

WASTED TIME.

There's such a little while to stay
That oft I wonder why
Men throw their precious time away
In nurturing old grudges they
Might just permit to die.

There are such pleasant ways to go!
Why should we ever take
The ways that lead through wastes of woe,
Or cull the poison weeds that grow,
Just for revenge's sake?
—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A POSTMASTER'S WIFE.

When the government first ordered a postoffice established at Siloam, a new town on the upper Mississippi, the natural selection of the inhabitants for postmaster was Jacob Berybud. Berybud had served with distinction in the Second Minnesota at Gettysburg, was a staunch Republican and a public-spirited citizen. If it was his nature never to talk of himself nor his family, nor their affairs past or present, the gossip-loving country community regarded with pride the ability of one of its members to hold his tongue. No one in Siloam knew whether he was happily married or not, what his income was, what his religious attitude was, how he was with his family in private, or how he regarded his neighbors. His wife was always handsomely dressed, his children looked as well as any in the community. Berybud never contracted a debt and the externals of his home were bright and orderly. If, until he became postmaster, he ever had a confidant, no one knew it, and that he had one, after he became a government official, only two or three in time learned. He accepted the postoffice, gave his bonds, and proved to be a satisfactory official. Postoffice inspectors who came and disappeared found his accounts in excellent shape, and perhaps were not as vigilant in his office as they were in others.

It should be said that at least one of the inspectors did not relax his vigilance—not because he suspected Berybud, but because long experience as a government detective had worked into his nature the one idea that rigid inspection was a necessity everywhere. This inspector was a short, fat man, a jokemaker, and in that often deceiving to unwary postmasters whose accounts were not just what they should be when he appeared. He would laugh and quip with them until the last minute, and then in the twinkling of an eye become the personification of the government, an iron-willed master demanding a strict accounting.

Jacob Berybud took a fancy to this inspector the first time they met, and it was not long before the two were on good terms. They did not meet often enough to grow tired of each other, and the inspector came always so unexpectedly that his appearance was a surprise, and the accounts being straight, a pleasant one. The years passed and the friendship continued between the postmaster and the inspector. Siloam inwardly congratulated Berybud on having "an intimate." It thought, too, that the postoffice was a very good thing for Jacob, since it gave employment not only to him, but of his children and his wife frequently came and assisted. Prosperity appeared to be with the family.

The inspector was making one of his unexpected calls one day and checking up, when he suddenly called to Berybud to come to him. The postmaster walked over to hear him say:

"Your cash is \$600 short."
"My," said Berybud, never flinching. "I forgot about that. Our safe here is a poor one, and I have taken to carrying any large sum on hand in the safe of my real estate office. You can go over there any time and check it."

The inspector said nothing, but went on with his work. At noon he took his lunch at the hotel, and later walked over to Berybud's private office, saw the big safe there and found the \$600 intact. He left that night for another point, but long after he was gone Jacob Berybud stood at the back door of his home looking up to the sky. He did not answer when his wife called him, but when she angrily came to the door and said: "Are you going to moon there all night?" he sighed and came in. When she told him that she was going to St. Paul the next day with one of the children for a shopping trip he made no comment. He had always accepted her actions and assertions as right. If he thought some of them wrong he never said so. His views of matrimony had been summed up one day to the inspector in this sentence:

"If you get bit when you marry stay bit. It's better for the children and everybody else."
"Think so if you want to," retorted the inspector with a laugh. "I prefer antidotes for bites."

Mrs. Berybud departed the next morning to return in two days laden with bundles of finery and many trinkets, which perhaps the income of her husband justified her in buying and perhaps it did not. His real estate business was not paying, although no one knew this but himself, and his family was expensive. He held a number of mortgages on worthless land, and in truth, was financially pinched. Still he held his peace. When in due time the inspector returned and again checked the office Berybud was as quiet and courteous as ever. Again the inspector found an office shortage in cash and again was referred to the big safe in the real estate office. As before he visited it after lunch, with Berybud, and there was found \$2500 the amount short. As soon as it was counted the inspector left the office and walked direct to the postoffice, where he instantly took charge of the cash

again, and by a quick computation found it still \$2500 short. Berybud was with him all this time. The inspector looked up at him inquiringly. Berybud softly whispered:
"Come into my private office."
The two men walked in, and Berybud shut the door and gently locked it. He took a chair and sat down in front of the inspector. Then he said:
"I knew this had to come out. I can't make the money good. I took it. Just get me out of town without the family knowing until I'm gone what's up. You can see my bondsmen later."

The man was so self-possessed, so unmoved, that the inspector looked at him in amazement. But that feeling changed to another when he saw slowly stealing out of one of Berybud's eyes a tear and his lips were quivering. "Old man," said the inspector with a tenderness he never had shown a culprit before, "there's something wrong here. You haven't told me all. Come, now, I have to do my duty, but you are holding back something."
"I took the money," repeated Berybud.

"But why? You are rich—you had no need for it. You are not telling me the truth."
"I took the money," was the only reply. And Jacob Berybud held to that through all the days of his disgrace, during his short trial and until the prison doors closed on him and he began to serve his sentence. Siloam believed him, although it could not explain why he took the money. His bondsmen believed him; his children believed him and turned their faces from him. As for his wife—

Long after Jacob Berybud was freed from prison and had taken up life alone in a town far removed from Siloam and the family, which, wife and all, had refused to receive him again, he met by chance his old friend, the inspector, and they clasped hands.
"Berybud," said the inspector, "I know now that your wife took that money; that you were a poor man then and she was forcing you to live far beyond your means. She entered that office nights, and you suspected her if you did not know that she was guilty. She robbed the till and the old safe, and you made good the shortages until finally you were forced to try and deceive me. She spent every dollar on herself and her favorite children and let you face me and the government. She never loved you and your married life was worse than purgatory."
"Perhaps," said Jacob Berybud, looking far away from the searching eyes of his friend, "but I took the money."
—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

HER ATTRACTION FOR GOLD.

A Curious Story Told by a Scientific Man of a Little Girl in Haiti.

A critic, writing of a new book, the other day, objected to the statement in a chapter on the precious metals that "Gold is one of the few metals that is often found pure." He said that the author, in making this statement, was certainly mistaken. Of course, the author was not mistaken; and it was a curious blunder for any one to make to deny that pure gold is in very fine particles or in coarser pieces, in narrow beds of mountain streams, in fine sands at the mouths of rivers, in the sands of the seashore and even in places high up on the sides of mountains. While this statement is perfectly true it is also a fact that most gold is found alloyed with other metals and that ore crushing, smelting and other processes are required to obtain the more valuable metal.

A story has just been told about pure gold, found in this instance in river sands, that reads like one of the superb fictions. No one would give it the slightest credence if it were not told by a scientific man of unquestionable authority, for it is one of the strangest narratives that ever adorned a very dry and thoroughly scientific piece of writing.

It comes from the pen of Mr. L. Gentil Tippenhauer, who has been making a geological investigation for the government of the island of Hayti. The results of his work, with maps, have been published in a series of papers in Petermann's Mitteilungen, one of the most scientific of German publications. The following is a translation of the story as it appears at the end of Mr. Tippenhauer's papers.

"I will make mention, in conclusion, of a very peculiar phenomenon. As I was engaged in a microscopic investigation of the gold-bearing river sands I observed that the 1-year-old daughter of my companion, Mr. L. Abillard, had only to lay the flat of her hand on the sands and particles of gold dust would adhere to it. Every time she repeated the action her palm was almost covered with the gold dust that continued to cling to it. Whenever she grasped a handful of sand she would shake her hand; the sand would fall to the ground, but the flakes of gold would remain clinging to the hand."

"No other person present possessed this peculiar ability. Since then all the educated Europeans in Jacmel, including Dr. Zerves, geologist and representative of the Standard Oil company, Mr. Roosmale Neppen and Mr. Dorn, Dutchmen, owners of the gold reduction works at Paramaribo and others, have borne witness to the fact that the young girl possesses this remarkable peculiarity. The numberless particles of iron mixed in the sand did not cling to the girl's hand."

"I must therefore come to the conclusion that there is in nature a power whose influence in attracting gold is similar to that which magnetism exerts upon iron and the related minerals. The daughter of Mr. Abillard seems to have this power."

NEW IDEAS IN TOILETTES

New York City.—Russian styles are always becoming to young girls and are much in vogue. The very pretty May Manton waist illustrated is an



STYLISH RUSSIAN WAIST.

admirable example and is suited equally to the odd bodice and the entire gown. The original is made of albatross in pastel blue, trimmed with Persian bands and makes part of a costume, but all soft silks and wool materials are appropriate, and the trimming can be one of many things. Lace applique is handsome, velvet ribbon is simple and effective and stitched bands are much worn.
The foundation lining is carefully fitted and closes at the centre front. The back of the waist is plain across the shoulders and drawn down in gathers at the waist line. The right front extends over the left and both are arranged in gathers at the waist

Boa Beauty.
Ever so "airy, fairy" is the latest boa. It is of accordioned mousseline, the accordioned pleating being edged with thistle-down-like marabout feathers. Around the neck the stuff is ruffled so voluminously as to hide the mousseline, but the ends are in spiral effect, the pleating showing between the feather edging. For evening wear there's nothing prettier.

Polka Dots of Velvet.
Polka dots of velvet make an effective trimming used in many ways. There are very pretty ones of pink velvet on a pink silk waist, the dots somewhat larger than a penny outlined with French knots, and with a small cluster of them in the centre.

Popular Tints.
White and pearl tints prevail for evening wear, while brown, blue, red and gray in new shapes accord with the one-tone dress fad prevalent now.

A Popular Fabric.
Voile is one of the most popular of the season's fabrics. In mauve it makes an ideal evening gown for a matron.

A Rich Effect.
Embroidered chiffon, a little of it introduced into the muffs of crimped and shirred chiffon, has a rich effect which gives dignity to the materials.

On the Blue Side of a Feat.
Gray velvet flowers, gardenia effects, are to be seen on the blue silk side of a big blue felt hat.

Child's Three-Quarter Coat.
Three-quarter coats, with loose fronts and half-fitted backs, make ideal garments for young children, and



WRAPPER WITH SQUARE YOKE.

line, but quite smooth at the upper portion. The sleeves are in bishop style with pointed cuffs, and the neck is finished with a collar band to which the plain high stock is attached.

To cut this waist for a girl of fourteen years of age three and one-fourth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and five-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide or one and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Wrapper With Square Yoke.

No wrapper ever devised is more comfortable and satisfactory for negligee wear than the simple Mother Hubbard. The admirable May Manton model shown in the double column drawing is made in that style, but is vastly improved and added to by the circular berth which outlines the yoke. The original is made of cashmere, in a deep garnet with dots of black, and is trimmed with a narrow black velvet ribbon and worn with a girde of wider velvet; but henrietta, albatross, French and Scotch flannels, and the still simpler flannellettes are all suitable.

The model is made over a fitted lining which extends to the waist and onto which the yoke portions are faced; but when preferred, the yoke only can be used and the wrapper allowed to fall from its edge. The lining is fitted with single darts and includes under-arm gores, which render it comfortably snug, and curves in to the figure. The wrapper consists of fronts, back and under-arm gores, and is gathered at the upper edge, where it is joined to the yoke. The sleeves are in bishop style, with becoming frills at the bands, and the neck is finished with a deep turn-over collar. The berth, which is optional, is circular and takes graceful, undulating folds. The lower edge of the skirt is trimmed with a straight gathered flounce nine inches deep, but the trimming may be varied or the lower edge simply hemmed.

To cut this wrapper, without flounce, for a woman of medium size, nine and one-half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, eight yards thirty-seven inches wide, or six yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

are in the height of style. This smart little May Manton model combines many desirable features and is suited to cloth, cheviot, velvet, velveteen and corduroy, but as shown is of kersey cloth in Napoleon blue stitched with black.

The fronts are cut in box style and hang free from the shoulders, but the back includes a centre seam that, with the under-arm seams, curves becomingly to the figure. To the neck is joined a sailor collar that is square at the back, but rounded over the fronts, which are cut away to close closely to the neck, where there is a simple turn-over collar that is seamed to both the coat and the sailor collar. The sleeves are in regulation style and pockets, with pocket laps, are inserted in each front. The coat is closed, in double-breasted style, with handsome pearl buttons and buttonholes.

To cut this coat for a child four years of age three and five-eighths yards of material twenty inches wide, two and seven-eighths yards twenty-



THREE-QUARTER COAT FOR A CHILD.
seven inches wide, one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide or one and one-half yards fifty-four inches wide will be required.

Bulldog and Horse in a Fight.

A fierce battle was waged on Sunny Slope avenue between an imported bulldog and a dapple-gray delivery horse, driven by a feed merchant. The merchant went out with a load of feed. After unloading he was lifting the wagon round to get out of cramped quarters when the bulldog came up. The dog was friendly with the man and then passed on to the horse. The horse kicked at the dog, and in less than no time a sanguinary fight was in progress. The horse was hampered with harness and wagon shafts, but used its front and hind legs with telling effect. Time and again the dog was hurled for several feet by terrific kicks from the horse, but each time the dog came back to renew the battle. The dog direct its whole attack at the legs of the horse.

The driver was trying to hold the frenzied horse by the head and could do nothing to get the horse or the dog out of danger. Blood was streaming from dozens of wounds in the legs of the horse, and the dog was continuing the fight with three broken ribs, a broken paw and one eye nearly out of its socket, when some men on the street ran to the rescue and by main force pulled the infuriated dog away from the horse. Both animals are so badly hurt that they may die, blood poisoning being likely. The dog was sent here from San Francisco a few days ago to be taken care of. — San Francisco Chronicle.

Bears an Uncanny Name.

Skagway, at present the largest town in Alaska, got its name from an accident, and its existence is due to a circumstance. In the early days tradition relates that an old Indian and his son attempted to land during a storm on the flat where the town now stands. They were in separate canoes, and the father, being the stronger and more skillful, succeeded in landing after a hard struggle with the wind and tide. The youth did not fare so well. He was driven back, his canoe capsized, and after a brave, but ineffectual effort to swim out he went down to a watery grave.

The only witness to the accident was the distressed father, who smote himself upon the breast and exclaimed in anguish, "Skagua!" "Skagua!" which, being interpreted, means "The home of the north wind!"—the destroyer of his boy. The appropriateness of this name can be appreciated by any one who has encountered the terrific winds that frequently prevail in Skagway. So great is their force that people have been compelled to crawl upon their hands and knees along the piers that lead from the wharves into the town.—Washington Star.

He Wanted a Bear.

"The sickest man I ever took into the woods," said an Adirondack guide, near North Creek, "was a lawyer who came in from Buffalo last fall to kill a bear. He said he was going to kill one if it took all season. He wanted a rug of his own killing for his office. He staid in the woods three weeks and wouldn't look at deer or small game. Finally he had to go home. He sent his stuff out to the railroad by train, and walked out himself, saying that would be his last chance at a bear."

"Sure enough, he went around a big rock and met a bear face to face in the trail. He forgot what he was after, forgot that he had been hunting three weeks for this very animal, forgot that he wanted a rug for his office, and even forgot that he had a gun. He turned and sprinted in the direction from which he came till it came over him that that bear was just what he wanted. Then he stopped, went back, and saw from the tracks that the bear had gone a good deal faster than he did, and in the opposite direction."—New York Times.

The Merchant Fleets of the World.

The last British Blue Book gives the following table (where the numbers represent thousands of tons) of the last returns received:

Great Britain	10,751
Germany	1,738
Norway	1,500
France	958
Italy	873

Considering steamers only, we find:

Great Britain	7,740
Germany	1,130
France	507
Norway	506
United States (foreign)	341
United States (coastwise)	2,230
United States (total)	2,631
Russia	334

The Asteroid Chicago.

The region of the heavens a short distance—about ten degrees—to the southwest of the star Aldebaran ought at the present time to have a peculiar interest for Chicago star-gazers, for here may be seen with a field-glass an asteroid discovered by Max Wolf during the Columbian Exhibition, and named by him in honor of that city. Dr. Berberich has computed the asteroid's ephemeris—its exact position daily—for the period from November 1 to December 5, 1901, which is given in the current number of Popular Astronomy.

Look at the Labels!

Every package of cocoa or chocolate put out by Walter Baker & Co. bears the well known trade-mark of the chocolate girl, and the place of manufacture, "Dorchester, Mass." Housekeepers are advised to examine their purchases, and make sure that other goods have not been substituted. They received three gold medals from the Pan-American exposition.

A Bucolic Monarch.

The King of Greece delights in taking recreation in the fields. He can plow, cut and bind corn, milk cows, and in short could, at a pinch, keep a farm going single-handed.

Thrown From His Cab and Killed.

The following is a most interesting and, in one respect, pathetic tale:—

Mr. J. Pope, 42 Ferrar Road, Streatham, England, said:
"Yes, poor chap, he is gone, dead—horse bolted, thrown off his seat on his cab he was driving and killed—poor chap, and a good sort too, mate. It was him, you see, who gave me the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil that made a new man of me. 'Twas like this: me and Bowman were great friends. Some gentleman had given him a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which had done him a lot of good; he only used half the bottle, and remembering that I had been a martyr to rheumatism and sciatica for years, that I had literally tried everything, had doctors, and all without benefit, I became discouraged, and looked upon it that there was no help for me. Well," says Pope, "You may not believe me, for it is a miracle, but before I had used the contents of the half-bottle of St. Jacobs Oil which poor Bowman gave me, I was a well man. There it is, you see, after years of pain, after using remedies, oils, embrocations, horse liniments, and spent money on doctors without getting any better, I was completely cured in a few days. I bought another bottle, thinking the pain might come back, but it did not, so I gave the bottle away to a friend who had a lame back. I can't speak too highly of this wonderful pain-killer."

Ancient Mustaches.

Men with enormous mustaches really have nothing to be proud of. Rather are they to be pitied. Those of high rank among the Gauls and Britons, according to Caesar and Diodorus, shaved the chin, but wore immense forests of tangled hair on the upper lip. The mustaches of the inhabitants of Cornwall and Scilly Islands hung down upon their breasts like wings.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely change 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, Ohio, 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. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Ostrich which was lately dissected in London had in its stomach a small prayer book.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, belaches to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has U. C. O. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

It's easy enough to run into debt, but it's hard to crawl out.

Brooklyn, N.Y., Nov. 15.—A medical authority says: "There is hardly a family anywhere in which Garfield Tea does not often take the place of the Family Physician, for practically everyone suffers at times from disorders of stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels. Certainly, from no other medicine can such good results be obtained. This Herb remedy makes people well and thus greatly increases their capacity for enjoying life; it is good for young and old."

Any man is privileged to waste his own time, but not the time of others.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. You can't convince a woman that talk is cheap.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.
One inch of rain equals 100 tons to the acre.

MRS. H. F. ROBERTS

Says to All Sick Women: "Give Mrs. Pinkham a Chance, I Know Sue Can Help You as She Did Me."

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: The world praises great reformers; their names and fame are in the ears of everybody, and the public press helps spread the good tidings. Among them all Lydia E. Pinkham's name goes to posterity."



MRS. H. F. ROBERTS, County President of W. C. T. U., Kansas City, Mo.

with a softly breathed blessing from the lips of thousands upon thousands of women who have been restored to their families when life hung by a thread, and by thousands of others whose weary, aching limbs you have quickened and whose pains you have taken away.

"I know whereof I speak, for I have received much valuable benefit myself through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and for years I have known dozens of women who have suffered with displacement, ovarian troubles, ulcerations and inflammation who are strong and well to-day, simply through the use of your Compound."—Mrs. H. F. ROBERTS, 1404 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.—\$5000 forfeit if above testimonial is not genuine. Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass.

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