

WINNERS AND LOSERS.

When men achieve success they try to let the world become aware; the winner holds his head up high and passes with a splendid air. When people fail they do not shout their failure to the world, but strive, while keeping men from finding out. To still, somehow, keep hope alive.—Men win and proudly tell it, while the ones who fail still bravely smile. And God be thanked that this is so, else as you hurried through the street for each proud man that you should meet a thousand would be pale with woe.—S. E. Kiser.

FOR THE BABY'S SAKE.

"Now, No. 18, finish your ironing, for I want you in the storeroom." No. 18 did not answer me, but bent her head assentingly. As she did so, I noticed a tear fall from her eyes. I was interested in this prisoner, for she was far above the usual class of criminals; for I was at the time of which I write second wardress of one of the county prisons. I had noticed her superiority to her fellow inmates. I confess that I had made her lot easier in many ways, so on this particular occasion I needed her help to assort clothes in the storeroom. When she had finished her ironing, we were soon engaged at the easier task.

We were by ourselves, and had not been five minutes in the room, when suddenly my charge burst into a fit of sobbing, and to my surprise, threw herself into my arms.

"Come, this will never do. What is the matter?" I said quietly. "Suppose the governor were to come in; what should I do? You would get me into serious trouble."

She, however, continued to clasp me round the neck, giving vent to heartbreaking sobs.

"You really must be quiet, and tell me the reason of this," I said, with a little asperity.

"I will be quiet, madam," she said, with great effort. "I am very miserable and unhappy."

"Of course," I answered, as cheerfully as I could. "All are miserable who come here, except the hardened ones. But you will soon be home again. One short month, and you will be with your friends."

"But my child, madam, my dear little boy," she sobbed. "He is ill, and if I do not see him ere long he may die. All his cry is for his mother, and I cannot, oh, I cannot get to him. What shall I do? My heart almost breaks to see him, and soothe his pains and troubles. What shall I do? And she laid her head on my shoulder, with a faint, despairing cry which wrung my heart, for I had two bonnie children at home, and my heart went out to her.

"How do you know this?" I inquired when her grief subsided.

"The lame woman who came in yesterday told me at exercise, and that 'my boy's only cry was for his mother.'"

"Well," I replied, "your friends will take care of him, and a month will soon pass—take courage." And I kissed her, for I was a woman, if a wardress, and apt to harden my heart at times.

"But none can take his mother's place," was all she could say; then clasping me suddenly to her, she whispered eagerly, "but if you choose, you could help me."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"In this way," she said. "I want to be at home in three or four days."

"Nonsense," I replied. "You are losing your wits; get on with your work."

She obeyed, but continued: "I know I can get out if you will aid me a little, and no one shall be the wiser. I want you to post me a letter only, and before long I should be with my dear boy," clasping her hands and looking intensely at me.

"Now you must put such matters entirely from you. Supposing," I said, to humor her, "I do as you suggest, and it was found out, the consequence would be I should lose my pension, which is only a few years off, and I have two children to think of, and am a widow."

She was quiet at this for a time, and did her work in a random way; then suddenly:

"What amount of money do you calculate would bring in interest equivalent to your pension?"

"A thousand pounds," I said, smiling, and believing that it would put such thoughts away from her mind.

She dropped the clothing she held and seized my hands firmly. "If you were to receive one thousand pounds, would you help me? Swear it by the love you bear your children, and as you hope for their welfare."

"Oh, yes, I'll promise that," I replied, to humor her, for I thought she must be a little distracted with grief.

"Remember, that is a solemn promise," she said, and just upon it the bell rang to close work, and the prisoners began to troop to their cells.

At the end of another hour my duty would be all over for the night, and after seeing all the inmates of the cells I should transfer my keys to the night wardress in charge and go home. When I came to No. 18's cell I found her calmer, and, putting her arms around me, she embraced and kissed me, whispering: "Good night, dear madam. Remember, and God will bless you." I passed out and left her for the night, hoping that she had forgotten her idea of the letter.

As I lived outside, I soon put on my hat and cloak, which covered my prison uniform, and left for the night, and was soon at home with my children. Judge of my astonishment, after taking off my cloak, when I put my hand into my dress pocket, to find

an unstamped letter, which No. 18 had evidently slipped there before I left her cell.

It was addressed to a city 15 miles away, and my first thought was to destroy it, and I held it in my hand over the fire, but my heart gave a leap as I thought of her child; and looking across the room, saw my own dear boy, with his curly head bent over his slate, and my hand stayed. I will not burn it, I thought. I will wait until morning, and think what I must do for the right; so I laid it on the mantelpiece.

After we had had tea I left my little girl of 12 to clear away while I went out to buy some eatables for the next day. I was away about an hour, and on returning my daughter greeted me with:

"Mamma, I bought a stamp and posted your letter just in time. Another minute and it would have been too late."

"What letter, darling, was that?" "The one you put on the mantelpiece," she answered, laughingly; "and you owe me a penny for the stamp, remember."

I sank into a seat, overcome by the thought that the letter was gone for good or evil, and at the hands of my child.

I had a restless night, and on going to my duty next morning found my charge cheerful.

"I know you have helped me. I know it. I have been dreaming of my boy, and he said he was better, and would soon see me."

"Silence," I replied. "I cannot bear any more of this. I shall get into trouble."

"No, no you will not; and I shall bless you all my life. But I will say no more," at which I left her.

Next morning, before going on duty, I received by post a small wooden box. On opening it I found a bundle of banknotes and a letter, the notes being in 50s to the value of one thousand pounds, at sight of which my knees shook under me, the perspiration rolled from my forehead, and I nearly fainted. Here was a predicament; but I soon revived, and proceeded to read the letter.

"Dear Madam—My wife informs me that you have consented to help her, and I have received a letter from her which you have doubtless posted, for which aid, at her desire, I inclose you what you need, with many thanks. Burn this and do not use the notes for some time, for fear of suspicion; at any rate, not until you hear from me again. Tell my wife one word, 'Yes.' I ask this as a favor."

I dropped the letter in the fire, and then, like a guilty thing I hid the notes under a loose board in the attic floor. When I commenced duty and saw the anxious mother, she looked at me with eager eyes, and as my lips framed the word "Yes," the tears rolled down her cheeks. "My dear boy, then, is better; I will trouble no more." I left her, thinking she might as her boy was better, now give up her thought of escape and settle down quietly. Consequently, my mind became easier.

Another day passed, and I left her once more. All that night it was foggy, and next morning I was, to my consternation informed that No. 18 had escaped during the night, having loosened the bars of her window, and, being a slender woman, had squeezed through on to the sloping roof of a building, down which she had crept, thence down a ladder which had been left by the painters; and being then in the open yard of the prison, she had taken the ladder to the wall, on gaining the top of which some help had been afforded from the outside, possibly by a rope ladder. There all trace was lost.

Of course I was examined, with others, before the governor, but nothing could be elicited, at which I was much relieved and thankful, and I never enjoyed getting home more than I did that night.

Matters went on as usual, and I had not touched my notes, in fact, I seemed to care nothing for them—when one morning, about six weeks later, I received a bulky package, addressed in a lady's hand, bearing the Canadian postmark. I broke the seals quickly and found, to my intense surprise, bank notes again equal to the value of one thousand pounds. The letter inclosed explained everything: "My Dear Friend—You will no doubt have wondered many things, with others, what had become of No. 18. I am now in Canada with my husband and dear little boy, who is now, thanks to your aid and God's blessing, quite well."

"You no doubt know how I escaped. My husband was to wait for me on the outside, which I knew would be on the same night on the day you gave me his message. 'Yes.' I expect you thought I had given up my idea. I descended by a rope ladder which my husband had thrown to the top of the wall, and behind a fast trotter was soon in a trusted friend's house clasped in my child's arms. May you never be separated from your children. I must tell you in confidence that my husband is the third son of a nobleman, and was unfortunately led into difficulties, and got into the toils of a lot of sharpers and forgers and they used him as a tool for passing forged notes. I unknowingly got one of these notes, and tendering it was arrested and suffered imprisonment for it, as you know, and thus did not involve my husband. I was aware that when my time in prison was over, that we should leave the country, as my husband had confessed all to his father, with a desire to mend, and he promised to start us to Canada with five thousand pounds. Then my boy fell ill, and you know the rest. The first notes you received from my husband, I may at once say, are forgeries."

"Burn them, every one without fail, and if I might advise you, as possibly you may have some compunction to use even the good notes for yourself, invest them for your children, and may it be a blessing to them. Good by, my friend."

Did I do right or wrong?—Woman's Life.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A new element, which has been named europium, has been "isolated" by M. Demarcq. It has an atomic weight of about 151, and in its properties lies between gadolinium and samarium.

A certain species of beetle at Berkeley, Cal., has been observed to collect in considerable numbers in the neighborhood of a local smelting works, alighting on the warm slag and apparently enjoying the fumes.

It is not probable that food has anything to do with temperament or temper, except as one may be irritated from over-eating and bad diet, with consequent indigestion, or, if a very hearty person, one may have a surplus energy that wrecks itself in any way that inborn and indulged proclivities and passion impel.

A French hygienic journal states that in Tunis the mortality from tuberculosis is 11.3 per 1000 among the Arabs, and only 0.75 per 1000 among the Jews, who lead pretty much the same life as the Arabs except that they daily clean all their furniture with moist cloths, and never stir up the germ-infected dust with brooms.

The depths of the sea are nearly at the freezing-point; they are subjected to enormous pressures and displaced by slow currents moving from the pole to the equator. They contain oxygen in sufficient quantity to sustain animal life, and are deprived of sunlight. It is possible to conceive a less comfortable habitat for animal population? No, from our point of view; but it must not be forgotten that we are neither fish nor mollusks, and that everything depends on adaptation to the surrounding medium.

Among the causes of death of occupied men in general, phthisis and diseases of the respiratory organs most generally cause death. Alcoholism, gout, cancer, and suicide are more common in city life, while in rural and industrial districts diseases of the nervous and respiratory systems are more than ordinarily frequent. Phthisis and alcoholism are far below the average among agricultural workers. Records of recent years show that cancer is increasing slightly, while phthisis and all other tubercular diseases are decreasing.

The remarkable marine beetle, Aepys, believed to be, geologically, one of the most ancient inhabitants of the British Islands, and found in both hemispheres, lives under water when the tide is in, and on dry land when the tide is out. The air is its natural element, and as the tide rises the Aepys hides under a stone, where a little globe of air, imprisoned by its bristly hairs, remains enveloping it until the water recedes again. Experiments have shown that if the Aepys is kept artificially immersed for a long time it falls into a condition of apparent death, but revives on being exposed to the sun. It is believed to prey on minute mollusks.

A German scientist has given another proof of the painstaking nature of his race in obtaining perfect accuracy and the most minute detail of all things. This savant has measured the time that is occupied by a wink. He used a special photographic apparatus and fixed a piece of white paper on the edge of the eyelid for a mark. He found that the lid descends quickly and rests a little at the bottom movement. Then it rises more slowly than it fell. The mean duration of the downward movement was from .075 to .091 of a second. The time from the instant the eye rested till it closed varied from .15 to .17 of a second. In rising the lid took .17 of a second. The wink was completed in .4 of a second.

Teaching modern languages by means of the phonograph is a new device. It is employed by some of the most correspondence schools that have sprung up all over the country in the last year or two.

At the headquarters of the school the teacher speaks the lesson into the funnel of the machine. These records are then mailed to the student, who may live a thousand miles away, together with a phonograph and several blank records.

In his own home the student sets the phonograph going and listens while it repeats as pure German, Italian or French as the teacher knows how to speak. Having learned the lesson he repeats it to the talking machine and sends the record back to the school, where the teacher criticises it for his benefit.

Printed lessons are sent out also, but from the phonograph it is asserted the pupil learns correct pronunciation as he never could from books, and almost as well as he could from the instructor at first hand.—New York Sun.

Systematizers Get Good Pay.

"Systematizer" is the name of a profession that has sprung into use of late years, and the pay is said to be larger than that of any traveling professional man known. A systematizer is an expert who goes from city to city taking temporary charge of large business establishments, and placing them on a systematic basis. One of these experts recently struck Portland and is said to have made \$5000 within 50 days, his pay being \$100 a day. He is now engaged in the cities of Puget sound, and notwithstanding the big salary he demands the firms for whom he has worked declare they have made money as a result of his systematizing.—Portland Oregonian.

THE LATE AMEER.

The Ameers of Afghanistan were one of the shrewdest and strongest men of our time. English officials, employes, and traders who came into contact with him are full of stories of his conversation. At the time when the amount of the British subsidy was being fixed with him, it was explained that he must do this and that and the other. "You remind me," said the Ameers, "of a Persian tale. A certain man took a piece of cloth to a tailor, and said: 'Make me a morning dress out of it, and an evening dress—and, while I think of it, a working coat.' The tailor did his best, and brought them all as he was told. But they were of doll's size. What more could he do with the cloth?"

The Ameers were not a great admirer of our system of Government. On one occasion a very high personage was conferring with him, and said, in relation to some matter: "That is a very grave question, and I must refer it to her Majesty's Government." The Ameers, who did not clearly distinguish the parts of the British Constitution, replied: "When you ask me a question I am able to answer it at once; when I ask you say you must first ask 700 other gentlemen. I prefer our Afghan way of doing business."—London Chronicle.

Japanese Copper Mines.

The total number of persons employed in various services at the Ashio mines and furnaces is about 10,000, and these with their families make up a small city of 17,000. Of these seventy-five per cent. have been born on the spot, as were their fathers and grandfathers, and some have never seen beyond the red hills which close in the village and mines. They are cared for by the proprietor, fed and sent to school until twelve years of age. The village has a well equipped hospital, at which the operatives and their families are tended without charge. Only men are employed below ground to dig the ore, working in shifts of eight hours. Women are employed at the light tasks, such as sorting and washing ore by hand, most of them being the wives of the miners. The average pay per day for those engaged in manual labor is thirteen cents in silver money and a stated quantity of rice and fuel, while the miners are paid by the quantity of ore extracted. The furnace and shaft men receive from eleven to thirty cents per day, and the women are paid seven cents.—Engineering Magazine.

The Bulgarians.

The Bulgarians are the equals in modern civilization of any nation of Eastern Europe. They are not savages, as some of the most excited of our people seem to imagine. They are a Christian folk, whose good will toward Americans in general and American missionaries in particular has been too often displayed to leave room for any doubt of its existence. Although the Greek Church is the national religion of Bulgaria, many Bulgarian public men are graduates of or have been students at Robert College, in Constantinople, an institution affiliated with our missionary enterprises. Indeed, Bulgaria's political and social development has been in no small degree stimulated by the culture spread by our missionary efforts. There is not the slightest ground for the many slurs and sneers at Bulgaria which have appeared in the American press since Miss Stone was taken captive. It may be added that the Bulgarians have what many persons well deem the national virtue of hating the Turks intensely.—Boston Transcript.

Properly Labeled.

It would not have required a Sherlock Holmes to decide that a newly married couple were the occupants of a hack that was driven to a hotel in this city the other day. Dangling from the axletree, and nearly reaching the ground, were suspended two good sized shoes—a russet and a black.

The hack was driven through a narrow passageway to the hotel, when a head was thrust through a window of the carriage and a male voice yelled: "See here, we don't want to stop at the men's entrance. Drive around to the ladies' door."

The driver did as bidden, and passers-by stopped when they saw the nuptial symbols hanging from the hack. Bride and groom were surprised on alighting to find they had to run the gantlet of several staring people, and they will probably continue to wonder until they are informed how they were "given away" by their friends.—Boston Herald.

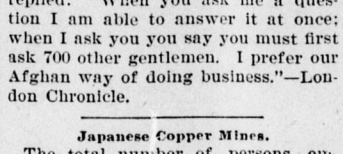
CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

All that a child wants is a chance to grow and to learn by experience his duties toward the world. Our duty toward him, as wise and enlightened parents, is to be consistently kind and considerate, because he has sensitive feelings, just as we have; to be tender, as he is dependent; to be patient, because he partakes of our own faulty nature, and loving, because only in the atmosphere of love can goodness flourish. But, above all, we should be the watchful protectors of his natural rights and privileges, because he is little and cannot protect himself.—Florence Hull Winterburn, in Woman's Home Companion.

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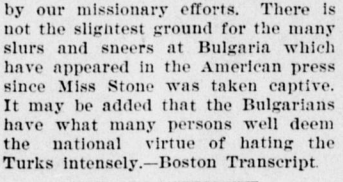
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