Vynie will have no rest if he THA HALL OF WASTED THINGS.

At the Castle of Men's Sorrows, in the

Hall of Wasted Things, broken old betrothals, and old be

trothal rings, And long-forgotten kisses, and old letter

heartstrings of young lovers faithless ones have rent, "You have me." He only said, "Yes, I know," and pressed her hand. "You are good," she said, and went

long since burnt-out passions, and the fires of wasted loves, cast-off mnidens' ringlets, and pairs of mnidens' gloves, back to the child.

night hours of that terrible Sunday, but it was broken and feverish, and at evles that men have treas

sweet glances gone astray. And broken words of lovers, and hours of many a day.

Now with these I'd fain deposit some few

things of my own-me paltry, wasted trifles that so to bear him." The old servant, who had be

has outgrown; tiny, battered locket, and this bit the two sisters since Vynie's birth, two This

gem-set gold, And the love fve left unspoken, and the

love I may have told: they lie and be forgotten,

gray-robed angel sings-Angel of Oblivion, in the Hall of

sted Things. -Life

THE NIGHTINGALE.

ways remember to say your prayers. 1 forget mine sometimes, even when I'm not very sleepy. Oh, nursey, I shall T the plumes of flowering lilac and all about it." never be sleepy any more. Do tell God

the bright promise of laburnum. The old woman knelt by the bedside The red buds on the May bushes had and with a faith simple and beatuiful not yet uncurled. The water cart had as the child's own "told God all about just gone by, leaving a pleasant scent of wet earth. The dusk was deepening. The child

She was leaning her arms on the gate and looking away from him. "So it's no use?" he said-he also was

the slowly derkening squares of the leaning on the gate. The road was very window. She moaned with pain and quiet except for passing tradesmen. the misery of sleeplessness. whose carts now and then flashed along "Open the window, nursey, my dear, its silence. He had called to bring her she said softly when the night had al a book, and she had walked with him to most fallen. "I think I heard somethe gate. He had not meant to speak thing."

them-had indeed rehearsed many a time a declaration to be made in very d.fferent surroundings-but she looked so dear in her blue morning gown, the breeze of spring played so charmingly with that hair of hers that quite sud-

denly he had spoken, and she had said

"It's no use?" he repeated, for she white dressing gown. "Oh, Sissy, my own! It is-it is! God's still kept silence, and her eyes were far away. not forgotten me. He's going to let me go to sleep, and I shall hear the night-

"No, it's no use," st 'd, "I couldn't marry anyone unless as so fond of him that I couldn't bear my life without him. That's the only excuse for darkness.

marriage." "Then I'm not to come here any more

-1 suppose?" "Ou, dear!" she said, drawing her eyebrows together with a worried frown, "why did you go and spoll it all? It was all so pleasant! Can't you be really sens-Hle? Let us go on just as we were, and pretend that nothing has happened."

"No." he said. "I shall go away. When one lives in lodgings they may as well be in Putney or Kew-as here." She thought how dull tennis and dance and picnic would be without him, and said stiffly, "Just as you please, of course."

Then her face lighted up as the rattle of hoop and hoopstick and little patter-ing feet drew her eyes to the other side of the road where a little girl in a scarlot frock came quickly along the asphait, her brown hair flying behind her. "Here's Vynie\_\_\_"

The child saw her sister and her it; she slept so sound o' nights now. And on that night followed a day when friend, for he was a friend to all children, and struck the hoop so that it Tom did not come, and then another bounded on the curb and flew into the day, and another. Rose missed him middle of the road. The little scarlet miserably. On the first day she was

"Well, whether or no." and Vynie sufortably, "I'll go out into the Woo ad tell him all about it if he sings h siming she told me to send to the od next year," ingale. Oh, my own little girll Oh. Tom, she's all I have." syman and tell him to exi le never sang in tha od again .- Collier's Weekly.

ery awakening the little voice, growing

"lan't it dark yet? Won't God set

the nightingale? Oh. Simy, I do want

months after the father's death had

cost the life of the mother, insisted on

sending Rose to rest, and sat by

"Nursey," whispered the child, "come

"Anything, my precious," said the old woman, holding the hot little hands in

"Well, kneel down and tell God

shall die if Ldon't have the nightingale.

God will attend to you because you al-

lay with cheeks scarlet against the

white pillow and shining eyes fixed on

When the window was opened Vynie

held her breath and listened to a silence

that after a moment was softly broke

"Is it-oh, is it? Nursey-Nursey

"It's the nightingale, right enough,

my pet," said the old woman, as Rose

crept into the room like a ghost in her

ingale even when I'm asleep. Listen!"

Again the full notes pierced the soft

Rose gathered her little sister in her

arms, and together they listened-

and thinner in this anxious time, and

every night the notes of the nightingale

sounded from the dark wood-through

nights radiant with clear moonlight.

and through the black darkness of

night wild with wind and rain. And

against her bosom.

by two or three mellow notes.

close. Will you do what I say?"

her smooth, withered palms.

ever weaker, said:

Vynle's side.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE wful Suffering of the Victime of the Traffic in Humanity.

Every one knows how wearing it to lie for any great length of time A little fitful sleep came in the h

n one position, even on a well-made bed. We must needs turn over when re are awakened in the night. But the slaves were chained down naked on the planks of the decks and shelves-

planks that were rough just as they ame from the saw, and had crack etween them. No one could turn from ide to side to rest the weary body They must lie there on their backs for shteen hours at a stretch even in

Hard as that fate was new torture vere added with the first jump of the ship over the waves. For she must coll to the pressure of the wind on the salls, so that those on the weather side cound their beels higher than their heads, and when the ship's angle inreased under the weight of a smar ceese the unfortunate sometimes sag red down to leeward, until they were topped by the irons around ankle and that he was just driving away on his rist. They were literally suspended zladsome mission. crucified in their shackles.

Even that was not the worst of their relous, Parisian toys? Everything that ufferings that grew out of the motion one can think of: Glittering beribboned drums that beat: guns, with bayonete that shot; cannons that went bang! dolla that walked, cried and said "Papa!" and "Mamma!" elephants that swung their trunks, shuffled forward and

best ships where the slaves did not ed and gnashed their teeth; little pigs uffer tortures from mere contact with that came running forward, squealing for food; goats that bleated, and lower-

were added other torments, when the barked; dear little pussy cats that weather was stormy. For then it was cessary to cover the hatches lest the waves that swept across the deck pour down and fill the ship. The slaves were confined in utter darkness, and

naichways was shut off. Serious as that was, still worse must be told. The negroes were made violently seasick hug you.

there the slaves were kept in their

chains for days at a stretch, wholly helpless and wholly unattended.-Scribner's.

Vynie to the song of the nightingale Howland-Well, my landlord calle and Rose with a full heart to the or his rent for the third time th! breathing, gradually more even and afternoon tranquil, of the little child she held Rowland-Of course you didn't ha

he money to pay him. "She's asleep," said the nurse, softly. Howland-Not a penny of it. "I won't move," whispered Rose, "I'll Rowland-Were you put out? stay here. Oh, thank God, thank God!" Howland-Me? Oh, no; but he se Tom came every day to inquire, and d awfully so.-Boston Courier. it seemed to Rose that he grew paler

He Missed a Chance. She-Have you ever formed any id what an angel really looks like? He (after some deliberation)-No. don't believe I have. He found loitering on her rich pana' porch unpleasant after that-Cleve

and played dominoes, and was on the high road to well-being once more. Then came a night when the nightingale did not sing. Vynie did not miss mit?

> butler button.) James, show this gen tleman to the kitchen and give him Aatiron .- New York Journal.

With a flow testingteen and a pick at a great many objects can be at chairs, sofas, tables, house ROM AVANA BUDARS ay other objects that it is fun for

or that Will Interest the Ju

In the Palais des Industries Diverse at the Paris Exposition, there was a wonderful alcove where all the French

asant weather in port.

but never before seen. The gorgeous French toys on the sledge quite dazzled the eyes of the gaping youngsters who pressed eagerly forward to be as near as possible to such delightful treasures. Hard by, too, there was a house, a children's Christmas house, furnished altogether with toys. We may conclude that it was St. Nicholas' residence, and

And what were the toys, these mar-

of the ship, for she was rarely steady ben beeled by the wind. She had to roll, and as she did so the slaves sometimes slid to and fro, with naked bodies the rough and splintery decks. There was never a voyage even in the trumpeted: tigers and lions that growl-

the slave-deck. To the sufferings due to these causes ing their heads butted at dogs that

> mewed in the most natural manner; bunny rabbits that popped up out of burrows, raised their cars and looked all about them, chewing a little mouth-

ful of grass all the while; wonderful the scant ventilation afforded by the bears that got up on their hind legs, wagged their heads, rolled their eyes, and extending their paws offered to

nore readily than white people even-No wonder the children shouted, for they sometimes died in their convul even the grown-up visitors gathered sions. The heat and foul air quickly about in a great crowd, and one could brought on more serious illness; but see by the puckers in their faces that

they were greatly amused.

## he Real fufferer.

bending It .- Youth's Companion.

Vynle grew stronger and ate and drank land Leader. Crushed Him Again He (timidly)-May I-er-press m

Side by side on the table sat; Miss Bullion-Certainly, (Press

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR IN TEREST TO THEM.

mile Members of Every Mo Qualit Actions and Bright Savins of Many Cuto and Canning Child

as well as visiting foreign, children shouted with delight, and could scarce ly be pulled away. For there one saw St. Nicholas him-

self, setting off on his Christmas rounds with his big sledge loaded down with toys and gifts. The gray but merry old saint was in full dress, and held the ribbons of such a team of

A SERLETON CHURCH. ponies as boys and girls dreamed of, the children to plan out for themselves magnificence of that wilderness of By breaking some of the toothpicks in two it will be found that a far greater umber of articles can be made. Doing and Not Doing. "Sir," said a lad, coming down to one

of the wharfs in Boston and address ing a well-known merchant, "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something." "What can you do?" asked the gen-

tleman. "I can try my best to do whatever

am put to," answered the boy. "What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother" ood for nigh on two years." "What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort

of a questioner. "Well, sir," answered the boy, after moment's pause, "I have not whispared in school once for a whole year. "That's enough," said the gentleman. You can ship aboard this vessel, and hope to see you master of it some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."-Christian Lead-

> Buckwheat Cakes an' Gravy. Of'n when we git to dreamin' o' the hap-

py days o' yore, When our lifeboat was a floatin' out from boyhood's golden shore, sures that were half-forgotten

a-sailin' into sight, Startin' all the soul to dancin' to the mu sic of delight! there isn't one among 'em puts An'

A little way off there was a kind yearnin' in the breast other joyous season in the of broad counter, where a French girl

ol' home nest them.fragrant, smokin' jewels, diff'stood all day long. winding up these Like bears, goats, elephants, rabbits, cats rent from the modern fake, and pigs, and setting them going. As Buckwheat cakes an' sassige gravy like fast as they ran down she wound them our mother used to make! again, and so kept up an animated kind

Used to of'n stand an' watch her beat the of circus performance all along the counter. The squealing and the growlbatter in the crock, Comin'! Comin'! Comin'!" wa ing and the trumpeting and mewing the way she'd make it talk; constantly attracted a laughing throng. her grease the smokin' griddle with a

Indeed, the girl who wound them up piece o' bacon skin, pour on the brownish batter with was the only one there who looked bored. I tried to ask her if it were not dipper made o' tin. a little thresome winding up pigs and 't'd lay with holes a breakin' out elephants all day long, and seeing to it like measles from the top.

that they didn't run off the counter. Till she'd loosen it an' turn it with She did not quite understand me, my of tase knife, "kerflop! Oh! there ain't a modern angel top French was so imperfect, and gave a the earth kin bake little hopeless shrug as if my sympathy

Buckwheat cakes an' sassige gravy like wasn't worth the trouble of compre our mother used to make

as we'd take

-Denver Post.

our mother used to make

The Best Prescription for Chills

Insincere in a man's own heart must

make all his enjoyments, all that con-cerns him, unreal; so that his whole life must seem like a merely dramatic rep-

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

the world.

nan's Pepsin Gum.

with

If men would consider not so much

wherein they differ, as wherein they agree, there would be far less of un-charitableness and angry feeling in

A dyspeptic is never on good terms with himself. Something is always wrong. Get it right by chewing Bee-

Whatever is unjust is contrary to

the divine will; and from this it follows that no true and abiding happiness can be gained by those who are unjust.

There is no other ink "just as good" as farter's Ink. There is only one ink that is set of all and that is Carter's Ink. Use it.

There is no readier way for a man

than by endeavoring to detract from the worth of other men.

Too many people are looking for a

chance to sit down. If you get along,

his own worth into question

Eppycures may chin till doomsday o' the toney styles o' food, Modern chefs may work on dishes that a god'd think was good,

Twas half-past twelve, and what do you Fancy printed menu programs in Neither of them had slept a wink! And the old Dutch clock and Chinese taverns an' cafaves May be full of kitchen triumphs that'd

PUTNAN FADELESS DYES are fast to sun-light, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists. win a angel's praise,

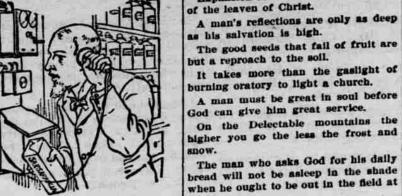


"If you send me anything 'just as good as Ayer's,' I shall

send it right back. "I might afford to experi-ment with shoe polish, but I can't and won't experiment with the medicine which means sickness or health to me."

I. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Man ctical Chemists.

Ayer's Hair Vigor aparilla Ayer's Cherry Pect Ayer's Pills Ayer's Ague Cure



Hit Torpedo with Hammer

A sergeant who returned from Manila

few days ago was asked by a friend

whether he saw any of the work of

"I saw just one shot fired, and the

effect was great. The long missile flew

through the air and fell right in the

enemy's trenches. We waited five or

ten minutes for the explosion, and then

the air seemed to be filled with dirt and

rocks and chunks of Filipinos. We

rushed to the trenches then and learned

from one of the wounded prisoners that

they all wondered what the strange

thing was, and thought it carried some

kind of a comforting message from

sympathizers, so they tried to open it

"With the aid of a curious enemy, 1

think aerial torpedoes will be a great

"The long brass case contained twelve

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BRONG QUININE TABLETS. All druggiets refund the m.ney if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE's signature is on each box. Mc.

An inquisitive man is a creature na

urally very vacant of thought itself, and therefore forced to apply to for-

FITS permanently cure 1. No fits or nervous pess after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Grea Nerve Acestorer. 2 trial bottle and treatise tre Lr. K. H. KLINK, Ltd., tol Arch St., Phila. Ca

The failures of life come from rest

ing in good intentions, which are in vain unless carried out in wise action

pounds of explosive gelatin."

pneumatic guns and aerial torpedoe-

while there, and said:

with a hammer.

eign assistance.

success.

## WOMEN MUST SLEEP

TRUMPET CALLS

Hell is to see heaven but not to get it.

A cocked hat just fits a lop-sided

A doctor's bood will do a fool no

Hypocrisy is treachery coated with

The world is a hotel and not a home

There is no breath perfume like heav-

Expansion in soul is one of the laws

A man's reflections are only as deep

The good seeds that fail of fruit are

It takes more than the gaslight of

A man must be great in soul before

On the Delectable mountains the

The man who asks God for his daily

He who lets the offering basket go

by may have less cause to blush than

he who tries to make a nickel ring like

Men of the strongest denominational

convictions often are found feeling for

the smallest denomination in their pock-

HARD DRIVING IN RUSSIA.

Horses Travel Three Abreast Over the

Roughest of Roads. In Russia, as in this country, trotting

a an established fixture. Next to the

American trotter his Russian prototype

is the best of its kind. Hundreds of

thousands of dollars have been invested

by Russians in the development of the

trotter, and every year shows improve-

ments which, sooner or later, will seri-

ously menace the supremacy of the

Russian trotting horses, so dear to the

heart of the fashionables in St. Peters-

burg, form a distinctive class similar

to the trotters and pacers of this coun-

try and appear only in the shafts of the

lightest rubber-tired vehicles and

sleighs. These trotters are bred for

speed and not for staying powers; a

glance reveals the cart strain in the

breed, which comes out particularly in

the head, and legs with their large

hairy fetlocks. As the horses are rat-

tled at the highest speed over the

roughest ground, even over cobble-

stone pavements, the big fetlocks soon

give under the strain, so that after a

year or two of fast driving these trot-

ters leave their dignified stables for the

cab rank. Many Russian trotters have

These animals owe their origin as a

done their mile under 2:20.

5

19 P

never yield wheat.

A collection

diminutives.

espectability.

to the Christian.

only conversation.

brain.

good.

work

a dollar.

ets at the collection.

American horse.

sunda a Warming No

synonyms.

soon depart.

If you give the

The saloon is

Wild onts will

devil nothing to

Avoid Nervous Prostration

TUT ELPING other is the best solf-If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens Priest and pas tor are far from

quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well. Friends ask, "what is the cause ?" and the answer comes in pitying tones, nervous prostration. It came upon you so quietly in the beginning, that you were not alarmed, and when aleep deserted you night after night until your eyes fairly burned in the darkness, then you tossed in nervous agony praying for sleep. devour be will the devil's bank.

MRS. A. HARTLEY.

You ought to have known that when you ceased to be regular in your sourses, and you grew irritable with-out cause, that there was serious trouble somewhere. You ought to know that indigestion, exhaustion, womb displacements, fainting, dizziness, headache, and backache send the nerves wild with efficient, and you cannot sleep.

affright, and you cannot sleep. Mrs. Hartley, of 221 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill., whose portrait we pub-lish, suffered all these agonies, and

was entirely cured by Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound; her case should be a warning to others, and

her cure carry conviction to the minds of every suffering woman of the un-failing efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's

3.00 UGLAS W.I.D. SHOES \$ 3.50

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Sar \$3.50 shoes will

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SHOE.

PHILA

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ef for Asthma

Vegetable Compound.

The real worth of W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes compared with other makes is \$4.00 to \$5.00. Our\$4GiltEdgeLine cannot be equalled at

cannot be equalled at any price. Over 1,000, 000 satisfied wearers.

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FAST COLOR

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FACTORY, BROCK TON, MASS

BEST \$3.50 SHOE. SHOE. SHOE. State of the second seco

THE REANON more W. L.

ARE THE BEST. Your

them ; we give one dealer exclusiv Take no aubstitute? Insis Dogias shoes with name and price If your dealer will not get them for factor, enclosing price and 23c. State kind of leather, size, and widt

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Years. It soothes the child, pums, allays all pain, curve will the test remedy for diarrhous

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two manufacturers in the U S.

butcher's cart from a side road, a clatter, a scream, a curse, and the butcher was reining in his horse thirty yards down the road and looking back over

his blue shoulder at a heap of scarlet and brown that now had crimson mixed with it, and over which a girl in a blue gown and a man in a gray suit were bending.

"Her leg is broken. They have set it. It will be months before she can walk. But they say she will be all right again

then." days' beard. The two were standing at the gate again, but now there was no fresh rose in her face, and in his eyes no light of she?

"My poor dear," he said-and she did not resent the words-"let me do any- doing? Oh, Tom, it isn't my fault, is it thing I can. Forget all that folly of this morning, and let me help my poor little Vynie."

"I will-you shall," she said, looking at him through swollen eyelids red with weeping; "but there is nothing any one can do. It is horrible! When the nightingale, dear. Don't you re-I told her she would have to lie still for a time she tried to smile, and then she said. 'Don't cry. Sissy. I will be as good as gold;' and then she said she should sald so." sleep all day, and lie awake at night to hear the nightingale. She has never

heard it yet." He remembered how he had listened to the nightingale in the copse behind her house on many a summer night when he had walked lonely in the fields to see her light in the window and her shadow on the blind, and he sighed, and

said-"The nightingales are singing bravely in the wood beyond the station. I'm glad she has thought of something that pleases her, poor darling."

Vynie, lying still and rigid in her splints, with wide-open eyes, watched he day die. Then the lamp was lighted. and presently in its turn gave place to the reliow glow of the night light, and the great shadows it cast.

"Are you asleep, Sissy, my own?" said the little voice. "No. my darilug." Rose bent over the

bed. "Does it want anything. Will in have some milk-nice fizzy milk?"

"No-yes; but I want to hear the aightingale, Sissy. Why doesn't he begin? Isn't it late enough ?"

"Yes, my sweetheart: but perhaps the nightingale's got such a pretty home, in the warm country where h lives, that he can't make up his mind to come here."

"Oh, Sissy, he must come: I can't lie still all the time unless he comes! Do please ask God to tell the nightingale how badly I want him. And, Sissy, put out the night light. Perhaps he do .sn't like to sing till he's sure I'm in bed, and he couldn't know I've got broken, could he?"

"No, my precious, no. Try to go to sleep, and Sissy will wake you if he begins to sing."

But Vyn.e could not sleep, and by morning the fever was high. She talked and mouned and laughed, but always her cry was for the nightingale. 'Muster Tom, miss, to inquire.'

liose went down, trembling with want of sleep, haggard with anxiety. She took the great basket of roses her al had brought, and, holding it, toid

ww the night had passed. "They Suging like mad down by the sta-.e said. "Confound the brutes l expect your nightingale isn't comb this year.'

"Don't," said the girl. "I be

ngry at his absence; on the KEITH'S THEATRE, PHILADEL PHIA. anxious; on the third she sent the old nurse to see whether he was IIL

"You'd best go round," said the old "Never," says the Philadelphia and plate." quirer, "was the value of cleanliness more strikingly exemplified than in the success which has rewarded the efforts of Benjamin Franklin Keith. No pro-tion of theatrical amusements has "Never," says the Philadelphia In woman when she came back from her mission; "he's more than ill. Pneumonia or something, and he keeps asking for you. Go you; I'll stay with the cone so much, no other man in the business has been so powerful in ele-vating the stage in general. He has child. He's got no one with him but his landlady, a feckless body, if ever demonstrated that the good in theat ricals is not always the most enjoyable there was one. Go now, my lamb." So Rose went. but the most remunerative. He has revolutionized the branch of the busi His face showed ghastly in the frame

ss to which his of his diso:-lered hair and of a three She came to him and took his hands. "That woman says I'm dying." he

whispered; "but Vynie's all right, isn't "Yes, yes; but what have you been Tom? I didn't drive you into folly? That woman says you've been out all night-every night since Vynie's been

is mother's home to die.

1-11

A QUEER COFFIN.

rest comfortably until both enter

new world," as he expressed it. Buried with him are many valuables, books, a

revolver and a lamp. Hundreds cam

rom neighboring cities to witness the

III. Say it wasn't my doing." "It was for Vynie," he said. "I was member how I used to call the robins for you in the winter? It was a silly lit-tle thing, but it was all I could do for He Meant Well.

Mr. Wibbleton-It has always bee the dear. And it did her good. You my aim in life to say nothing rather than say things that would make m He turned aside his head, exhausted. seem ridiculous. Rose's eyes were full of tears. "You

stayed in that wood all night, every ou're just like a Spanish gunner. night? You imitated the nightingale Mr. Wibbleton-I'd like to know in all the wind and rain? And now-" you figure out the similarity. She had crouched by the bed, and laying her head on her hands she sobbed aloud.

"Don't," he said, feebly; "it was nothing. Just a little thing to please the child."

She lifted her face, flushed and disorted by her violent weeping, and laid

t gently against his. He put up a feehand and touched her neck. "You're sorry for me," he whispered. You needn't be. I can't even be unappy after this. Your face-your dear ace-I don't in the least mind dying

low.' She sprang up. "Dear Tom-my own lear Tom! You're not going to die. I hall send nurse to take care of you. ow promise me at once, that you will t well, because Vynle and I cannot

ossibly live without you. My dear, ar, dear-" Tom did not give the promise, but he lid what was better. He got well.

When first he saw Vynie, now walkng cheerfully with the crutches that in the funeral car, hence several crews rould soon be laid aside, she told him of pallbearers were secured to reliev each other. The reclining comm was bout the nightingale. "And, do you know," she said, "Sissy placed in a large vault, covered with

ays he never sang after you got Ill. 1 uppose God was so busy taking care structed to have a similar cashet built, f you that he hadn't time to bother that "he might converse with her and with naughty nightingales that

wouldn't do their singing. The nightngale sang very nicely, though, when he was made to. Only I thought after a bit he seemed a little husky." "Perhaps he caught a cold," said

Tom. "Some of the nights were very wet.' "Perhaps he did-like you, "Well.

know." said Vynie-cheerfully. he was a naughty nightingale. But if he had a cold I hope he had some one as Nursey and Sister to look after him, like they did you."

"I think he had." said Tom. "Anyway, I shall always love him even if he was naughty, because he helped me to get well."

"It would make him very he knew that." "Do you think he does know?" "Yes. I think so."

ness to which his houses are devoted Sixteen years ago the variety theatr (Now mind, I'm simply telling you What the old Dutch clock declares was shunned by women; to-day wo men and children constitute 60 per cent. of the patronage of his Philadel The Chinese plate looked very blue phia House. His motto has doubtless ever been And wailed: "Oh, dear! what shall we give the people more than they expect for the money exacted. Those who hav watched his career have been im do?" But the gingham dog and the callco cat Wallowed this way and tumbled that sed by the unremitting progress And utilized every tooth and claw pressed by the unremitting progress To-day no more enjoyable entertain ments are provided anywhere, and the audiences that assemble in his play In the awfulest way you ever saw-And, oh! how the gingham and callco houses include the foremost people of our city, as well as the most discriminating theatre-goers.

flew! (Don't think that I exaggerate-I got my news from the Chinese plate.

Next morning where the two had sat They found no trace of the dog or cat; And some folks think unto this day That burglars stole that pair away; But the truth about that cat and pu Is that they ate each other up-Now, what do you really think of that? (The old Dutch clock, it told me so, Miss Sharpleigh - Indeed! Why And that is how I came to know.)

The Duch

The singham dog and the callco cat

Seemed to know, as sure as fate

There was going to be an awful spat,

(I wasn't there-I simply state What was told to me by the Chinese

With fragments of gingham and callco, While the old Dutch clock in the chim-

ney place Up with its hands before its face,

for it always dreaded a family row!

think

plate

-Engene Field. Finding a Long-Lost Penuy.

Miss Sharpleigh-You don't seem to have much success in hitting what you Jabez Alvord of Winsted, Conn. hunted for a penny for sixty-three years. He found it recently just where he hid it. It is of the vintage

SITS or in the unAVE. or mintage-of 1818. It is the first penny Jabez ever earn-Willard Aldrich Has His Coffin Made in an "L." William Aldrich, an eccentric bach He was 10 years old. The copper, the foundation of the fortune he lor who died at Mishawaka, Ind., re-

dreamed of, looked very blg, indeed, to cently, ordered his own coffin built prehim. He hid it in a crack in the floor vious to his death, and the casket was near the hearthstone of the house of his father, Deacon James Alvord. onstructed in the shape of an "L." with the perpendicular line at a slight Weeks passed and the thrifty young angle. Aldrich resided in Berrien Jabez went to get his hidden treasure. He could not find it. His father, moth-County, Michigan, where he was one er, sisters and brothers all truly deof the weakhy land owners and guite prominent as a Spiritualist. Bein

clared they had not seen the penny. "I'll find it if it takes me the rest tricken with consumption, he went to of my life!" cried the earnest Jabez. The old Alvord homestead is being

When the queer casket was built he had it taken to his home to test it, gave he undertaker instructions as to glass als penny. When the floor was recont, hinges and inscriptions. At the noved from around the hearthston funeral the coffin could not be placed here, imbedded in dust, was the pen

ng themselves by calculating how oftin the penny would have multiplied i conster shab. His mother was in sixty-three years at 6 per cent compound interest. It would amount to 2 cents and 4 mills.

> All-Important. First Mendicant-What did yer give up the "Blind Man" racket fer? Second Ditto-It didn't give me n chance ter stop an' read ther war bulle ins .- New York Evening Journal.

Unknown Happiness "I see that somebody down East ha attached a storage battery to a law. nower and made a success of it." "Poor fellow! I'm sorry for him." "Why?" "He can't know the joy of being th

father of a good, healthy boy." Ticking of a Watch

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. A watch will tick 160,144,000 times in year if it is kept continuously run-921-933-925 Chestnut St. PHILABELPHIA

In all departments of activity, that'd make a god rejoice Side o' that ol' kitchen table an' 'd tell have one thing to do, and then is the secret of success. us take our choice,

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption sav my life three years ago.-Mrs. THOS. RCBERS Maple St., No. wich, N.Y., Feb. 17, 1900. You would see no hesitation in our action Buckwheat cakes an' sassige gravy like

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundre in riper years; meanness leads to vil-lainy with fatal attraction. and Fever is a bottle of GROVA'S TASTELER CHILL TONIO. It is simply iron and quintne in a tasteless form. No cure-no pay. Price Soc

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for childre eething, softens the gums, reducing inflamm icus, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottl

Water Pow r. The large plants for the utilization of water power in our country now furalsh 72,000 horse-power, with the pros pect of an increase to 150,000 horse power, when all are completed. In addition, there are a vast number o smaller ones used in mines or in light ing towns.

Switzerland comes next with 48,000 France will have 18,000 when the plant on the Rhone, near Geneva, is completed. Germany and Italy have less than 20,000 horse-power each. Norway and Sweden each have about 15,000 with possibilities of great development England comes last with only 4,000 horse-power. Some 15,000 of the power credited to America belongs to Canada a country which abounds in undevel

oped water powers. These water powers are made to d all that coal can do, except raising smoke. A coal bed is exhaustible, and every ton taken from it brings it near er its end; but the energy of waterfalls is inexhaustible and will be available for man's needs long after the last pound of coal is raised from the mine

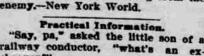
Not the least remarkable feature of this new departure is the size of the urbines employed. One hundred horsepower used to be regarded as a large mount to be given by a single wheel. Some of the turbine at Niagara develop fifty times as much. The next great movement may be the utilization of the tides, in which there is an immense reservoir of power. We may see the day when the great amount of water power in Alaska is brought down to a temperate region and is more valuable than

the gold under its frozen soll.-Hartford Courant.

## Aiready Drilled.

"What is it?" Mrs. Peque-There seems to be a preference for unmarried men for the "People who live in them have to put their children to bed when company army. I don't see why that should be comes." the case.

Henry Peque-Neither do I. Marrie nen might not amount to much for ag "Do you suffer much in the suf "I was getting along all right until ressive fighting for their own part, br my nephew sent me a railroad pass that hey would be just the fellows to stand without complaining any number of sieges or constant harassing from the I can't get time to use."



hequer?' "An ex-checker!" exclaimed the ticket puncher. "Why, that must be a re ired baggageman."

None Whatever. Flustered Old Lady-Does it make any difference which of these cars I take to the bridge? Polite Pedestrian-Makes no difference to me, madam.-Brooklyn Life.

Poets are born, but some of them nanage to live it down. Never do anything you are ashamed

884 3 B 1 14

of; you can't tell at what moment the kodak fiend may be taking a snap-shot

distinctive class to Count Orloff Tchest- Wholesale Florists nensky-he who, on beh erine II., played the chief part in strangling the unfortunate Peter III. Phone, 1-42-69 A. He did good service to Russia by his stud operations, which resulted in the fast and flashy trotters that are named \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* after him. Count Orloff died in 1810 and his stud

from which all the trotting studs in Russia were formed, was afterward bought by the Russian government. The Russian Trotting Club is a wealthy institution, largely patronized by the public. On Sundays crowds flock to the trotting ground of the Semenovsky, in St. Petersburg. American professionals are greatly in evidence, but work under immense difficulties owing to the bitter jealousies of Russian trotting men. All the races are run against time, and are therefore very tame from a spectacular point of view, while so

MILO B. STEVENS & CO., Estab. 180 Div. 7, 811-16th Street, WASHINGTON, D. C. Bry h offices: Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit. little excitement do they cause that not a single evening paper publishes the KIDDER'S PASTILLES. STOWELL & CO. winners' names. When driving a trotting horse in a sulky the driver usually sits on his

horse's long tail, to keep him steady in DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: et ... his gait. All the driving horses of rasse Boos of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. E. E. GREEN SHONE, Box B. Atlanta Ga Russia, by the way, have long tails. The coachman of an ordinary Russian car-46 riage takes no trouble to prevent the reins from dropping about his horses' hind quarters. In spite of this, how-BEST COURT STORE FOR STORE STO ever, the reins rarely become entangled with the tail, and even if they should GONSUMPTION

do so the horses never kick. This striking fact is an eloquent answer to those who uphold the cruel practice of docking a horse, on the grounds that otherwise he is liable to flap his tail Snarley-How did Jingso get run over the reins .- Pearson's Magazine. over? Yow-He was stooping to pick up a

Movable Targets in Germany. horseshoe for luck. Movable targets of a new sort have been invented for the use of the German army. These targets are pro man who had never seen the inpelled toward the marksmen at full side of a courtroom until he was inspeed, to represent a cavalry charge, troduced in a case pending in one of the being run on rollers, the motive power Scottish courts, on being sworn, took

No Room

Summer Hardehips.

portance than her rights.

and the best of

being supplied by horses which are a position with his back to the jury and started at a gallop after being attached began telling his story to the judge. to the target ropes. The soldiers thus The judge, in a bland and courteous learn to gauge distance and its variamanner, said: tions with great accuracy.

"Address yourself to the jury, sir." The man made a short pause, but, notwithstanding what had been said to "There's one good thing about flats." him, continued his narrative. The judge was then more explicit.

and said to him: "Speak to the jury, sir; the men sitting behind you on the benches."

Fate.

He Addressed the Jury.

The witness at once turned around, and, making an awkward bow, said with perfect gravity:

"Good morning, gentlemen."-Buffalo, Courier.

A woman's wrongs are of more im-We greatly admire a man who has sense enough not to be a thoroughbred.



you must keep on your feet. Frey's Vermifuge aves the lives of children. Sc. Druggiste and country stores, or by mail. E. & S. Faur, SALTIMORE, MD.

Sabbath.

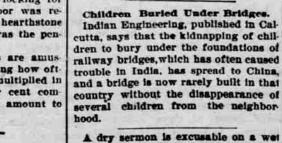
dren to bury under the foundations of railway bridges, which has often caused crouble in India, has spread to China, and a bridge is now rarely built in that

Dr. Bull's Cough

Cures a cough or cold at once. Conquers croup, bronchilis, Syrup

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An endowment policy is a wonderful help in the matter of living. The prob-lem of living is a deal harder than the problem of dying anyway. Read our little, free, terse booklet, "The Howand The Why." It is cheerful, not doleful.



demolished. Jabes, now aged, but still inrity, has been on nand locking for

Amateur mathematicians are amus