TRYING TO MAKE "A HIT."

The boy who is dancing a jig.

And the girl in the chorus who sings.

And the man who exhibits a pig That was taught to do wonderful

May die disappointed, but still, in their hearts, they are hoping away To make the great thing which they

"A hit"-Some day.

The poet who scribbles and sighs And squanders his paper and ink, Who cudgels his brain and who tries To think and cause others to think, y die disappointed, but still, in his heart, he is hoping away To sing out a song that will make "A hit"—
Some day.

The man who is daubing his paint On the canvas no other shall buy-The man who with hunger is faint, But is never too hungry to try-May die disappointed, but still, in his heart, he is hoping away To lay on the lines that will make Some day.

The man who is waving his arms Like a windmill churning the air Has few of the orator's charms, And thunders at seats that are bare! He may die disappointed, but still, in his heart, he is hoping away To deliver the words that will make "A hit"—
Some day.

O let each go on with his part! Tis better a thousand should fall Than that one should be taken from art Through a critic's discouraging wall! They may die disappointed, but where is the judge who has power to say Which one of those trying shall ne'er Make "a hit"— Bome day?

-S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

MOTHER'S WELL DAY

By Fanny K. Johnson.

SHE USED to say that she had not known a well day since the Christmas Eve our old house burned down. I was a little thing, but I remember quite well the suddenness of the fire bursting out against the snowy night. Jimmy was two weeks old that day. can see mother now as she lay raised on one elbow, telling father how to arrange our stockings. She insisted that one of Jimmy's tiny socks be hung up. too. Father had just fastened it, when a sheet of flame swept up in front of the window. Mother had to be taken three miles through the snowstorm, in an open spring wagon, to my grandmother's home, which was also the nearest place of refuge.

There she lay ill many weeks, and when she became better was so near an invalid that with one exception she had never a well day.

My childish eyes had seen her tall and trong and beautiful; but that image radually faded from my mind as I beame accustomed to a pale and languid nother, performing what seemed to er the most essential duties with visi-

She never rode on horseback, or went errying or nutting with us again. he was always glad to lie on the ounge as long as possible, and as we irls grew older, gladly allowed us to ttend to the housekeeping and sewg. At last she did not get up until such by the window, where she would end a little, or read, or knit. We were ily too happy to find her so willing to nursed and petted. I tempted her petite with dainties, and Elizabeth ade her the softest and loveliest of essing-cowns.

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We refused to see that her brown tr became grayer, and her eyes more nken. We ugreed that all she had eded was to be taken care of, and re no worry. As for father, whenr he came in from the farm-work 1 found mother dressed in a certain tt. pinkish, ribbon-tied wrapper, you

ld see from his face that he thought was getting well. And one April years ago, she did get well. was in the kitchen that morning

he aring her breakfast. I had broken on new-laid egg over the pretty, goldound of toast, and had the other ed above, when the door opened. egg slipped from my fingers. other stood smiling at me. She had t on one of the print dresses of her sier days, and a big linen apron. She e up and kissed me out of my be-

feel well, Narcissa!" she exve cd. "Think of it! Well! I am vin to help get breakfast. Don't ill want some of mother's bis-

ta moment I was no more than any er little girl of 17. Mother was e. I put the toast and egg out of t and waited on her. She was as ed as a child at first, but presently ed down to serene enjoyment of well day. I kept hugging her. It ried too wonderful to be true. We in a great glee together over the se we would give the rest of the

irried breakfast in, and mother at the head of the table for the first in years. A look of awest satiston stole over her face as she ioed down the mowy board. The moiscuite were fisky balls, deliusly brown. No one ever made bisis like mother. With a smile, she fied the bell. Framy was the first run in. "Manusca!" he almost med, and then such hugging and

the next moment off the rest were day in. Father was too happy to He took my place and sat by er, holding her hand as if he exsed her to melt away.

ther breakfast Elizabeth and I only laughed at us. Instead, she us open all the shutters and let in beautiful, fresh spring sunshine tr. Then she went from room to helping us put things to rights,

and gently suggesting improvements beautiful woman. We us she was still bere and there. We spent some time in beautiful. We care any unfolded the and tellet covers, and mother lingered silver paper, and we place breathed a in the garret, sorting out herbs and exploring for garden seed.

looked over her Sower-beds, and said begging her to put it on. He was one what flowers she was going to have that summer. She showed us when the meant to plant the moonflower seeds, and how the rose-vines should be trained. The Easter lilies were in full bloom, and, with the yellow jonquils. bordered the path to the front gate. A little creck runs through one corner Her dear cheeks blushed. of our large yard, and the violets grew there like weeds that April, so blue, so oig, so tall,

We sat down on a wide seat father had made under a group of weeping all of her young marched "fe to herwillows. Jimmy was on the ground, all of its beauty and richness and freelying against mother's knee, and Elizabeth and I had our arms about her, delicately, She drew a deep breath of the heavenly air. There was a pretty color in her cheeks, and her eyes were clear. You only noticed the soft waves of her hair. not the gray in them. Elizabeth had thrown a blue knit thing around her shoulders, and Jimmy had filled her lap with the violets. Her eyes wandered over the green, flower-wreathed yard. They passed the tall row of maples liftour flame-like buds in front of the ing t porel, and rested on the window of the got us. The tenderest lock Lever saw room that had held her prisoner for so, shone in mother's eyes. She opened her long. The thin white curtains flattered out like immense moth-wings striving straight into that dear embrace, to beat closer to the sun. She seemed to fall into a pleasant reverie, from which she roused presently and turned to look far across the land to the tremetalous incurve of the mountain, then veiled in tremulous young foliage. Lower came the cleared lands and arable fields. Around one of these father and Frank were building a fence that day. We could see them as they worked.

"Papa ought to be here," said Elizaboth, "but he is always working," "Ah, we are such poor people," said

mother, smiling, "and I have been such a drag-such a good-for-nothing!" "You're a good - for - everything!" eried Jimmy, indignantly, patting her hand as it rested against him.

Elizabeth and I said nothing. We just held her closer.

I had never noticed before how ex- and talked of her. actly Elizabeth looked like mother. Only younger, of course.

"Durling," I said, "why don't I look like you, too? It doesn't seem fair." "Why. I had to have a father's girl,"

ever reconciled to my gray eyes and We sat there awhile longer, making

the fragrant air and flower perfume.

"But mother mustn't overdo herself on her first well day," said Elizabeth, as we went back to the house.

After our lunch-dinner had been eaten, father had to go to town on some business that could not be neglected. else I am sure he would have stayed by mother all the afternoon.

"I will not be a hindrance to you any

"But don't tire yourself!" pleaded fa-

"I don't feel as if I could," laughed mother.

Such happiness leaped into father's eyes! "It is a miracle!" he cried. After watching father ride away.

nother kept Frank by her for a little talk. She let him go back to his fences interesting character, rough but dig-building reluctantly. "I want all of nified, of sound intellect, gifted with a them right here," she said, "here, with- keen sense of humor and far surpa in reach of my arms."

She leaned her head on her hand, We feared lest she become sad while reflecting how we were not rich enough to let love keep us away from work. But our mother was never morbid. She between them was romantically tensoon turned to us brightly.

time," she said. "I know my bureau out. drawers need arranging."

These bureau drawers had always been one of her absorbing pastimes. and we had always accounted it a attitude to keep him in countenance, privilege to be allowed to delve in them with her. Each drawer had its own charming hoard. Mother's tongue raced as she turned over the long-unhandled treasures. We chatted together like three schoolgiris. We knew about everything, from the tiny silverbound prayer-book that had been great-grandmother's to the ruby carrings which were to be mine some day. But we liked so much to hear'it all over again! We could not pile up high enough the proof that the mother of our childish days had come back to us. It seemed to us as if a rose long withered had been uplifted to dewiness and youth. We had read of such magic. We only remembered that the rose had been renewed. We forgot the end of

"Now for the dress!" I cried, as we reached the bottom drawer.

This dress had been mother's one magnificent wedding gift. A college mate of father's who was in business in China had sent is to her the year after her marriage.

It was a very heavy, very soft, pure silk-a crepe. Merely to touch it sent royally rich images flying through one's brain. Just to look at it was shough to turn an impressionable person into a poet. One moment it was silver, with violet shadows and glimmering jewel green lights. The next, the most marvelous rosy glow spread like a sunrise flush until the whole dress was bathed in it exquisitely. Mother had made it with great daintiness and plainness, scorning to snip up the wonderful fabric into foolish puffs and ruffles. A little filmy fichu of real se went with it. A beautiful woman

Frank's room, planning new curtains dress from the discount and the

"it's like sunvise and proceeder mixed When all was in order we went out up," said Elizabeth. Jin a v fell eager-into the sunshine itself, and mother ly on mother's neck, his ag her and lovely things.

of those children who fall in love with "Please do, mother," we used, "it will delight father set You haven't

had the dress on ther Jumpy was "But I am old now," said mother.

"You are just as dear and sweet to look at as ever," I said.

Mother fell to mushin over the lustrous folds. We felt that they means dom from care. She smoothed the eith

"Your father loves it." she said, and then added, heshathers, "I believe will wear it ones poor- for birm."

That is how the there is to ned to be wearing the dress when fother came in from his long ride. It the w a pink glow over her face, and she did not look fragile, just delicate and levely, as she turned to greet him. He stood a mo- father, that you wouldest send him to my ment in the door before he compre-hended, and then I think the whath for arms, and father west eager it forward.

"It is so beautiful to be well!" she said to him, puriting her head on his breast, and drawing his down in " their lips touched. They stood so lone motionless that a vague missiving awakened in my heart.

"Father!" I eried, nervenely. The at last he lifted his head so that we could see mother inface. We had never seen death before. We did not under stand. We carried her to the lounge. crying out that she had fainted. But father knew. "She died as

It hardened for ross, Toma grown woman now, with husband and children of my own. Place the married, too. She lives at the home place, with father and the best, and I live not far away. The hot time I stayed ever there all night, we sat in mother's room

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "it was terrible and sudden; but, O Narclass, It was so may be outlined as follows: sweet to die that way! It does not hard me to remember that day. I would have for my husband and my children to Some of the lessons: said mother, so sweetly that I was for- have such a memory of me.

Father was out by the half. We spoke low, but the door was afar, and I think he heard. When we went into the sitplans for the summer and drinking in ting-room he was looking over some lit-"I feel like a girl again," said mother, he carries always in his breast pocket 'so strong, so full of life! Everything in a small leather case. We both kissed is going to be different and better, girls him; but he clung to Elizabeth's hand. -little boy. Mother has come back to | and kept her by him .- You'h's Companion.

"OLD TIMBER WOOD."

An Old Attorney Whose Love of Sattre Often Got Him in Trouble with the Court.

"No. you must go," she said to him. northern lows, the days of salouns time all must. But existence does and circuit courts, a certain ponder- not end with what we call death, ous judge was for many years accompanied on his rounds by District | to live, and it continues on the same Old Timber Wood. He had been christened Timothy, the name was curtailed to Tim and by easy evolution developed into Timber, says Harper's

Old Timber Wood was a unique and ing in mental nearest hit profession. superior, whom, however, he usually treated before the world with an almost ostentations deference. They were the warmest friends, the feeling der, notwithstanding that they had "Let us while away the lonesome frequent and violent public fallings

The judge, who was entirely lack ing in personal dignity, really needed the support of his friend's deferential and when it was temporarily removed. Old Timber Wood's love of satire occasionally betraying him into sacrilege, known as "contempt of court." he was stung to fury and promptly punished the offense. Many a fine had the attorney been subjected to for his incautious wittielms. Being in a constant state of impecualosity, he invariably applied to the judge himself for money to pay these assessments. a favor which was never refused, the fact that he must humble himself to ask it sufficently restoring his honor's complacency. The judge was of a thirsty habit, and frequently left the bench, substituting Wood in his place as an old-time schoolmaster substituted one of the large boys when he wished to absent himself from the room, and stepped out to refresh himself at a neighboring saloon.

On one occasion, very shortly after s skirmish with the attorney, in which he had finally avenged his insulted dignity in the usual way, he abruptly called Wood to the beach and started down the aisle. Wood hastily slipped into his place and before he had reached the door rapped sharply on the desk and called out: "Gentlemen, before proceeding further with the case the court wishes to instruct the clerk to remit the fine lately imposed upon Attorney Wood."

The judge halted, wheeled about with a very red face and opened his lips to protest, but the bar and jury drowned him out with a chorus of

But It Means the Same. Some men are frowned down and would look as a queen should look in others thrown down.—Chicago DemoTHE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for November 11, 1900-The Rich Man and Luzarus.

[Prepared by H. C. Lenington.] THE LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 16:10-31, 19. There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.

20. And there was a certain beyong named Lagarus, which was laid at his gate, tuil 21. And desiring to be fed with the crumbs

23. And destring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, moreover the does came and licked his serve.

22. And it came to pass, that the beggat died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died

23. And in hell he lift up his eyes, beln; in torments, and seeth Abraham afar of and Lazarus in his bosom.

34. And he cried and said: Father Abra ham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tor-mented in this flame. 25. But Abraham said: Son, remember

that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou

And beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot; neither can they pass us, that

would come from thence. 27. Then he said, I pray thee therefore 28. For I have five brothren; that he may

this place of torment. 19. Abraham saith unto him: They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear

30. And he said: Nay, father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they would repent.

21. And he said unto him: If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from

GOLDEN TEXT.-Lay up for your ives treasures in Heaven,-Matt

NOTES AND COMMENTS. The teaching of Jesus regarding the mammon (or money) worshipers touch the pharisecs in a tender spot, for, as Luke 16:14 tells us, they "were therein that I'e gives us the story of the rich man a.u. Lazarus. The lesson

(a) Awards Here and Herenfter...vs. 25.
(b) The Impassable Guif....vs. 28.
(c) Truth Apparent in This Life...vs. 27. 37.

sharp contrast is presented. We have the worldly man at his earthly best, tle faded photographs of mother that and the Godly man at his earthly worst. The one is a self-seeking, selfgratifying, sordid man, whose whole thought is for the coarser things of life. He is the man who has made mammon his god, and money the whole end of existence. The other is a Godly man with a clean, clear conscience, but who has met with misfortune such as seldom falls to the lot of honest men.

The Fate of Each. In the course In the days antedating railroads in of time both died, as in the course of Attorney Wood, popularly known as course in which it has started here on earth. In the spiritual world the man who had been rich here found there was nothing that could satisfy the wants and wishes of his nature. He had pandered to the body, and dwarfed the finer qualities which could have been brought to perfection in the life beyond the grave. The desires of earth had not left him, but only grown the more intense, so that he would have even the despised Lazarus bring him but a drop of water on the ap of the finger.

Some of the Lessons - (n) Jesus has before laid down the rule illustrated in verse 25. In the sermon or the mount, He had said of the hypoeries: "Verily I say unto you, they have received their rewart"

(b). The Impassible Gulf.-There is never a greater or more impassible gulf than that between a character rightly builded and one built upon weak foundations and flimsily constructed. After a lifetime of training and habit of thought and action, a good man can commit no great wrong, nor can a bad man do a righteous act. We have reason to believe that these traite are only confirmed in the future life. The gulf then becomes truly impassable. This would be a harsh teaching, were it not for that which follows.

(c). That other teaching is that the ruth, sufficient truth is apparent in this life. God has given us an inward monitor to guide us in the right way. If that were always followed, if we only would do that which we absolutely know we ought to do, there is reason to believe that we could emerge eventually into the light. But besides this inward monitor God has given us prophets who have pointed us to the right way, and "His own Son who is Himself the Way, the Truth and the Life." If we neglect such great, apparent opportunities, surely we would not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

Honey from the Rock. The best Christian action is animated by aspiration. The world thinks because is is lost

that God is lost. The love of the loaves leads to the loss of the Lord. Get your wheat seed in first and it

will choke any tares the devil may

A mother's apron strings are most likely to be coupled to God's leading lines of love.

We need less theorizing about the court of Heaven and more work for the kingdom.—Ram's Horn.



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