

the Creator said to woman, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," that a curse was pronounced against the human race, but the joy felt by every Mother when she first presses to her heart her babe, proves the contrary. Danger and suffering lurk in but the joy felt by every Mother

Danger and suffering lurk in the pathway of the Expectant Mother, and should be avoided, that she may reach the hour when that she may reach the hour when the hope of her heart is to be real-ized, in full vigor and strength. And if the paint got scarred and solled, the

ER'S FRIEND so relaxes the



ger, and the trying hour is robbed of its pain And ere the morning light broke forth he mothers have experienced. Nothing but "Mother's Friend" does this. Don't be deceived or persuaded to use anything else.

"Mother's Friend" is the greatest remedy ever put on the market, and all our customers praise it highly."-W. H. KING & Co., Whitewright, Tex. Of druggists at \$1.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Write for book containing valua-ble information for all Mothers, mailed free.

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THE GOOD LANDLORD. ng to you about a man whose memory long should last; name was Hiram Morethangood, he lived in Nottoofast;

And the to save his native land he never drew a sword, He was what all his tenants called a mighty

fine landlord. Whene'er a tenant chanced to break a pane

Or if it was at zero, and have them set again.

No matter if in room or hall the paper

first thing he would do send and have the painter come and paint the house anew. Was set

No matter if a faucet froze or if got clogged

so relaxes the system and as-sists Nature. would complain.

sists Nature, that the nec-essary change would complain. And if a tenant short of wood should burn the cellar stairs, He always thought it sweet delight to make such small repairs.

takes place

And if a tenant should neglect to close a without Nausea, Headache, And it should be thrown from its place by

Nervous or Gloomy Fore-

boding of dan-He would not say one unkind word, but go and pay the bill.

and suffering, as so many happy And not with thunder in his tone nor anger in his eyes.

But with a rosy shade of joy upon his manly face, Would to the tenant go and give a full deed

of the place. -Thomas F. Porter, in N. Y. Sun.



N UBBIN RLDGE lay sweltering in sickly corn gasped and wilted; the patches of parched wheat and oats ratiled mournfully as the hot winds swept over them. Nubbin Ridge at best made poor return for the labor put upon her barren sides; and when nature refused to be lavish in dispensing her moisture the harvest was distressingly meager. Mrs. Louise Long sat in the doorway of her cabin and looked out along the Ridge. Everywhere the rows of yellow sions to the National Capital, to leave Pittsburg stunted corn or patches of dead grain Pebruary 17, March 17, April 14, and May 12. met her eye and filled her heart with met her eye and filled her heart with dismay. It seemed to her that their own little farm was the worst burned up of all. She turned to where her husband crept along the rows of cotton. As she followed his slow movements ine cars to Washington ; returning, ticket | back and forth across the field a kind will be good on any train except the Pennsylv- of resentment came into her bosom toward him.

"I don't know whatever possessed him to settle on the old clayey Ridge." she complained, giving way to her feelings. ""It seems to me some men are born shif'less, an' they jest rotate to shifless land-the valley would'n' 'a' come any dearer. Little he can ever promise hisself or family; but it's jest Ridge or starve. An' there's that aggervatin' old hen an' her chickens in the garden scratchin' up the last bean. I don't know what'll become of us, an' " -having once got started she was sure to drift on to her two pet causes of irritation, over which she periodically worried herself into the bed-"an Henry spendin' every cent he can get betterment of the People. To-day THE AREXA his hands on fer tobacco, an' the chilis better, brighter, more virile than ever. It is dren needin' bread fer their mouths

roubled. He gave the mule a dig in the Risige. he ribs, then regretted it as the overworked beast groaned. As he turned um in the little woods pasture to "rustle" a scant supper in the brush he gave him a few gentle pats in lieu of some more substantial expression of good will. The donkey burst into a

tired bray, whose mournful cadence struck dire foreboding into Long's already troubled bosom. The cows were waiting at the bars, and the children not having returned from the fields where they had gone to

"chop" cotton, he thought to steal in after the milk vessels and not disturb his wife. But that individual's car was alert, and, as she caught the sound of suffering to which she gave vent was elarming.

Long stopped, listened, hesitated, then stepped into the doorway.

"Lu, I am afraid you have had another bad evening:" and there was tenderness in his voice. "Is there something I can do for you before I go to the cows?"

"Oh, me, I'll burn up! It seems I'd give my soul for a cool drink. This dry Ridge will run me distracted. I am seorched with fever, but the thought of that nasty pool water turns my stomach. I don't see why you equatted on the old Ridge, anyhow. I'd give the whole thing-cabin and all -fer a well of good water. If you'll take me where I can get all the water I can drink, I'll take in washin' an' board you an' the children; an' you can go on spendin' all you make fer tobacco. Oh, I know I'll burn up-what on top side of earth can be keepin' them kids? 'Pears like they know when I'm taken worse an' stay jest to worry me. Henry, do

hurry and get the work done." "Now, Lu, don't you let it fret you," said Long, conciliatingly, as if he felt guilty, and must say something to appease a just wrath; "we'll do the best we can. You'll soon feel better, now that it is growing cool. I'll have one of the boys go down to Stuart's after some water when they come. Yes, an' if you are able, we'll go over to preaching Sunday, an' spend the afternoon with Sullivan; he has the best water in the valley, you remember."

He did not wait for the chafing reply. but hastened out in the night to the cow pen.

The following Sunday was a bright day, and the Longs drove over to the volley church. It had been noised abroad that at the conclusion of the sermon there would be a prayer offered for rain, and the house could not accommodate the large crowd that had gathered. A few came to scoff, some out of curiosity, a large number anxiously hoping that the preacher's prayer would be answered. The subject of the discourse was faith, and the preacher's forcible arguments and aptillustrations made a deep impression on the congregation. When they kneeled to pray many a fervent petition rose from

hopeful hearts. we so much need a well. Lu's health The day at Sullivan's was a pleasant is poor, an' she can't drink poor water. one. Long's dread that his wife might Lord, give us a big crop, an' for Lu's drift on to pool water and tobacco and sake give us a well." spoil the visit for him abated as the Louisa fell on her face and cried out: afternoon wore away, and there took its "O Lord, have merey on me, a selfish London Idler. place a feeling that some wonderful old sinner. Help me, O Lord, to keep change had come over her. In his from worrying, an' help me be submisheart he sincerely wished that it might sive." be lasting, but long experience taught She rose and pushed her way through him to take little comfort in the hope. He could attribute the spell to nothing but the sermon of the morning. This turned and faced her with an expreshypothesis was natural, for it had sion of blank amazement. wrought wonderfully upon himself. He "Get up from there, henry. had taken tobacco but once during the evening, and then when walking through the fields with Sullivan. There was a strong resolve forming in his bosom. He had made up his mind to give up tobacco. He was going to ask the Lord to help him; if he only would, In the cool of the evening the Longs drove up the clayey road that wound my mouth in a word of complaint ag'in along the side of the Ridge toward their -ain't ye goin' to take it?" home. A bank of clouds that lay low Long had risen to his feet and stood in the west turned to blood and gold as they reached the summit of the hill. A hopeful sign. They rode in silence. Each seemed to feel that something had brushed it away. come over the other, and the result "Lu, you're too good; it's me that's was a passing reticence. Neither cared the selfish old brute," he began, huskthat the other should know what was passing in their minds, yet they each had instinctively guessed it. Louise Long had determined to quit her nagwell of lasting water." ging and fretting, and her husband felt He took the dirty piece of tobacco it. It would be a hard trial and he and hurled it far down the ravine. Be- casy mark."-Detroit News. would have spared her-the sacrifice fore it had reached the ground large should all be his. She had also a susdrops of rain began to fall on the picion of his intentions and watched parched ground and splash on the dry him narrowly as they drove along to leaves. see if he took his accustomed quid. It "Oh, Henry, forgive me!" cried his gave her a remorseful little twinge as wife, throwing her arms about his neck. she thought of her browbeating, sharp A terrific clap of thunder burst from words and ingratitude. She was forced the clouds overhead, and following it to admit to herself that he was a kind. came a downpour of rain. self-sacrificing husband and, although The tears rolling down Long's cheek not a good manager, had done the best mingled with the falling drops as he be could. She now repented her harshdrew his wife into the protection of the ness at his show of reformation. denser brush .-- N. Y. Independent. It was dark when the wagon rattled Five Arab Maxims. p to the little cabin. An oceasional Never tell all you know; for he who flash of lightning illuminated the clouds tells everything he knows often tells on the horizon. more than he knows.

when, full of hope, they had moved to

"She's turning over a new leaf," thought Long; "and I must." Panta-loons in hand he stepped to the door and cast the tobacco across the garden. He saw it fall on the onion bed, noted the place, and burriedly dressed.

The day began still and sultry, clouds still lingering in the south and west. The children were hoeing afield and Long was plowing in the cotton. His wife, was missing from her usual place of espial in the doorway. After the breakfast dishes had been cleared away she picked up the hoe and began to

work industriously in the garden. "It'll be of little use," she thought, as the hoe thumped on the hard ground his footfall, the groans and muttered and rattled among the rocks; "but it strengthens folks in their resolution, to keep busy."

"Why, what's this?" she said, picking up something in the onions. "Well, it ain't Henry's tobacco." Her suspicions were confirmed. She involuntarily glanced toward the field; she was just in time to see her husband disappear in the brush down the side of a ravine that ran across the farm. "The second time he's stopped this morning. Something must be ailing him." She stood leaning against the hoe, gazing intently at the spot where he had vanished. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and her husband had not returned to the mule that stood patiently in the

sun doggedly fighting the flies. Her curiosity, not altogether unmixed with fear, was aroused. She dropped the hoe and, still holding the tobacco, started under cover of the patch of corn for the ravine. She entered it and crept along the dry bed toward the spot where Long had disappeared. She had made only a few yards when she stopped and listened. She ould hear a mumbling just ahead. She was almost sure it was Henry's voice. What could be the trouble? He must be hurt, and she could scarcely restrain in impulse to rush to his side. What she did was to crawl cautiously some yards further. Only a bush or two sep-

arated her from her husband, and she ould hear him distinctly. "Lord help me." he was saying, "give ne more faith. I am so weak; I've tried so hard to quit. O Lord, give me trength for Lu's sake. It worries her se to see me throwing my money away.

an' it takes from her an' the children. O Lord help me-help me!" A deep rumbling rolled along the vest: hurrying clouds passed under the un. A silence fell for a time on the ridge; then a breeze came sweeping up the ravine that smelled of rain. Long paused only a moment to listen to the prophetic sounds, and feeling that it vas a propitions time for a more comprehensive prayer, he resumed: "Yes, Lord, help, and if it be Thy will send us rain. We so badly need rain. Lord, for Lu's sake and the children, send us rain, O Lord, help me, help me give up the filthy stuff! And, Lord, if it is Thy will give us a bountiful crop; we need another mule, we need some plows. we need so many things; an', O Lord,



A Logical Inference. Every summer Mrs. Chaffle goes off and spends several months at the seaside, leaving her husband at home. A few days ago Johnnie, who is a thoughtless boy, asked the old man; "Papa, are the swallows the wives of the sparrows?"

"What a silly question!"

"Well, I didn't know," replied Johnnie. "If the swallows ain't the wives of the sparrows, why do the swallows go off every year and leave the sparrows at home?"-N. Y. World.

Her Step-Ma.

Wealthy Widower (to daughter)-My dear, 1-ahem-I have concluded to marry again, and the-the bride will be Miss De Sweet. To be sure, there is some difference in our ages, but er-as she is so young she will be fond of society, you know, and will greatly enjoy going out with you.

Daughter (respectfully)-Well, Fill chaperon her,-N. Y. Weekly,

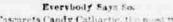
Smiled. She sat on the steps at the evening tide Enjoying the balmy air He came and asked: "May I sit by your

And she gave him a vacant stair -Cornell Widow WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.



"Don't be afraid, my good man, he won't hurt you."

"No, mum, tain't best he try."--





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Teneod chaperon will accompany the party he benefit of the lady tourists. Illinearies and full information, apply to a agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, York; or address Goo. W. Boyd, Assistan Oral Pagessager Agent, Broad Stees Ha-Palladolpta.

an' dissipated; that's jest what I call it. It's downright sin, he bein' a church member, to throw his money away chewin' of the filthy weed-there's them pigs rootin' up the potatoes. It jest seems everything is agin us. The next thing it'll be a cyclone blowing our house away, or an epidemic killin' off the children; an' it might be a proviis replete with bright and interesting articles on dence, fer if things get much worse the living issues of the hour. Our arrangements they'd be better off-Oh, my! it seems are such that we can with confidence promise 1'll burn up, an' it's jest burn, fer the old pool water jest aggervates ver thirst. I'd almost give my soul for a drop of cold water to cool my tongue. Anybody's that lived on Nubbin Ridge ideal magazine for the American in June an' can't sympathize with the rich man that lifted up his eyes ain't got a spark of Christian charity. Believe to my soul I'll melt;" and she mopped Published Monthly, 25 ets.; per Annum, \$2.50. her face with the under side of her apron, as she shifted her position to take advantage of the breeze that float-

ed lazily along the Ridge, and vigorously plied her turkey-wing fan. "I could put up with it all an' never

a word, if Henry'd show any disposition to give up his extravagant and filthy habits. Goin' on ten years since we are enabled for a short time to offer Tur, we moved to the Ridge, and if he'd put ARENA and this paper together for one year for half the price he's spent fer tobacco in a well we'd 'a' had water for the Ridge. We will also receive subscriptions to THE Lord o' mercy, yonder's that bull of Jackson's breakin' in the corn. I have enough to worry the soul out of Job.' She chased the bull from the fence to the strip of woods and came blowing back, peering under her hand through the glistening heat toward her husband in the field.

"Yes, a-restia' an' no doubt a-chewin' of his quid. He was born shif'less an' tired."

The sun sank down through a cloudless sky behind Nubbin Ridge, and the great yellow glow that lingered in the west gave no promise of rain.

Shadows had gathered thick in the valley below Henry Long's little farm when he stopped his jaded mule at the end of the rows and began to take off the harness. He groaned as he threw his stiffened limbs across the mule and urged him across the clods toward his cabin. He could see it in faint outline against the grove of trees.

"Lu's worried herself into a fever ag'in," he thought, as his observant eye noticed that no smoke curled from the chimney, and missed the gleam of the kitchen fire through the chinks. A sigh escaped him, something hard came into his throat, and his brow became

"I believe we shall have rain in a day or two, Lu."

"I hope so, if it don't turn out to be a She would have said eyelone. "-79 but checked herself in a little cough. Already she was improving.

Long awoke the next morning with a brobbing pain in his head; his limbs moved heavily and a feeling of lassitude was on him. From force of habit he felt n his pocket for his tobacco. As his and gripped it he bethought himself. He was half sorry of his resolve; it wis foolish of him to have made it. He recalled the sermon of only yesterday is something far in the past that had rresistibly moved him. He regretted that he went to preaching. He continued to hold the piece of tobacco and lebate the matter. There was enough to last him a day. He would use it and then quit. His strength of purpose was growing weak when Louise, rattling the

the brush. Long heard his wife approaching, and, still on his knees,

I've. een a-hearin' you, an' I'm a selfish old sinner, a-begrudgin' you the little satisfaction ve have from your quid." She stepped nearer to him and extended the dece of tobacco. "Here's ver tobacco; found it in the onion hed where you throwed it; if it's any comfort to you take'it an' chew it, an' I'll never open

staring at his wife and the proffered tobacco. A tear rolled slowly down his cheek, and he raised his hand and

lly. "God being my helper, I'll never put a chew in my mouth again until you have a home in the valley and a

Never attempt all you can do: for he who atempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all that you hear: for ha who believes all that he bears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford: for he who lays out everything he can afford ays out more than he can afford.

Never decide upon all you may see: for he who decides upon all that he sees often decides on more than he sees .--Detroit Free Press.

A Trade Warning.

Butcher-'Ow is my daughter gettin' so with 'er moosie, professor?

Professor-Well, I am only teaching her the scales at present.

Butcher (indignantly)-Teachin' 'er the scales! I don't want 'er to know nothink about the scales! She ain't going to serve in the shop. I mean 'er to be a lady. Teach 'er the planner, or pots in preparation of breakfast, began Till take 'er away from yer.-Scraps,

Pa's Experience. "May I go to the races, pa?" "Oh, yes, my little sonny. But don't go near the 'booktes' or They will get all your money." -Chicago News.

A Terrible Slander.

Bildad-That was a singularly unfortunate typographical error that the paper made in speaking of those Vassar candidates, wasn't it?

Ichabod-What was it? I didn't see it. Bildad-Why, the reporter wrote "they are all angels," and it was printed mathem "they are all angles."-Town Topics.

Rights and Lefts.

Miss Byker-So you have given up advocating woman's rights? Miss Thyrty-Yes: I now go in for

woman's lefts. Miss Byker-What's that?

Miss Thyrty-Widowers, - Up-to-Date:

But He Wasn't.

"Jones and Brown are very bitter against each other."

"Yes, and it's all due to a misunderstanding, too."

"Indeed?" "Yes, each thought the other was an

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