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 Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Smarting and Sweating Feet and Itching Nails. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lockport, N. Y.

A Merino ram of Vermont lineage sold at the last cattle fair at Montevideo for \$496.

Special Rate South.
 The Southern Railway announces one fare for the round trip on dates named below for the following occasions: Chattanooga, Tenn.—Cumberland Presbyterian Church, May 15-18 good returning May 20. New Orleans, La.—Travelers' Protective Association, May 19-21, good returning May 23. Atlanta, Ga.—General Assembly Presbyterian Church, May 15-17 good returning May 20. Charleston, S. C.—National Educational Association, July 24, 25 good returning September 1. For full particulars address Southern Railway ticket offices 271 and 1185 Broadway, Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, 118 Broadway, New York.

The pickpocket sometimes follows his vocation just to keep his hand in.

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

The people who ride chainless wheels should look out for chainless dogs.

CLEVELAND, N. C., Feb. 4, 1900.
 Five years ago I purchased a bottle of Frey's Vermifuge. The Best in the World. Send me another bottle. Enclose 50c. W. J. Yourg.

Some men are shortsighted who don't wear glasses.

MORNING TIREDNESS

Is a serious complaint. It's a warning that should be heeded. It is different from an honest tired feeling. It is a sure sign of poor blood. You can cure it by making your blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla. That is what other people do—thousands of them. Take a few bottles of this good medicine now and you will not only get rid of that weak, languid, exhausted feeling, but it will make you feel well all through the summer.

Tired Feeling—"For that tired and worn out feeling in the spring, and as a strength builder and appetite creator, I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla without an equal." Mrs. J. B. Woodard, 285 Ballou Street, Woonsocket, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

Why They Lost the Boat.

"You know how the commuter hates to miss a ferryboat," said the woman, "and you also know how crowded the streets are leading toward the ferries at all hours of the day. Crowds of men and women, too, hurry over the crossings under the very noses of horses, dodging the trolley cars pushing and scrambling in that eternal rush to get along and lose no time about it. But the other day I saw a regular small-sized through lose a boat in a totally unnecessary manner. "Just as I reached the curbing on one side of a street that lay between me and the ferry, I noticed a little line of men and women pausing nonchalantly on the near side and in a moment I saw what was the matter. A funeral procession was passing slowly along with plenty of room between the carriages for folks to get across. But the folks thought differently about it and waited for the last carriage to get by." "Did you go right on across?" some one asked the woman. "Oh, well, I—well, I just waited, too," she said.—New York Sun.

The Pinkham Remedies

For disorders of the feminine organs have gained their great renown and enormous sale because of the permanent good they have done and are doing for the women of this country.

If all ailing or suffering women could be made to understand how absolutely true are the statements about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, their sufferings would end.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. The advice she gives is practical and honest. You can write freely to her; she is a woman.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO SUDDENLY
 It injures nervous system to do so. BACO-CURO is the only cure that Really Cures and notifies you when to stop. Sold with a guarantee that three boxes will cure any case. BACO-CURO is vegetable and harmless. It has no opiates or narcotics. Sold by all druggists or by mail prepaid. \$1.00 a box, 2 boxes, \$2.50. Booklet free. Write EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

PILES If you have the PILES, you have not used Dr. E. J. Sullivan's Sure Pile Cure, or you would not have them now. The only Guaranteed Cure. No detention from business, no operation, no opium or morphine. 12 Suppositories 50c. at 24 and box of ointment \$1.00, postpaid by mail. Send for book of valuable information on Piles, FREE, whether you use our remedy or not. THE DANIELS SURE PILE CURE CO., 364 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

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

FACES IN THE STREET.
 They lie, the men who tell us in a loud, decisive tone That what is here a stranger, and that misery's unknown; For where the nearest suburb and the city proper meet My window sill is level with the faces in the street— Drifting past, drifting past To the heat of weary feet— While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair, To see upon those faces stamped the look of Want and Care; I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet In shallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the street— Drifting on, drifting on, To the scrape of restless feet; I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

—Henry Lawton.

THE SOLDIER.
 One dreary, drowsy afternoon toward the end of June, having nothing particular to do, I sauntered in the direction of the Chelsea College gardens. This shady little nook holds the home of some of our old soldiers. There they sat in solemn rows of fours and fives on the wooden benches in the cool, green avenue, dreaming away the long summer afternoons, while they watched the children play on the grass before them.

A great longing came over me to learn something of their lives. If I could come across one alone, I thought, there might be a chance of it; so, with a lingering, backward look at the old fellows, I walked on till I came to a more secluded part of the gardens, where the pensioners cultivated little plots of ground, and sold flowers and ferns to the nurses and children, the proceeds of which enabled them to buy tobacco and rum and other small luxuries.

It had been intensely hot, but now a refreshing breeze was tossing the lilac and laburnum trees, and in the cool of the day the old men were hard at work, watering, weeding and raking away, while they smoked and changed opinions as to their respective nurseries.

Crossing the gravel path, I came upon a bed composed entirely of mignonette. Its fragrance was delightful, and I paused a moment to enjoy the scent.

This little garden excited my curiosity and I looked with interest at the gardener. His face was thin and lined, with an expression of settled melancholy on it, but there was something in the large, dark eyes and sensitive mouth that took my fancy.

"Here is an opportunity," I thought. "He looks a nice, approachable old man, and I daresay would be glad to have a chat."

At that moment, as if by some sudden transition of mind, he glanced up and fixed his speaking orbs on me.

"What lovely mignonette!" I exclaimed, by way of opening fire.

He smiled, but it was such a sad smile, I wished he hadn't—it somehow made me feel sick and sorry.

"Let me cut you some, madam," he said, gravely. "I will in a moment, if you can wait."

"Please, oh, I should like nothing better," I answered, seating myself and looking contentedly, while my new friend went to work with a long pair of rusty scissors.

His face interested me, strangely, none the less when I noticed that the Victoria Cross adorned his breast. How could I get him to talk?

"May I ask why you cultivate only one flower?" I inquired with sudden inspiration.

He looked at me again, in that intense way of his, for at least a minute, without speaking, then said irrelevantly:

"You have a good, kind face, lady, and—"

He paused.

"Thank you for saying so," I rejoined, somewhat tamely, feeling baffled and wondering what was coming next.

"You asked me just now why I only grew one flower. I will tell you if you care to listen."

"Yes," I replied, eagerly, "I am all attention."

"It happened so long ago, yet it seems only like yesterday. Mignon, Mignon!" he half-murmured to himself.

I coughed softly, to remind him of my presence.

"Lady, did you ever love anyone very dearly?" he asked abruptly.

"Have I?" I returned, somewhat taken aback by this unexpected question. "Well, yes, I have been fond of several people I have met at different times of my life," was my discreet rejoinder.

"Those two were the only ones I cared for in the world—Mignon and Ralph Stanley."

"Who was Mignon?" I queried, gently, for the old man's face was full of emotion when he spoke her name.

"I always called her Mignon, and so did he," he continued, without heeding me; "the name suited her so well. She was never without a slip of this," touching the flowers in my lap, "in her belt or gown. She had a passion for mignonette, that is why we called her Mignon, and she was as sweet as the flower itself, with her blue-bell eyes and nut-brown hair."

"Who was this other?" I ventured to ask, after a pause.

Again the veteran seemed to forget my existence, as he sighed, and said, musingly:

"To think that I never guessed it, and they were such a bonny pair, too. She could not help loving him, the genial, handsome laddie—men and officers alike in our regiment simply adored him."

"He served with you then?"

"Yes, but I was only in the ranks; while he held a commission."
 "Yet you were friends?"
 "Friend—aye! that we were; from our schoolboy days we were chums! When Ralph was sent to the Crimean war I threw everything to the winds, enlisted in the regiment and went, too, and we fought in many a fierce battle together, but one thought kept us up through all, dear little Mignon, the vicar's daughter. Ah, what happy old times they were at the vicarage!"
 "Mignon was an only child; her father, our coach, Ralph's and mine. What merry little tea parties we had—just we four; the scent of mignonette everywhere; the garden, the windows and the rooms of the old house were full of mignonette, all mignonette!"
 My glance wandered to the flowers blooming at my feet, as I tried to picture the little scene past before me.

"And Ralph loved Mignon as well as I," he pursued, "though neither of us knew the other's secret. Well, those happy days came to an end. Young Stanley left us to study for the army, while I remained to stagnate in my father's office in town."

"How I envied Ralph's luck. Not that I grudged him any good luck, but my lot in life did seem hard in comparison to his. As the time passed my restlessness and discontent increased. Despite my attachment to Mignon, my humdrum, monotonous existence was so hateful to me. So, when the war broke out and Ralph was ordered abroad I made up my mind to go, too, in the ranks of the same regiment. Here was an opportunity not to be lost of leading a more glorious life; to fight for my country, my people and for the love of 'old England.'"

"How I dreamt of the home-coming after the work was done. Death had no place in my mind. How I anticipated the meeting with Mignon, with the love light that I—poor fool!—imagined she felt for me, shining in her soft blue eyes. I thought I would pour out my heart and tell her I had come back to claim her, never to part any more. Ah! if I had but known!"

He smiled again in his melancholy way, and continued:

"Yes, if I had only known that she cared for Ralph I should have been spared many a headache in after years."

The old soldier gazed abstractedly at his mignonette, and, doubtless, lived over again that memorable campaign, while I wondered if the cross on his breast had anything to do with history. He answered my glance.

"I am coming to that now, lady. One bitter November night, or rather morning, we awoke to find the enemy bearing down on us in overwhelming numbers before our camp was astir. The men, however, soon roused and fought shoulder to shoulder amid the roar and din of cannon, which maddened alike man and beast. After awhile I became conscious only of one thing—a figure a few yards ahead of me fighting for dear life. I can see the look on his face now! It was transfixed, shining with dauntless courage that quailed not before the onslaught of the Russians. I believe, at that moment, Ralph lived in every fiber of his being. He glared in a fight—no one more. He was surrounded and cut off from the rest of us by six or seven of the enemy, double his size. Suddenly he staggered and fell; then I found myself struggling and crushing through countless forms and brandishing steel, until I reached the stricken figure. There he lay, so white and still, with his brave young face upturned to the leaden sky. My arms went instinctively round him, and as I turned and faced the lot of them—perhaps it was fancy—but a change seemed to come into their eager, glittering eyes, as they involuntarily fell back a space or two. It was only for a moment. They again pressed forward, and no doubt the pair of us would have been quickly cut into mince-meat, but for an unexpected diversion created just then by the arrival of the Ironsiding Dragoons. With their aid the Russians were completely routed, and in the confusion of their retreat and flight I managed to carry Ralph back safely to camp."

"And you escaped unscathed?"
 "No, unluckily, lady, I received some very bad cuts on my head and back, which brought about my discharge from the army as being unfit for active service. When I had somewhat recovered Ralph told me that Mignon had promised to become his wife, and six months later they were married."

"Did Mignon ever know that you cared for her?" I asked rather huskily.

"Yes, many years after, when they came to see me here, I think, as they carried away some of my mignonette, they both guessed it for the first time."

A bell near by clanged out the tea hour as he finished speaking, so, with a close clasp of the hand, my old man and I parted.

A Glass of Water at Bedtime.
 The human body is constantly undergoing tissue changes. Water has the power of increasing these changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are removed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. If you do not accustom yourself to drink water regularly you are liable to have the waste products form faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease. Great weakness and languor on rising in the morning are generally due to a large secretion of these waste products, and the remedy is to drink a tumblerful of water—either hot or cold—just before retiring. This materially assists in the process during the night and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the next day.

THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The new Harper's Bazar kimono, may be treated effectively in foulards, wash silks, India weaves, or lawns. The fulness

now have helped to bring about this change, and the desired result may be obtained by running a piece of the material down over the top of the sleeve, or a three-cornered cap, or epanlettee, is used either loose or applied onto the top of the sleeve. Every device is employed to give the proper long shoulder effect and added breadth, too. Many of the lace-trimmed gowns have inserting carried over the sleeve top, ending in a point.



A KIMONO WITH RUFFLES.

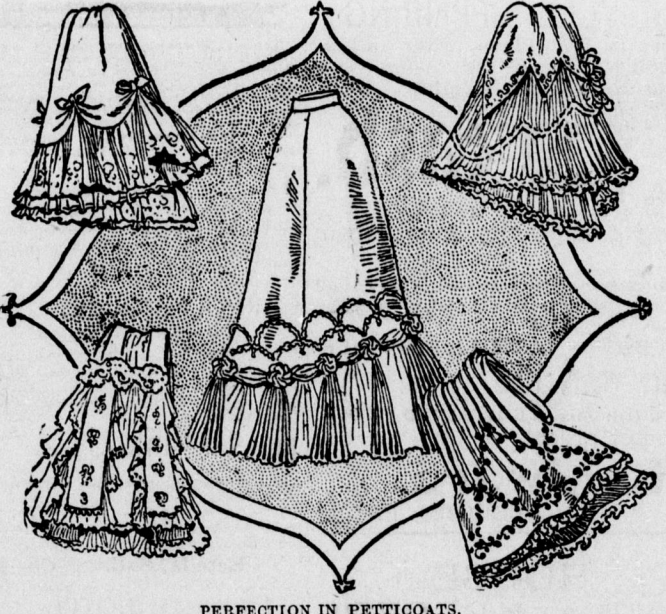
of the skirt may be pleated or gathered into the yoke. The design provides for two box-pleats on each side of the front, and three similar pleats in the back. It consists of one-half of yoke, full sleeve (to be pleated or gathered into armhole), band for sleeve, and wide collar-band passing about the neck. Where ruffled trimming is preferred, these bands may be omitted. If the garment is to do service as an invalid's wrap it may be lined throughout with veiling or thin flannel of contrasting shade. Where lawn, cotton crepe (a very serviceable medium), or Persian figured foulard is to be employed and the garment is to be used as a cozy lounging-robe for summer wear, it will not need to be lined. An endless variety of pretty effects may be secured in kimonos by introducing yoke and bands of plain color with skirt and sleeves of Oriental silks or lawns. White wash silk, lawn, or batiste may be embellished with pale pink, mauve, or blue silk bands and

Hats and Capes to Match.
 A late mode that deserves mention, just because it is so very new and novel, but too conspicuous to find favor, is the fashion of having hats of light tints and short chiffon capes to match, that are only suitable for mid-summer wear. While this idea will undoubtedly be short-lived and scant-favored, yet it is among the novelties of the season. Combinations of pink and blue are most commonly exhibited, but one absurd creation was of pale green in toque shape, trimmed with bunches of green and purple grapes with a green chiffon cape tied with purple ribbons.

Summer Street Gowns Shorter.
 Summer gowns for morning and street wear are being made decidedly shorter, some even quite to clear the ground, or at least to so stand out all around that there is no apparent train effect. The demi train is still en vogue for afternoon dressy gowns and indoor wear. Very few underskirts are worn this season under the dress skirts, and these are fitted exactly to the outside one with as little fullness as possible, to preserve the correct slender effect.

The Sunshade Year.
 The rose-petaled effect is one of the handsomest of the season's parasols. While lace inserts in silks, tucks horizontal or vertical, cordings and plisses of every variety of stuff are artistically treated that the sunshades of 1900 seem to put all the other years in the shade.

Neckwear Galore.
 In neckwear long lace scarfs, knotted ends, Empire ties, berthas,



PERFECTION IN PETTICOATS.

yoke. If ruffles are used the material for same should be cut on the straight of the goods and of uniform width—viz., five inches deep.

Nine yards of material 27-30 inches wide will be required to make this kimono for a person of medium size.

Petticoats From Paris.
 The group of gorgeously in petticoats shown in the large engraving, straight from gay Paris, illustrates to what extent they carry the elaboration of trimming, of which they are so fond. Knife pleatings, appliques, frills, ruches, lace, ribbon and the silk itself, all find a place on these chef d'oeuvres of lingerie. Silk is the textile invariably used by the women of Paris for their underskirts for ordinary wear, and for state occasions and for high toilets very rich brocades.

In shape they follow the trend of the fashionable outside skirt, having very narrow gores and a not exaggerated flare from the knees down. The latest ones close on the side. A broad founce is the most usual trimming for their bottoms, sometimes graduating from the back and sometimes straight around. Knife plaiting is most used for these founces, and in some cases this is done at intervals, leaving space for an embroidered or lace inserting or applique.

Incorustations of velvet or silk, as shown in one of this group, are also very fashionable. They begin on the founce and extend half-way up the skirt.

fronts for bolero jackets, four-in-hand silk ring scarfs, and the familiar stock collar in a thousand forms comprise the assortment.

A Pretty V-Shaped Neck.
 A V-shaped neck, filled in with transparent lace, is a pretty accompaniment for the lace undersleeve.

A Decided Novelty.



Coats finished off about the neck without a collar are decided novelties this season. The one shown here is for a general utility outing costume, a light-weight, dark-colored Oxford mixture, the facings of revers and cuffs being melton in a buckskin shade. The hat, a soft brown felt, is recommended for its becoming smartness.

THE GIRL IN THE KHAKI DRESS

There she goes in the shopping square, The men look back, the women stare; The critics' remarks are passing loud As she winds her way through the gaping crowd; But she hears them not and she cares much less— She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

She passes the cop on the shopping beat; He smiles and points out into the street; "The color's the same," he says with a grin, "The same as the mud she's walking in." But she hears them not and she cares much less— She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

The newsboy grins: "Get onto her ribs! Now, wudn't it tickle yer under de ribs? 'Tis awning stuff with a mustard smear; 'Take it away! It don't go here!" But she hears them not and she cares much less— She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

'Tis a gauntlet run for a thousand eyes; 'Tis she braves the "Whews!" and the rude "Oh, mys!" And the girls who gape and love to say, "She looks like a road on a rainy day." But she hears them not and she cares much less— She's one of the first in a khaki dress. —Chicago News.

HUMOROUS.

"There's a man for you! He's not afraid to begin at the foot of the ladder." "What is he?" "He's a hod carrier."

"There goes a man who has made an indelible impression upon me." "How did he do it?" "Put that tattoo mark on my arm."

Ida—There is some controversy as to the kind of corner-stone for the girls' college. May—Why can't they use a brick of ice cream?

Hoax—People who don't pay their bills are generally found out. Joak—Yes; I've noticed that the bill collectors seldom find them in.

Muggins—Your face is a sight. Why don't you change your barber? Buggins—Never! He may slash me a bit, but he's a deaf mute, my boy.

He—If there could be any slower game than playing chess by mail I should like to know what it would be. Him—They might use a messenger boy.

No wonder we're reckless whenever we find a friend who has coin, and will trust. What else should we do after rating the wind? But start right in blowing the dust!

"Prisoner, I understand you confess you guilt," said the judge. "No, I don't," said the prisoner. "My counsel has convinced me of my innocence."

"How did your weather prediction turn out?" "The prediction was all right," answered the prophet, a little sternly, "but somehow or other the weather went wrong again."

Curious Lady (to little boy wheeling a baby carriage)—Who is the little baby, Robert? Robert—He is my cousin. Curious Lady—Is he a first cousin? Robert—Oh, my, no; he is the last one.

Hicks—How did he ever come to marry her? Wicks—On account of her name, I presume. He's a proof-reader, you know. Hicks—Well, what has that got to do with it? Wicks—Why, her name was Miss Prince.

"Mabel always said she would never marry any but a professional man." "And has she fulfilled her desire?" "Yes. Her husband is Professor Thiddleton. He has an educated goat and a trained monkey that he exhibits on the stage."

Mamma—What is Willie crying about? Bridget—Shure, ma'am, he wanted to go across to Tommy Green's. Mamma—Well, why didn't you let him go? Bridget—They were having charades, he said, ma'am, and I wasn't sure as he'd had 'em yet.

How "Tommy" Takes Defeat.

How the British soldier in the field regards the reverses to British arms is told by a correspondent of the London Daily News, who says:

"I was at Orange river when the news of Gatacre's reverse arrived, and I did not see one lugubrious face or hear one despondent sentiment among the troops here. The artillery lost some guns; I asked an artillery man what he thought of it. He cheerfully remarked it was hard lines, and—anticipating the philosophical minister—thought that losses were inevitable. On every side a dozen causes were assigned for Gatacre's defeat—bad gunning, treachery, the fact that the country through which he marched was to all intents and purposes overrun with spies, that the Boers must have reinforced and changed their position during the night—every feasible explanation, in fact, except that advanced by the "Man in the Bar," that the general was an incompetent muddler. I can only account for this leniency on the soldier's part by the fact that he knows the country now better even than the "Man in the Bar." The Willow Grange reverse happened also when I was at Orange river, and on top of that Magersfontein; but Tommy, albeit cheerfully profane, was not a tithe as much depressed as the gentleman in Cape Town, who had bulled the market on the assumption that Kimberley was practically relieved.

Not Shady.

Among the true and graceful sayings credited to the late Bishop Brooks is one which is especially well worth remembering.

A friend was speaking to the bishop of a clergyman whose congregation had begun to feel that it would be advisable for them to have a younger man in the pulpit.

"Oh, well, it's the way of the world!" said this person, in reply to an indignant remonstrance on the part of the bishop. "You see, he's on the shady side of 65."

"The shady side!" echoed the bishop, quickly. "You mean the sunny side! It's the side nearest glory!"