

Kick Him When He's Down.

When the sun of prosperity's shining,
And a man's growing rich every day—
When in ease and comfort reclining,
And golden success crowns his way,
How friends will then flock about him;
But if fortune should happen to frown,
How quickly he'll get the 'cold shoulder',
And be 'kicked because he is down.'

How kindly the world will smile on him,
When life with successes abound!
How cordially, blandly, 'twill greet him,
As in pleasure he's riding around!
But then let reverse o'ertake him,
And friends both in country and town
Have not a kind sentence to cheer him,
But will kick him as soon as he's down.

Let a man get position or wealth,
Matters not if by intrigue or fraud,
The world nods approvingly at him,
And his acts will loudly applaud;
What though he may be a great villain,
With the simple, the wise and the clown,
While he's up he's a 'tip-top fellow',
But they'll 'kick him if he ever gets down.'

When a man has plenty 'greenback',
And he's healthy and festive and gay,
He's counted a bully good chum,
Then,
And the crowd approves all he may say;
But just let him lose his treasures,
Perchance, too, his health may be gone,
He'll get to be nobody quickly,
And sure to be 'kicked when he's down.'

What's the use of being moral or honest,
Or to strive to be upright or true;
For unless a man has 'lots of money',
The world's bound to 'put him right through';
They'll 'go for him,' certain and sure,
From the jockey to priest in his gown—
And all stand ready to 'snub' him,
And 'kick him because he is down.'

NELLIE'S ADVENTURE.

We were all grouped round a glorious fire after dinner, entreating each other with mild female adventures by land and sea, when one of the party called on our dear little hostess, Mrs. Sackville to contribute an account of a sensational journey she had once made between Dublin and London in the dim distant days of her maidenhood. After some modest demurring she began with these words:

'I remember I had just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever that had kept me in bed half the winter and my uncle Edward had written, asking me to come and spend a few months with him in Devonshire for change of air—an invitation which my mother and aunt accepted for me eagerly. It was arranged that I was to start on the first of April with old General and Mrs. Hacket, who were taking their daughter over for the season, when, about a fortnight before the time, a letter, emphasized by a previous telegram, came from my uncle, ordering me to cross at once, as important business had called him suddenly to town, and he was prepared to gratify me with a fortnight's wholesale sight-seeing if I made up my mind to start the next morning; otherwise he would return home at once. As I had never been to London, I was determined not to lose such an opportunity, and with great difficulty I coaxed my mother and aunt to let me start alone, for though they had made superhuman efforts to provide me with a chaperon among their acquaintances, the notice had been too short—no matron they could hear of was leaving Ireland that week. They both accompanied me to the boat, and, after an anxious consultation, decided that it would be safer for me to travel second than first class, as it was an accepted fact that the worst characters—the 'swell mob' and 'fast' abandoned young men, always travel first class; so my ticket was bought and confided to me reluctantly.

'However, every precaution necessary to ensure my safety during the perilous twelve hours' journey was duly taken. I was provided with a sober substantive traveling dress, and a thick brown veil to shield the beauty of my countenance, which my dear mother thought an unusual adornment on a young girl, not shared by the rest of the world. Then my

modest every-day jewelry—my bangles, rings, even my watch—was confiscated and packed in the bottom of my trunk; my purse was allowed to contain only a couple of three-penny-bits for porters and one six-pence for a cup of tea at Chester, the rest of my pocket money, in notes, being artfully stitched between the lining and stuff of my dress by aunt Catharine.

'You will be sure to write—no, telegraph the moment you arrive, love,' whispered my mother tremulously, as she clung to me on board the boat. 'Make your uncle do it—you know he will meet you at Euston—and promise me, Nell, that you will get into a carriage with ladies at Holyhead—with ladies who are traveling the whole way through, remember Dear me'—anxiously glancing around—'how very few there seem to be! And the deck is quite swarming with men!'

'I know who they are, mother,' I exclaimed animatedly. 'They are that horrid English football team that beat us so disgracefully in the College Park yesterday. That's what put them in such good humor—the wretches!'

'I don't think I ever saw such a dissipated, depraved cast of countenance in the whole course of my experience,' said my aunt, scowling at a boy of about eighteen with a particularly frank open face, who, after a shy, quick glance at me politely removed his pipe and turned away.

'In a lad of his years it positively makes me shudder. No, Sophia,' addressing my mother, 'we cannot now postpone her journey, but we can put her under the charge of a lady, from whose side she must not stay one minute till she arrives at Euston.

At the moment the bell rang to clear out all for the shore, and my aunt pounced on a pretty little woman who was staggering up the deck laden with a variety of unsightly luggage—a battered blue hand-box, two shabby baskets, three or four bulging paper packages, and a big bird cage containing two canaries.

'She was successful this time, for Mrs. Jeremiah O'Toole, as I afterwards learned was the good lady's name, graciously volunteered to take particular care of me.

'The young lady is traveling second,' began my aunt, shrewdly suspecting, I fancy, that my chaperon held a third class ticket, when, to my relief, she interrupted with—

'Second class? And so am I. It was the last word my dear husband said to me, when we parted on the 31st of last month—Rosanna, if you don't promise to follow me second class; great as will be the inconvenience and expense, I'll come over for you myself. For I'd rather have you locked up in a trunk with a herd of wild cattle than run the risk of traveling first alone—risks that nobody knows more about than me, who has been trapped all over the world since I was four years old.' For his father was an officer in the army, my dear, and he himself is an elegant engineer always being rushed from one corner of the earth to another, layin' down railways here, buildin' bridges there—one week in London, the next week in New York—

'Good-bye, good-bye, darling! Get strong as quickly as you can, and mind you telegraph from Euston.'

A few minutes later we were steaming slowly down the Liffey.

'The night was bright and balmy, so we remained on deck, and the four hours passed quickly enough, for my companion as I shrewdly suspected from her introduction, proved a most voluble and communicative companion.

'She confided to me her family history from birth and bridal, gave me a pathetic account of the misfortunes of her parents—who from a condition of luxurious opulence were in less than a few months reduced to abject poverty through the 'freshery' of friends and relatives—told me of her first meeting, in most romantic circumstances, with the dashing O'Toole bow, after ten days fiery courtship, he induced her to throw over a wealthy suitor heir to a baronetcy, whom her parents favored, and elope with him; how they had been pursued by her father and brother, who fortunately arrived too late to stop the nuptial ceremony that made her the happiest woman in the world.

'At this point the interesting nar-

rate was interrupted by our entrance into harbor and Mrs. O'Toole hurried down to the cabin to collect more of her property deposited there. The landing was an awful business, for the poor little woman was almost overwhelmed with parcels and baskets. As I was but lightly laden, I offered to relieve her of the bird cage; but she begged me to take charge of one of the handboxes instead, as Jezebel would try to peck the arm off me if I attempted to lift the cage.

'The handbox did not contain a cap or bonnet, as I soon learned to my dismay, for, when I lifted it unawares by the string that bound it, the bottom gave way, and a heap of most unsightly rubbish fell out. Shall I ever forget the contents of that luckless handbox, or the state of my feelings; as I stood in helpless confusion while the gallant football team, whom I wished at the other side of the world, chased reels of cotton, bits of guttered candle ends; half-squashed oranges, broken bottles and loathsome yellow exudations, toothbrushes, night lights, and penny illustrated papers smeared with hair-oil and vaseline all over the deck, struggling for them under the impatient feet of the passengers, and restoring them to me with a grave sympathetic courtesy that even my aunt Catharine would, I think, have admitted was closely connected with the purest form of civility? I tried to get away, to lose myself in the crowd; but the block at the gangway stopped me, and I had to stand wit' burning face right under a jet of electric light, the abominable hand-box with the cover and reversed, across my arms, ready to receive Mrs. O'Toole's rescued property.

At last, when the fair boy with the 'depraved countenance' arrived with a roughly-patched and muddy high-top, which evidently belonged to Mr. O'Toole, desperation made me cast property to the winds: I seized his hand, and whispered excitedly—

'They don't belong to me. Will you tell the others, please—your friends—that that the hand-box belongs to a woman, a perfect stranger, who asked me to help her with her parcels?'

'By jove!' he exclaimed indignantly, taking it from me quickly. 'What a beastly shame to give you such a thing to carry! Where is the woman? I'll give her a piece of my mind? Keep close behind me, I'll shoulder you a passage through the crowd.'

'When we reached the platform the first thing I saw my chaperon blocking up the door of a second class carriage and waving a handkerchief energetically to attract my attention.

'There she is! Will you hand her the handbox please?'

'The whisper and the demeanor and appearance of my youthful escort shocked Mrs. O'Toole severely, and for nearly an hour, while we were thundering through the dreadful Welsh tunnels, I had to listen to a lecture on the danger of making promiscuous acquaintances in traveling, illustrated by personal experience of a thrilling, indeed almost 'penny-dreadful' nature that would have delighted my aunt Catharine.

'However, I did not resent the liberty, for I saw how simple and how very much in earnest the little woman was, and, besides, she was so very kind and attentive to me when she heard that I was recovering from a severe illness, and insisted on my throwing aside a light Maltese lace scarf I wore round my neck and muffling myself in a hideous red and yellow Shetland shawl of her's, which certainly made me as warm as a toast and put a stop to a slight neuralgic twinge that I was beginning to feel, for the night had grown very cold and damp.

'When we arrived at Chester, I induced her, after some difficulty, to get out and have a cup of tea with me. She seemed very reluctant to leave her valuable property unprotected. However, after thrusting her baskets and handboxes well underneath the seat, she seized the bird cage, slipped it under her circular cloak, and we hurried across to the refreshment room, where the crush was so great that we got rudely separated before we reached the tables, and I did not see her again till I went back to the train.

'While I was trying to gulp down a cup of scalding tea, I could not help noticing that I was being water-

ed in a very keen and impertinent manner by a tall, dark-eyed man, in a brown overcoat, whom I had not seen before, and who certainly was not on board the steamer. He stood within a yard of me, drinking a glass of sherry, and, when I had finished and paid for my tea, saw with indignant surprise that he put down his half-finished glass and followed me to the door. Somewhat alarmed after Mrs. O'Toole's gruesome stories, I darted out quickly, and turning a little to the left, slipped into a waiting-room until he had passed and then hurried over to the train, which was within a minute of starting.

'To my intense astonishment I found Mrs. O'Toole on the platform at the carriage door, surrounded by her whole traveling paraphernalia, and almost in hysterics.

'Get in! Get in!' she grasped, 'and I'll tell you all! I'm not going with you any further, my dear; I'm off by the next train to Liverpool, and am sailing for Philadelphia at six o'clock this blessed day! Oh, the contrivances of this vale of tears! Oh, the—'

'Sailing for America! What made you—'

'O'Toole's got a sudden appointment out here—hadn't time to write or wire anything; so he sent his clerk—that red-headed young man talking to the guard over there—to meet me here, with orders that I was to join him at Liverpool at once, for he wouldn't leave England without me—not for all the appointments in the world. But, oh, what's to become of me at all—not a stitch ready, my black silk only half-trimmed, my poor sister waiting for me at home, and—and—worst of all—how can I leave you, my sweets, my pets, my own ducky darlings?'

'You can take your canaries?'

'I can't—I can't, mavornnoon, they must go to my sister. And, oh, my dear, dear young lady, if you have any pity for a poor, foolish half-broken-hearted woman you will promise—promise faithfully—to deliver them safe into her hands this evening'. Here's her address—No. 25, Cook's Court, off the Tottenham Court Road. It isn't three minutes drive from the direction you're going—not three minutes, honey, I give you my sacred word of honor. So you'll promise, won't you, to drive straight there before you go home or anything, and give them into her own hands? She'll be watin' on the steps to take them from you, for I'm just going to write her a word when—when I recover from the shock a bit. You promise? Heaven bless ye! Heaven bless ye! I'll never forget this to you, sweet child—no never! And I know I can rely on you, I know I can. You'll not let them one instant out of your sight; you'll not get one out of the train till you arrive in London, or go larkin' with those horrid young men?'

'Mrs. O'Toole!'

'There, there—forgive me! You're not one of that sort, I saw at the first glance. But, oh, the dreadful responsibility of leavin' ye like this, me child, after me promise! Your dear mother to see ye safe through—it's drivin' me half distracted, so it is?'

'Don't let it trouble you please, I broke in, laughing. 'I assure you I am perfectly well able to take care of myself, as well as your canaries, Mrs. O'Toole. Don't be in the least uneasy about us.'

'I trust ye, I trust ye. No. 25, Cook's Court! Here's the paper; put it in your purse, love. That's right. Oh, dear, that dreadful whine and yellow Shetland shawl of her's, which certainly made me as warm as a toast and put a stop to a slight neuralgic twinge that I was beginning to feel, for the night had grown very cold and damp.

'When we arrived at Chester, I induced her, after some difficulty, to get out and have a cup of tea with me. She seemed very reluctant to leave her valuable property unprotected. However, after thrusting her baskets and handboxes well underneath the seat, she seized the bird cage, slipped it under her circular cloak, and we hurried across to the refreshment room, where the crush was so great that we got rudely separated before we reached the tables, and I did not see her again till I went back to the train.

'While I was trying to gulp down a cup of scalding tea, I could not help noticing that I was being water-

side carelessly. I wish I could telegraph to her; but unfortunately she didn't mention the ship that she was to sail in. I must trust to fate.

'The canaries gave me no trouble, and, as far as I could see, exhibited no particular emotion on discovering the absence of their mistress. Whether it was the paralysis of bereavement or not, they lay huddled together in a corner of the cage, shivering and taking not the least notice of my small attempts to comfort and soothe them.

'Presently I sank into a light comfortable sleep, which must have lasted longer than I imagined, for, when I woke up with a start at Rndgy, it was broad daylight, and the first object my startled glance fell upon was the face of the man in the brown overcoat who had followed me out of the refreshment-room at Chester. He was leaning on the window which was open, and staring calmly into the carriage. I turned from him indignantly and pulled up the window with a jerk; but he did not appear in the least disconcerted.

'At the very station he passed up and down before my carriage; and, when at Wileaden Junction two passengers got out, to my horror and disgust, he actually jumped in and took the vacant seat exactly opposite mine. I drew myself back as far as I could, tucking my rug closely round me, so that not an inch of my property might be contaminated by his touch, and, opening a book, sat with downcast eyes and burning cheeks; not once daring to look up during the few miles that I thought would never come to an end. At last we reached Euston; before venturing to leave the carriage, I scanned the waiting crowd eagerly to see if I could espay my uncle. He was not visible however; and so, collecting my scattered property, I stepped on to the platform and hailed a passing porter; but he feigned not to see me, and moved on to attend to another passenger.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Mexican Snake Story.

'A family in San Louis Potosi possessed a very fine rattlesnake. They had captured it by means of a forked stick when it was a baby, and succeeded in domesticating it. In the course of years it grew to be fourteen feet in length, and became tame and playful, never showing the slightest symptom of anger when handled by children, but it would not allow its rattles to be touched. It became very much attached to its master, and would follow him around the house like a dog. During the recent storm in San Louis many of the houses were struck by lightning. The bolts were falling fast about the dwelling which had sheltered the snake from childhood. Nobly determined to die for its benefactors; the serpent crawled up the outside walls of the house, and mounting the roof it stood on its head in a perpendicular position for the space of several minutes shaking its rattles violently at the heavens, like Ajax defying the lightning. The electricity, attracted by this living lightning rod, reduced to ashes the noble animal and also the house.

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The Point Where Interest Ceased.

Sunday after:
Wife to husband, who heard a sermon—Well, dear, what was text?
Husband—The Word is the Truth, or something like that.
Wife—Was it a good sermon?
Husband—The first half hour was good enough, but clear through the latter half he kept saying, 'one word more,' 'another word,' 'a word in conclusion,' 'only a word more,' and so on until I didn't know which word was the truth, and got so mixed up that I lost confidence in the whole business.

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