

**AS THE YEAR GROWS OLD.**

Time whisks away the fleeting days,  
The year is growing sad and old.  
And night gets ready to unfold  
Her sable cloak ere yet the blaze  
Of noon has died upon the hill.  
Up from the deeps the mists are rolled,  
And all the fields grow gray and cold.  
Where radiance should be dancing still,  
And I that once had time to spare  
Look up from tasks but just begun  
To sigh because the noon is past,  
To feel Night's breath upon the air  
And know that which is still undone  
Must now remain so till the last!  
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

**A WILD RIDE.**

It was the third week of our trip across the plains. We were now just 75 miles from Fremont, and expected to make it very shortly; but on rising I was disgusted to find that one of the horses—we had only two—was dead lame. He had cast himself in the night. I was rubbing the strained tendons when the professor came and stood beside me.

"How long before he will be ready for work again?"

"I don't know," I said shortly.

"Hand me that oil."

"What is a near estimate?" he inquired with a touch of mild irritation. "Surely in these days of scientific exactitude so slight a matter as the length of a horse's lameness may be computed with reasonable accuracy."

"I just wish you'd try it then," I said, sulkily. "He may be ready to-morrow—we may have to wait two weeks—unless you want to ride the mare in. I don't mind walking."

"And leave my specimens to the mercy of any Yahoo that happens along? My dear Curtis, I could not think of it! Since there's only you and I we can make ourselves very comfortable. But I do hope the creature will be all right in a short time. I am anxious to be in Fremont to study the collision of the comet with my colleague there."

"Collision of the comet?" I repeated, straightening up. There's nothing so tiresome as rubbing a sprain.

"Certainly! That brilliant comet, to which I have called attention for several nights, will surely collide with the earth, in a few days at farthest. The phenomenon will prove a rare and wonderful one, though astronomers have often expected such an occurrence. Unfortunately, something always seemed to interfere."

"May the interference continue," I said, laughing. "I don't believe this old world will be smashed up yet a while."

"I did not say it would be smashed," returned the professor, with some dignity. "The most advanced theorists agree in saying that the comet itself is now only in a gaseous form, and that—"

"Hallowell," I interrupted, "go and make the coffee. We can discuss gaseous comets while we eat."

Three days passed, and the black was no better. As miseries never come single, his mate, a pretty mare, having the undue curiosity of her sex, experimented with a tempting weed, and was in a very serious condition when I found her. I dosed her with several medicines, getting little help from the professor. He was so busy watching a cloud that lay along the horizon that I was tempted to smash his telescope in order to bring him down to mundane affairs. Having done what I could for the poor mare, I came back to the wagon.

"I don't believe she'll pull through," I said savagely.

The professor squinted one eye up a little tighter.

"Amazing!" he murmured. "It travels with scarcely the speed of a locomotive. I marvel the velocity is no greater—doubtless the earth's gravity exercises a controlling influence at present." Then in a different tone, "Curtis, there's a buffalo calf coming toward us. I suppose you would not be interested if I told you of the arrival of something really important."

I took the glass out of his hand.

"It's not a calf, Hallowell. It's a man—riding like the deuce. What do you reckon is the matter?"

Hallowell was from the east, and not used to southern localisms.

"It is impossible to reckon anything on so slight a basis," he answered seriously—then made a wild dive at something that floated by. When he turned to me there was a shining bubble in his hand—thicker than those made by soap but quite as brilliant.

"The comet!" he shouted. "The collision has occurred!"

"Do you call that thing a comet?" I asked contemptuously. "I might say to you with Festus—'Much learning hath made thee mad.'"

"It is a detached fragment from the main body of the gas," he replied, dancing triumphantly around. "The comet as a whole is that faint cloud you see yonder."

"The deuce it is!" I said anxiously. "We shall smother—or be blown away. I remember you said something about its traveling like a train."

"Not blown away," corrected the professor. "We can take refuge in the hole by that hummock yonder. As to our chance of smothering, I wonder you can mention such a trifle in the face of material of such overwhelming scientific interest. Note the density of this bubble—yet how light. At present it is so heavy with vapors absorbed during the night that it—like the whole mass—hangs low. I think—"

We were interrupted by a cry from the advancing horseman. I saw that he was using whip and spur on his mount, and that the latter instead of

responding was evidently played out. Indeed, as he reached us the poor brute went down. His rider staggered up before I could lend any assistance.

"For God's sake let me have a horse!" he exclaimed entreatingly. "I am on my way from X—, to Fremont, with a pardon for my brother. If I do not reach the town before 12 tomorrow, the best man that ever buckled spur will die for no worse fault than putting a bullet through that hound, Pistol Pete. It is nearly 5 now!"

"You should have the horse and welcome," I replied, for the young fellow's simple, manly face was haggard with an awful grief, "but one is dead lame, and the other is too ill to stand."

He made a rush for the horses to satisfy himself, and came back with a gesture of despair that went to my heart.

"Look!" he cried, wildly drawing out an envelope. "There's a life in that paper—and I have ridden—ridden—and met with one hindrance after another!"

The professor looked at him pityingly.

"How limited the capabilities of the body compared with the desires of the spirit," he murmured.

"I cannot bear it!" cried the stranger, frantically. "They told me that was a good horse—the liars!"

He flung himself on the ground and hard, dry sobs shook his chest.

The professor picked up his glass. "In less than an hour it will be here," he said thoughtfully.

"Thank God I'm not a scientist," I returned rudely. "You fellows have about as much felling as the dry bones you study."

The professor ignored me, and shook the prostrate man.

"Get up!" he said, commandingly, a new note in his voice. "Do as I tell you, and your brother may be saved yet."

The man rose. We both stared at Hallowell. I wondered if he had really gone crazy.

"Take the tongue off the wagon," he said curtly, "and spread the cover and all the cloth you can find on the ground near me."

For a moment I hesitated; then it dimly occurred to me that even a bookworm may have original ideas, and I said sotto voce to the newcomer,—

"Do as he says; he's by no means as big a fool as he looks."

I rather think Hallowell overheard me, for he shot a distinctly ungrateful glance in my direction; but he could say nothing, as we were both now zealously obeying him.

He made us cut the great oil cloth cover into two large sails, and these we fastened on the wagon under his orders. He showed a sailor-like handiness in arranging them that made me suspect that Hallowell had seen something of the water.

"Surely—surely," I gasped, "you don't think that you can make that cloud of gas help us? Why, it's fading away!"

"It is not fading," said the professor, brusquely. "It seems much fainter because you are so near to it and because of the action of the sun on it. Do as I tell you—there's no time to lose."

When he was satisfied he made us scramble into the wagon and we sat there, waiting for—what? Three apparently sane men in a horseless wagon, waiting for a sky motor which momentarily grew fainter! When ten minutes passed my outraged dignity asserted itself.

"I won't be made a fool of," I said, angrily, and started to leave the wagon.

Hallowell pushed me back on my seat. Then I became aware of a sickening odor—a fresh breeze on my back—a pale mist around us shot with brilliant hues, and lo! we were running over the plain at a rate that threatened to wreck the wagon—our sails swelled out like two great wings.

My hair was rapidly assuming a vertical position, but the two faces near me showed utter unconsciousness of danger. That of the stranger was burning with joy and reverent thankfulness. To him it was a God sent miracle for a good man's rescue. The professor's was radiant over this new factor in his knowledge and he muttered his observations aloud. Neither seemed disturbed by the fact that, from the speed and the smell, breathing was no easy matter. As to me—my one hope and desire was that I might touch old earth again safely. I was altogether too dazed and unhappy to realize that the professor was the first and would probably be the last man to follow Emerson's famous advice, "Hit your wagon to a star."

On, on we flew. Again and again I expected an immediate smashup, but our wagon was of fine and strong make, the plain was level, and we bade fair to reach the town shortly. In less than two hours we were not three miles from Fremont!

Then a terrible idea flashed on me which I had been too hurried to think of before. We should pass the town! Like the brook, we might go on forever—or at least far enough to wreck us on the broken lands beyond. As to the stranger, the trip would have been of no earthly use to him. I glanced at him.

"I shall jump," he said simply, as if in answer to an outspoken inquiry. The professor was looking anxious but he said nothing.

But we had forgotten the little river lying near the town. We struck it like a cyclone, and its four feet of water was whipped into wild spray around us, while the wagon spun like a frantic top, then stopped with a lurch that

nearly sent us flying. Either the force of our motor was lessening, or perhaps, even at its best, it would not have had time or strength to loosen the wagon from the heavy snag driven between the spokes, for the pale gas rushed on leaving three dripping men and some ruined specimens in the river, with Fremont not 500 yards away.

—Waverly Magazine.

**THE IGORROTES OF LUZON.**

**Fine-Looking Natives, Friendly to Americans and Hostile to Tagals.**

Dr. Lloyd R. Hawley writes to the New York Sun from Manila to say that there are wrong impressions in the United States concerning the Igorrotes of Luzon. He says:

"The Igorrotes are much larger than the Tagals, straight and muscular; in fact more like our Sioux Indians. Their hair is straight and most of the tribes are friendly to us."

"Arriving at an Igorrote village you see the president or headman. He gives you a man to gather your wood, another to bring water, another to feed and care for your horses, etc. You pay each from one to five cents. They guard your things during the night, and in the morning you may wake up and see your horses off on the side of a mountain, three to five miles away, grazing; but they are at hand when wanted, having been carefully attended all night."

"The women are strong and sturdy. Some of the younger ones are quite good-looking. All have fine eyes, and the unmarried are very modest in stranger's company."

"They are great packers. You can see a long line of them, men and women, with packs weighing from 50 to 100 pounds, ascending a mountain, twanging their different toned bamboo tuning forks, where it would be difficult for an American to ascend with an alpenstock. The packs are held by straps to shoulders and waist, and there is a band around the forehead, others put their little babies on top of their pack, leaving their hands and arms free to sound their bamboo tuning forks. These are made from pieces of bamboo, of different lengths, like the old-fashioned tuning forks. They strike them against one hand, keeping time as they march along and producing a sort of melody that is very pleasing to the ear, as each gives a different tone."

"A number of prospecting parties have formed mining districts in the Igorrote country, elected recorders, presidents and staked their claims, and now dream of untold wealth soon to be enjoyed with wife or sweetheart in far away America. Some of them will, I am afraid, have anything but a pleasant awakening. That is, those who have gone through the to them meaningless form of the Igorrote marriage service, and a large percentage have done so, considering it but a form of purchasing a slave. But the United States will, I think, be compelled to recognize the marriage laws or customs of these people and consider them as binding as a marriage in the cathedral solemnized by the Archbishop himself."

"The Igorrote courtship and marriage ceremony is simple. The young swain sees the apple of his eye, meets the stern parent and asks for the daughter. The parents ask what he can furnish for the fiesta or ceremony itself, suggesting a cow and a hog and plenty of tobacco, native beer, tuba or a calf, and some chickens. The young man offers a young calf, a small pig, chickens and plenty to drink. Indeed this young man knows the worth of our charming daughter, think the parents, and after consent is given the day is named for the ceremony (which is generally within a day or so, or on the same day). The bridegroom takes the calf, pig, chickens, etc., to the father-in-law's house. The young lady is told of her good fortune, the neighbors come in and help kill and dress the food. Then the fiesta begins."

"A large fire is built, the meats are barbecued and all the relatives, neighbors, friends and everybody else gather around the fire in a circle, dance, eat, drink and make merry until morning or until the cares and strifes of this world are knocked galley west by the overindulgence in the liquid refreshments. During all this time the blushing bride and her lover sit captive sit within the circle. At the close of the fiesta they are man and wife."

**The Prince and the Ghillie.**

The Prince of Wales used to tell a good story about his fishing experiences, says London Sphere. A highland ghillie on Speyside was informed by his mistress that the prince was to honor them with a visit soon, and that she hoped that he would have some sport in the river as well as on the moor. Donald was the guardian angel of the salmon pools. Rather a unique angel with red hair, red bushy whiskers and a kilt; but he was an expert fisherman, and no other of his class on Speyside could lift a rod with him. Donald was in a great state of consternation, as to how he should address the prince, and accordingly he approached her ladyship on the subject and was told that instead of saying "sir" he was to use the phrase "Your Royal Highness." The day came. Donald, to give the necessary encouragement, kept saying as the prince moved down the pool. "One more cast and your royal highness shall have him." Then seeing a boll in the water, the evident sign of a rising fish, and fearing the prince might lose the hold through not striking in time, Donald, quite forgetful in his excitement, blurted out, "Up with your rod, you son of a gun, or you'd lose your fish!"



**FOR THE HOUSEWIFE**

**The Care of Ivory Handles.**

Ivory handles of knives require a special sort of treatment when they become discolored. Mix ammonia and olive oil in equal parts and add to the mixture prepared chalk to make a good paste. Rub the ivory with this and let the paste dry before brushing it off. Two or three applications are often needed when the ivory is much discolored. Other ivory articles may be cleaned by the same process.

**Tinted Plaster Casts.**

The plaster casts of noted bas-reliefs that are sold on the streets all over the city lose half of their effectiveness in the glaring white of the plaster. An excellent plan is to give them an old ivory tint, which at once brings all their beauties into sight. This may be done by applying a mixture of beeswax, dissolved in turpentine to the consistency of thin paste, covered with burnt amber. The solution should be applied with a brush and distributed in uneven quantities, removing all that has not been absorbed by the plaster with a piece of soft silk.

**A Beautiful Lamp.**

One of the prettiest lamps ever used in a house is all of crimson glass, with the exception of the gold setting, which shows but little. All sorts of monstrosities are to be found in lamps. There are all kinds of strange designs put into them, more, perhaps, than into any one other article made for real use. The crimson glass lamp is ornamental, and at the same time it is thoroughly adapted for use as a lamp. There is a broad, large bowl of this glass set on a low standard of gold, which barely shows. There is another touch of the metal around the burner, and a big spreading shade of the glass like that of the bowl. It is a most comfortable looking lamp.

**To Keep the Sink Clear.**

Upon the proper care of the sink the healthfulness of the kitchen largely depends. All the newer and better houses are fortunately fitted up with porcelain or enamelled sinks that are far ahead of the old time iron sink, which rusts when unpainted and which will look untidy when painted. It is possible to keep the sink fresh and clean by using coppers and water or by using ammonia. One pound of coppers dissolved in a gallon of boiling water is the right solution, and one cupful of this to a quart of hot water makes a good daily wash for the sink. Strong and cheap ammonia is first rate for cleaning out the pipe when poured down it undiluted. But if you have a painted sink with which to struggle, there is nothing much better than kerosene oil to rub over the paint and brighten it.

A lump of soda is sometimes sufficient to start up action in a waste pipe that has become clogged from greasy water.



**HOUSEHOLD RECIPES**

**Blushing Apples**—Cook six large red, cored apples in boiling water until tender. Remove skins, scrape pulp from same and replace on apples. Reduce water to one cupful; add one cupful of sugar and juice of an orange. Cook till thick and pour on apples. Serve cold.

**Dixie Cakes**—Pour a pint of boiling water over one cupful of corn meal and boil five minutes, stirring constantly. Add two teaspoonful of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of water, one cupful of milk and one saltspoonful of salt. Bake in a well-greased griddle. They are delicious.

**Broiled Sheeps' Tongues**—Parboil, skin and trim, simmer until tender, use five or six. Save the broth for the next day's soup. When cold halve the tongues lengthwise, dip in a mixture of two tablespoonfuls melted butter, half a tablespoonful of salt, a good sprinkling of pepper and a pinch of curry powder. Broil nicely.

**Stuffed Pears with Rice**—Cut tops from pears and remove cores. Cook in hot sirup until tender. Fill the spaces left by cores with marmalade and bits of cherry (candied). Set upon a mound of boiled rice. Flavor the sirup with lemon juice, cook until thick and pour over all. Put a spoonful of whipped cream on the top of each pear. Serve cold.

**Creole Dried Beef**—Shave beef very thin, cover with cold water and bring to boiling point; pour off water, add enough butter to coat each piece (a tablespoonful), and stir until lightly browned. Now dredge with one tablespoonful of flour, stir and add one cup thin cream or rich milk. Season with dash pepper and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve on crisp toast.

**Bordeaux Sauce**—Two quarts of cabbage chopped to a powder, one quart of chopped green tomatoes, drained free of juice, three small onions chopped, one quart of vinegar, one-quarter ounce of celery seed, black pepper, ginger and tumeric, one-eighth pound of mustard seed, one-quarter cup of salt, and one-half pound of brown sugar; mix together, boil 15 minutes, and can while hot.

The Hebrew population of London has more than doubled during the last twenty years. It is now estimated at between 100,000 and 120,000.

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**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 Yesler Way, Seattle, Wash.



**The Happy Result.**

February 10th, 1899.

"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 Yesler 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.

**The Shah as a Wag.**

In the clock and watch department of the Paris Exposition an expert called the attention of the Shah of Persia to a queer little pendule, which he wished His Majesty to buy. "This little clock," said he, "fires a pistol every hour." "To kill time, I suppose," said the witty ruler, as he walked away.

**Travel South.**

The tourist travel South has commenced. The Southern Railway, for the coming Winter, will have a most perfect service, New York to all principal resorts of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Cuba, Mexico, California and Central America. In addition to its three limited trains daily, operating dining and sleeping cars between New York and the principal cities and resorts South, early in January the New York & Florida Limited will resume service between New York and St. Augustine, also carrying Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars, New York to Port Tampa, and Aiken and Augusta. The Southern Railway in New York have two offices, downtown at 271 Broadway, and uptown, 1185 Broadway. Alex. S. Thwmeit, Eastern Pass. Agent, 1185 Broadway, New York.

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**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. Trial bottles free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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