

WOMAN'S USELESS ENDEAVORS

Where is the thrill of last night's fear? Where is the stain of last week's tear? Where is the tooth that ached last year? ... Where are the bills that our peace distressed? ... Where are the doves of last year's nest? ...

NEMESIS

It is easy enough to break off for a time, but if you must break her heart sooner or later, save your own out of the wreck if you can. After all, a woman's heart is hard to break. It is 'off' with the old love and on with the new' with the whole sex, I find.

But you don't know the girl, Ben. She is a bluish sight too good for me. She is one of those sweet, refined girls, whose affection absorbs her whole soul, and I know she loves me as few men are ever loved. Every look, word or action tells me it is true, and though I feel that I have made a mistake, Ben, I cannot tell her so.

"I don't tell her a thing, Jack. That is not the way to manage a woman. Simply disgust her with herself. Stop sending her flowers and knickknacks; don't take her out so much, and when you do, praise up some other woman to her. And, Jack, don't go over so often; tell her you are taking up a new study or working nights. She won't believe you, of course, but that won't matter. Make engagements and fail to keep them, or go over late, or be seized with a desire to return early. Oh, there are a hundred and one ways to do you. You can leave her a little when she is serious and be serious when she is gay. In fact, differ with her as much as possible without being antagonistic, and in fault and pick to pieces the little arguments she may give in defense. And be as entertainingly disagreeable as you can without really appearing to be so. I will wager that within a month you will be as free as air. The girl will shake you. No woman can stand that pressure. I have tried it, my boy, and I know. My old-time sweetheart, Frances Grayson, is now the wife of a far better man than myself, and the happy mother of a charming boy. Of course she did not want a child for me, but I did not expect it."

"I believe I will try it, old man. But I am fond of the girl in a way, and if you hear of our marriage you can know I love her."

"Cheer up, Jack, my boy," said Ben Mallory, wringing his hands. "Love is a letter and cupid is a merry little fellow when you know how to manage him."

Ben Mallory and Jack Downes had known one another but a month, yet in that short time had developed a friendship that the confidence of youth can instill. They were both strangers in the city and brother lawyers in the same firm, which added to their congeniality.

THE BIRD'S EYE VIEW

Ben Mallory sank back among the soft cushions, while a look of pitiable remorse crept into his dark eyes, and the lines in his face deepened, as with age. Kitty crossed the room and gently stirred the coals in the open grate. The dying embers threw a shadow light on Ben's dark face as he watched the girl. "May God forgive me," he murmured inaudibly. "I have broken the heart of the only creature ever given me to love. Frances, you are avenged."

St. Jim's for Crushing Ice. The great and powerful ice-crushing steamers of the lakes are without exception car ferries—that is, they transport whole trains of passengers and freight cars from one terminal of a railway line to the other, thus controlling an important link where bridges would be impracticable.

These ice-challenging ferries ply the straits of Mackinac, the Detroit River and across Lake Erie from the American to the Canadian shore. They are huge steel-shod vessels weighing several thousand tons and some of them fitted with propellers at either end, they crumple the ice by the pressure of their bulk as though its three or four feet were a mere crust of snow.

Whatever else is wanting, adventure is not lacking in the lives of the men who spend the months of snow aboard the majestic monsters which are to the lake traffic what the snowplows are to the railroad lines. A few winters since, with a thermometer ranging from 18 to 30 degrees below zero, one of the car ferries was caught in an immense ice field on Lake Erie and floated around until the rescue party, with great masses of ice piled mountains high around her. A portion of the crew was, of course, obliged to remain aboard and each day a couple of the men made an attempt—not always successful—to go ashore in order to secure provisions and supplies. Oftentimes this meant a long, dreary trip across the ice, and frequently, when a yawning chasm of dark-blue water intervened between the shore and the edge of the icefield, the forgers were obliged to return to their imprisoned comrades for intervals of several days.

Disturbing Experience with a Restless and Nervous Blind Man. "I have told you," said the retired burglar, "of one little experience with a blind man—that is another story. I had a big, fat, comfortable-looking farmhand and looked around below without finding anything, and got upstairs. I hadn't more'n struck the upper floor before I realized that there wasn't many people in the house. In the back room on that side, a big room, with a big bed, I found a small boy, fast asleep. I didn't dare put the bull's-eye on him, but I could see well enough by a dim light that was burning on a table in a little alcove on the side of the room to guess that he was, maybe, 9 or 10 years old, and of course I could see that he was sleeping in his mother's bed."

"Nothing in that room, and I went out and across the hall into a room on the other side opposite the room where the boy was in. The first step I took into that room made the floor creek, just the least little bit in the world, but I halted, right where I stood; and the next instant I heard a bed in this room snuff out the light of the candle on that side, while the boy sitting up in it and listening. It was still for half a minute, and then I heard whoever it was in the bed, and it was a man's voice, saying: "'Willie?'"

"Of course there wasn't any answer to this, because Willie was fast asleep; I'd just seen him in bed a minute before myself; but the man that was sitting up in bed and listening called again: "'Willie?'"

"When he got no answer this time, he started to get up, as I expected he would, and when he made the bed creek in getting out of it I stepped back a step and around the door jamb and under the door into the room where the boy was sitting up in it and listening. It was still for half a minute, and then I heard whoever it was in the bed, and it was a man's voice, saying: "'Willie?'"

FAGG. What a story of suffering that one word tells. It says: 'I am all tired out. It seems to me I can hardly take another step. I have a particular kind of ambition. I can't do half my work, I am weak, nervous, and depressed.'

That's Impure Blood. Now you know what the trouble is, you certainly know the cure—a perfect Sarsaparilla. "Sarsaparilla" is simply the name of the medicine, for in a perfect Sarsaparilla there are a great many remedies.

That's AYER'S. "The only Sarsaparilla made under the personal supervision of three graduates: a graduate in pharmacy, a graduate in chemistry, and a graduate in medicine." \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN. A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household. -Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cuddling Children.

"Papa," asked Tommie, "is it cowardly to strike something littler than you, that can't defend itself?" "It is, indeed," replied the father. "Well, I don't know," reflected Tommie; "I don't see how we could light the gas without striking a match."

My flag of silk I owe to the Jap. To the Eskimo my sealskin cap. My palm leaf fan grew on Java's trees. For crackers and rockets I thank the Chinese. The Indian's land and my own are one. Which boy do you think has the most fun?

I am a jolly, jolly, little Jap. Hear my baby tied to a tree. When I go to school I leave them at the door. I then use those chopsticks when it's time to dine. A silk gown I wear when I'm dressed up fine.

An Indian "brave" I surely shall be, But now I'm a baby tied to a tree. "A good papoose," my mother will say. "And the birdies will sing to you all day." Then I watch the clouds in the far blue sky. I am going to catch one by and by.

From a leaf of palm was woven my hat. I eat my supper on a palm-leaf mat. The food that I eat the palm trees give. Now what is my name and where do I live?

Five Cent's Worth of Travel. We know a bright boy whose great longing is to travel. His parents have no means with which to gratify him in that respect. He occasionally earns a few pennies by selling papers and doing errands. Instead of spending the

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has such a record for absolutely curing female ailments and kidney troubles as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Medicines that are advertised to cure everything cannot be specific for anything. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will not cure every kind of illness that every afflicted man, woman and child, but proof is monumental that it will and does cure all the ills peculiar to women.

This is a fact indisputable and can be verified by more than a million women. If you are sick don't experiment, take the medicine that has the record of the largest number of cures. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The New Jersey man forgot what he was there for. He dropped the camera and lit out for camp. When he returned he was accompanied by all the guides and his rifle. The bears were gone, but the camera was lying on the ground, not where he left it, but a dozen feet or more away.

Stood Treat at Prayer Meeting. A crowd of Copeland county, Kansas, politicians broke the rule last Sunday night and went to church. When the contribution book reached them the one on the end threw a silver dollar in it, and turning to the others, who were digging in their pockets for some change, he said: "Never mind, boys; this is all paid for."

Better the cold water of indifference than the sparkling wine of obligation. A HINT FOR SPRING. When Housekeepers Are Brightening.

Now that the backbone of this remarkable winter is broken, housekeepers are remarking the dingy look of their household linen. The question of new coverings is up. Paper is dear and short lived; kalsomine is dirty and scales palm is costly. The use of such a cement as Alabastine, for instance, will solve the problem. This admirable water and mud mortar is made of Rasberry and Strawberry. At grocers, 10c.

Beauty is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without clean blood. The best cleanser for the skin is a simple one, by stirring up the liver and driving all impurities from the body. Use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It cleanses the blood, builds, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascares—beauty for beauty. 25c, 50c, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

With local applications, as they reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is a blood or mucous membrane disease. It is a local disease, but it may take internal treatment. Catarrh Cure is a blood or mucous membrane disease. It is a local disease, but it may take internal treatment. Catarrh Cure is a blood or mucous membrane disease. It is a local disease, but it may take internal treatment.

It is so much easier for a genuine humorist to amuse others than to ever satisfy himself. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures wind, cures a colic. To him nothing is possible who is always dreaming of his past possibilities. To Cure Constipation Forever. This Cascares Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. O. fail to cure, druggists refund money.



Nothing is more difficult to keep clean and sweet than a nursing bottle. Yet if it is not thoroughly cleaned, the particles of milk adhering to it become rancid and affect the health of the infant. No trouble will arise from this cause, if, after using the bottle, it is first rinsed in cold water, then filled with warm Ivory Soap suds and left stand for half an hour, and then well rinsed.

Costs that Last a Century. Waldere Kirk and other gentlemen who take delight in sartorial changes as frequent almost as those of the moon might learn a lesson from John Chinaman, with whom, even though he be well off, it is folly to wear his grandfather's coat. Not only is the common-looking, shapeless blouse of his ancestor prized because it is his ancestor's, but because of its intrinsic value. The clothing usually worn by the Chinese is of the purest silk and costs anywhere from \$100 to \$250 a suit. As a nation the Chinese object to wearing clothing of any other kind, and centuries ago they have taught them how best to make up the costly caterpillar thread into the most durable form. On this account the Chinese dress, though of purer material, has none of the sheen usually associated with silk, a peculiarity which has resulted in the erroneous ideas as to their composition.

God will fulfill His promises without our prompting. Neutralist is the secret of happiness in pleasure. If the world owns you Christ must disown you. The worldly Christian is content with the swine-busks. Too many Christian soldiers are of a retiring disposition. The man who does not know is always readiest to tell. Men may save money, but money will never save them. The time you spend with your children is never wasted. The church must be an organism before it is an organization. Prayer secures the divine indorsement to the checks of faith. There is no possession of Christ without confession of Him. The furrows of affliction become fumes for the flow of mercy. The most important work for the present is that for the future. The silent Christian does not exist, for, being dead, he yet speaketh. The knowledge of sin does not always lead to its acknowledgment. The man who is but an echo in the city may be a voice in the wilderness. The advantages of good habits are as great as the disadvantages of bad ones. He who buys popularity at the price of character is robbing the world of manhood. The modern "sword of the Lord and of Gideon" is the word of God on the lips of men. If the stars went out of business because they were not suns the night would be drear. The fact that God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked does not infer that He is satisfied with their line. Peter found trouble because he was more anxious about standing near the fire in the court than standing by his Lord. Travelling German Students. German students are returning to the medieval notion of wandering about the world. The modern Goliards, however, are personally conducted and know beforehand precisely what their journeys will cost them. Last year they visited Italy; this spring 1,500 of them will go to Constantinople and to Asia Minor. On the way they will fraternize with the Rumanian university students, who are preparing a big "fruechoppen" for them in Bucharest. An ounce of essence is worth a gallon of fluid. A wise man may be more valuable than the whole book, and the plain truth is better than an argument. Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, by mail, get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or 25c. Cure guaranteed. Booklets and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The best remedy for Cough, Croup, Whooping-cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay-fever, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. Price only 25c.

A Swallow HIRE'S Footwear. In one of the earliest instances of spring-heel shoes, Hires' Footwear is a perfect example of hand-crafted shoes. Charles E. Hires Co., Malvern, Pa.

Sour Stomach. "After I was induced to try CASCARES, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad way, and I was aching and I had stomach trouble. Now, after taking CASCARES, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her own ailments." J. W. KREMLING, 221 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

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