ANDREY.

Andrey knoweth naught of books,
Naught to captivate the wise;
But the soul of goodness looks
Through the quiet of her eyes.

She can bake and she can knit,
Cunningly she wields the broom,
All her pleasure is to sit
In a neatly order'd room.

Touchstone, shaping a career,
Shines at each exclusive house;
"Such a clever man, my dear,
Tied to—just a "country mouse!'

"Married ere he dreamed of us,
Ere he knew what gifts he had—
Strange that Fate should yoke him thus,
And very, very, very sad!"

Touchstone (let him mark it well)—
When the social round is trod,
Bored by dame and demoiselle—
Goes home softly, praising God.
—New York Tribune.

Paid in full

I HAD been graduated two years, and had a practice sufficiently large, I deemed, to warrant my taking apartments. Apartments surround a young doctor with an air of prosperity which people like to encourage and add to. A month later I was comfortably, almost elegantly, established on the first floor of a handsome North Side apartment house, with a careful middle-aged woman to act as my housekeeper and cook.

"Pretty well fixed, old man, eh!" said Jack Winters, my college classmate and chum, who had come over that evening from the West Side to make a housewarming for me. "All you need to complete your happiness is to get acquainted with the pretty widow on the floor above you. She's John Redmond's cousin, you know, and a sweeter little woman never——"

"Thank you," I said, checking Jack's enthusiasm—Jack always goes off on a tangent when a pretty woman is discussed. "I am trying to get patients, and have no time for social pleasures, and, besides, I don't mind saying it, Jack, I'm not fond of widows."

"All I have to say to that is," said Jack, "you don't know Mrs. Traine."

MRS. TRAINE CLUNG TO MY ARM.

However, my professional duties were not so ardous that I did not find time to notice a trim little figure that flitted in and out through the big entrance door, dressed always exquisitely, but quietly.

My interest in Mrs. Traine deepened when I heard her story. Her husband had been killed in a railway accident three years before. The insurance money was almost gone, and the little widow added to the income that must support herself and invalid mother by giving music lessons to a few wealthy girls.

A daintier little rosebud of a woman it would have been hard to find. Soft brown hair, tossed in truant curls about the low forehead, a voice that spoke always gently, blue eyes full of mirth, and a complexion that looked like it had been bathed in the morning dew.

Once or twice I had held the big door open for her to pass out, and bowed in response to the low "thank you." Early after my coming to the building a boy on the top floor had been accommodatin enough to get hurt in the elevator, and I had been called in as the most available physician. Luckily, I brought the boy through so well that his parents as well as the youngster himself, sounded my praises so loudly that I found myself with quite a reputation and incidentally a practice in the neighborhood. Still, I had not met Mrs. Traine, and I was beginning wickedly to hope some accident—ever so slight a one, of course—might happen to her, a sprained ankle or wrist, that I might have the joy of caring for. However, the fates preserved Mrs. Traine from accident, and I continued to watch for glimpses of her from my office window.

I had bowed the last patient out for the evening, and settled myself for a smoke before bedtime. My meditations, mingling with the blue curling smoke, were interrupted by a piercing scream, and then another. I rushed into the hall. The screams came from the Traine apartment above. In another moment I was knocking on the door, which was opened by Mrs. Traine herself, white and breathless. "Oh," she gasped, catching hold of my arm. "We've got him—out there—in the pantry—poor mamma——"

"Who?" I asked.

"The burglar. He was hid in the dining-room—mamma saw him, and he ran into the pantry—and I locked the door—and—he's trying to jump out of the window.

I heard a noise as of some one trying to push up a window, and opening the pantry door there he was, a sure enough burglar, evil-browed and sullen, who dropped the window and turned to face me.

"You can't make a jump from that window, my man," I said. "You had better be quiet."

I turned the lock again, but Mrs. Traine, divining my purpose, clung to my arm. "Don't go," she cried, frantically. "We can't stay here alone a minute." Then to my relief that same small boy who had served me so well professionally appeared on the threshold, attracted by the cries. Off he went to call the police, while I tried to quiet two hysterical women.

In a few minutes the burglar was handcuffed and led away, but the shock had proved too much for Mrs. Traine's invalid mother. The fainting spell was followed by delirium, and her daughter and I watched by her bedside until morning.

Of course, I was installed as attending physician, and never failed to call morning and evenings. When the patient was able to sit up I sometimes read aloud to her as an excuse to remain longer, watching the daughter at some household task.

One evening I staid for tea. Mrs Traine wore a dainty gown of white and blue, with a great deal of lace. There is no sight so welcome to a bachelor as a pretty woman at the head of a tea table. The next morning I pictured the pretty widow sitting opposite me at my own breakfast table, wearing the pretty house jacket I had seen on my morning calls.

That afternoon I took Mrs. Traine and her mother for a drive, and was rewarded by another invitation to tea.

A reason for such close attention to my patient was no longer apparent. I was hunting about in my mind for another excuse to prolong the delightful calls when Mrs. Traine knocked at my door one evening.

"I have come to see you on business," she said, taking the seat I offered her.

"You have been kind to mother," she went on. "Of course, we want to pay you for your trouble. Would you mind telling me, please, how much the amount is?"

I saw the anxious look growing deeper in the sweet face opposite me. How much denial and privation paying a doctor's bill meant to that little woman, already burdened with responsibility!

"It must be a large bill," she said at last, as I remained silent, watching her. "You—you've made so many calls."

"Yes, it is a large bill," I said, slowly.

There was a quick uplifting of the blue eyes. "I hope," she said softly, "that you won't mind if we don't pay it quite all at once; if I could arrange to pay you so much every week until the bill is settled."

"No," I said, in business-like tones. 'I should prefer to have the whole bill settled for at once."

My heart smote me for the alarm in the face that was lifted to mine. I leaned forward and took her hand. "Do you want to know how much my bill will be? Well, it's a great deal. Nothing less than the giving of your own self to me, my darling, will satisfy my claim against you."

"You mean——" said Mrs. Traine, the blushes diffusing her pale face.

"That I want you to be my wife," I said, drawing her head down upon my shoulder. "Is the price too great?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Art of Listening.

Would that there were more people who know how to listen! We sometimes deplore the fact that there are so few good talkers; may we not rather regret that those who can talk so seldom find people who know how to hear them?

The habit of interrupting is one that is certainly on the increase. If one will sit quietly by and take notes of a casual conversation he will be disagreeably surprised to see how few sentences are allowed to run their smooth and even way without some interruption. When a story is in telling by one of a small group it is bound to be paragraphed by exclamations, needless questions, or would-be jocose speeches. To listen properly one should look at the speaker and think of what he is saying. Such a listener is in himself an inspiration. We sometimes hear it said of a man or woman: "That person brings out all that is best in me in the way of conversation." And generally the reason for this is that this particular person gives appreciative heed to what is being said.

To look at a book, to turn over the pages of a magazine, or to glance over the columns of a newspaper is not to listen attentively, and will serve as a damper to the most enthusiastic of speakers.—Harper's Bazaar.

Shakesp are and the Bible.

In Shakspeare's name lies the key to a wonderful cryptogram. The spelling "Shakespeare" was the poet's nom de plume, while "Shakspere" was his name, an evident change from "Shakespear." In each of the two spellings last given are ten letters—four vowels and six consonants. Combine these two figures and we have the number 46, the key to the mystery.

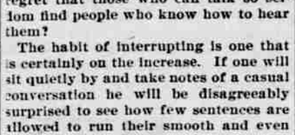
Turning to the forty-sixth Psalm in the revised version it is found the psalm is divided into three portions, each one ending with "selah." Remember the number—46.

Counting forty-six words from the beginning of the psalm, one reads the word "shake" in the first portion, and counting forty-six words from the end of the psalm one reaches the word "spear." There is "Shakespear" as plainly as letters can make it.—London Answers.

Labor Day as a Holiday.

Labor day was celebrated first in New York City. The celebration took place on Monday, Sept. 4, 1882. It is now a legal holiday in thirty-five States and the District of Columbia.

Hilda's Dogfish.



Said a fisherboy to Hilda,
"Once I caught a dogfish, Miss!"
And ever since she's wondered
If the creature looked like this.

Mamma's Mistaken Policy.

"Mamma," said 3-year-old Flossie, "I guess you don't know much about raising children, do you?"

"Why do you think that?" asked the mother.

"Because," replied the little miss, "you always send me to bed when I'm not sleepy and make me get up when I am sleepy."

A Queer Alaskan Fish.

In Alaska there is a queer fish that can be used as a candle when dried. The tail of the fish is stuck in a crack of a wooden table and its nose is lighted. A good-sized flame will burn about three hours. It gives a good, steady light of three-candle power and considerable heat.

Ferment in a New Sense.

A little schoolgirl was told by her teacher to write the word "ferment" on her slate, together with the definition and a sentence in which the word was to be used. The following is the result:

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t; a verb, signifying to work. I love to do all kinds of fancy ferment."

A Bright Boy's Retort.

"Tell me where the Lord is, my little man," said the minister to a bright little fellow, "and I'll give you a penny."

"You tell me where he isn't," replied the youthful philosopher, "and I'll give you two pennies."

There Was a Difference.

Aunt Mary—Now, candidly, Margie, don't you think you have eaten enough pudding?

Margie (aged 4)—Well, I may think so, Aunt Mary, but I don't feel so.

A physician says a man should never do any work before breakfast. Of course this doesn't apply to the tramp who is compelled to work some one for his breakfast.

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.

"Oh, dear, how I do hate work!" said Lily.

"Have you got much to do, dearie" asked her grandmother, gently.

"All that!" replied Lily, holding out a long seam with a dismal sigh. "Oh, do, granny, tell me about yourself when you were little."

"Well, your dislike of needlework reminds me very much of my own childhood. You know it was not the fashion then for girls to play games as you do now, and I often got into sad scrapes for running and climbing with my brothers instead of sitting quietly at my needle. One day my mother spoke seriously to me and said I would never be a useful woman unless I tried to learn a little more, which made me cry and promise to do my best. Finally, she kissed me and promised that when I should have finished a set of shirts which I was then making, she would give me a gold thimble of her own. I really did try very hard; and at last the shirts were finished and I went triumphantly to claim my prize.

"'Yes, you deserve it,' said mother, when I put it on. 'But be careful where you keep it.' I promised and flew to the schoolroom to put away my work, when one of the boys called out that they were going for a walk. Down went my work and new thimble on the table and out I ran to join them. We had a delightful ramble, and on our return I went to the schoolroom, to find my work there, but not the thimble. High and low I searched, but it was gone. In terrible trouble, I went to the boys (not daring to confess to mamma), and we hunted everywhere together, but in vain. Suddenly Alfred looked out of the window. 'Look at old Jack,' he said. 'What has he got there?' We had a tame crow, who used to live in the garden, and was now hopping over the lawn with something glittering in his beak.

"'My thimble!' I cried, springing through the window; and we both raced after the naughty bird, but too late. With a wicked croak of triumph he flew toward the pond at the bottom of the garden and dropped the precious prize into the water.

"'O, you dreadful bird!' I cried, and fairly burst into tears. 'Never mind, old girl!' said Alfred. And in a twinkling he had tucked up his trousers and waded in. It was shallow just there; and, to my relief, he spied the thimble, where it had lodged against a stone, and restored it to me.

"Dear old boy! I love it for the memory of that bit of help!" And granny drew the thimble from a case, where it rested in company with an old, faded photograph. "I couldn't part with it now; but some day you shall have it, Lily."

More Play Needed.

It used to be that boys and men who worked had shorter working hours and less work to do in the same time than do the men and boys of to-day. Consequently they had better opportunities and greater inclination for recreation of the healthiest kind. They felt able to rise in the morning early enough for gymnastics, their work the day before not being so irksome as to make them feel they needed every moment of sleep possible, as is often the case nowadays, and in the late afternoons and evenings they could enjoy an athletic game. The girls some years ago exerted themselves mentally and physically much less than they do now, their course of study usually being mild in comparison to the average of to-day, and few of them were in business or the professions. Therefore their need was less for strengthening exercises.

Although the mental and physical work that the men and women of this generation do has greatly increased they do not seem to have realized yet that a counteracting force is absolutely necessary, for the number is growing larger every day. We cannot help observing it on the streets and everywhere—of men and women who slouch along with drooping figure and dragging steps, the picture of undeveloped physical manhood and womanhood.

There is nothing more pleasant to look upon than a strong, graceful, happy young man or young woman, and the last two qualities depend on the first and all three on physical exercises and development.

Therefore, boys and girls, you know what you must do to be happy and attractive, and it is your duty to be all three. You can, of course, in varying degree, and you ought to add much to the beauty of this old world, whose fine men and women are its most splendid features.

A Hard Word to Say.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away. "I wish that I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done and can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now, Robert was very much like the rest of us—he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong; forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right and don't do it I'm a moral coward. I'll do it." So he went to the one that he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before and his comrade had a greater respect for him.—Exchange.

A Word or So About Opportunity.

There is an old saying that opportunity is kind, but only to the industrious. As an illustration of this idea we may cite the old Persian legend that a poor man waited a thousand years at the gates of paradise hoping that they would open and he could enter. Finally he snatched one little nap of a few minutes' duration, but then it was that the gates opened—and shut. Von Moltke, the triumphant strategist of the Franco-Prussian war, said:

"To win you must be at the right place at the right time, with a superior force."

The great Napoleon made that the active principle of his marvelous military career. The rule holds good in all the pursuits of life.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.

COME AND GO

In many forms

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Lumbago
Sciatica

make up a large part of human suffering. They come suddenly, but they go promptly by the use of

St. Jacobs Oil

which is a certain sure cure.

STORIES OF DR. RIDPATH.

How the Old Chapel at De Pauw Was "Wrecked."

The late Dr. Ridpath, historian and essayist, was a brilliant and popular lecturer on a great variety of subjects in history, literature and social life. Prof. H. M. Skinner, of Chicago, contributes to a recent volume of the Mirage some interesting reminiscences of college life at Depauw in a previous decade, when Ridpath was a central figure in the faculty of that old university. Among these occurs the following:

"The pews in the old chapel were strongly made of hard wood and panneled, yet it was not in the craft of the carpenter to construct seats that would stand the wear and tear of Dr. Ridpath's lectures. The doctor was a devout worshiper of all things Saxon; and yet, as a lecturer and thinker, he was French—not like Ste. Beuve, but like Victor Hugo. His were the scintillations, the blinding flash and the rapid fire of the author of "Les Miserables." At times, when a thought was riveted forever by an incandescent mental process, when the unexpected came in an illustration or allusion, como pedrala en ojo de boticario, the speaker's voice was drowned in screams of applause and laughter, benches creaked and groaned and uncontrollable feet flew out against panels that burst from their grooves. Perhaps no other such lectures—at once so humorous, so brilliant, so novel and so full of thought—were ever delivered in any American college, and they covered the whole field of history and literature. Why have they not been published among the voluminous works of Ridpath?"

Referring to the days of the old "lecture bureau," Professor Skinner relates two incidents which illustrate the doctor's readiness to adapt himself to exigencies of the moment. It happened that Anna Dickinson and Vice President Colfax both addressed the students under peculiar circumstances, which were adroitly managed by the doctor. The writer says:

"Once when Anna Dickinson was to lecture we assembled very early in the old chapel—at 7 in the evening. The fair termagant came not. We waited till 9; then word came that she had just arrived in Indianapolis and would come out on a special engine if it would not be too late. It would not be too late. We still tarried, while a solitary locomotive, with a pressure of steam gauged to the temper of one of its occupants, sped like a cannon ball through the darkness over the Indiana prairies. At about 11 Miss Dickinson appeared, and ascended the platform in her traveling dress. After berating a railway employe for her delay she poured forth a vitriolic diatribe upon the organizers of labor, holding her audience captive till long after midnight.

"When Vice President Colfax came to speak in the afternoon he found the old chapel crowded almost to suffocation, and perhaps three times as large an audience without as there was within the building. With the lightning move of genius Dr. Ridpath removed the sash wholly from one of the east windows, and from the window sill the great Indianian spoke, his profiles presented equally to both his audiences. It was a great feat. The window has been transformed into a niche. I think some appropriate inscription should be written within it to commemorate the unique event, for the loyal ovation to Colfax possessed peculiar significance at the time. It was Indiana's answer to his detractors."

Cumulative Economy

An old bookkeeper declares that it is surprising to see how many valuable things a man can buy if he simply economizes in little things.

"I once made up my mind I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way: When I felt like eating a 50-cent luncheon, as I often did, I ate a 25-cent one instead, and put the other quarter aside for my watch fund. You will hardly believe it, but in less than six months I had saved money enough to purchase the watch."

"But you don't seem to have bought it," said his friend, observing that there were no outward signs of such a purchase.

"Well, no. When I found how easily I could get along without 50-cent luncheons, I concluded I could get along just as easily without the gold watch, and the watch fund is growing into a house and lot fund now."

THE KEITH THEATRES

In Philadelphia, New York and Boston never experience such a thing as unprofitable business, but on the contrary they are described in the language of the street as "regular mints." Mr. Keith has not only been a pioneer in purifying vaudeville—for his good example has been generally followed since it proved to be good policy—but he has wrought a revolution in the vaudeville business, the intellectual tone of this branch of amusements has been elevated beyond what would have been deemed possible in the days of vapid vulgarity a dozen years ago. The uniform excellence of Keith's shows is too well recognized to need mention. The best proof of public confidence is that the sale of admission had to be stopped at times. The Boston theatre, which Mr. Keith built a few years ago, is one of the show places of the town. Edward Everett Hale was among those who wrote describing its beauty in enthusiastic terms when it was opened. "The best people" frequent Keith's theatres in Philadelphia, Boston and New York and they went there a long time before they ventured to sample the hospitality of other vaudeville houses.

THE LOUNGER,
In The Philadelphia Press.

Broad Streets in Europe.

Berlin boasts that Unter den Linden is the broadest street in any great city. It is 215 feet wide. The Ringstrasse in Vienna is 188 feet, the Paris grand boulevards 122 feet and the Andrassy strasse at Buda-Pesth 155 feet wide.

Coated

Look at your tongue. Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated.

There's an old and reliable cure:

Ayer's Pills

Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free movement the day following.

You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your tongue clears up, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."
Mrs. N. E. TALBOT,
March 30, 1899. Arrington, Kans.

His Greed Was Too Great.

A prominent Barton County farmer was made the victim of a smooth, although by no means new, swindle recently, through which he was worked for $375. Several weeks ago a man claiming to be a real estate dealer approached the farmer with a proposition for the purchase of his land. An offer of $50 was paid down to bind the bargain, the "purchaser" giving a Carthage address on his departure. Some days afterward another farmseeker came along and offered $65 an acre for the same land.

Of course, the owner wanted to sell to the second man at the higher figure, although he had tied himself in a previous contract. So he wrote the "Carthage" dealer with reference to a cancellation of his contract, and after some dickering succeeded in persuading the latter to accept $400 in cash in lieu of the privilege of buying at the $50 rate. Then he was ready for the $65 man. But strangely enough he had disappeared, and so, it was shortly afterward discovered, had purchaser No. 1. Then the farmer began to appreciate that he had been swindled. He at once began a hot search for the artists who had separated him from his cash, but, of course, their apprehension, to say nothing of the recovery of any of the money, is well-night hopeless.—Kansas City Journal.

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.

Great efforts come of industry and perseverance; for audacity doth almost bind and mate the weaker sort of minds.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The happiness of some people is so much at the mercy of other folks that if they can't excite their jealousies they are perfectly miserable.

It requires no experience to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that is necessary.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man the most easily becomes acquainted with himself—particularly as he is in that state free from flatterers.

Drugs have their use, but don't store them in your stomach. Beeman's Pepsin Gum aids nature to perform its functions.

Such only can enjoy the country who are capable of thinking when they are there, than they are prepared for solitude, and in that, solitude is prepared for them.

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

With Prejudiced Eyes.

A correspondent of the Portland Transcript writes of a pretty incident which was witnessed at the Paris exposition not long ago.

It was in the Grand Palais des Beaux Arts, says the writer, that I witnessed a bit of something more beautiful than statues, as any warm, palpitating living thing is more beautiful than sculptured representations.

A man and woman, plainly dressed and evidently from a "far country," stopped before a Cupid, dainty as a lily, graceful as a sea-gull, one knee bent beneath him, his bowstring distended, while he looked straight along the pointed arrow.

"O Sam," exclaimed the woman, "don't he look just like Jack when he is firing off arrows from that bow you made him? Although," reflectively, "he ain't so good-lookin' as Jack."

"Might look like Jack," drawled the prosaic father, "if he had red hair 'n' freckles, 'n' a jacket buttoned up wrong, 'n' stubbed-toed shoes. You women are great on likenesses anyway."

The woman said nothing, but she lingered near the statue for a moment, and I saw her surreptitiously pat its cheek, doubtless for "Jack's" sake.

Don't wait until it begins to sprinkle before starting to lay up money for a rainy day.

Steady, patient, persevering thinking will generally surmount every obstacle in the search after truth.

HEAVY HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

IT is possible to know a great deal of Christ and yet not to know Him.

Demon possession has not disappeared so long as men go mad for money.

It is better to have your bank in your heart than your heart in the bank.

Meekness with God leads to might with men.

No prattle is so purposeless as that of prayerless preaching.

You may measure a man by the things that move him.

Religion is not a scheme to get good crops from poor sowing.

It is only as long as God's sun shines on this world that it is fair.

There is only one place where gold rusts, and that is in the heart.

The worst Christian watchers are those who are taking cat-naps.

The man who reflects deeply will soon be a light instead of a reflector.

He who drinks to drown his despair is trying to extinguish hell with fuel.

Heaven is our home, but there are a good many of the family here on earth.

If the devil would play a harp or sing a solo people would have him in heaven.

Diligence in business is religious only when the business becomes divine service.

The fellowship of His sufferings makes possible the sympathy with others.

The distillery would be a blessing if the devils they bottle up only stayed that way.

A man's life never rises above its source, hence the need of being born from above.

It is better to let your family wreck the house than to allow fashion to ruin your home.

Only the life that has mountain heights to tap the clouds can have fruitful valleys.

The hope of salvation from the sins of society depends on our own personal sensibility to sin.

Only the man who can say "all my springs are in thee" can go through the dry and thirsty land.

There are too many Christians too poor to give to the Lord who yet can always rake together enough to go to the circus.

HAIR SHOULD NOT BE CUT.

Erroneous Belief That Frequent Clipping Promotes Its Growth.

Does cutting promote the growth of the hair? This question is answered by the Frankfurter Wochenblatt in this wise: "It is believed by laymen and professional hairdressers that cutting largely increases the growth of the hair. This belief begins with the involuntary comparison of the hair with a plant. As grass that is often cut short grows again and becomes thicker, so, it is believed, the hair should do when it is cut. This comparison, however, is a false one. A developed hair is a perfectly formed mass of horn which has nothing further to do with the case in which the hair rests than to receive from it from below further growth and to be held firmly by it. * * * In this mass of horn, as in the nails of the fingers and the toes, there is no longer any sap in circulation; this mass, so to speak, is a product which cannot be quickened and strengthened by new nourishment, because the latter cannot enter it. On the other hand, what happens in a blade of grass is totally different.

"The blade of grass is a network of fine ducts in which is constantly circulating the nourishment which the blade draws from the root; it presents, in contrast with the dead body of the hair, a living, vegetating substance which has a most intimate connection with the condition of its root and which dries up infallibly when it is separated from its root, while the hair will remain unaffected for thousands of years after its papilla has withered away. We need cite only one irresistible proof of this—the hair on the heads of mummies. The root of the hair as long as it exists can produce a new hair when the old hair has fallen out, while the root of many a plant gives existence to one sprout only and then together with it declines and dies. The more a hair is disturbed in its natural growth by continually cutting off its ends the less rest its papilla, the real producer of the hair, finds; the papilla, being constantly incited to excessive production, wavers finally in its activity, decays and dies. For this reason a woman with a bald head is never or seldom seen, as the natural and very slow process of the growth of a woman's hair is not disturbed. The individual hair reaches a definite length; after years it falls out of itself and a new hair begins to appear as soon as the papilla has had time to rest itself thoroughly and to prepare itself for the process of a new growth. These are the reasons which lead to the obviously valid conclusion that cutting the hair is rather injurious than useful."

If it were not for our vanity and self-love we would not be any better satisfied with ourselves than with our neighbors.

Be a man's vocation what it may, his rule should be to do his duties perfectly and thus to make perpetual progress in his art.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Safest, surest cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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Why not be insured, and save money at the same time? Our new policy on the endowment plan is the best insurance contract issued, and is meeting with great favor. Our booklet, "How and Why," sent free on request, you will find interesting and perhaps instructive.

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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 diarrhœa.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

How Mothers may Help their Daughters into Womanhood

Every mother possesses information of vital value to her young daughter. That daughter is a precious legacy, and the responsibility for her future is largely in the hands of the mother. The mysterious change that develops the thoughtless girl into the thoughtful woman should find the mother on the watch day and night. As she cares for the physical well-being of her daughter, so will the woman be, and her children also.

When the young girl's thoughts become sluggish, when she experiences headaches, dizziness, faintness, and exhibits an abnormal disposition to sleep, pains in the back and lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude, and a dislike for the society of other girls, when she is a mystery to herself and friends, then the mother should go to her aid promptly. At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and is the surest reliance in this hour of trial.

The following letters from Miss Good are practical proof of Mrs. Pinkham's efficient advice to young women.

Miss Good asks Mrs. Pinkham for Help.

June 12th, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been very much bothered for some time with my monthly periods being irregular. I will tell you all about it, and put myself in your care, for I have heard so much of you. Each month menstruation would become less and less, until it entirely stopped for six months, and now it has stopped again. I have become very nervous and of a very bad color. I am a young girl and have always had to work very hard. I would be very much pleased if you would tell me what to do."—MISS PEARL GOOD, Cor. 29th Avenue and Yeslar Way, Seattle, Wash.

The Happy Result.

February 10th, 1900.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is just simply wonderful the change your medicine has made in me. I feel like another person. My work is now a pleasure to me, while before using your medicine it was a burden. To-day I am a healthy and happy girl. I think if more women would use your Vegetable Compound there would be less suffering in the world. I cannot express the relief I have experienced by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MISS PEARL GOOD, Cor. 29th Avenue and Yeslar Way, Seattle, Wash.

$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., $5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

DANGER FROM OVEREATING.

Insanity Is Often Caused by a Too Liberal Indulgence in Food.

It is well known to the few medical men that many cases of insanity are directly due to overeating and the consequent absorption into the circulation of toxic matters from the intestinal tract; and melancholia, whether in mild or severe form, is generally due to this cause. Violent paroxysms of temper, whether in children or adults, are often properly referable to a bad state of the blood from this auto-toxemia, as is, indeed, the exceedingly exuberant spirits of old or young at times; just as we observe in alcoholic poisoning, some individuals are made temporarily jolly and good natured; others are made ugly and unreasonable. In view of this condition of affairs isn't it rather a wise plan for us all to consider rather the needs of the organism for food than the mere question of palate-tickling; to aim to eat good instead of bad food and enough of it—that is, not too much; to have the conditions about right when we take our meals; in brief, to try and treat our bodies decently, even though we act from a purely sensual point of view? In no other way can we secure the highest possible degree of pleasure on the average, while by acting thus sensibly we may enjoy practical immunity from disease.

The more exercise we take under proper conditions, the more we are exposed to cold and the clearer we keep from excess in clothing the more we may eat; hence, in order to enjoy the fullest measure of table pleasures we must live actively, wear as little clothing as is consistent with comfort and do considerable "roughing"—sometimes called hardening. With all this we should take our meals at times when the body or brain is not overtired and when we "have leisure to digest." And of all things, we should never eat unless we are hungry; to eat without an appetite is self-abuse of the most stupid sort, since it affords no pleasure and is productive of disease.

An Illiterate Country.

Roumania would appear to be the most illiterate country in Europe. The last census shows that, in a population of about 6,000,000 nearly 4,000,000 can neither read nor write, and that only a little over 1,000,000 have any education at all.

The value of your salvation is on account of what it cost Christ and its worth to the world depends on what it costs you.

Had the woman who gave the two mites been wise like some of the children of this world who now belong to church, she would have kept her money and begged some flour to bake a cake, to be sold to the highest bidder for Jesus' sake.

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.

Bethink thee of something thou oughtest to do, and go and do it, if it be but the sweeping of a room, or the preparation of a meal, or a visit to a friend.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., PA.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

Africa Is Rich in Volcanoes.

Eastern Africa is said to have six active volcanoes and Western Africa four; those in the Cameroons are said to have been in eruption as late as 1888. The islands westward are all of volcanic origin. The Canary Islands are famous for the great peak of Teneriffe, which became quiet long prior to discovery; other vents in the islands have been in eruption at intervals during the eighteenth century, and hot vapors and smoke rise from them at the present time.

The World's Newspapers

The total number of copies of newspapers printed throughout the world in one year is 12,000,000,000. To print these requires 781,240 tons of paper, or 1,749,977,000 pounds, while it would take the fastest presses in London 333 years to print a single year's edition, which would produce a stack of papers nearly fifty miles high.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900

The best heart purifier is to be filled with thoughts of God.

A sincere man is nine-tenths right and 99 per cent. pure.

The lights of the world need focusing in the lens of Christ's love.

LIBBY'S Premier Soups

TEN CENTS

Libby's soups are as good as soups can be. Some cooks may know how to make soups as good. None can make them better—none so cheaply. Six plates of delicious soup for 10 cents—and think of the bother saved!

Oxtail, Mullagatawny, Chicken, Mock Turtle, Tomato, Vegetable, and Chicken Gumbo.

At your grocers, in cans ready for instant serving—just heat them.

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Write for our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

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D. N. Wilt, Sams, Ky., says Frey's Vermifuge is the best worm destroyer I have ever found. Please send me some right away.
Mrs. B. C. Synan, Gordonsville, Va.: I find Frey's Vermifuge the very best one I have ever used. I write you direct as I must have this kind and no other.
A perfect tonic and health builder. At druggists, country stores or by mail, 25 cts. The children's friend. E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

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

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.