, never dreaming of the immense industry that would grow from her creation. A luxurious woman of Asia discovered the attar of roses, and this same woman, Mhearai Misi, invented the ingenious handicraft, the cashmere shawl. History is silent as to her end. The women who are kept from want by the making of pillow lace have reason to bless the name of Barbara Uttmann of Saxony. Wood engraving was discovered by the Cunio sisters, two Italian women, and it was the widow of Gen. Nathaniel Greene who made the suggestion of the cotton gin, which was perfected by Eli Whitney. The grandmother of Clara Louise Kellogg invented an attachment to the machinery in looms in mills, and another woman's genius worked out a device for deadening the noise of railway trains. A Miss Knight invented the paper bag, and at once people wondered why so simple a contrivance had never been thought of before.

Mme. De Long invented metal-cutting machinery, which has been used in France for some time. This machinery is worked by steam, and from the solid metal cuts out gates and other architectural work without casting. Mme. De Long has cut plates of brass a foot thick into lattice work at a single operation. She has also made picture frames, crests and lace pins, turning them out of the metal fully finished, every operation being performed by the steam-driven machinery. She first conceived the idea of her remarkable apparatus over twenty years since, when paralysis of the right arm compelled her to give up her trade of jewel worker. She has received many medals from various Paris expositions. The first laureate crown ever offered to a woman has been bestowed upon Mme. De Long by the Society of French Architects in Paris. Mrs. Barton Parnell, who has worked for over forty years in the Australian gold mines, has made fame and fortune for herself as an assayist. She discovered the secret of treating ore before roasting it so that as much gold as brown stone could be obtained from it. Mrs. Parnell intends to found a college in England for women, where they will be trained to be practical miners. It is stated that there are nearly 5,000,000 self-supporting women in the United States alone, and it is difficult to find a branch of trade in which they are not doing successful work.—New Orleans Picayune.

Bee Struggling for Freedom.

A captive bee striving to escape has been made to record as many as 15,540 strokes per minute.

Some men are never satisfied. After having their limbs broken, head smashed, etc., they go to law and try to get further damages.

The higher life is found in the valley of humility.

A double-faced man can see in only one direction.

The devil is a pantheist; he, too, would be God.

A smooth and shiny course makes slippery travel.

To live the truth we must have the truth abiding in us.

Liars should make it a point to carefully cultivate their memories.

The Christian life demands our all, yet it gives more than all in return.

If the devil ever takes off his mask it is because somebody sees under it.

If you prefer the service of sin, you must be prepared to accept the wages of sin.

"But" is a word that cools many a warm impulse, stifles many a kindly thought, puts a stop to many a brotherly deed. No one would ever love his neighbor as himself if he listened to all the "buts" that could be said.

There is no great achievement that is not the result of patient working and waiting.

Old as the Hills

are the pains and aches of

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA SCIATICA

Sure as taxes is the cure of them by

St. Jacobs Oil

There is enough wear and tear on the soldier without the discomforts that come from having to use a strong laundry soap. Common brown soaps, when constantly used for washing the person, are extremely irritating. Ivory soap is the ideal soap for the soldier, suitable for all purposes, for the kitchen utensils, for washing clothes, and for the bath.

Ivory Soap is not easily lost, for—it floats.

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None for Him.

Two negroes were hoeing cotton on a hot summer's day, when the following occurred:

"Uncle Joe, doan't you wish dat we had live in dem good ol' days er 'Lijah de profit, when we cud sot under a big shade tree en shet our eyes en have de birds come en feed us ink dey did him?"

Said Uncle Joe: "No, you fool nigger, ef we had lived in dem days dem white folks wud had dat man Joshua keepin' de sun stan'in' still all de time, en we niggers nebber wud be fru wuck. No, sah!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The report of the minority voice in the heart should always be given a hearing.

They who live near enough to know God's thoughts are not troubled by His thunders.

Genuine heart service is always acceptable to God, whether rendered in kitchen or cathedral.

Great souls are subject to widely unlike passions, just as great pendulums swing between widely oposite poles.

The Nimble Nickel.

The nimble nickel works wonders in all lines of trade, and the oftener it is turned the greater is the purchasing power in any line.

The Endless Chain Starch Book will enable you to get with the nimble nickel 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, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all for 5c. Ask your grocer

Quick Work.

Rome was not built in a day, but then Rome was very much behind the times. Things are done more quickly now. On the outskirts of Chicago a feat was accomplished not long ago that would have astonished Rome. It may be a little astonishing even to present-day readers.

A contract was signed on Friday for the building of a church. The document stipulated that the church should be ready for dedication on the following Sunday. Just one clear day was left for the erection of the building, which was to accommodate three thousand persons.

At four o'clock on the morning of Saturday the work was begun, and at seven o'clock that evening the men were putting in windows, hanging doors, and getting in the electric lights, which were especially provided for in the contract. No floor was laid, and there was no time to gather up the shavings, but by twelve o'clock that night all else was done, and the dedication services were held on the following day.

Almost as wonderful a feat, and one in which haste was more justifiable, was the building of a field hospital, and having it ready for patients in exactly one hour from the time when it was begun.

Dr. Hofgraeff, an army surgeon, undertook to demonstrate to the Austrian military authorities that eight men could build a hospital fifty by twenty feet in an hour.

All materials were ready, and no tools were required. Sleepers, panels, bolts, rods, waterproof packing, all were prepared beforehand, every thing for its hole, and every groove for its setting. There was nothing to do but to put the building together.

The value of a hospital that can be erected on the spot at such short notice needs no demonstration.

Some of us never lose our younger selves, but, like Hans Andersen, set apart a suite of rooms for Youth in the temple of Age.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?
This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

Success is a crown that transforms a murderer into a hero, especially if the shield of patriotism protects him from the law.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

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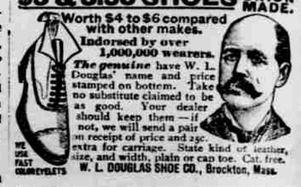
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