I have no lenghty prayer to make
When I approach my bed,
And when through God's grace, I awake,
Ag 'n to fare ahead!
My prayer I say
Through all the day—
The words are few
And simple, too:
"God, let my faith in thee
And in thy people be
Forever strong and true!"
This is the simple prayer I pray—
If it be answered, I
Alone shall find the way
And confidently die.
—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago TimesHerald.

A.....

# . . THE . . Little Lace Maker.

Mdlle. Noemi Verdier, a lacemaker of Valenciennes, was as good as she was pretty and her modesty and simplicity

pretty and her modesty and simplicity commanded the respect of all. Left an orphan at 13 years of age she lived with her brother, three years her senior, who, having suddenly become the head of the house, labored for his little sister and himself at cabi-

net making.

The two lived happily together; but the years passed and the time of mili-tary service came. Louis was obliged The separation was terrible to those two children, who loved each other so much.

Left alone in the little lodgings, thus suddenly become too large for her, Noemi with bleeding heart applied herself to her work and wrought mar-vels from the flax fields.

Every Saturday she carried back her work and when she returned home divided her earnings in two parts. Must she not send a small subsidy to her soldier, who was thinking of her there

in his far-away garrison?

On his side Louis believed in his regiment as he did in Valenciennes; that is to say, like an honest man, and so, at the end of the second year of his absence he was able to announce one beautiful morning that he had been promoted to be sergeant.

You can imagine how happy Noemi was! How her heart throbbed with joy! Oh, how proud she was of her dear brother! But her happiness was short. In a few weeks came a letter. The war-cloud had burst all at once; armed France rushed to the frontier of the

The dreadful war began.

From the letters of her beloved Louis she learned the successive defeats of the French army, Woerth, Rozen-ville, Saint-Private, Gravelotte, Sedan. Then silence followed-no more let-

ters, no more news, nothing.

Noemi, who never read the papers, hastened now to the office of the Guet-teur de Valenciennes and of the Echo de la Fontiere, seeking there some little ray of hope. She listened to the talk on the street, she mingled with the groups of people commenting on the news, she gave ear to the painful accounts of the war and she learned with a sinking heart, that her brother's regiment had met with severe losses.

Meanwhile the wounded soldiers were sent, through Hirsan and Avesnes, to the towns and cities on the northern frontier. Every day fresh convoys arrived in Valenciennes.

All the hospitals were full, and still they came. Then private ambulances were organized everywhere, churches and factories opened their doors to the

unfortunate wounded soldiers. One morning the report was circulated that a convoy of wounded from her brother's regiment had arrived

To the poor girl a glimmer of hope returned.

during the night.

She ran from one to the other, asking of the nurses, bending over every cot; but the hope of the morning van-

All at once she remembered that the day before they had opened in Saint-Saulve & hospital intended especially for the officers. Was there any possi-bility that an unknown sergeant might have been brought there? Surely not notwithstanding, she found strength to go thither.

An army surgeon came toward her.
"What do you wish mademoiselle?"
"Oh, monsieur! Pardon! I am looking for my brother, Sergeant Louis

Verdier. 'You mean Lieutenant Louis Ver-

dier?" And pointing with his finger down the long row of mattresses on the floor, 'there he is in the sixth bed."

To the poor girl it seemed as if the earth vanished from beneath her feet. She choked back an exclamation of joy, tottered forward a few steps and with an outburst of infinite happiness knelt before the bed of Lieutenant Verdier, who, with his head wrapped in linen, was lying in a heavy stupor. "Louis! Louis! It is I," she ex

claimed, trembling, with clasped hands ready to fall.

At this appeal the wounded man re covered his consciousness, opened his eyes and perceived his sister, but not being able to raise his head stretched forth both his hands, which she seized in hers and covered with

In the meantime the surgeon approached, and, half unwillingly, led her

You must not cause him any emotion, or we cannot guarantee anything, sapristi! Your brother's wound is doing well; he will recover, that is cer tain, if you do not undo our work.

'Oh, monsieur le docteur-"Never mind monsieur le docteur. This is enough for today. Come back

tomorrow morning, but now go home."
"Do you see, my dear Louis," said the Noemi to him a few days later, sitting by the bedside of her brother, "yesterday the merchant for whom I ork ordered of me a piece of magnifi-

cent lace for a wealthy English house. I began to work on it last night and I hope to finish it in ten days. For this work they will pay me a very high price. Do you know what I am going to do with the money?"

"Speak, my darling," answered the young officer.
"The surgeon says that you will soon

'The surgeon says that you will soon be able to get up. I am going to take you home to our little nest and take

you nome to our little nest and take care of you day and night. You shall see how happy we will be and how quickly you will be well."
"Dear, dear sister! Oh, what a good idea and how I shall hasten to get strong, so as to be able to go with you."

One morning, when she came in, radiant with gladness, her brother bade her speak low and pointed with his eyes to a new wounded officer, whem they had brought in and placed on a mattress beside his own. The wounded man was M. de Lauterac d'Ambroyse, lieutenant "aux chasseurs a pied" and had been struck in the shoulder by a bombshell.

"Poor young man!" said Noemi, compassionately. "He has no sister to take care of him." And she became interested in this man, whose death seemed certain.

In the meantime the days went by and Louis' convalescence progresed rapidly. Had he not promised to hurry? On the morning of the tenth day Noemi arrived, joy in her face, bringing a precious package wrapped in tissue paper.

She, too, had kept her word; her marvellous work was finished and she brought it to show her brother before carrying it to the merchant dered it, and in her joy at being able to take her brother home she forgot about the poor, wounded man lying be-

"See how beautful it is!" she said. displaying the delicate masterpiece up-on the bed—proud of it, not because of it's overwhelming difficulties, but be-cause it enabled her to realize her most ardent wish, to bring her dear convalescent into their little nest in the little street, into the small lodgings where happiness would come back

And they were both happy. With hands clasped, they contemplated the

All at once a piercing shriek drew

them from their ecstasy.

In making an effort to rise M. de Lauterac d'Ambroyse had disarranged his bandages, the wound reopened, and the unfortunate man fell back on his bed covered with blood.

At the scream the surgeon was on the spot and in a twinkling had re-

moved the bandage.
"Quek, quick! Some lint!' he cried.
"Hurry, hurry!"
And while the nurses, beside themselves at the cries of the patient, searched everywhere for what was at hand, the stream of blood kept flowing and the anxious surgeon multiplied his

The brother and sister, motionless, pale with fright, exchanged one glance. Noemi seized her precious lace, tore it in pieces, and gave it to the major, who applied it to the wound.

The hemorrhage was stopped

Louis and Noemi, trembling with Louis and Noemi, trembing emotion, looked at each other.

all that Louis could say.
"It will make but a few days' de-

lay," lisped the young girl, keeping back the tears just ready to flow. "I wili begin my work again.

Lieutenant de Lauterac d'Ambroyse is today colonel; he is the father of three children; one a big, pretty girl, almost as beautiful and sweet as her almost as beautiful and sweet as her mother, whose name she wears, Noemi; and two fine-looking boys, who are "terrors," as their uncle as-sures us, the brave commadant Louis Vernier.-Waverly Magazine.

### ILLINOIS' VANISHED CAPITAL.

## The Town of Kaskaskia Swept Away by the Mississippl.

One hundred years before Ilinois became a territory and 111 years be-fore it became a state there was a town at Kaskaskia, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Fifty years before there was a white settlement at St. Louis or any military post at Pittsburg, and before tions were laid for Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, Kaskaskia was a thriving village.

As early as 1710 there were in the town three miles for grinding corn. As early as 1765 the town contained early as 1765 the town contained 65 families of whites. In 1771, five years before the Revolutionary War, it contained 80 houses and had a population of 500 whites and 500 negroes. In 1809 it was made the capital of Illinois Territory. It was the capital of the state from 1818 until 1821, and was the seat of Pantil 1821, and was the seat of Randolph county until 1847.

The first brick house built west of Pittsburg was constructed in Kaskaskia. For over half a century Kas-kaskia was the metropolis of the Upper Mississippi valley and was the focus of commerce in the Northwest

On Thursday the last vestige of this historic settlement was swept away by the Mississippi river. The work of destruction that began with the great flood of 1844 was com-pleted, and the home of the early Illinois governors—the first state capital—ceased to exist. Its destruction was complete. Not a stone was left to mark the place.

Chicago, that was built in a swamp, is the second city in America. New Orleans, located in what was be-lieved an unsafe and unhealthy dis-trict, is the commercial metropolis of the southwest. But Kaskaskia, which was set on a spot chosen from the boundless variety of the virgin west, is merely a memory.



The Wind Blew Them Away.

There was an old woman who lived in a tub; Each morning she gave all her children a scrub;
She scrubbed them and rubbed them so hard ev'ry day
They all got so thin the wind blew them away;

—Chicago Record.

-Chicago Record.

The Escape of the Turtles.

L. T. Eckert of Dunstable township was given an exhibition of the manner in which land turtles will flee from approaching danger, says the Lock Haven Democrat. Mr. Eckert here three three on his farm—one Lock Haven Democrat. Mr. Bekert has three turtles on his farm—one bearing the inscription "W. C. D., 1875," which letters and figures were cut on by a neighbor, W. C. Danley; another having the initials "W. S." on, which came from Mr. Eckert does not know where; and a third with his own initials, "L. T. E." and a cross

One day flames broke out in Mr. Eckert's clearing and swept over the entire field. After the flames burned awhile Mr. Eckert thought of his pets and went out to see what had be-come of them. He was worried, fear-ing that they had been burned to

After a long search he went a short distance from the track covered by the flames and found a freshly dug hole. In it he found one of the tur-tles down a considerable depth dig-ging deeper, with more vigor than is usually seen in those slow-going

Mr. Eckert after walking around finally found the other two down along a small stream, both in the water, with only their heads sticking out. When Mr. Eckert appeared on the scene they pushed their heads a little farther out, as much as to say, "We're all right, go about your business." The turtles evidently know when to get out of danger's way.

#### The Potation Penny.

A curious old custom is described in St. Nicholas by Margaretta L. Hinchman. The schools of our country one hundred years ago, she says, would hardly be recognized as schools by the children of today. The schoolhouses were small and one-roomed, frequently hexagonal, that is, six-sided like a bee's honey-cell. At first there were no desks, rude benches being used instead, while great logs took the place of chairs. But the holidays came round as regularly then as they do now, and commencement day was no doubt looked forward to with as much delight and eagerness were no "exercises," There dreadfully long speeches, but all was feasting and merry-making.

A great picnic was given at the schoolhouses. On this grand occa-sion the children, dressed in their "best bibs and tuckers," came early with their parents and families, and the ministers and authorities of the community were always present. The school-teacher presided over the feast, and paid for the food with pennies that had been brought to him during the whole year.

It was the custom for each pupil to bring a penny, or some small sum, which enabled the teacher to furnish the treat. If he lived in a generous neighborhood, this gave him quite a little sum above the costs of the feast. This custom gave rise to the name "potation" or "drinking-penny."

They had all the good things to eat and drink that one could think of. They had buns, jam-tarts, gooseberryples, and cakes made in all shapes—dogs made of cake, birds made of cake, and gingerbread men, of course. Then, they had figs and dates, brought to the colonies in tradingvessels, and ale and cider of their own

old custom the colonists brought from England. There is a record of it in the statutes of Hartlebury. Worcestershire, "the seventh year of our Sovereign Lady Queen

llizabeth: "The said schoolmaster shall and may have, use, and take the profits of all such potations as are commonly used in schools, and such other gifts as shall be freely given them.... over and besides their wages, until their salary and stipend shall be aug-

In some of the countries of England this is still continued.

### Toys at the Paris Exposition.

Throughout the summer every Thursday was children's day at the Paris Exposition, and then it was frequently transformed into a land of little people. Schools and kindergar-tens were closed for the day, which allowed the children to explore this

The French exhibit displayed many marvels, and, really, clockwork won-ders can go no further. The German exhibit was not as large as the French, but was no less interesting. Among the French toys was seen an acrobat balancing himself on a chair by one hand while he lifted a second chair in the other. Clockwork birds sang in cages and bathed themselves as na-

urally as possible.

A large case of dolls was arranged to represent a public garden with dolls riding on elephants and sitting in little carriages drawn by different animals, dolls climbing trees, and mamma dolls having tea. A little girl doli, who had fallen down on the hard gravel and hurt herself, had wonderful tears running down her face. Close at hand was a gallant

soldier offering a seat to the trim

There were squadrons of battle-ships and torpedo boats, and locomo-tives of every kind. There were, too, regiments of india rubber soldiers, which cannot be killed in battle. The which cannot be killed in battle. The model shops were a delight to the little ones, particularly one representing a hairdresser's, with plenty of brushes and bottles filled with perfumed waters and oils.

Close at hand was a collection of old French toys which amused the children two centuries ago. There were rough wooden dolls in tattered gar-ments, which had been copied after the period to which they belonged. There was a great deal of small furni-ture, beautifully made and finished,

and in really good condition.

The German toys were from Sonne berg and Nuremberg, and their characteristics were entirely different from the French. This exhibit pic-tured a quaint old German town at Christmas time, and the children were plump, rollicking little mortals, who had a solid faith in the power of storks, angels and Santa Claus. In Sonneberg Santa Claus is driving a reindeer sled, full of toys, through the town, while in Nuremberg the old saint has a pack on his back and is waiting at the door of a house wherein two children are lying in bed asleep. Another charming arrangementwas a model bridge over a stream full of magnetic ducks and fish, and in it a lot of little doll boys were bath ing and fishing and having the most delightful time possible. For the little girls there were all sorts of jolly housekeeping games, even to a whole model kitchen of pots and pans and jars and dishes without end. It is easy now to understand why the most of the world's playthings are all labelled either "From Paris" or "Made in Germany."—New York Tribun i.

There was once a cow who was very proud. She had some reason to be proud, perhaps, although she had no right; for none of us have any right, although we may have reason.

This cow was the prettiest cow among the herd. She was of a lovely light brown color and of a slighter and better shape than the other cows. Also her disposition was more ami able than that of the rest, that is, it was until she grew proud. She gave twice as much milk as any one of the herd and the butter which the dairy-maid got from it was celebrated for miles around.

The mistress of that cow was very much pleased to exhibit her to any visitors. She was continually bringing her friends out to the barnyard to admire "My beautiful little Alderney." The cow did not exactly know what the name meant, but she knew it must be complimentary, for each set of visitors strove to outdo the last in

So this cow began to grow very haughty and she put on many airs among her companions. Whether she was in the cow-yard or in the field, she selected the pleasantest spot for herself, the softest bedding and the choicest of the food. Sooner than create a dispute, the other cows gave way good naturedly and allowed her to have her own way. She would allow no one to precede her. Coming out of the cow-yard in the morning to pasture, or going back at night, she always insisted upon being the first one to enter or leave the gate, and the other cows were obliged to walk humbly behind.

One night, by some accident, the other cows happened to arrive at home first, and when the proud cow got to the cow-house door, all the others had entered, and she was left to come in last. Much affronted at this humiliation, the cow stood at the door leaving and howing her arrest door lowing and showing her anger in every way possible. She resisted every effort of the dairymaid, who knew well what was the matter, to drive her into the yard.

"This is the third time she has acted so," grumbled Rose, the dairy maid. "I have had to turn out every one of the cows so that she could enter first. Nothing else will suit

Now it happened that this night the cow's mistress came down to show off actions, she stood watching. The cow ran back and forth around the house, kicked, tossed her head and made all the noise of which she was

What is the matter?" the lady asked. "Why, it is dangerous to have such a creature."

"Indeed it is, ma'am," cried Rose Then she mper. "And flushed and indignant. Then she told of the cow's bad temper. "And ever since she has become so troublesome, ma'am," added Rose, "we have not had half the milk she used to give. She may be a pretty enough creature to look at, but if looks are all, it's a plaster cow you'd better get, that will stand there, and make less

And the mistress quite agreed with

'Since her usefulness is over," she said. said, "we cannot afford to keep her any longer for the sake of her beauty. Tomorrow morning I will ask the butcher what she will be worth as

So the cow and her pride were ended together .- Brooklyn Eagle.

A Lively Aged Blacksmith.

In the village of Kerschdorf, near Heidelberg, Germany, there is a lively ninety-one-year-old blacksmith and warden, who recently climbed to the top of the church steeple and tied a new rope to the bell after the younger men in the village had re-fused to risk their necks in the per-



The ordinary every-day life of most of our women is a ceaseless treadmill of work.

How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system all unstrung!

One day she is wretched and utterly miserable; in a day or two she is better and laughs at her fears, thinking there is nothing much the matter after all; but before night the deadly backache reappears, the limbs tremble, the lips twitch—it seems as though all the imps of Satan were clutching her vitals; she goes to pieces and is flat on her back.

No woman ought to arrive at this terrible state of misery, because these symptoms are a sure forerunner of womb troubles. She must remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is almost an infallible cure for all female ills, such as irregularity of periods, which cause weak stomach, sick headache, etc., displacements and infalmmation of the womb, or any of the multitudes of illnesses which beset the female organism. nesses which beset the female organism.

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"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe that your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb, and inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries. I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then, after nearly two months, the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and medicines alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of Lydia E. Plnkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine. I have gained twelve pounds during the last two months and am better in every way. Thanking you for your kind advice and attention, I remain. Yours gratefully,

"MRS. E. J. GOODEN, Ackley, Iowa."

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, Masa, \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—Lynna E. Pankman Medicine Co.

In these days of constant change among household servants, it is rather remarkable to read of a Chicago dom-estic who has lived with one family for fifty-four years. Mary Cuthbert entered the service of the Steel family in 1846, when she was but eighteen years old. Her first position in the family was that of nurse; then, when the children grew up, she was advanced to cook, and later became housekeeper. At the recent home science contest in Chicago she won the prize for the period of longest service in one family.

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