

POOR OLD DAD.

He has scap'd pick up a paper
An' its "poets' corner" greet,
"Cept ye'll see er' pirty poem
'Bout the mother, saintly, sweet;
But ye'll have a time a-sarchin'—
Eyes will be er-achin' bad—
Ere ye'll overtake er poem
Write about the pore ole dad!

No, it isn't willful in 'em—
Them that write of mother dear—
That thar's never notice taken
Of her ole man settin' near:
No, it's never meant to slight him,
But hit looks a little sad—
All the bouquets made for mother,
Not a bloom for pore ole dad!

True, our mother watched above us
Till her dear ole eyes wud ache,
But ole dad, he humped to feed us
Till his back would nearly break,
Mother croon'd above the cradle,
Gave devotion all she had;
Still, thar wasn't any circus
All this time for pore ole dad!

Do not take one line from mother
When ye write the soul-sweet song,
But if thar's a word for father,
Now and then it won't be wrong.
Pore ole soul! He's bent and wrinkled,
An' I know 'twould make him glad
If, while you are praisin' mother,
Somethin's sed for pore ole dad!

—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

A WOMAN'S GLORY.

BY GERTRUDE DONALDSON.

An important function at the country house was just concluded; a dinner party had been given by its owner, Gen. Calnard, to introduce his future bride to some of the country families and a few more of his intimate friends who were staying at the house. His engagement had unexpectedly been announced; but Gen. Calnard had no hesitation in presenting Debonnaire-Sanley as his choice, for she was tall, slender and beautiful, graceful and fascinating, a fiancée of whom he might well be proud.

A married sister had undertaken to act as hostess and chaperon on the occasion, and some of the guests were driving away from under the portico, whilst others were making their way over the velvet-piled staircase, having murmured the usual pleasant words of congratulation on the success of the evening to their host before they left.

Gen. Calnard turned toward his lady love, whom he addressed in low tones.

"I want to speak to you in the library before we say good-night. I have something to show you. If you go on, I will join you there in a minute."

Debonnaire turned toward the door and moved along the passage, glancing over her shoulder to see if her lover were following her as she entered the library.

The French windows were wide open, and the sweet scents of a summer's night filled the air with delicious odor.

Debonnaire crossed the room and stood looking out into the semi-darkness to where mysterious shadows stirred beneath a fine old cedar tree.

Suddenly an arm passed round her waist, and with a little sigh of relief she exclaimed:

"Oh, Bertram, how glad I am that's over. It is really a dreadful ordeal for such an inexperienced, quiet individual as I am to have to run the gauntlet of criticism at the hands of all these grand and pompous people whom I met to-night."

"I fear no criticism of you, darling," he said, drawing her close to him and kissing her lightly on the lips. "This has been a proud moment in my life; the proudest will be when I can call you wife. And now let me show you what I have brought you here to see."

He went to a small cabinet and from an inner drawer took out some morocco cases which evidently contained jewelry. These he placed upon a table near her, and opening them one by one, displayed the contents.

A blaze of diamonds flashed into her eyes from three splendid sets of tiaras and necklets, which lay upon their satin lining, sparkling and glistening as the light fell upon the stones.

Choose which of these you would like best to wear upon our wedding day. I brought them down from town with me this morning, and the rejected ones must be returned to-morrow. That's why I bothered you to-night, and I'm sure you must be tired."

"How lovely! How good you are to me," she cried.

"Nothing is too good to crown your loveliness, my queen," he answered, taking up one of the coronets and placing it upon her hair.

She had ruddy lips coiled in wavy masses behind her head, and the precious stones flashed their brilliance above her white, smooth forehead and her dark, blue eyes.

"I can't imagine what you see to admire in this red wig of mine," she said smiling, while he gazed lovingly at her. "As a child it was always a source of grief to me, for it gave me so many nicknames."

"Glorious hair!" he answered, "I love it. Do you know, Bonnie, I think you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

A vivid flush rose to the girl's cheeks, and she courted low to him.

"I thank you str. I don't pretend I am not pleased to hear a compliment like that from you."

At last the selection of an ornament was made, and he was about to slip the cases back into the drawer from which he had taken them, when she ventured to suggest

that it was hardly safe to leave them there.

"Don't you think they are too valuable to risk in this place?"

"Well, its for only one night. But perhaps it would be wiser to keep them in my own custody, so I will take them with me up-stairs. And now we must say good-night, dearest."

"Your sister will be wondering what has become of us. You must tell her why you spirited me away like this."

"Kate knows. I told her before dinner. We shall find her waiting patiently for us in the drawing-room, I expect."

As Debonnaire prepared to go to rest, her thoughts were full of happiness and gratitude. What had she done to be so fortunate!

A short month ago she was living almost in penury, supporting an invalid mother by giving daily lessons in town. One day when she was crossing the street, the collision of two hansoms, with the overturning of one, nearly brought about the end of her existence. Gen. Calnard sprang to save her from a dangerous fall—and a new era in her life had begun.

A crowd rapidly gathering, a few words hurriedly exchanged, and the next minute she had found herself seated in his brougham beside him driving away towards her home.

Three weeks later she was engaged to him, and the good folks in Broadshire were amazed to hear that the most eligible bachelor in the county was going to marry a penniless girl.

That night, long after every one at Gen. Calnard's country home had retired to rest, Debonnaire sat by her open window, gazing out over the fair domain of which she was to be the mistress so soon. The vague outlines of park and meadow land were dimly perceptible, and there was something intoxicating about the surrounding stillness and soft, fragrant air.

At first she felt too excited to wish to sleep, but at last the peaceful influence calmed her mind, and she turned away from the contemplation of future possibilities and went to bed. She swept back her auburn tresses with both hands as she lay down, whispering with a little laugh: "Glorious hair! I love it."

Her slumbers were not sound; chaotic dreams disturbed them, and eventually one more vivid than the rest seemed likely to arouse her dormant consciousness.

She thought she saw a curious, blurred shape of some sort moving across the room and slowly approaching her. As it drew nearer and nearer a nameless sensation of horror crept over her, but she could not move. Suddenly an icy finger was placed on her forehead, and the finger murmured something like: "Listen, I come as the messenger of Death."

With a violent start she awoke to find that some one was bending over her, and that a revolver was pressed against her head.

"Hush," said a hoarse voice to her ear, "if yer speak one word, you'll never speak another."

Debonnaire lay quaking and staring, but she did not utter a sound.

"I wants them diamonds, and I means to have 'em. You can get up and hand 'em over, just as soon as yer like. But don't yer scream, or I'll shoot yer, as sure as eggs is eggs."

Debonnaire had plenty of pluck, but her teeth chattered like castanets while she rolled to the other side of the bed, and, stepping out of it, caught up her dressing gown and flung it over her.

Between her trembling lips she muttered, "The diamonds are not here. I have not got them, so I cannot give them to you."

"Oh, yes, a likely tale. I'll take yer keys if yer's no objection, and run my eye through yer trunks, etc."

She handed him a bunch of keys, and he coolly struck a match and lit a candle; instinctively she shrank back from the sight of his villainous looking face, and watched him while, with the expertness evidently learned by long experience, he dived into her box and searched through her wardrobe and a chest of drawers.

His exclamations of disgust at finding so little pilfer made Debonnaire shudder and shake afresh.

He came towards her with a threatening gesture, suddenly seizing her hair, which still hung loosely over her shoulders.

"Look here, I mean to have them dazzers; just yer make no mistake about that. Where has the gent put 'em, after yer was a-sportin' of 'em down-stairs? You show me round, and hurry up about it."

Then the wretch had been watching them in the library? Probably he had been hidden somewhere in the room all the while.

"I cannot tell you anything about them, nor can I show you the way, for I don't know it myself. I only came to this house for the first time this morning."

He pondered for a moment, then said less roughly:

"I don't want to hurt yer, missie, but yer must keep a quiet tongue in yer head while I makes my tow'r round the premises. But I shan't give you the run of the house till my job's finished. I promise yer."

He twisted her hair up tightly, tied it into a knot, and, drawing her close to the chest of drawers, he pulled her head down to the level of one that stood open, flung the knotted hair into it, and with a dexterous movement closed the drawer, locked it, and put the key into his pocket.

Then he blew out the candle, and, with a small lantern in one hand and

his revolver in the other, went towards the door.

"I've got my pal below there," he said, nodding his head to where the open window was, "and if yer make one sound, as sure as your alive he'll come up and strangle yer." And with this ominous menace he disappeared.

Debonnaire was in darkness and a prisoner. What could she do to alarm the house? Should the burglar find his way into Gen. Calnard's room he might easily be awakened. No doubt the diamonds were lying in their cases close beside him on his dressing table. But her lover would not relinquish them without a struggle, and this man was armed. She knew where Gen. Calnard's room was, for he had taken her all around the mansion that afternoon, and she remembered that the one she occupied was down a short passage from the main corridor and not far from the back stairs. If only she were free, she thought, she would have the courage to descend by these, make a circuitous route on the first floor, returning up the front stairs near the other end of the house.

She tugged at her hair with all her might hoping to loosen it and drag it out through the interstice by main force, regardless of the pain it caused her. But her efforts seemed only to tighten the knot, and time was precious.

Could she reach her scissors on the dressing table? It would be a sad sacrifice, but that was the only way. With all her strength she pulled herself forward. Thank heaven, the drawers moved, making but little sound over the thick carpet. One more pull, and yet another, and her fingers touched the table; a last final effort and the scissors were in her hand.

"Glorious hair! I love it." The thought flashed through her mind as the shears did their work of destruction. Something like a sob escaped her, standing upright and free once more.

Then she gathered her gown more closely round her. With bare feet and noiseless tread, and arms outstretched in front of her, with ears sharpened to catch the slightest sound, she was outside the room, and creeping as quickly as she dared towards the friendly staircase.

How dark it was downstairs, how hollow the empty passages, how every crack resounded upon the boards, and how her limbs shook as she began to ascend once more!

At last the corridor was reached, and there was no glimmer of light nor sound of movement; so far she was safe. The man was in some room, evidently seeking for the treasure. A few yards more and she would reach the door.

At that instant the merest flash illuminated the end of the passage; she was only just in time.

Her fingers grasped the handle; thank God, the door was not locked. With two steps she was beside the bed and was shaking the sleeping man by his shoulder.

"Bertram, Bertram, get up!" she whispered.

"Good Lord, Bonnie, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, hush, it's a burglar, and he has a revolver. For heaven's sake, take care."

Then, having accomplished her mission, from womanly weakness her nerves gave way; she staggered backwards with a little cry, and sank in a heap on the floor.

A shot fired from Gen. Calnard's window had awakened the household, and warned the burglars that their presence was discovered. Excited women rushed about inside, whilst enterprising visitors and men servants led by Gen. Calnard, searched the gardens and avenues outside; but the thieves had made off and got clear away with some booty, jewels removed from some of the guests' rooms while Debonnaire was struggling to free her tresses from the toils.

The diamonds, however, were quite safe. A few weeks later they served to crown a radiant bride.

But as Debonnaire stood before a mirror in the drawing-room upon her wedding day she surveyed her shortened curly locks regretfully, sighing as her husband touched them lovingly.

"A woman's glory," they say. Alas, the pity of it. Mine has gone."

"The woman is the glory of the man," he answered, "and you are mine forever, love."—Chicago Tribune.

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In a recent speech, Mr. Carnegie suggested the following as an appropriate epitaph for his tombstone:

"Here lies a man who knew how to get around him such cleverer men than himself—Andrew Carnegie." The great majority of men who succeed in a large way do so because of their ability to surround themselves with able and shrewd associates. Americans, especially, says O. S. Marden writing in Success, seem to have an instinctive genius for estimating and measuring men. No man can be a leader of a great enterprise, can stand at the head of a great undertaking, unless he knows men, unless he knows how to measure and weigh them, to estimate their ability, and to place them to the best advantage. A bank president, a prominent man at the head of many large enterprises, told the writer that he owed his success to his natural instinct for selecting men. He said that he had rarely made a mistake in picking out a man for a responsible position, and that, after he had placed him, he gave him to understand that his whole reputation was at stake, and that he should hold him absolutely responsible for the success or failure of the enterprise. He said that, after he had selected and placed his men, it took comparatively little oversight or ability to manage them successfully, and that the results are very satisfactory. Not everyone, however, can place men properly. Many able men have totally failed in great undertakings, not because they have not worked hard, but because they have not known men; they have not read human nature correctly. They have put men at the head of departments, or in posts of responsibility, who lacked executive ability and the qualities of leadership. It does not follow that, because a man succeeds in doing one thing, that he can do something else successfully. Many men wrongly think that, because a man can write a book, or a good leading article, he can manage men. There is nothing in common in the requirements of the two tasks. The leader must have executive grasp; he must be an organizer; he must have systematic plans; he must work by programme, or everything will be in confusion.

Two bicycle riders who announce that they do the "nerviest trick ever done on a bicycle" are touring Missouri. Unlike some shows, they fulfill the promises on the billboards. After having done some tolerable trick riding, they ask 35 pieces of silver from the crowd besides the money already contributed. Having got the money, they do a few stunts "to get up their nerve," as they explain, and then, laughing in the faces of the crowd, ride swiftly away with its money.

The Way Now.

"Do you think she is going to marry Lord De Broke?"

"Very likely. I understand that the expert accountant who has been going over her father's books has reported very favorably to his lordship."—N. Y. Journal.

ANOTHER OPERATION

President Roosevelt Again Submits to Surgeon's Knife.

BONE OF LEFT LEG AFFECTED

Doctors Give Assurance That There is No Cause for Alarm, and Say Area Affected is Very Slight. Speedy Recovery Looked For.

Washington, Sept. 30.—Another operation was performed Sunday on the abscess on the left leg of President Roosevelt. In the former operation, a simple needle was used to relieve the trouble, but Sunday the surgeons with a knife made an incision into the small cavity, exposing the bone, which was found to be slightly affected. The president's case has been progressing satisfactorily, but it is believed by the physicians that the further operation made Sunday will hasten his complete recovery. While none of the doctors is willing to be quoted, they give the most positive assurance that there is not the least cause for alarm, and say that on the contrary there is every indication of a speedy recovery, that the area of bone affected is very slight, and will not result in any impairment of the president's limb, and that there is no evidence whatever of any matter that would produce blood poisoning. They confidently expect that the president will be on his feet within a reasonable time and will have his robust constitution to aid in his recovery.

Dr. Shaffer of New York, who long has been acquainted with the Roosevelt family and has attended the president's children at various times, and who also is a well-known bone specialist, joined the president's physicians in their consultation Sunday. It was noticed that there had been a slight rise in the president's temperature and an increase in local symptoms and the physicians thought his recovery would be aided by making an incision to drain the wound. The president stood the pain very well and expressed his satisfaction at the result. Dr. Rixey, the surgeon-general of the navy, performed the operation, assisted by Dr. Lung, the president's regular physician. Dr. O'Reilly, who also was present with the other physicians, is the surgeon-general of the army. Drs. Edward R. Stitt, another of those present, is in charge of the naval museum of hygiene and medical school.

The physicians took a roseate view of the president's prospects for getting out again. He has become somewhat restive because of his close confinement and the physicians are considering the advisability of permitting him to take a ride in a few days. The physicians say the question now is simply one of the healing of the wound and reiterate that this will be hastened by the operation performed Sunday.

Mr. Roosevelt passed an uneventful day yesterday, spending the time in his wheel chair, by which means he was able to be moved to various parts of the room. Last night he was reported to be progressing satisfactorily. There were no visitors except Dr. Lung, the regular White House physician, who made his usual call. Dr. Newton M. Shaffer, the New York bone specialist, who came here Sunday at the president's request and joined the other physicians in their consultation prior to the operation, returned to New York yesterday afternoon. No arrangements were made for another visit from the doctor.

Misses Alice and Ethel Roosevelt joined the president and his wife at the White House last night, the former coming from Tuxedo Park and the latter from Oyster Bay. Miss Ethel is to attend school here.

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to aid in the passage of this bill, which is of inestimable benefit to the dairy interests, and we very much doubt if it would have become a law, with its many desirable features, if Senator Penrose had not labored so earnestly in its behalf.

"Wealthy oleomargarine dealers and manufacturers, from various sections of the United States co-operating with other powerful interests, worked with unceasing zeal to defeat this measure, and thereby seriously cripple the great dairy interests, but on account of the unwavering fidelity of Senator Penrose to the farmers and dairymen, their efforts were rendered unsuccessful.

"In view of this we would respectfully urge all farmers and dairymen to advocate the election of members of the senate and house of representatives in Pennsylvania who will support re-election to the United States Senate, the Hon. Boies Penrose, of Philadelphia, Pa."

This circular is signed by W. R. Bryce & Co., 23 South Water street, Bickel & Miller, 322 South Front street, and twelve other of the largest wholesale butter merchants and firms in the city.

PATTISON OPPOSED BY LABOR

tinplate workers urge wage earnings to oppose his election as governor.

At the recent tin plate conference of the Amalgamated Association the following resolutions were passed:—

"Whereas, R. E. Pattison has been selected as one of the candidates for governor of this great commonwealth, and

"Whereas, it is well known to organized labor that said R. E. Pattison is a most bitter enemy of organized labor, and was evidenced by his action during his last administration by his vetoing Senate bill No. 19, session of 1885, providing for a better protection of wages of labor and providing for a better system of collection, and his vetoing House bill No. 628, securing to mechanics and laborers the right to file liens on real estate for wages due.

"Also by sending troops to Haverhill during the strike of 1892, when he had promised a committee of the workmen that no troops would be sent there in view of the fact that Adjutant General Greenland had reported the peace prevailed and that the presence of troops was not necessary for the preservation of order; and

"Whereas, it was stated to a committee of citizens of Homestead by General Snowden, the representative of Governor Pattison, that the mills are open, and any one who the company permits to enter to work will be protected by the troops."

Therefore, in view of all these facts it is resolved by the members of the conference committee and the members of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers that we do condemn unqualifiedly, without reserve, the action of Governor R. E. Pattison, and we recommend that all union men vote and use their influence to defeat this enemy.

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Philadelphia Merchants Issue a Circular to Farmers and Dairymen.

The combined pure butter interests of Philadelphia have issued an unusual circular during the past week. It is addressed to the Farmers and Dairymen of Pennsylvania and reads as follows:

"We, the undersigned dealers in pure butter, being especially interested in the success of the Groat bill, made repeated visits to the national capitol when this measure was under consideration in the Senate and House.

"We take great pleasure in stating that the Hon. Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania was untiring in his efforts