

BABY LOVE.

Baby Love came prancing by, Cap on head and sword on thigh, Horse to ride and drum to beat— All the world beneath his feet.

Mother Life was sitting there, Hard at work and full of care, Set of mouth and sad of eye, Baby Love came prancing by.

Baby Love was very proud, Very lively, very loud; Mother Life arose in wrath, Set an arm across his path.

Baby Love wept loud and long, But his mother's arm was strong. Mother had a word to say, Baby Love was put to bed.

Charlotte P. Stetson.

YOUNG MRS. MAYNARD.

THE late Joshua Maynard was good enough to accumulate a considerable fortune and considerate enough to leave the bulk of it to his widow.

Her late husband was not in the least involved, and all the various charities and educational institutions benefited under the will were settled with long before the expiration of the year allowed by law for such business.

Attention to these details did much to occupy Mrs. Maynard's mind during the first months of her widowhood.

Among her friends was one Lewis Baxter, of whom she became quite fond. Baxter was a war correspondent, and as there was no war at that time, and he wasn't of much use in ordinary journalism, he had no end of time on his hands.

"So I want another war," he said one day. "It is terribly selfish—but we are all terribly selfish when we are hard up."

"But, look here; I heard several secrets of yours quite lately," Mrs. Maynard interposed. "Secrets of mine? I don't think I have any."

"Oh, yes, I know. I have heard about it from grateful people who you never supposed that I knew anything about."

man who adored you greatly had his money, who, I think, would marry you if you tried for her."

"I tried for her! What a way of putting it!" "My friend, do not be too excited; do not insist on riding the high horse so much. We are people of the world, you and I."

"I am not," he interrupted, "and I didn't think you were, either." "Oh, well, we live in the world, and we have to recognize its ways and its ways with them—more or less. Now, suppose you would do as I suggest, you, and that I told you I thought I could help you and make things easy for you—why should you not begin by making love to her and end by falling in love with her—before or after marriage? I don't think it matters very much, but on the whole I fancy it had better begin after than before."

"You are in a chaffing humor to-day," he said, moodily. "I'm not the least in the world. I am thinking only for your good."

"Then please don't think of it any more—in that way." "It does that way? Why, what harm could it do that you marry a rich woman who would be very fond of you?"

"But I don't care about her—I don't want to marry her!" "Oh, come now, as if I could tell you her name after the way in which you have taken my offer."

"Your offer! You have no right to make any offer of the kind. You are not the Matrimonial News, or whatever it is called."

"But now, seriously," she said, "it is fair that my friend should be cut off from all chance of marrying the man she admires—and very likely loves—should not such a thing be a pity?"

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Ever have "the blues"? Then you know how dark everything looks. You are completely discouraged and cannot throw off that terrible depression. A little weak looks like a big mountain; a little noise sounds like the roar of a cannon; and a little sleep is all you can secure, night after night.

That's Nerve Exhaustion

The truth of the matter is, your nerves have been poisoned and weakened with the impurities in your blood. The thing for you to do is to get rid of these impurities just as soon as you can.

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."

"During last year I was suffering from nervous prostration. For weeks I grew worse, became thin, could not sleep, had no appetite, and was in a wretched condition after taking several kinds of medicines without result. I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla with more pleasing results. My appetite returned, I slept soundly, my strength and weight increased, and now I am well and strong without the slightest trace of my trouble. Indeed, I would hardly believe it possible for me to be so well as I am now."—Lena Mearns, Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., Dec. 21, 1899.

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 Canning Children.

It is not a pleasant thing to be the plain sister of two beautiful girls, and Patty Chilton found that out before he was four years old. Not that Patty was really plain, but her candid aunts had made no secret of the fact that she was not to be compared, in point of looks, with Bernice, the sister of seven, and Mabel, the little beauty of two. Nor was she as bright as Bernice, they said.

"Bernice is so like the Westovers," was their frequent remark, and the greatest possible praise they could give to the Westover splinters.

"Why, Pattie," said Mrs. Chilton, to whom her children were pretty-alike. "What makes you think you are ugly, my dear?"

WOMEN'S WAY. How She Got Away From the Artful Horseman.

Men have something to learn from women in the art of warding off "touches" for coin. Women respond to such requests about once in every thousand cases, but they are scientific in their refusals.

"Why, my dear, certainly," was the pleasant response to her carefully rehearsed little yarn. "You poor thing, you! Just wait till I run upstairs and get my purse."

She ran upstairs. The male head of the house happened to be in the room where she kept her purse. He saw her slip the purse out of a chiffonier drawer and deliberately remove a wad of bills from it, leaving about 37 cents in silver and copper in the change receptacle.

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Have it Ready St. Jacobs Oil. Minor accidents are so frequent that such hurts so troublesome no household should be without a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.

The Highest Monument. The highest monument in the world is in Washington, D. C. It was erected in honor of George Washington. It is 555 feet high, 55 feet square at the base, and contains 18,000 blocks of marble.

Adapted Coffee. Painted coffee beans are among the latest curiosities of the adulterated food market. Inferior beans are colored with burnt umber and made to look like the finest Mocha. They are described as "shiny-brown outside, yellow inside and tasteless."



Before starting on a "run" a refreshing wash with Ivory Soap gives new energy. It lathers quickly in any kind of water and does not cost more than common soap.

Keynard's Narrow Escape. A fox, having been pursued by a hound, escaped in a novel manner. The animal was being closely pressed by the dogs, when it dashed across the rail road track in front of a fast-moving train.

ALABASTINE. It is durable and natural cement. It is made of purest marble, and is so strong that it can be used for all kinds of masonry work.

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MIKE DONOVAN. Instructor of boxing at the New York Athletic Club, will give a series of lectures on boxing in Golden Rule Hall. He will offer his readers the best of his knowledge, and will also give a series of lectures on boxing in Golden Rule Hall.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION. Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething for over fifty years. It soothes the inflamed membrane, breaks the eruption, and allays the pain.