IF.

If, sitting with his little, worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled, and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done
And all its cares and heartaches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun
And with a heart full of sweet yearning say,
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Bennie was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,
And that he'd lead me to him o'er death's silent sea.

But, oh, to know the feet once pure and white
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in,
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.
—Oshawa (Ont.) Vindicator.

LOVE AND LAW.

"JIM," said Mr. Perkins to his office boy, "put on some more coal."

"Yes, sir."

"And, do you hear? Take this packet of papers around to Penn & Ink's, and ask 'em what they mean by sending me such a blotted piece of work."

"Yes, sir," and Jim, evidently preferring the snow-freighted air and slippery sidewalks of the outer world to the close little law office, darted off like an arrow out of a bow.

Mr. Perkins took out a fresh bundle of quill pens and a quire of legal foolscap and began to work in good earnest, when, all of a sudden, a tap came to his office door.

"Come in," said Mr. Perkins, in a voice that sounded considerably more like "Clear out," and a young lady entered, dressed in currant-colored merino, with a little plumed hat and a neat-looking flat satchel on her arm.

"I haven't anything to give," said Mr Perkins, sternly.

The young lady sat down uninvited, and then Mr. Perkins saw that she was very pretty.

"I was not begging, sir," she said.

"May I ask, then, what was your business?" said Mr. Perkins, more frigidly than ever.

The young lady took a parcel from her bag.

"I don't want to buy anything," said Mr. Perkins.

"I was not selling, sir," said the lady "Please explain your business at once," said he, tartly. "I have no time to spare."

"Please allow he to do so, then," said the young lady. "I was soliciting subscriptions for——"

"I don't want to subscribe," hastily interrupted Mr. Perkins.

"How do you know whether you do or not," inquired the young lady, with some spirit, "until you have seen the work, at least?"

Mr. Perkins smiled a little. She was brusque, but he didn't altogether dislike that. And, besides, she was decidedly original.

"Because there have been at least three of your craft before you this morning," said he, "all selling 'Illustrated Lives of Great Men.'"

"But mine is quite different. Mine is 'Careers of Famous Women,' with steel plate engravings," persisted the young lady.

"Your business is overcrowded," said Mr. Perkins. "No; you needn't take the trouble to show me the book. Why don't you do something else?"

"Will you tell me what?" said the young lady, despairingly. "Will you help me to get anything whereby I may support myself?"

"What can you do?"

"What can I do! That is what everybody says," she answered, "and between you all I should starve. You are a lawyer. Will you give me some law copying?"

"Can you write a clear and legible hand?" Mr. Perkins asked.

The young lady sat boldly down at a desk by the chimney-piece.

"I'll show you what I can do," said she.

Mr. Perkins looked over her shoulder as she wrote, in a quaint, distinct style, the words:

"My name is Amy Archdale, and I want to earn my own living."

"Amy Archdale," repeated Mr. Perkins. "Rather a romantic name, isn't it?"

"I had no hand in naming myself," retorted Miss Archdale, "so I can't justly be held up to blame in that matter."

Mr. Perkins looked meditatively at her for a second or two.

"I should think you might teach," said he.

"I did try it," said Miss Archdale. "I was governess in a private family."

"And why did you give it up?"

"Is this a catechism?" said Miss Amy, smiling. "Well, I haven't any objection to answering. Do you want me to tell you the plain truth?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, it was because my lady employer did not like to have her grown-up son address me with common politeness. Perhaps she thought I was endeavoring to fascinate him, but she was entirely mistaken."

"Oh!" said Mr. Perkins. "Please write down your address."

"Are you really going to give me some copying to do?" she asked eagerly.

"I am going to try you."

For the first time the tears came into her eyes.

"I'll try my very best—indeed, I will," she faltered. "For—I don't mind telling you now—I haven't got a single subscription, and I was so discouraged."

And so Miss Amy Archdale walked off with a red-tape-tied parcel of papers under her shawl.

"If she does them well and promptly," said Mr. Perkins, in a sort of mental soliloquy, "there's no reason I can't let her have some more work. If she doesn't it won't be the first case of female swindling in New York. But she had a pretty, innocent little face, too—hang it, I've half a mind to go to her address on the sly and see if she really is a deserving object of—charity, I was going to say. But it isn't. She wants work, not alms. There's always somebody wanting something in this great, chattering Bedlam of a city of ours," added Mr. Perkins, irately, as he drove off two match boys, an apple girl, and a vender of pins and shoestrings from his doorstep.

Mr. Perkins followed up his crochet and walked up to No. 6 Measeey street about dusk that self-same evening, heedless of snow and sleet.

"Does a lady named Archdale live here?" he asked in the grocery which occupied the first floor.

"Yes, sir, she do," the grocer's wife interrupted, pushing herself before her husband, "and a nice, hard-working young lady she is as ever breathed the breath of life, and pays her rent regularly every Saturday night, if she has to live on a cup of water and a crust. And if she's got any rich relation——"

"I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO."

"You mistake my purpose," said Mr. Perkins, coldly. "I am no rich relation—to any one."

Yet the woman's testimony, coarse and rudely given as it was, unconsciously influenced him in Amy Archdale's favor.

She brought the folios next day, neat, legible, and without blot or erasure, and Mr. Perkins gave her some more work.

"You needn't bring it," said he. "I—I have business that way and I'll call for it myself."

* * * * * * * *

"We haven't seen your Uncle Elisha lately, dear," said Mrs. Molyneux Martin to her eldest daughter. "Kate must work a penwiper for him, and you must embroider him a pair of slippers. It won't do to let him lose sight of his nearest relatives."

"Ma," said Miss Katherine, "it's a pity you discharged Miss Archdale so suddenly, because she was so handy at fancy work."

"And, besides," added Edith Rosabelle, "it really and truly wasn't her fault because Walter chose to make eyes at her!"

"Don't use such vulgar expressions, my dear," said the mamma. "She was a pert, bold-faced thing, and would have eloped with your dear brother if she had remained in the house another week. And I told her so, pretty plainly, too. Who's that? The postman? Give me the letter at once, Edith Rosabelle!"

"Somebody has sent us wedding cards," cried the youngest hope of the family of Molyneux Martin. "Open it, mamma, quick, and let us see whom they are from."

Mrs. Molyneux Martin hastily tore open the envelope, and giving one glance at its contents, fell backward with an hysterical scream.

"Elisha Perkins!" she shrieked. "Girls, it's your uncle. Alas! my poor, disinherited pets!"

For Mrs. Molyneux Martin has educated her daughters in the full belief that each and every one of them was to be an heiress in the right of Uncle Elisha Perkins' money.

"But, mamma, who's the bride—whom has he married? You don't tell us the name," persisted Katherine, who was endowed with a goodly spice of Mother Eve's bequest.

"I don't know! I don't care!" screamed Mrs. Molyneux Martin, tapping the soles of her slippered feet on the carpet in a way that threatened a yet more violent attack of hysterics.

"Pick up the cards, Kathie, and look," urged Edith Rosabelle.

"Amy Archdale," she read aloud. "Why, ma, it's the governess you discharged! It's our Miss Archdale."

"The old fool!" shrieked Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "To go and marry a girl young enough to be his granddaughter! Well, that caps the climax!"

"You forget, ma," said Edith Rosabelle, "Uncle Elisha's only two years older than you are. I've heard you say so lots of times."

"Hold your tongue, you ungrateful, undutiful daughter," ejaculated Mrs. Molyneux Martin. "I'll never speak to him again."

But she did. Sober second thoughts convinced her that it was better to submit to the inevitable—and she was one of the first to call on Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Perkins in the elegant brownstone house that the lawyer bought and furnished for his bride.

And perhaps one of the most triumphant moments of Amy Archdale's life was that in which she extended a gracious and patronizing greeting to the woman who had turned her out of doors scarcely three months before.

"Things do balance themselves evenly in this world, if one only has patience and faith to wait!" she said to her husband.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hotel Attraction.

"Yes, he started a hotel and he's made a hit, too. You know the old-established place across the street advertised itself as 'a hotel with all the comforts of home.'"

"Yes."

"Well, he advertised his place as 'a hotel without the discomforts of home.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Recognized a Friend.

Mack O'Rell—What caused all that commotion in the jungle section of the circus parade?

Luke Warme—Why, some woman along the route hung her tiger skin rug out of the window.—Chicago News.

With a Proviso.

"Look here, old fellow, just introduce me to your pretty cousin."

"All right, I'll do so; but mark, if ever you marry her, don't lay the blame on me."

Not Good Yet.

Mrs. Sparerod (to Mucks, locked up for disorderly behavior)—"Well, Mucks, are you a good boy now? Aren't you sorry for being so naughty?"

Mucks—"No; but you can come again in ten minutes."

Uncertainty.

"There is nothing more uncertain than a horse race," exclaimed the man with a tendency to talk loud.

And the melancholy friend responded: "You never worked in a weather bureau, did you?"—Washington Star.

Reversal.

Maud—"Tell me all about it."

Mabel—"Well, when it began he was on his knees."

Maud—"And how did it end?"

Mabel—"In the end—er—I was on his knees."—Town Topics.

She Knew.

"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the first class in grammar.

"Things that grow on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.—Detroit Free Press.

After the Convention.

Party Worker—"See here, you told me that you were confident of success?"

Defeated Candidate—"Well, of course, I meant that, in the nature of things, some candidate or other was bound to succeed."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Audacious Duet.

"My daughter tells me, sir, that you had the audacity to propose to her! What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing, sir, except that your daughter had the audacity to accept me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cheated.

"What is Jimmy crying about now?"

"Oh, we had a little blaze and put it out ourselves. He's mad because we didn't call out the fire department."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Treasurer.

Jones—You used to complain that your wife was constantly asking you for money.

Henry Peck—O, that was when we were first married. All that's changed now.

Jones—She doesn't do it any more?

Henry Peck—No. I ask her for it, when I can sum up sufficient courage.—Philadelphia Press.

An Explanation.

Punston—See here, old chap, what do you mean by taking my jokes and passing them off as your own?

Funston—Well, you see, it's this way; I'm a good-natured sort of fellow and don't mind taking a joke from a friend.—Chicago News.

Preparing for the Harvest.

"Isn't this a queer spot to plant seeds, little boy?"

"We ain't plantin' no seeds. These are Injun relics for the summer boarders to find."

Don't Judge by Appearance.

Lulu—"From outward appearances, I don't think much of him."

Dolly—"Ah, but the inward appearance of his pocketbook is lovely."—Philadelphia North American.

Talking Business.

"Who is that man who is eternally talking to you about the brevity of human life? Is it the minister?"

"Minister! That's an insurance agent."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Measured Term.

Tailor—Will you have your coat in man-o'-war style, sir?

Customer—Man-o'-war style? What are you talking about?

Tailor—Why, a broad side, sir.

In the Cafe.

Carte—I tell you that waiter is a gentleman from head to foot.

D'Hote—You mean from tip to tip.

In the Throng.

Ida—Do you see that man with mutton-chop whiskers? Doesn't he look bold?

May—He looks very sheepish to me.

On the Stand.

Smythe—Haven't seen Diggs in an age.

Woodfall—He's on the race track now.

Smythe—Newmarket?

Woodfall—No; Pretoria.

That Is Different.

"Gifts with strings to them are always unpopular," said Mr. Pitt.

"I gave my a little boy a present and he complained bitterly because there was no string to it," aded Mr. Penn.

"What did you give him?"

"A kite."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Reckless Reply.

"Pa, what is a leading candidate?"

"Well, little Jim, he's the man who gets left first or the one who gets nominated first."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Lasting Effort.

Sandy Pikes—Yer don't look well dis mornin', Billy.

Billy Coalgate—No. I'm still feelin' de effect of de grip.

Sandy Pikes—De regular influenzy grip?

Billy Coalgate—Naw! De bulldog's grip.

A Formidable Correction.

The proper spelling of Welsh names is a matter known only to experts, and it gives much trouble to English postoffice officials, who are able in many cases to make only a guess, so to speak, at the spelling of place names. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in an article in an English magazine, gives an amusing example of this.

On March 2, 1888, the following telegram was handed in for delivery at the postoffice of Chepstow:

"Going to Llanfairpwllgwngwllgogerhwllclydilgogogoch. Shall be at home by 4:30."

The postmaster, thinking that there was "more than a fair penn'orth" of consonants in the name, referred it to his surveyor, who wrote back:

"It is an attempt at the name of a village in Anglesey, but is evidently not written by a Welshman; the spelling is incorrect, and but for the joke of the thing, the ordinary abbreviation—Llanfairpwll—would have been better. The name, correctly written, I give below: Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerchwyrnydrobwlllandisiliogogogoch."

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.

The boy who goes fishing, with a pail of worms for bait, little knows what a pleasant hour he might have, and yet make his outing much more agreeable for the worms and for the fish. He should take a look—a scientific peep—at the contents of that pail, instead of throwing them ignorantly away. After all his pains in digging for the worms, he and they are scarcely acquaintances; and yet, if we should ask him, he must admit that he has dug up worms in the springtime, year after year, and gone fishing, knowing as little about the worm when his sport was over as he did when he started out.

To see really what sort of a fellow the common earthworm is, first put him into a bowl of water. He will soon wriggle himself free of every particle of dirt, and you may then make him more comfortable on some dry, smooth surface while you study the peculiar movements of his remarkable body, which consists of a series of segments, or rings, all alike in form, except at the two ends; the anterior end tapering to a blunt point; the hinder end being broad and flattened.

Watch the worm shorten himself after a long stretch. Projecting from the sides and the lower part of each ring, you will see the tiny bristles, called setae, with which he manages to walk. When he lengthens his body, the setoe on the hinder rings prevent him from stretching backwards, because they, in pointing backwards, stick into the ground. The worm can, therefore, stretch only forwards. In the same manner, when he shortens his body, the setae in the front rings stick into the ground, and the hinder part of the body is drawn up; he repeats this process every time he moves along.

That way of walking may seem very complicated and wonderful, but it is no more wonderful than that you should be able to balance your body on your two feet and walk without giving a thought to how you do it, or to how wonderful it is that it can be done without thought. Watch a baby's efforts to keep his balance in learning to toddle only a few steps, and you will understand that walking seems easy to you, because you have had so much practice.

The usefulness of the worms may be seen at once when you compare some of the things that they do with those that they are unjustly accused of doing. They do not destroy the roots of trees and of plants. They eat half-decayed leaves, which they are able to grind with the muscles of the mouth; but they have no teeth with which to gnaw. They are useful to man in boring through the ground and loosening the soil to make it ready for the fibers of plants to enter. Surface soil is more or less loose, but the sub-soil is hard and compact until the earthworms have worked it. Our tallest trees, even, would soon die if no opening were made by the worms for their root fibers to enter.

To keep worm-life in check, nature has provided the birds, and anyone that has watched the robin dine will see that there is no danger of the earthworm supply's exceeding the demand.—Our Animal Friends.

Magician and Prince.

Once upon a time there was a King who had a little boy whom he loved very much, and so he took a great deal of pains to make him happy. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in and pictures and toys and books without number. He gave him a graceful, gentle little pony, that he might ride just where he pleased, and a rowboat on a pretty lake, and servants to wait on him wherever he went.

He also provided teachers, who were to give him that knowledge of things that would make him good and great. But for all this the young prince was unhappy. He wore a frown wherever he went and was always wishing for something he didn't have. At length one day a magician came to the court. He saw the scowl on the boy's face, and said to the King:

"I can make your son happy and win his frowns into smiles, but you must pay me a great price for telling him this secret."

"All right," said the King; "whatever you ask I will give."

So the price was agreed upon and paid, and the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance upon a piece of paper. Then he gave the boy a candle and told him to light it and hold it under the paper and then see what he could read. The he went away. The boy did as he was told, and the white letters turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the realm.

Why Cats Arch Their Backs.

It is not anger alone that makes cats arch their backs; indeed, when two cats are preparing to fight they do not assume this attitude, but crouch low, just as they do when about to spring on their prey, the body being extended, and the hair not in the least erect. But when, on meeting a dog suddenly, fear is combined with anger, when the cat, standing at its full height, at once arches its back, with an instinctive effort to appear as big and as terrible as possible. Darwin compares it to the similar attitude of the lynx when attacked, and to that of birds which ruffle their feathers, and spread out their wings and tail when alarmed. It is noticeable that a cat will also arch its back when in an affectionate frame of mind, rubbing itself against its master's leg. At the same time it slightly raises its fur and holds its tail erect. Its whole attitude is just the reverse of that which it assumes when savage. Darwin accounts for this in the following words: "Certain states of mind lead to certain habitual actions, which are of no service. Now when a directly opposite state of mind is induced there is a strong and involuntary tendency to the performance of a movement of a directly opposite nature, though it may be of no service."

A woman's idea of a good conversationalist is a man who can think of something to say when she pauses for a second to regain her breath.

Human nature sets a man up as a judge of his neighbors.

In his attempt to raise a beard the youth is apt to get down.

Some Day.

He sat on the steps with a tear in his
eye,
As he watched the swift bicycles whis-
zing by
With their doubled-up riders, and thus
murmured he:
"Oh, when will a bicycle come for me?

"I watch them by day, and by night in
my bed
Processions of bicycles flit through my
head;
I'm only in kilts, but I'm almost three,
Oh, when will a bicycle come for me?

"'Mamma, I am sure I could ride just
like Ned.'
Then she smiles at father, and he shakes
his head.
'When you're five, when you're five.
Wait awhile,' answers he.
Now isn't that hard when I'm quite
three?

"But it's, oh, for that beautiful, glorious
day
When I shall go whizzing and flying
away
Through town and through country so
fast and free!
Oh, when will a bicycle come for me?"
—Youth's Companion.

When all our cousins visit us
We have a lot of fun.
We have a table to ourselves;
There's room for every one.

We've all the fruit we want to eat,
And lots of milk to drink;
And all the grown-up people say
They have a chance to think.

Pretty Parasites.

A singular class of plants is the air plant, or parasites, which do not grow with their roots in the ground or the mud, but attach themselves to trees or other plants and feed on stolen sap. Fungi and lichens, which you see growing on the bark of trees or on old wood, are parasites. The mistletoe is one of our prettiest parasites.

A Little of Both.

"Uncle inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good little boy.

Bobby—No, I haven't.

Uncle—Why, I hope you havent been very bad.

Bobby—Oh, no; just comfortable.

Seeking Snake Antitoxin

Interesting experiments, having for their object the discovery of an antitoxin for snake bites, are being conducted at the Carnegie Laboratory at Bellevue Medical College. Prof. Goldhorn, who has charge of the experiments, has procured a collection of poisonous reptiles, consisting of two enormous and venomous rattlers, a moccasin and a huge king snake 6 feet 4 inches in length. With these reptiles Prof. Goldhorn has been experimenting for several weeks, inoculating rats, rabbits and frogs. Prof. Goldhorn holds the small animals close to the cages, so that when the snake strikes its prey the animal is at once withdrawn. The effect of the poison is then carefully watched, and if the animal dies it is immediately dissected and the course of the poison traced through its veins. In this manner it is hoped an antitoxin may be discovered which will make the bite of a snake absolutely harmless.—New York Cor. Baltimore Sun.

NAVAL BATTLE OF THE FUTURE.

How Maritime Engagements Will Be Fought in the Next Century.

The Stranger—Excuse me, I am a stranger here. Will you kindly inform me why all these gayly dressed people are loitering on the shores of this bay?

The Native—Eh? Don't you know? Why, a great naval battle is being fought here, and the people for miles around have come to enjoy the event.

The Stranger—I'm new in this part of the country, but I'm not as fresh, perhaps, as I look. You tell me that a great naval battle is being fought here. And yet as far as the eye can reach I can discern no boat—no, nor even a ripple on those placid waters.

The Native—That's all right. It's a submarine battle fought by submarine boats. They are now at it tooth and nail somewhere about the middle of the bay.

The Stranger—You astonish me. These people do not look as if they were attending a battle. The women wear summer frocks, and the men are in afternoon clothes, with top hats. And, see, there is a band over there!

The Native—Oh, yes; it's quite a function. That's the Marine band, and those women and men about it are the special guests of the Secretary of the Navy. You wait around a little while and we'll have some news. There, see!

At that moment a black object like a mammoth strong cigar leaped upward from the waters and lay quivering on the surface. Every opera glass was leveled at it, and the stranger slanted his hand above his eyes so he could see better. A grimy man crawled from the midst of the thing and raised a huge megaphone to his lips.

The Native—Hooray! That's old Commodore Bob Evans' grandson!

The man with the megaphone shouted in a stentorian voice:

"We've licked the blankety-blank-blank socks off of 'em!"

Whereat there arose a great cheer and a flutter of handkerchiefs, and the Marine band played, and the Secretary of the Navy held an impromptu reception, and then everybody went home to dinner.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Embarrassing.

When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first pastoral call at the Fosdicks he took little Anna up in his arms and tried to kiss her. But the child refused to be kissed; she struggled loose and ran off into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the parlor to greet the clergyman.

"Mamma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the parlor wanted me to kiss him."

"Well," replied mamma, "why didn't you let him? I would if I were you."

Thereupon Anna ran back into the parlor and the minister asked:

"Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?"

"No, I won't," replied Anna, promptly, "but mamma says she will."—Harper's Bazar.

STUNTED HAIR

Does your hair split at the end? Can you pull out a handful by running your fingers through it? Does it seem dry and lifeless?

Give your hair a chance. Feed it. The roots are not dead; they are weak because they are starved—that's all.

The best hair food is—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

If you don't want your hair to die use Ayer's Hair Vigor once a day. It makes the hair grow, stops falling, and cures dandruff.

It always restores color to gray or faded hair; it never fails.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"One bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped my hair from falling out, and started it to grow again nicely."
JULIUS WITT,
March 28, 1899. Canova, S. Dak.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor completely cured me from dandruff, with which I was greatly afflicted. The growth of my hair since its use has been something wonderful."
LENA G. GREENE,
April 13, 1899, New York, N.Y.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Hair Vigor, write the Doctor about it.
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

"Shabby Old Coat."

West Point was, for the last ten years of his life, the summer home of Gen. Scott, whom Mrs. Sherwood, in her "Reminiscences," pleasantly gossips:

The hero of the Mexican war always on the Fourth of July, wore his old military coat, the one in which he rode into the Mexican capital "on top of a picnic," as he used to say. "Very shabby old coat, madam, very shabby old coat!" the gratified old man would exclaim, as he felt a lady's hand laid gently on his arm, as she asked to touch the sacred cloth. He wore the coat on many historic days, and was pleased to shoulder his cane and fight his battles over again.

Once, while telling the story of Arnold's treason, and pointing out from the hotel piazza the spots associated with the traitor, he said, referring to Mrs. Arnold's devotion to her husband "She clung like ivy to a worthless thing."

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.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

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.

The greatest friend of Truth is Time, her greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her constant companion is Humility.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

If you wish to live a life free from sorrow, think of what is going to happen as if it had already happened.

Dyspepsia is the bane of the human system. Protect yourself against its ravages by the use of Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

BEATEN BY A REPORTER.

Newspaper Man's Revenge for Insults from a Candidate.

A good story and one with a moral, is related by a well-known Southern writer.

"No great statesman with good, hard horse sense ever went out of his way to offend a newspaper man," he says.

"Some years ago there was a very hot campaign in Georgia for a big office.

"In a distant city lived a candidate who was confident of election. He was proud and haughty, and thought only of himself.

"A young newspaper man was detailed by the managing editor to accompany the statesman and report his speeches.

"Now comes the funny part of the story. The statesman ignored his companion—left him to take care of himself—introduced him to nobody—treated him without any consideration.

"Once when they were riding in a buggy through the country they stopped at a spring. The statesman cooled a bottle of wine in the spring, and drank it all, without offering the journalist a drop.

"Then he helped himself to a cigar from his valise, and resumed his seat in the buggy.

"'Drive on!' he said.

"The newspaper man hated and despised the cold-blooded politician, but he had his work to do.

"He reported the speeches and campaign incidents, but in a quiet way he knifed the statesman. The big man read the reports, and was conscious that something was lacking, but he could not tell exactly what.

"The newspaper man simply stuck to facts and damned the candidate with faint praise. He left out the element of enthusiasm. He was dull, and deliberately so.

"The candidate was defeated, and he never knew how much the newspaper man had to do with it.

"Of course he did not dream that his own conduct had injured him. No mean man ever makes the discovery that he is mean."—New York Mail and Express.

Hearing Under Snow.

People buried in an avalanche hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking them, while the buried ones' most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of snow.

TRUMPET CALLS.

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

SOIL that cannot grow weeds cannot grow anything.

There are no fruits till the blossoms fall.

Light is the only armor against darkness.

All our debts to God are made payable to men.

The trumpet of fame assembles more foes than friends.

There are no moral murders—they are all suicides.

The warmth of church piety comes from fireside devotions.

He who harbors impurity will never entirely disinfect his heart.

A big Sunday dinner usually spoils the appettie for the Bread of Life.

The Gospel is not only an escape from death; it is an entrance into life.

It is a bad thing for the Christian to rest in the shade of the "green bay tree."

Some men are praying for sanctification who need to pray for sense and sand.

God makes men work, not on account of what they make, but for what the work makes of them.

There are too many men praying for grace to bear the Cross whose wives are bearing in the wood and water.

RUSSIAN PROGRESS.

None Can Hinder It—Chief Ally Is Time.

What the warrior monk Elias uttered long ago receives confirmation every passing year: "The progress of Russia is mysterious and profound. Before she moves she neither betrays her plan nor hesitates nor boasts, but none can hinder her arriving where she has set her will."

Not long ago I reveived a letter from a Bulgarian friend, a leading member of the sobranje, or Bulgarian chamber of deputies, says a writer in the National Geographic Magazine. He used these words: "In the near or distant future I see only two prominent nations—the United States in the west, and Russia owning the whole of Asia and exercising a preponderant influence over the European continent. The whole of the Balkan peninsula, Asia Minor, Persia, Central Asia are her natural and inevitable inheritance. Above Asia and Europe I see the white czar of holy Russia. Your people need have no concern. The interests of Russia and the United States nowhere conflict. Naturally they are friends and allies. Together they are to regenerate the world." Thus the Bulgarian statesman utters his own conviction and the great political credo of the Slav.

The one necessity and the chief ally of Russia is time. How far the peace manifesto of Nicholas II. was prompted by philanthropy or by profound but selfish statecraft it is impossible to know. If philanthropy, that manifesto remains the noblest and most memorable document ever issued by a Christian monarch; if political sagacity, that manifesto is in appreciation of the future the astutest utterance ever made by the occupant of the Russian throne. But it is unbecoming to question the hidden motives of a deed in itself sublime. History will record no more than this; that at the close of a century more crowded with bloodshed and war than any other since time began Russia through the voice of her autocratic czar put forth a plea to all mankind for universal brotherhood and peace.

Wonderful Thimbles.

The Princess of Wales is the possessor of a thimble of gold, delicately traced with blue enamel, and studded with small slabs of various precious stones. It is an heirloom inherited from Denmark.

The wife of a commercial millionaire in the Argentine Republic possesses a thimble made by a London West-end jeweler which cost £2,500. It is a very large one—foreign ladies all using larger thimbles than usually sold in London—and is one mass of diamonds and rubies, the gold setting scarcely showing.

The same firm, for a gentleman from Philadelphia, made two thimbles, each of which, composed wholly of diamonds, cost one thousand guineas. They were both given as presents to ladies, one the wife of a well-known statesman.

For one of the Sasson family they made many thimbles, averaging £500 each, all of which were given away as wedding presents.

The Queen of Siam possesses a thimble (a gift from the King) which is made of the finest gold, in the shape of a lotus bud, and is studded with diamonds so arranged that they form her name and the date of her marriage.

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

Brevity is the best recommendation of speech, when in a Senator or an orator.

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.

It is easy to look down on others, to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

There are many different brands of foolishness. A man indulges in one kind when he traduces his enemies.

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

Wise is the woman who doesn't expect a man to love her when he is busy.

Carter's Ink Is Used by the
greatest railway systems of the United States. They would not use it if it wasn't the best.

If a minister aims his remarks at himself he is pretty sure to hit nine-tenths of his congregation.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

It is easier to open a can of corn than to prepare a dozen ears of fresh corn. For this reason, some women argue that the canned corn is "better' for you."

It is a pretty safe rule to go by that when all the papers don't refer to a man as prominent, that he is.

Some people only have a vacation when they get sick.

The Pinkham Record

is a proud and peerless record. It is a record of cure, of constant conquest over obstinate ills of women; ills that deal out despair; suffering that many women think is woman's natural heritage; disorders and displacements that drive out hope.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cures these troubles of women, and robs menstruation of its terrors.

No woman need be without the safest and surest advice, for Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Can any woman afford to ignore the medicine and the advice that has cured a million women?

Worms IN CHILDREN ARE veritable demons, and must be quickly removed or serious results may follow. The medicine which for the past 60 years has held the record for successfully ridding children of these pests is **Frey's Vermifuge**—made entirely from vegetable products, containing no calomel. 25 cts. at druggists, country stores or by mail, postpaid. E. & S. Frey, Baltimore, Md.

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has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and **10 days'** treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

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Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
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25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Caesar Wasn't There.

The man on the street car was talking to a friend about his trip through Greece and the tombs of the ancients he had met with, and, after awhile, the old man opposite, who had been listening closely, leaned forward and remarked:

"Sir, do I understand that you were in Greece?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And you saw tombs?"

"Plenty of them."

"Did you happen to run across the tomb of Julius Caesar?"

"No, sir. Julius Caesar was not a Greek, you know."

"That's so—that's so. Now, that you mention it, I remember that he wasn't. You see, I had kind of got Julius Caesar and Christopher Columbus and George Washington mixed up, and I'm glad you set me straight. Thankee, sir. Do as much for you some time. Go on with your tombstones."—Washington Post.

Memories of a Waltz.

"Did you ever try to dance with a foreigner?" asked a Louisville gentleman, who had been traveling abroad, of the Detroit Free Press man. "I did once," he continued, "and that experience was more than enough for me. It happened at a ball at Mustapha, at the Hotel St. Georges. I asked an Austrian countess to waltz, and when we started I supposed we would dance in the leisurely American fashion.

"The countess had a different idea in her head. She preferred to whirl madly, like a dervish, on a space that could be covered with a parasol, and, on account of her superior strength, I clung to her and we began to spin.

"Finally, when it seemed to me that we were performing our antics on the ceiling with our heads hanging down, I could stand it no longer, and, gasping for breath, suggested that we sit down. I saw two chairs galloping around the room and prepared to catch them on the next lap. We steered for them, I clinging helplessly to the athletic lady, and then we sank down. I sat dazed and almost insensible until I was aroused by the countess saying:

"'Excuse me, but we are sitting on the same chair.'"

Job Lot of Weddings.

In the Church of Collogues, near Lyons, a few days ago, a remarkable combination of matrimonial ceremonies took place. Mlle. Gonnat was married to M. Jean Vallansot, while, at the same time and place, the bride's parents celebrated their silver wedding, and the bridegroom's parents similarly celebrated theirs, and the grandparents of the bride celebrated their golden wedding.

The Shrewd Enumerator.

"Well, madam, if you positively refuse to tell me your age, I suppose I can inquire of the lady next door and let her guess at it."

"Young man, you stand right still there where you are. I'll be back in a moment with the family Bible."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Droughts and Famines in India.

The British government expects a drought in India about twice in every nine years, and a great famine like the present about twice in a century.