WHEN AT THE LAST.

When at the last I lay me down to sleep,
And of the morrow's dawning reckon not,
When night no more, no more may vigil keep,
And love's brief noon is but a dream forgot—
Back to the Past, its sad and variant ways,
Be Thou the warder of my yesterdays.

Amid the paths long lost, or sought too late,
Where waywardness hath wandered, love been blind,
If there be one that lieth clear and straight—
Unseen, perchance forgot—thou mayest find,
Even in that perverse, perplexing maze,
The white thread shining 'mid my yesterdays.

So oft have love's torch wavered, love's feet failed,
Were the vain reckoning mine 'twere but to weep.
Blind Thou the sight by memory assailed,
When at the last I lay me down to sleep,
And through Time's deep and labyrinthian ways
Crown Thou some moment in my yesterdays!
—Harper's Bazar.

TOM NELSON and his cousin, Harry Morton, were deeply interested in the rearing of pigeons. Their fathers owned adjoining farms, and the houses were about a quarter of a mile apart. Many were the journeys that the boys made to and fro in order to compare notes and to exchange ideas in regard to the care and training of their pets.

Indeed, so urgent and pressing at times was the need of speedy communication that they so trained several birds of the carrier species that a message could be dispatched and a reply received in an astonishingly short space of time. Each boy carried home every night a pigeon from the other's dovecote, which he kept in a cage ready to send with a note when occasion required.

THE TRAMP WAS SPLITING OPEN A TIN SAVINGS BANK.

One rainy day Tom Nelson, having nothing to do and finding the time hanging heavily on his hands, thought it a favorable opportunity for him to pay his cousin a visit, and had caught up his hat with that intention, when his father, passing through the kitchen where he was, said:

"Tom, I am going to the village, to be gone several hours, and I don't want you to leave the house. I have noticed several tramps around here lately and they might be troublesome to your mother if they found her alone."

"All right, sir," said Tom, who felt somewhat disappointed, but he had long ago learned to not grumble about trifles.

"I feel uneasy about that money, George," said Mrs. Nelson, who had entered the room and was looking anxiously at her husband.

"What money?" asked Tom.

"Why," said his father, "the school board at their last meeting made me treasurer and handed me all the funds, amounting to a little over $500."

"Where is it?" asked Tom again.

"Safely hidden away where no one will be likely to find it," answered his father, laughing. "If you and your mother don't know where it is you will not be able to tell any one, that's certain," and he went off.

"I never feel safe with so large an amount in the house," said Mrs. Nelson, and she went about her work with a preoccupied air.

Tom busied himself writing a note to his cousin, and when it was ready he went to the woodshed and brought in the cage containing the messenger. He was just going to tie the note to the bird's wing when the kitchen door opened and a man walked in without knocking, a man of the real, genuine, unadulterated tramp species—dirty, ragged, unkempt and brutal-looking. "Villain" was written in unmistakable characters on his ugly countenance.

He asked abruptly for, or rather demanded, something to eat, and Mrs. Nelson, with a troubled glance at him, set about preparing a meal, pretending to take no notice of the furtive glances which her unwelcome guest was casting around him.

Tom, who was a slightly built lad of 15, did not seem a formidable obstacle to this burly rogue, for after one careless glance in the boy's direction he took the chair offered by Mrs. Nelson and sat down to his dinner.

Tom, remembering his father's parting words, was in a sore dilemma. He instinctively feared the man, for he knew that he had not the strength to contend with him if violence was offered, and he felt sure there would be trouble when the tramp had refreshed himself. There were no near neighbors, and he could not leave his mother alone while he went for help.

While all this was passing through his mind his glance fell upon the note he had written, and he started as a thought entered his mind. Seizing the pen, he opened the note and hurriedly added:

"A rascally looking tramp has just come in. Mother is feeding him, but there is no telling what he will be up to when he gets through eating. Ask uncle and Mike to come over as quick as they can. Father is away."

Fastening the note securely to the pigeon, he went to the door, and opening it let the bird go. As he did so the man sprung from the table where he had been swallowing his food in great gulps, caught Tom by the shoulder and flung him across the room, saying, roughly:

"Set down, sonny, and make yourself easy. Goin' to call the neighbors, was yer? You jest git me that there money, and be quick about it."

Mrs. Nelson, pale and trembling, sprung between them, trying to explain that they were ignorant as to the location of any money.

"Come; none of that!" fiercely interrupted the man. "Shut yer jaw or tell me where it is. It'll be the worse for ye if ye don't. That school money yer man's takin' care of. You know what I mean."

Then he drew a revolver, threatening to shoot them both if they persisted in their denial.

Mrs. Nelson shook her head; she could not speak; but Tom, white to the lips, muttered hoarsely:

"You'll have to shoot, then, for I don't know where it is, and I'm glad I don't, for I might be coward enough to tell if I did," and then shut his eyes, expecting the worst.

The tramp eyed them incredulously for a moment, and, making up his mind that they were speaking the truth, after a pause of indecision, opened a door near where he stood. Discovering that it was a dark closet, without window or means of escape, he drove them into it at the pistol's point, and as there was a key in the door locked them in.

Then he began the search. It was a long one, for the money was well hidden, apparently. Cursing and swearing, he emptied the secretary and bookcase into the sitting-room; the bureaus and wardrobes in the bed-rooms, scattering the contents over the floor; the sideboard in the dining-room, and the clock on the mantel. He ripped up the mattresses and pillows, turning the house into disorder, but no money could be find.

Mad with rage and disappointment, still he persisted, in spite of the danger of discovery if he lingered. He was in the act of splitting open a tin savings bank, a relic of Tom's babyhood, which was heavy with a weight of 1-cent pieces which Mrs. Nelson found convenient to have on hand, when a calm voice of authority was heard at the door, saying:

"Give it up, my man; it's no use. And come along with me."

It was the village constable who spoke, at the same time holding up a pair of handcuffs in a significant manner.

The tramp made a dash at the opposite door, where he found Mike, Mr. Morton's hired man—a brawny Irishman—who said, soothingly:

"Whist, whist; not so fast, honey."

He glanced wildly at the windows and saw stationed outside Mr. Nelson at one window and Mr. Morton at the other. Mr. Nelson had returned earlier than he expected, and had fallen in with the relief party which the constable, on the trail of the tramp on his own account, had also joined.

The man, at bay, felt for his revolver.

"You made a slight mistake, my friend," said the constable, in a jeering way, "when you left it lying on the dining-room table."

Seeing that the game was up, the man, with an imprecation, allowed himself to be handcuffed and followed the constable in sulky silence.

Harry, who had followed the others, soon discovered the prisoners by the very vigorous blows and sounds in the kitchen closet and released them. One and all then and there agreed that the pigeon is one of the most useful and lovable of birds. Mr. Nelson, who had been inclined to consider his son's interest in those gentle creatures a foolish waste of time, was the most enthusiastic of all.

"For," said he, lifting down a wad of bills from the top of a door-casing where it had been snugly reposing, "the rascal might have got away with this after all if there had been time. How he found out that the money was in my possession is what beats me."

It was a mystery which was never solved.—Chicago Record.

SOME POPULAR MISQUOTATIONS

Here Is a Long List that Nearly All of Us Use.

Unlike certain correspondents, I shall not only point out the most familiar misquotations, but give the correct version and a reference to the work from which it is taken. The misquotation will come first, the correct version immediately after:

"The tongue is an unruly member"—"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil." (James 3: 8.)

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins"—"Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." (1 Peter 4: 8. Revised version, "Love covereth a multitude of sins."

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"—"A little learning is a dangerous thing." (Pope, "Essay on Criticism.")

"Speed the parting guest"—"Speed the going guest." (Pope, satire 2.)

"A man convinced against his will will hold the same opinion still"—"He that complies against his will is of his own opinion still." (Butler, "Hudibras," part 3.)

"Make assurance doubly sure"—"Make assurance double sure." ("Macbeth," act 4, scene 1.)

"Benedict the married man" should be "Benedick the married man." ("Much Ado About Nothing.")

"Falleth as the gentle dew"—"Droppeth as the gentle rain." ("Merchant of Venice," act 4, scene 1.)

"The man that hath no music in his soul"—"The man that hath no music in himself." (Ibid., act 5, scene 1.)

"Falls like Lucifer, never to rise again"—"Falls like Lucifer, never to hope again." ("Henry VIII.," act 3, scene 2.)

"Thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa"—"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa." (Milton, "Paradise Lost," book 1.)

"Fresh fields and pastures new"—"Fresh woods and pastures new." (Milton, "Lycidas.")

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour"—"Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour." (Moore, "Lalla Rookh;" "Fire Worshipers.")

"By small degrees and beautifully less"—"Fine by degrees and beautifully less." (Matthew Prior, "Henry and Emma.")

"A wet sheet and a flowing sail"—"A wet sheet and a flowing sea." (Cunningham.)

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war"—"When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war." (Nathaniel Lee.)

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed"—"Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." (T. Moran, "A Cure for the Headache.")

"The even tenor of their way"—"The noiseless tenor of their way." (Gray's "Elegy.")

Poor Gray suffers also in this year's Academy. Picture 339 reads, "And all the air a solemn silence holds," instead of "And all the air a solemn stillness holds."—Paul Mall Gazette.

The average woman will forget a man who risked life to save her a lot sooner than she will a man that sent her a pickle dish when she got married.

KEITH'S ELEVEN YEARS OLD.

Keith's Theatre will begin on Monday next the 12th year (573d consecutive week) of its career. In addition to being the most profitable amusement enterprise in Philadelphia, enjoying a clientele equal to any other two theatres, this house is the only one in the United States outside of Keith's, Boston, which has given performances every day in the year, save on Sunday, during the past decade. And the summer season is more profitable than is the regular season of the average theatre. The scheme of providing entertainment from noon to 10.30 daily is as popular here as it is in other cities in which the Keith houses are located. It is not unusual for a 6 o'clock P. M. assemblage at the Keith house to be as large as that gathered for the regulation evening entertainment at any other house in town. Residents of probably one hundred towns in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland are among the weekly patrons, and the regular clientele of the house includes many of our foremost families. As to the entertainment provided, it is seldom excelled at any other house.

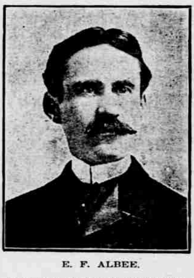
B. F. KEITH.

During the past ten years no less than 7,833 specialties have been provided, and as the average Keith bill costs $2,000, the Napoleon of the continuous performance has expended $1,174,000 during 572 weeks, while permitting the public to enjoy the varied bill for prices ranging from 15 to 50 cents. Agents throughout America, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, South Africa, etc., are constantly in quest of novelties for the Keith quadruple circuit of theatres, and one is afforded a view of the foremost entertainers of the world—a $2,000 aggregation—for 15, 25 or 50 cents.

There have been five seasons of opera, the company having enjoyed a season one year of 28 consecutive weeks.

The wise selection of lieutenants was never more sharply exemplified than in Mr. Keith's choice of Mr. Edward F. Albee, the versatile and brainy young man, for his general manager. Mr Albee is a native of Maine, and from his boyhood he has been what is known in the professional vernacular as a "showman." That is to say, he began his career at the very bottom of the ladder, taking all sorts of experiences with every round.

Under his direction the local theatre was finished and decorated. After having managed it for five years, securing a clientele equal to any other two Philadelphia theatres combined, he went to Mr. Keith's New York house, which is now the headquarters of the Keith quadruple circuit of theatres.



E. F. ALBEE.

The most important happenings of the year included the organization by E. F. Albee, of the American Association of Vaudeville Managers, representing over sixty theatres, of which B. F. Keith is president; the presentation of his Providence theatre to Mr. Albee; the announcement that a $1,000,000 theatre would be erected on Chestnut street, and the invasion of London by the Napoleon of the continuous performance.

Less than sixteen years ago Mr. Keith began in a room no larger than the first floor of the average Eighth street store, the principal attraction being a midget. To-day his enterprises are the most important in the vaudeville fields; his Boston theatre is the most magnificent edifice devoted to theatrical amusements in the world.

Where the Coin Goes To.

The amount of gold turned into coin each year by the mints of the world is a mere nothing to the huge quantity used in gilding picture frames, painting signs, binding books, designing on furniture and on pottery. The world's entire stock of gold is about 1,100 tons, but of this only 190 exists in the form of coin.

This stock is increasing by about three and a half tons a year. Four tons and a half are minted, but a ton is lost by waste. This is a small item compared with the 120 tons which jewelers and gilders use up every year, and none of this vast amount is recoverable. France is the largest consumer of gold for the arts. She uses 35,000 pounds a year. Great Britain is a good second, with 34,100 pounds. The United States follow next, with 31,000 pounds. Some things marked "Made in Germany" must be genuine, for her craftsmen use 29,040 pounds. Switzerland, with her big watch industry, absorbs 18,900 pounds; Italy, 9,100 pounds; Russia, 9,000 pounds, and the smaller nations the rest. It is estimated, too, that in India gold to the value of nearly $5,000,000 each year is withdrawn from circulation by native hoarders, and in other countries, bunching them all together, a similar amount.

Paper Made from Leather.

A novel use of leather is in the manufacture of fibroleum, a new paper product, which is the invention of G. Brigalant, of Barentin, in France. This is a sort of leather paper on board, which is made from waste cuttings of skins into small bits, and then immersing them in a large vat containing an alkaline solution, which dissolves the glutinous matter, but leaves the fibers unaltered. The resultant fiber is then beaten and afterward pressed through a refiner. The stuff is run onto the wire and a very thin paper is made, which is cut into sheets, and while wet is placed in piles and subjected to pressure to squeeze the water out.

If a wife foots her husband's socks it is seldom a burden for him to foot her bills.

We are apt to condemn in others what we practice ourselves without scruple.

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.

Alone in a bustling, crowded city, without friends, experience or references, John's chance of getting a position looked exceedingly slim. But, all unknown to himself, he had in his possession a better recommendation than any employer could give; and this it was that secured him the situation which proved to be the first step on the ladder of success.

John was 15, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I am afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however, I'll try to appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others there quite as cleanly; another glance, however, showed the finger nails free from soil.

"Ah; that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment; "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took a pen and wrote his name.

"Very good, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now what references have you?"

The dreaded question, at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dispelled it again.

"I haven't any," he said, slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, but, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:—

My Dear John—I want to remind you that, wherever you find work, you must consider that work your own. Don't undertake it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon, but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go.

You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice. I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

Bridge of Sand Built by Ants.

Something new and interesting about ants was learned by a florist recently. For a week or so he had been bothered by ants that got into boxes of seeds which rested on a shelf. To get rid of the ants he put into execution an old plan, which was to place a meaty bone close by, which the ants soon covered, every one deserting the boxes of seeds. As soon as the bone would become thickly inhabited by the little creepers the florist tossed it into a tub of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was put in use as a trap again. Yesterday the florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in the center of a sheet of fly paper, believing that the ants would never get to the bone, but would get caught on the sticky fly paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants, discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path clear to the bone. The material for the walk was sand secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the path was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.

Black Snow.

Recently in the Alps some of the natives were greatly worried at a fall of apparently black snow. Had it not been that a scientist was on hand to explain that the blackness of the snow was caused by insects the Alps might have furnished a miracle story for future grandfathers to talk about by the winter fire. It is a curious fact that an almost microscopic flea as black as ink feeds in the winter upon the moss and lichens of the trees and rocks of the mountain tops. In mild weather millions of these minute creatures fly in swarms, often taking advantage of a snow storm to emerge. When tired they settle upon the snow, thus making it look black. Sometimes whole acres will be dotted with the insects, the snow appearing a dark gray color on account of their presence.

Earns Money By Plan of His Own.

New Orleans has a hustling boy who is making money by a plan he devised himself. He supplies clean aprons and jumpers to bookbinders, printers and lithographers. He receives 5 cents for an apron and 10 cents for a jumper, and he has about fifty customers. His scheme required a little capital at the start, as he had to have two aprons for each man. The work keeps him busy only on Saturdays. He goes to school on other days. One of his cards is before us, reading:

A. B. DAVENPORT,
Apron Merchant,
NEW ORLEANS.

Albert is proud of the success which he is meeting in his business venture. [illegible] may be a suggestion to other American boys in large cities.

Having Their Picture Taken.

"Sit up straight and look pleasant now."

Led in One Thing.

"Is there anything in which you excelled when you went to school?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered Willie Wishington. "I made more blunders than any other boy in the class."

Various Peoples in Europe.

According to figures given by La Revue Francaise de l'Etranger, the total population of Europe, by calculations made on the latest census, is 880,000,000, which is a gain of 37,000,000 over that computed January, 1838. Here is a table showing the figures given in the Revue:

European Russia and Finland	106,200,000
Germany	52,300,000
Austria-Hungary	43,500,000
The United Kingdom	39,800,000
France	38,500,000
Italy	31,300,000
Spain	18,000,000
Belgium	6,500,000
Turkey in Europe	5,800,000
Roumania	5,600,000
Portugal	5,000,000
Sweden	5,000,000
Holland	4,900,000
Bulgaria	3,300,000
Switzerland	3,000,000
Greece	2,400,000
Denmark	2,300,000
Servia	2,300,000
Norway	2,000,000

The density of the population according to each square kilometer (about 0.386 square miles) is thus reckoned: In Belgium, 220; Italy, 169; Holland, 149; England, 126; Germany, 97; Switzerland, 73; France, 72; Austria, 69; Spain, 36; Russia, 20. While the annual increase of the population of Russia has been 1.45 for every 100 in the last ten years, that of Germany has been 1.15, of Austria-Hungary 0.96, of England 0.35, of Italy 0.45, of France 0.08. At this rate of augmentation, in 100 years, Russia would have 228,000,000 inhabitants, Germany 106,000,000, Austria-Hungary 79,000,000, England 65,000,000, Italy 44,000,000, and France only 40,000,000.

The Teacher of Paderewski.

The chief attraction at Vienna has been Professor Leschetitzky, the teacher of Paderewski, and perhaps the best known of all teachers of piano. He is moody and impatient, but is a prince of good fellows to the pupil who shows talent or excessive industry. He has taught most of the great American pianists.

I visited Professor Leschetitzky at his summer house at Ischl, and during our conversation he made the following statements in regard to American music students which are well worth their attention:

"They ought not come to us unless they are musical and know music."

"Too many of them don't know how to touch the piano, and I have neither the time nor the patience to teach the scales."

"A talented man or woman ought by all means to come over here, if only to see how little he or she knows about music."

"Your young people lack depth and industry. They are very enthusiastic at first, but most of them drop off when the hard work begins."—Woman's Home Companion.

British Dogs in Caesar's Day.

The time of the Roman occupation of Britain, five distinct species of dogs were there, most of which can with certainty be identified with those of the present day. There were the house dog, the greyhound, the bulldog, the terrier and the slowhound.

THE YOUNG MAN'S MANNERS.

Society Asks that He Behave Well and Then His Path Will Be Smooth.

Society asks little of a young man except to behave well. If he be manly in looks, if he has a good manner, is civil to his elders, if he has any little gift of entertaining—any "parlor tricks"—if he sends a few flowers occasionally, looks pleasant and is polite, his way will be smooth to success—always providing that he is really a gentleman.

He never joins her on a thoroughfare unless the friendship be an established one and only with her permission—nor will he stand and converse with her.

It is provincial to walk "sandwiched" between two women, to stare, or look after any one who has passed.

In public conveyances a man does not pay a woman's fare unless he is her escort, except in an emergency, when he must ask if he may.

Introductions are rarely made in public places or conveyances.

A man precedes a woman when entering a theater or public place. In a church the lady goes first. He may precede her up a public staircase, but in a private house in ascending and descending, he follows.

In picture-galleries, elevators, in public buildings, hotel and theater corridors, they being thoroughfares, a man retains his hat. In a hotel he removes it if women are present.

If a lady bows to a man in a restaurant he rises slightly from his seat in acknowledgment. When he is with a party, if a lady with her escort stops to speak to his friends he rises and remains standing until she passes on. He also rises if a man is introduced to him when with a stag party.

If a bachelor show some little hospitality it advances him much in favor. If he has attractive rooms, or has anything to show, he may give an afternoon tea or a chafing-dish supper. Simplicity is in order. A bachelor's entertainment is usually regarded in the light of a frolic and his efforts indulgently considered.

A bachelor may live where he likes without loss of social position, if he belong to one good club, which he may only use for the address on his cards and note-paper.—Ladies' Home Journal.

When a bride appears with an article of clothing on that she wore before marriage, the women do lots of screaming.

It was Voltaire who said: "People whose bowels are freed by an easy, regular movement every morning are mild, affable, gracious, kind. A 'No' from their mouth comes with more grace than a 'Yes' from the mouth of one who is constipated."

Such is Voltaire's testimonial to the value of Ayer's Pills.

J. C. AYER COMPANY,
Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla | Ayer's Hair Vigor
Ayer's Pills | Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Ayer's Ague Cure | Ayer's Comatone

Relief in Sight.

"There is one thing certain."

"What's that?"

"When our army gets back from Cuba the oldest inhabitant will have to stop talking about the hot weather he has known."

Of Course.

No man proposes to remain single. When he proposes he expects to get married.—Philadelphia Record.

Foreigners in New England.

An unusually large number of foreign immigrants appear to be settling at present in some parts of the New England states, where they obtain work in the cotton mills and in connection with other industries. Lately, it is said, in Connecticut and Rhode Island the preference has been given to Greeks, while in Fall River mills a large number of Portuguese and Poles have found employment.

Beware of the man who professes to be your friend, but who is given to drawing uncharitable inferences.

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

Ireland Cultivating More Land.

While land is passing out of cultivation in England, Ireland has the good fortune to yield a contrary record. According to the figures for 1900, just issued by W. P. Coyne, the superintendent of the statistical branch of the Department of Agriculture in Ireland, the total area under crops shows this year an increase of 31,000 acres.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It Looks Like Celluloid.

A substitute for celluloid is now being produced from untanned leather boiled in oil, which is said to resemble celluloid in every particular. It is known as marloid and shows a texture similar to horn, while it can be made flexible and elastic or hard and unyielding. It will take a high polish readily and may be stamped or pressed into any desired shape.

An Hour's Speaking.

A fluent speaker utters between 7,000 and 7,500 words in the course of an hour's uninterrupted speaking. Many orators of more than usual rapid utterance will reach 8,000 and even 9,000 but 125 words a minute, or 7,500 an hour, is a fair average.

A little learning is more explosive than unlimited ignorance.

Frey's Vermifuge
Has been curing children of worms for 60 yrs. 25 cents. At Druggists and country stores.

Hypocrisy is treachery coated with respectability.

A vice is always more dangerous than a crime.

Carter's Ink is just as cheap as poor ink and is the best ink made. Always use Carter's.

Horrors of Combat.

"This war has simply ruined me."

"How's that?"

"The heiress I was courting has got engaged to a soldier."

One Wife Too Many.

"Alfonso," said Mrs. Midas, "here is a heading in this paper that says, 'Had One Wife Too Many.' The rest of the article is torn off. How many wives do you think the brute had?"

"One, probably," was Midas' prompt reply.—Exchange.

Other Years, Other Titles.

"Daughter, who is this Mr. Eugene Wadsworth Carrington that is calling on you so often?"

"Why, papa, he's the boy we used to call 'Buster' when he lived next door."

One Man's Opinion.

Little Alfred—Pa, why do some people call it Sabbath, instead of Sunday?

Pa—I guess they're afraid the public wouldn't find out that they were religious if they didn't call it that.

He Didn't Guess.

"Well," said the enthusiastic new uncle, as he peeped into the crib, "I suppose you'll call it Dewey, of course?"

"No," said the baby's proud papa, "we've selected a better name than that."

"Oh, Hobson or Schley, I presume?"

"Neither. We are going to call it Blanche, after its mamma."

Up to Date.

"Where did you Sunday, old man?"

"I didn't Sunday; I Sabbathed."

"Eh?"

"Went to church morning and evening."—Detroit Journal.

Dullness sometimes passes for depth.

There is no revenge so complete and humiliating as forgiveness.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
Cures a cough or cold at once. Conquers croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumption. 25c.

"Which Company Shall I Take?"
is sometimes a question with a young man. After a few relatives die of some hereditary disease the question is: "Which company will take me?"
Better get life insurance while you can. Write for booklet, "How and Why," on Insurance.
Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.
921-923-925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

INVENTION OF LAMPS.

Usually Attributed to Egyptians—Living Flames Found in Tombs.

The invention of lamps is ascribed to the Egyptians. In the Britsh Museum are two colored glazed tiles which were fixed in the center of the ceiling; each has a large knob pierced through the base to receive a cord for suspending a lamp; around the base of each is an inscription stating that it formed part of the decoration of the Temple of Kammuri at Calah Nimrod in the time of Assuru-Abla, 885 B. C. What the lamps were made of cannot now be ascertained, but there is plenty of contemporaneous glass which has been discovered in the neighborhood.

The sacred lamps in Greek temples, whose undying flames were perpetually watched by vestas, were probably of metal, and the wick formed of asbestos.

In the public baths at Pompeii two lamps were used, each to light two rooms. These lamps were protected by circular convex glasses, fragments of which were found on the spot.

The marvelous accounts by medieval authors of perpetually burning lamps found in ancient tombs seem too numerous and well tested to be altogether fabulous. When the tomb of Pallas, son of Evandor, who is mentioned by Virgil, was discovered about the twelfth century by a countryman digging near Rome, it is said a lighted lamp was still burning over his head, which must have been lighted more than 2,000 years, and might be called eternal.

Baptista Porta, in his treatise on natural magic, relates that about 1550 a marble sepucher of the Roman period was discovered in an island near Naples, and on opening the tomb was found a vial containing a burning lamp. This lamp became extinct on breaking the vial and exposing the flame to the open air. It is supposed that this lamp had been concealed before the Christian era, and those who saw it reported that the lamp emitted a splendid flame.

In 1550 a remarkable lamp was found near Atestes, Padua, by a rustic digger, who unearthed a terra-cotta urn containing another urn in which was a lamp placed between two cylindrical vessels, each of which was full of a very pure liquid, by whose virtue the lamp had been kept shining upward of 1,500 years. This curiouslamp was not meant to scare away evil spirits from a tomb, but was an attempt to perpeuate the profound knowledge of Maximus Olybius, who effected this wonder by his extraordinary skill in chemical art.

St. Augustine says a lamp was found in the temple of Venus, exposed always to the open weather, and which could never be extinguished. Ludovicus Fives mentions another lamp, which was found a little before his time, that had continued burning 1,050 years.—World of Progress.

Siberian Gold.

There are now about 40,060 miners at work in the gold mines of Siberia. The grains of Siberian gold are said to be on an average larger than those of any other part of the world.

And There Are Others.

Jack—Supposing I were to place my arm around your waist and steal a kiss, would you be very angry?

Maud—Indeed I would—that is, if it went no farther than a case of supposition.

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 . . cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Ground that is barren to seed is often rich in gold.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

A cocked hat just fits a lop-sided brain.

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

Better a little in peace and with right than much in anxiety and strife.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

It is not rank, nor birth, nor state its git up and git that make men great.

Throw physic to the dogs—if you don't want the dogs; but if you want good digestion chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Protected by Nature.

The summer coat of the polar fox is dark, almost black. In winter it is so white that the animal can hardly be seen as it runs over the snow.

ner Specialty.

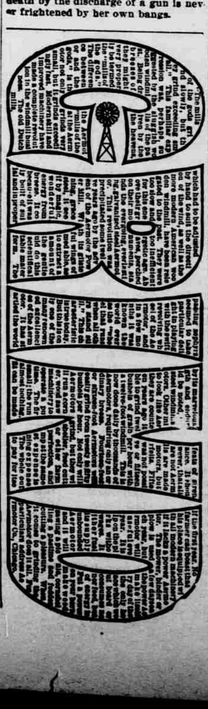
"I understand that Miss Le Cleaver is a very clever artist."

"Yes; she is."

"In what line, oil or water colors."

"Neither. Manicuring."

The woman who is frightened half to death by the discharge of a gun is never frightened by her own bangs.



To Mothers of Large Families.

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy.

MRS. CARRIE BE

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family.

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with large families."—MRS. CARRIE BELLEVILLE, Ludington, Mich.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

If you have been paying $4 to $5 for shoes, a trial of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will convince you that they are just as good in every way and cost from $1 to $1.50 less. Over 1,000,000 wearers.

One pair of W. L. Douglas $3 or $3.50 shoes will will positively outwear two pairs of ordinary $3 or $3.50 shoes.

We are the largest makers of men's $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more $3 and $3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

BEST $3.50 SHOE.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas $3.00 and $3.50 shoes for style, comfort, and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes because the standard has always been placed so high that the wearers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

BEST $3.00 SHOE.

THE REASON more W. L. Douglas $3 and $3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because **THEY ARE THE BEST.** Your dealer should keep them; we give one dealer exclusive sale in each town.

Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. *Catalogue Free.* **W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. Brockton, Mass.**

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

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.

FITS STOPPED FREE Permanently Cured by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER No Fits after first day's use. Consultation, personal or by mail, treatise and $2 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE to Fit patients who pay expressage only on delivery. *Permanent Cure*, not only temporary relief, for all *Nervous Disorders*, Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus Dance, Debility, Exhaustion. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld. 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for **Asthma.** Sold by all Druggists. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

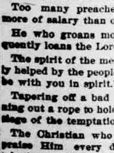
DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

44 1225

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

TRUMPET CALLS.

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



THERE are no dead saints.

Love only can lighten labor's load.

A long paper may rise from little piety.

The worst things are always corruptions of the best.

The value of a painful piety depends on who had the pain.

Our indebtedness to God is due to man.

The better days will come only as you do your best to-day.

The church without a prayer meeting is a body without a heart.

While we are close to Christ we never find any weight in his yoke.

The more intensive your faith the more extensive your influence.

If you give no place to the devil you will not go to the devil's place.

Too many preachers are thinking more of salary than of service.

He who groans most in prayer frequently loans the Lord least in charity.

The spirit of the meeting is not greatly helped by the people who say, "I will be with you in spirit."

Tapering off a bad habit is but spinning out a rope to hold you till the next stage of the temptation.

The Christian who knows God will praise Him every day of his life whether he feels like it or not.

The raven who failed to return to the ark is a picture of many Christians who, being saved, never look back to say so.

Helping others is the best self-help.

One of the most slippery men on earth is a cunning enthusiast.