

**PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES.**

See Sampson win upon the main,  
And Dewey capture glory,  
And Schley and Hobson write anew  
The navy's thrilling story.  
But lo! another ship is in sight,  
That makes the blood grow warmer;  
It has for skipper, blunt and bold,  
The horny-handed farmer.

This craft is sailing proudly in,  
Upon the harvest billow;  
And not a heart that feels is sad,  
Or wears the weed or willow,  
And all the guns that blaze and roar,  
From one to five and twenty,  
Are not so cheery as this one—  
The harvest gun of plenty.

—What to Eat.

**What the Express Brought.**

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

With a roar and a rattle, the six o'clock express train rushed across the bridge that spanned the narrow river on the Derwent farm, near Concord, and Alice Derwent, the farmer's pretty, dark-eyed daughter, stood on the vine-shaded porch, looking after it with an unconscious sigh.

"So many come by you, so many go by you, out into the great, wide, beautiful world," she thought, as she gazed over the fertile valley farm and out through the break in the circling blue mountains, from whence a trail of smoke came floating back. "I wonder if you will ever bring me anything? or carry me away? or must I live my life out to the end, shut in by these quiet hills?"

"Supper ready, mother?" called out the hearty-looking farmer, halting in the glow of the bright firelight on the open hearth, as he came from foddering the stock, followed by his son, Thomas, who was the living, breathing "image of his sire."

"To be sure it is," replied his bustling little wife, who had just such eyes and hair as bonny Alice, and just the same sweet smile. "Isn't it always ready, father, when the train goes by? Come, Alice!"

"Alice is out there looking for her fortune, mother," said Tom. "It is coming by that train. I know all about it."

Alice smiled and shook her head at her saucy brother, as she took her seat at her father's side.

Little did any of them think how many a true word is spoken in jest, or that the fortune which the evening express was to bring the daughter of the house was even then nearing their hospitable door.

Mrs. Derwent poured out the tea—strong, hot and fragrant.

"Squire Seaton, up in the big house yonder, don't often get such tea as this, with all his staff of servants," said Tom, looking across the valley to the brick-and-stone palace of the one millionaire in the village.

"Poor man!" sighed Mrs. Derwent. "I do pity him! His wife and daughter dead, and his only son so wild and wilful, and a wanderer all over the world. Only last week he told me, with tears in his eyes, that he had heard of his boy, and that the young man had been seen lately in Leadville, intoxicated and poorly-dressed, in a gambling saloon. Yet, when he wrote there—and wrote kindly—his son had disappeared. If it was our Tom, Elihu, I should just break my heart. Tom if you ever do grow unsteady, and run away like Philip Seaton, you will give your mother her death-blow. Remember that!"

"Thank God, it isn't Tom, Martha! I'm sorry, too, for the man and for the boy. Mr. Seaton owns that he turned his son out of his house in New York, in a fit of anger, and that the boy swore never to enter his house again. Bad temper on both sides, you see; and so—Why, Martha, what on earth is that?"

Farmer Derwent might well ask the question, and rush from the tea-table to the door, followed by his wondering wife and children.

A procession of four of his neighbors was coming up from his garden gate. At the gate stood a horse and a light express wagon, and from the wagon the four men had lifted an inanimate body, and were bearing it toward the house.

"The six o'clock express has run off the track a mile or two up the valley," said Deacon Jones, as he and his two sons and his brother-in-law reached the porch with their senseless burden. "Ever so many people hurt, but able to go on as soon as they got righted. But this poor fellow is so nearly dead that we thought we had better bring him here, being as it was the nearest house, and send for the doctor. We knew that your wife could nurse him back into health again if any one could, Mr. Derwent."

"You're right there, neighbors. Bring 'im in," said the farmer.

His wife led the way to the best bedroom, next the parlor. Tom sprang on the back of his swift sorrel colt, and set off for the doctor.

Half an hour later the supper table was cleared, and Alice Derwent sat pensively by the kitchen fire, while her father and mother were busy with the doctor in the spare-room; and Tom, hurrying to and fro, on their errands, stopping once or twice to inform her that the stranger was young and handsome, but dressed like a laborer, and that the doctor said "it was a near chance whether he lived or died."

Two weeks passed on. The doctor came and went each day; the neighbors far and near volunteered their services—all except Squire Seaton, who lived his usual secluded life in his great mansion, buried in his books and knew nothing of the stranger who lay at death's door.

the third week of illness. "He is asleep now. If he wakes you can call me. If he only knew his people, I would send for them. I fear he will not last long."

Alice went in, and took her place in the nurse's chair. Tears of pity dimmed her eyes as she looked at the wasted figure in the bed—the pale, thin face, the fast-closed eyes, the hollow temples under the waving brown hair.

"I wish his mother or father could come!" she said aloud.

The heavy lids opened. Two deep-blue eyes looked at her imploringly. "My father!" whispered the sick man. "Bring him—tell him—I was coming—Seaton—Seaton—"

The faint voice died away. The eyes again were closed.

Alice stood an instant like one struck dumb. She had never noticed the resemblance before, but now she could trace the firm lines of the old squire's countenance in that pale, pinched face.

"Sleeping still? That is a good sign," said her mother, coming in, ready to resume her place for the night.

Alice hesitated for a moment. Never before had she acted by or for herself in any matter of moment.

But the sound of voices might arouse the slumberer. Her father and Tom had gone on a household errand to the village; there was no one else to consult.

Finally she threw on her waterproof, drew its heavy hood over her head, and sped across the valley to Squire Seaton's house.

Even the well-trained servant wore an astonished face as he ushered this mysterious visitor into his master's study.

Squire Seaton looked up from his book, and his usual pallor increased to a ghastly hue as he listened to the breathless girl.

"My son—my boy—my Philip at your father's house? And dying, you fear? Asking for me? Coming to me? Wait! I'll go with you, of course—I'll go to my poor boy! But—the room is turning round—I think I must be going blind!"

Alice sprang to his side. The gray head fell on her shoulder. Tenderly she smoothed the silvery hair, away from the high forehead, and bathed the pale face with the cold water and fragrant essences which the frightened servant brought.

The old man revived to find her ministering to him thus. And it was almost like father and daughter that they took their way across the valley together, he leaning on her arm, and listening greedily to all that she could tell him of his long-absent, long-mourned son.

"It is my father's voice! I hear his step! I shall get well, if he will only inspire me!" said the invalid, greatly to Mrs. Derwent's surprise, as the house-door softly opened to a stranger's touch.

He struggled up from his pillows, resisting her attempt to soothe him. "Father, I am sorry—forgive me!" he said, in a firmer voice, as Alice entered, followed by the aged man.

And then Squire Seaton came, feebly but swiftly into the room, and held his son to his heart, sobbing aloud with gratitude and joy, while Alice drew her bewildered mother into the kitchen and told of her expedition to the house of the lonely millionaire.

Joy seldom kills; and there is a revivifying power in love and happiness combined, far beyond the skill of all earthly physicians, or the virtue of all earthly drugs.

So it happened that, as the spring months deepened into summer, Philip Seaton, strong and well once more, stood beside bonny Alice, in the porch one evening, to see the six o'clock express flash by.

"At Leadville, when I was utterly reckless, and utterly penniless, too, a letter from my father reached me," he said, in a low tone. "It was so kind, so sad, that it seemed to turn me from my old courses on the moment. Just as I was—in the rough garments of a miner—I set off to return to my father, like the prodigal son. And God led me here!"

There was a long silence; the sun sank out of sight beyond the circling mountains; the first chill of evening was in the air.

"In my anger I swore that I would never enter the door of my father's home," the young man went on. "But, it was not this home! Here I may enter, purified, repentant, forgiven, if only the good angel of my new life will go with me. Will she, Alice?"

He took her hand. "But your father!" stammered Alice. "I am only a farmer's daughter! And you—"

"I am not worthy of your love in any way. But my father begs you to be his daughter, Alice. Say yes!"

She did say it. And so the greatest fortune of her life—the brightest happiness of both their lives—came on that evening train.—Saturday Night.

**He Was a Brute.**

It was in the train, and he was trying to read. There was the usual variety of passengers, and among them a lady with a very sprightly little girl who had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold and an inquisitorial tongue. She plied him with questions and to, ed with his watch chain.

The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous and, turning to the mother, said: "Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?"

The widow smiled enchantingly and replied with a sigh, "Ethel."

"Please call her, then." "It was said quietly enough, but for a few moments the other passengers half hoped there would be an accident or something to relieve the tension.—New York World.

**GUARDED BY A SHARK.**

**A Sixteen-Foot Monster That Did Sentinel Duty at the Dry Tortugas.**

The recent ordering of troops to the Dry Tortugas, Florida, recalls a curious incident in which a boy prevented the escape of prisoners and performed a humanitarian act, which was greatly misunderstood at the time and aroused no little comment in the press of the day.

At the time mentioned the island of Dry Tortugas was used as a great prison, and bounty jumpers, deserters and prisoners of all classes were confined there to the number of several thousands.

The island is but thirteen acres in extent, surrounded by a wide and deep moat, which made it almost impossible for prisoners to escape, yet every time a vessel came into the harbor one or more men would make the attempt. Obtaining ropes they would lower themselves into the moat from a porthole, swim across the ditch, and try to pass out the tide gate, despite the fact that sentries paced up and down on every face and kept watchful vigilance, with orders to fire and call the guard. Several prisoners did escape the sharp eyes of the guard by swimming and dodging under water when passing the sentinel.

But all were not successful. Several unfortunate men dropped into the ditch from the ropes and were found drowned the following morning. The guards were doubled and everything done to prevent the attempted escapes; not because there was any danger of the men getting away, as the transports were always searched, but to prevent casualties.

Just then it happened that the surgeon of the post was making a study of the large sharks thereabouts, and one day his son suggested that they put a big man in the moat where it could be watched. He said to General Meigs, who was stationed at Fort Jefferson at that time: "It will prevent the men from swimming the moat, and so be the means of saving their lives."

The proposition went into immediate effect. The surgeon's son, with the boys of another officer, went out fishing and soon captured a shark, which the surgeon's twelve-oared barge towed to shore, the huge fish beating the water with its tail, and at one time taking the cutwater in its jaws and shaking it as a cat would a mouse.

Finally, after several hours of hard work and with the assistance of many men, the shark, which was at least thirteen feet in length, was hauled over the tide bridge, the surgeon's son cut out the hook, and with a swirl of his big tail the monster went dashing away.

The shark was dubbed the Provost Marshal by the prisoners, and that it inspired a wholesome dread in their minds was soon evident. But it was a perfectly harmless creature. It swam round and round very near the brick wall, with one eye cast up pathetically. It presented a formidable spectacle, moving slowly along, and no one dared enter the water, consequently no casualties were reported. But it was not long before an article appeared in a northern paper calling attention to the terrors of Dry Tortugas, where among other tortures the Union officers used man-eater sharks to capture prisoners, and so no little excitement was occasioned among thoughtless readers in the North and South at what was conceived to be a brutality of the officers who had charge of the Dry Tortugas prison.

Meanwhile the great shark, in reality a timid and utterly demoralized creature, was swimming about, refusing the daintiest morsels of fish which were offered it, finally becoming so tame that it could be touched by its boy captors, who followed it about on rafts while the naturalist watched the method of swimming and made many sketches of it and the singular fishes which clung to its sides. The shark lived six months, finally dying of starvation. Its jaws may now be seen in the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York city.

**Had a Natural Supply.**

Some of the volunteer soldiers who were put under the command of regular army officers soon after the beginning of the war found it a little hard to learn all the lingo of the camps. An officer sent a young volunteer orderly to requisition at the quartermaster's stores some tentage and when he returned questioned him: "Orderly?" "Yes, sir." "Did you get the tents I ordered?" "Yes, sir." "Did you get the wall-tents?" "Yes, sir." "And the A tents?" "Yes, sir." "And the dog-tents?" "Yes, sir." "And the flies for the wall-tents?" "Flies, sir? No, sir." "What? Now, why didn't you get the flies?" The soldier st, ed respectfully; at any rate he combined a salute and a motion which brushed away a cloud of flies from in front of his nose. "Camp is full of them, sir!" he answered.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**He Was Not a Hero.**

As the train was leaving Montauk Point, L. I., for New York with a number of soldiers a couple of young women entered the car with a basket of fruit tied with ribbons.

"Oh, there is a poor soldier, one of our heroes; let us give him some fruit!" exclaimed one of them, and, rushing up to one of the men, she said: "Won't you have some fruit? You have been such heroes we want to do something for you."

"You are mistaken, miss; I belong neither to the Seventy-first nor to the Rough Riders. I am only a Regular, consequently not a hero."

As the young women looked their surprise the whistle blew and the car started.—New York Tribune.

**THE REALM OF FASHION.**

For cold winter mornings nothing can exceed in comfort a pretty morning jacket of soft wool eiderdown. As here represented, pale blue was the



WOMAN'S HOUSE JACKET.

color chosen, the edges being neatly finished with a bias binding of satin in the same shade, which is machine stitched on its inside and upper edges. The gracefully pointed collar is a picturesque feature of the garment, and is included in the neck seam with

under-arm gores and centre-back seam gives a trim effect.

The sleeves are two seamed in latest cut, gathered at the top and completed at the wrists by bands of velvet.

The skirt comprises five gores; the trimming of narrow and wide ribbon velvet outlines the front gore to the lower edge extending all around the foot. The top is fitted closely and below the hips it flares fashionably to the lower edge.

The mode is characterized by a stylish air which will hold when fashioned in any of the season's new fabrics in plain or mixed weaves.

Velvet, silk or mousseline can be used for the yoke and collar, or lace may be applied over some contrasting bright color.

The revers may be of the dress goods decorated with braid, gimp, velvet, passementerie, insertion or applique trimming and various combinations may be charmingly developed in this style.

**Ladies' Sleeves.**

A sleeve that is exceedingly pretty for thin fabrics and one that can be made up in the heaviest material is here given. The sleeve cap may be used over either sleeve or dispensed with altogether, as preference dictates.

No. 1 has a full upper and under portion, gathered in spaced shirrings and arranged over smooth linings, the



FOR A MISS OF FOURTEEN.

a comfortable rolling collar, that completes the neck.

The shaping is very simply accomplished by side seams, that end just below the waist line, underarm gores and shoulder seams, the fronts being closed invisibly in centre, under small decorative bows of satin ribbon.

The sleeves are two-seamed, in regular coat shape, the becoming fullness gathered at the top, and the wrists bound with satin. Although especially designed for eiderdown, any woolen fabric may be chosen to develop this neat and trim house jacket, flannel, camel's hair, ladies' cloth or cashmere being pretty when trimmed with ribbon, lace or insertion.

To make this jacket for a woman of medium size will require three and one-half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide.

**A Fetching Suit.**

Checked novelty wool suiting in brown and chamois shades showing a silk thread of pale blue woven in with the line of darker brown that forms the check is the material chosen for the fetching suit shown in the large engraving.

Brown ribbon velvet is used for trimming, the revers of piece velvet to match being overlaid with creamy point de Venise lace. Three handsome steel buttons decorate the front, a steel buckle being used to clasp the belt of velvet at the waist line.

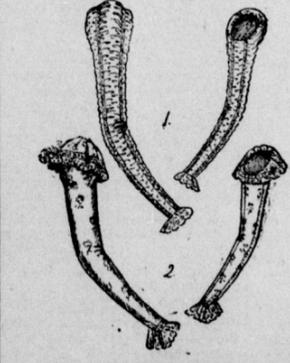
Hat of brown felt faced with shirred chamois, colored satin and crushed cream roses under the brim at the left side. Handsome brown shaded tips, roll and loop of satin ribbon.

The yoke and collar are of finely tucked cream colored taffeta that comes already tucked for this purpose.

The yoke may be at both front and back or in front only, and the revers may extend in Bertha fashion on the back or be out off at the shoulders. The closing may be in front or at centre-back, and the box plait can be omitted as shown in outline sketch. A body lining fitted by single bust darts.

row of shirring being covered by bands of insertion or gimp. The wrists are finished by frills of lace or chiffon. If a transparent effect is desired it is best for the amateur to make the sleeve over a cheap lining and cut it away from underneath after the sleeve is finished. This gives firmness to the seams and retains the proper shape and set of the sleeve.

No. 2 has only slight fullness at the top and the lining is shaped exactly like sleeve. It is illustrated in gray brocade, trimmed with embroidered chiffon and silk applique. The back



HEAVY MATERIAL SLEEVES.

seam is opened for two inches at the wrist to allow the frill of chiffon to fall gracefully through. The pretty shaped sleeve cap is bordered to match gathers grouped at the shoulder, causing the becoming fullness.

To make No. 1 will require one and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. To make No. 2 will require one and one-fourth yards of same width goods.

Lace Insertion For Decoration. Lace insertion and tiny silver buttons used to decorate linen gowns are most effective.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The soil of Porto Rico is said to be well adapted for the growing of cotton.

**Catarth Cannot be Cured**  
With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarth. Send for testimonials, free.  
J. J. CHASEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, price, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The only soap which the Hindoos employ is made entirely of vegetable products.

**Lane's Family Medicine.**  
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The population of Ireland decreased by 7710 during the year of 1897.

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

Texas has 108,000 more bachelors than old maids.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. A Druggist will refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

The Japanese never swear. Their language contains no blasphemous words.

**Eczema**

**Painful Itching, Burning, Smarting and Swelling—Hood's Cures.**  
"My little boy was severely afflicted with eczema, and we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured him. We always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand, and I have found it very beneficial for palpitation of the heart. My mother has taken it for rheumatism and it has helped her."  
Mrs. Viana Franklin, E. Otto, N. Y.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.  
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

**Maxim's Bullet-Proof Coat.**

When Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the famous deadly gun, was in Worcester the other week, he told a story of an experience in England with an alleged bullet-proof cuirass, the secret of which was offered to the British Government for about \$200,000 in American money. During the test of the "garment" Mr. Maxim asked permission to try an experiment himself, and, placing a piece of paper in front of the cuirass, fired through it. The projectiles "splashed" out against the paper, proving to the inventor that the bullet-proof quality was given by a strip of steel. He then published a paper denouncing the cuirass, and incidentally stating that he had discovered the secret and improved upon it, and he would sell the secret for \$1.75. Asked what he meant, he explained that his cuirass weighed but ten pounds, the other twelve; he contained a strip of steel thinner than that of the regular invention.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

**OPEN LETTERS FROM**

Jennie E. Green and Mrs. Harry Hardy.

JENNIE E. GREEN, Denmark, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:  
"I had been sick at my monthly periods for seven years, and tried almost everything I ever heard of, but without any benefit. Was troubled with backache, headache, pains in the shoulders and dizziness. Through my mother I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has done me so much good. I am now sound and well."

Mrs. HARRY HARDY, Riverside, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham the story of her struggle with serious ovarian trouble, and the benefit she received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is her letter:  
"How thankful I am that I took your medicine. I was troubled for two years with inflammation of the womb and ovaries, womb was also very low. I was in constant misery. I had heart trouble, was short of breath and could not walk five blocks to save my life. Suffered very much with my back, had headache all the time, was nervous, menstruations were irregular and painful, had a bad discharge and was troubled with bloating. I was a perfect wreck. Had doctored and taken local treatments, but still was no better. I was advised by one of my neighbors to write to you. I have now finished the second bottle of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am better in every way. I am able to do all my own work and can walk nearly a mile without fatigue; something I had not been able to do for over two years. Your medicine has done me more good than all the doctors."

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

**Grain=O**

It takes the place of coffee at 1/4 the cost. Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Just get your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.