

### THE BLEST.

Who are the blest?  
They who have kept their sympathies  
awake,  
And scattered joy for more than a  
century's sake—  
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,  
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed,  
Whose looks have power to make dissen-  
sion cease,  
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose  
words are peace.

### THE CLOCK AND A HERO.

By Charles Donald Mackay.

Tom Dean was ticket agent and telegraph operator for the Union Pacific at Wellsville, a settlement of not more than a few dozen scattered houses, the most pretentious of which was the "Hotel and Lunch Room." About a hundred yards down the track from this popular resort at "train time," stood a low, one-roomed building, the station—Tom's St. Helena.

To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Wellsville was well high intolerable; but Tom had hopes and made the best of it. He had removed his belongings from the hotel to Mrs. Jordan's cosy little cottage, where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming companion and "years ahead of the village in every way." Nevertheless, the uneventful days would drag, and the nights—well, after the 8.50 "accommodation" pulled out until 11.10, when the west bound "express" dashed past, one might as well have been stationed in the middle of the Great Sahara—at least, so Tom said many times.

One raw, gusty December night just before the holidays, Tom with much pleasure piled the three cases billed through to Omaha on the truck and ran them down the track, ready to be hauled aboard the baggage car of the coming train. He was not over fond of work, but this meant the stopping of the express, the latest newspapers, and good reading for several days. To signal the express was an event.

Taking a last look at the lights, he entered the station and slammed the door after him, as if to bar out the loneliness of the dripping outside world. The last light in the hotel had gone out long before, the wind howled in the wires, the red light blinked and flickered.

"Well, of all the forsaken—"  
The door opened suddenly, and two men stepped into the room, followed by a third.

"Hands up—quick!" the foremost cried.

In less than two minutes Tom was bound, gagged, and lying helpless behind the partition in the baggage end of the room.

"He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked the man who had spoken before.

"Down to th' sidin'" came the answer. "Set the whif, 'ight."

The door closed quickly after them. Out of Tom's bewilderment and confusion came the question, what did it mean? Robbery? There was nothing worth the risk at the station, and the men had gone.

"Set the white light." That meant the express would not stop.

"Down to th' sidin'." The blind siding, an eighth of a mile beyond the station by the sand hill! It ended in the gravel bank.

The terrible truth flashed across his mind. He turned cold—great beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead; "26," with its living freight, was to be switched on to the siding at full speed!

As the horror of it rushed upon him, Tom strained at the cords that bound him hand and foot with a strength he never dreamed he possessed. It was useless—the work had been done well. He looked quickly at the clock—10.41—in 23 minutes more the train would be due. As he turned the knots of the gag pressed into the back of his head, bearing heavily upon them, unmindful of the pain, he moved his head, forcing his chin downward. They gave—they moved! Again he tried, and again until at last the handkerchief slipped to his neck.

"Help! Help! Townsend! Bill! Help!" he cried. But his voice was lost in the mocking howl of the wind and he realized that the effort was strength wasted and time lost.

Again he looked at the clock—only 26 minutes remained. How fast the seconds flew! 25—

The sharp click, click, click from the other side of the partition caught his ear—a telegraphic message. "26" 20 minutes late.

"Thank God, a delay!"

Forty-four minutes now—a gain of 20. The train, due at 11.10, would not arrive until 11.30. Townsend relieved him at 12. "Too late! Too late!" rushed through his mind as he glared at the clock. Then the light of hope fairly blazed in his eyes.

The hour hand was less than two inches from the connection, but how slowly it crept! If he could only move that hand! His knees were free. He drew them up toward his chin, shot out his legs and came to a sitting position; then, by a series of short jumps and bumps, he reached the wall, braced his back against it, and with great difficulty worked himself to his feet. The pendulum swung close to his ear, but how could he reach the hand? Was he to fall now?

His eyes quickly searched the room. A few feet to the right was the window, heavily barred, the torn shade partly down. His glance rested on the stick that weighted the latter—just what he needed. New hope gave him new strength. Inch by inch he edged himself along the wall to the shade, caught the stick between his teeth and sank quickly to the floor. He had succeeded—the stick was torn loose from its flimsy fastenings. Back again, up and along the wall he worked, until he stood nearly under the clock. He turned sideway, raised his head until the stick pointed at the hand, made a terrific effort to reach it, failed, lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

The bodily pain was nothing to him, but he groaned in anguish at the loss of time. He looked up—the clock had stopped!

The hands marked 11. He could reach the pendulum. It must be started. There was still a chance of more delay. Again the struggle to regain his feet, harder now because of his growing weakness. Nearer and nearer he crept to the motionless rod—a nod of his head would start it—

"My God," he suddenly cried, "why didn't I think of it before? Is there still time?" and seizing the heavy brass disk at the end of the pendulum in his teeth, he raised his head and detached it.

The rod, freed of its heavy weight, swung rapidly back and forward, impelling the hands onward at a greatly increased rate of speed. His eyes were following the minute hand. He could see it move; and the hour hand? Yes, it was creeping along. Tom's strength was going fast; he sank to his knees and rolled over on the floor, but his eyes were fixed on that hand. How long would it take to reach 11.45? Closer and closer it crept—now it touched the iron connection and moved slowly past it. The alarm had been sounded, but there were 15 minutes more before Bill would arrive. He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound—the noise of the storm was all that he could hear.

Click, click, click came from the instrument—a message from Maysville. "26" had just passed. Maysville was 12 minutes up the road—it must now be 11.18. Tom tried to calculate the time since the hands started on their wild race, but his mind was a chaos of mad thoughts. What if Bill did not arrive in season? He rolled over on his face and waited for the worst.

The door burst open.

"Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's voice.

"Stop 26"—hold-up at Dyke's siding—get men—" But Bill was gone.

The red light flashed up the track, and "26" with a noisy grinding of wheels and many jolts, came to a stop. A posse was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but the open switch that meant death and destruction.

The passengers and crew tried to make Tom believe that he was a hero, but he only pointed to the clock and said:

"It was the 'devil's own.'"

**Persian Lamentation.**  
The Persian's imagination is one of his strongest characteristics, and it has found full play in his religion. When he split with his Turkish brother over who should be successor to Mohammed, he did it with the fanatical enthusiasm with which he does everything—except tell the truth. The offspring of Fatima were henceforth the sacred embodiments to him, and when the Turks and Arabs with almost equal fervor disposed of the imams by various methods of murder held to be polite in those days, the schism was complete. The gulf between Shiite and Sunnite was fixed for all time. It has never narrowed. To this day, in periods of stress between the sects, the Persian accounts it a greater virtue to have killed one Sunni than a whole company of Christians, and his conduct at all times, whether in war or business, shows at what value he holds the Christian.

The cultivation of this religious tension, century after century, has wrought upon the Persian temperament like a corrosive acid. To the original formulae he has tacked on horrors and deprivation, hunger and laceration, enough to make an ordinary savage turn pale. I have seen gentlemen of Indian tribes, shaken by spiritual grief, cry like infants over the atonement service at the burning of the White Dog, and listened to some touching ululations at ceremonies in the uplands of Mexico. Even the colored camp-meeting has its tearful side; but the Persians' doings in memory of what happened to the imams make these seem like children's troubles.—Harper's Weekly.

**A Monument to Dead Horses.**  
As Morioka, Rikuebu, is the centre of the horse-breeding country, the people there are going to erect a monument called the "horse-soul monument"—of course the promoters are convinced, like the pious Buddhists they are, that the soul of this animal is immortal—in memory of the horses which were killed in the 1894-1895 war. Mr. Ogiwara, expert of the war office, is making a design for the monument.—Tokyo (Japan) Times.

### A WASTED WARNING.

"I hear," said the poet.  
"There's a new counterfeiter,  
And the people are cautioned  
To look out for it."

"But I'm not a bit worried,  
And I'm not looking out,  
As if I had nothing  
To do but to scout."

"It's the five-dollar size  
That is crooked, they say,  
And that kind of money,  
Ain't coming my way."  
—Detroit Free Press.

### HUMOROUS.

Slobbs—I've been sold again. Slobbs—I thought you looked rather cheap. Nell—Jack has proposed to me. Here is the ring. Belle—Yes; I had a finger in that.

Wigg—He's an experienced book-keeper, isn't he? Wagg—Lend him a few and see.

Sillicus—Everything is machine-made nowadays. Cynicus—Yes; even office-holders.

Tramp—Kind lady, can you oblige me with a bite? Kind lady—No; but perhaps my dog can.

"Any bones broken?" asked the cyclist, who had run down the old man. "Confound it, yes!" responded the latter; "my collar button is broken."

Ned—I don't see why you jilted Miss Gotrox for Miss Bluegore. They tell me Miss Bluegore's fortune is very small. Jack—Yes; it's small, but select.

Wife—It was very nice of you to bring me this candy. Husband—Yes; it reminds me of you. Wife—How gallant! So sweet, eh? Husband—No; so expensive.

"This parrot," said the dealer, "can speak two languages." "Really?" remarked the prospective purchaser; "what are they?" "Why—er—English and his-er-native tongue."

"My darling," he gurgled, "I cannot understand what you see in me to make you love me so." "Well, Jack," she replied, "that's what pa and ma and all the rest of the folks say."

Mrs. Mulligan—Poor Pat has had a leg amputated. 'Twas an explosion. Mrs. O'Rourke—Dear, dear! An' is he resigned to his fate? Mrs. Mulligan—His fate, is it? Sure, he only has one.

"I should think a date pie would be popular," remarked the patron. "What? A pie made of dates?" replied the proprietor of the quick lunch place. "Oh! no. A pie that would have the date of its manufacture printed on it."

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the good lady, handing out the victuals. "It's dis way, lady," explained the tramp. "W'en I'm hungry, I'm too weak to work an' w'en I'm full dey ain't no necessity fer me to work."

### Nicaraguan Customs.

Among the many odd customs of Nicaragua, those relating to the dead are the weirdest to the stranger. Some of these have been handed down by tradition from the Indians others were brought over by the Conquerors—and the two are so blended that it is difficult to tell which predominates. As soon as the medic pronounces one's illness fatal, word is sent to the village padre, who prepares to administer the last sacraments of the church to the dying person. Placing the consecrated wafer in the custodia—a vessel of solid gold or silver, often resplendent with rare jewels—a procession is formed and marches through the street. A small boy, ringing a bell, rushes ahead to announce the approach of the sacred presence, and after him follows a band of music, often a single violin, playing a dirge. If it be possible to secure any soldiers, they surround the padre, who, dressed in brilliant vestments, is generally carried in a chair, over which four men hold a purple canopy. As the little cortege moves down the silent streets, every one bares his head and kneels, making the sign of the cross until the last soldier has passed. Woe to the sacrilegious stranger who fails to show this mark of respect, and many have been the instances where foreigners were pulled from their horses and even stoned for neglecting to follow this time-honored custom.—W. Nephew King in Harper's Weekly.

### A Woman and the Telephone.

What a wonderful thing the telephone is, and what a comfort to women it may be made, is illustrated in an incident of a few days ago, brought about by the kind act of a thoughtful and indulgent husband, who is a well-known business man of this city. He decided to give his wife a birthday surprise, so he arranged that at a certain moment her mother, who lives in New York, and whom she had not seen for months, should ring up her daughter in this city. When the telephone bell sounded in the business man's house at the time agreed upon he answered the ring and then, turning from the telephone, he said to his wife: "Dearie, here's your mother on the wire in New York." The wife bustled to the telephone and heard the familiar voice of her mother in the utterance of one word, "daughter." The answer of the business man's wife was: "Oh, mother." Next came the sound of a sob from the mother over the wire, which was answered by a sob from this end. These women then proceeded to cry to each other in the most accepted feminine style until the telephone tolls amounted to \$5, which announcement from "central" caused an abrupt breaking off of communication. The business man's wife declared, however, that it was the loveliest experience she ever had.—Philadelphia Record.

### Zingering Insanity.

Two inmates of a Scotch asylum working in the garden decided upon an attempt to escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent they approached the wall.

"Noo bend doon, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll climb up your shoulder to the top, and then I'll gie ye a hand up tae."

Sandy accordingly bent down. Tam, mounting his back, gained the top of the wall, and dropping over the other side, shouted as he prepared to make off:

"I'm thinking, Sandy, you'll be better to bide another fortnight, for ye're no near richt yet."—Glasgow Times.

### "Presence of Mind" Smith.

The dean of Christ Church, in the '30s was known as "Presence of Mind" Smith. A well-known tradition explained the name. Going down to Nuncham with a friend in his undergraduate days, he returned alone. "Where is T—?" "Well, we had an accident. The boat leaked, and while we were balling it T— fell over into the water. He caught hold of the skiff and pulled it down to the water's edge. Neither of us could swim, and if I had not, with great presence of mind, hit him on the head with the boathook, both would have been drowned."—Reminiscences of Oxford.

### 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 50 cents.

It is believed by many that the dry climate of Southern Oklahoma and the southern district of Indian Territory is going to make all that section the home of the finest grades of cotton. During the season it has developed that the cotton grown in the Choctaw Nation was of an extra good fiber, grading above the average and in great demand for export.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

There are no homeopathic physicians in the medical corps of either the army or the navy.

The oldest German college is Heidelberg, 1356.

### \$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CUREY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The average annual number of homicides in South Carolina is 221.

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

The cornerstone of the White House was laid on October 13, 1792.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Spanish sheep are white except those of La Mancha, which are black.

Read Prof. S. A. WELTMER'S advertisement in this paper. It should be of interest to you.

To forget to wind a watch is a sure sign you are getting old.

A Colonel in the British South African army says that Adams' Tutti Frutti was a blessing to his men while marching.

Belgium has no navy except a training ship for the merchant marine.

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

# UNDER THE SNOW.

## Chastly Truths Revealed on the Disappearance of Winter's White Mantle.

Deadly dangers lurk in the ground left bare by the departing snow. All Winter long there have been accumulating deadly disease germs.

These have been protected and kept alive by the covering of snow and now, with the first warm days, these death-bringing microbes are awakened by the rays of the sun, and as the ground dries they are carried to all corners of the community in the dust that is blown everywhere by the Spring winds.

The human body at this time is particularly susceptible to these germs, especially the germs of fevers. The system has been depleted by the foregoing Winter. The blood is sluggish and filled with impurities. The nerves have not recovered from the tension they have been under for the past months. The stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, the liver are all at their worst.

It is, therefore, not strange that these germs of disease find fertile ground in which to thrive, flourish and develop into deadly ills. Spring is the time of year when one should fear an attack of fever, especially when the system is depleted, one should dread any severe illness. The vitality is at a low ebb. There is less power of resistance to throw off disease, and it is on this account that fatalities are so much greater during the Spring months than at any other time of the year.

There is but one way to ward off such dangers, and that is to fortify

The war in South Africa has doomed the Highland kilt as a fighting dress, and it will now survive as a parade uniform only.

Queensland, Australia, is twelve times larger than England, with a population about equal to that of Birmingham.

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

the human body so that it will become impregnable to the germs of invading disease.

To do this take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It will build you up quickly, it will re-establish your waning appetite, it will give you restful nights of sleep, it will give vim and vigor to the nerves, and it will dispel all existing poisons that have accumulated in the body besides counteracting the effects of others that may accumulate.

Following is an instance that will illustrate the wonderful power of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

Sheriff Jonas T. Stevens, who is sheriff of Hyde Park, Vt., says:—"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy especially as a blood purifier. I had a very severe humor on my arms, accompanied by a very bad itching, so severe that I could not sleep nights, causing me great inconvenience by the loss of sleep by the itching. A friend advised me to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which I did with the most satisfactory results, for the trouble has entirely disappeared, and I can now rest comfortably nights and have none of my former misery from the burning, itching sensations."

Remember Dr. Greene's advice will be given to any one desiring same absolutely free if they will write or call upon him at his office, 35 W. 14th St., New York City.

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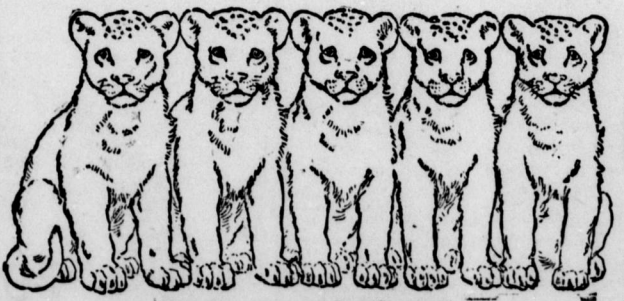
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