



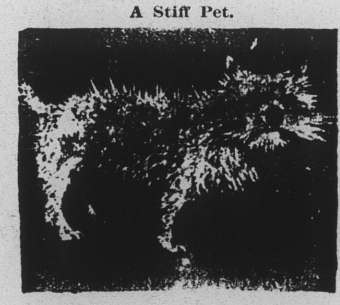
**Hitting Home.**  
Goodley—Oh, come, now! I wouldn't call him a cad.  
Boorisch—No? Well, what is your idea of a cad?  
Goodley—Well, usually it is a fellow who is forever calling somebody else one.—Catholic Standard.



**Warning Him.**  
Mr. Henpeck—I shall have to go to town to-day, my dear, and I shall want some money, for there's train fare, lunch, bus fares, and I've got to—  
Mrs. H.—Well, then, I will give you a shilling, and mind, if you come home the worse for drink, I'll not let you in.—Tit-Bits.



**At His Expense.**  
Mrs. Lady Bug—What a pity this lovely floor is not square, instead of round.  
Hampered.



**A Stiff Pet.**  
"What has happened to Fido?"  
"I told the laundress to wash him, and she thought that starching was part of the process.—Fliegende Blätter."  
**Ancestral Belongings.**  
"It all seems so strange," said Miss Moxie MacInnes, the heiress, who was engaged to the foreign count, "that I am to have a coronet."  
"Och! not at all," replied the old servant, "for that's what yer gran-father had before ye, an' twas all he had."  
"A coronet, I said."  
"Aye! a car an' net. 'Twas whin he caught fish an' peddled 'em out of Galway Bay.—The Catholic Standard.

### Enlightenment of Polle.

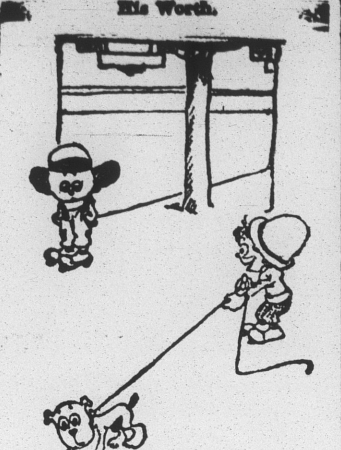
By Elizabeth L. Mason.  
"I am very much perplexed," remarked Polle, plaintively. "What do girls do in books when their guardians get married?"  
"They get married themselves, to their oldest friends," answered Richard, ungrammatically. "You could do that. You might marry me. I am the oldest friend you have around here."  
"You forget Cesar," corrected Polle, patting the shaggy head of the bear-r of the name.  
"Well, he's a dog," protested Richard, thinking what a pretty picture she made.  
"Well, you're a goose," retorted Polle, irrelevantly. "Don't be silly, Richard. I don't want to marry you or anyone else. I said I was perplexed. Why do you suppose Luther wants to get married, anyway?"  
"Perhaps he's lonely," suggested the young man.  
Polly shut her fan with a snap and sat up to look disdainfully at him. "Lonely!" she repeated superbly. "He has me."  
"True," agreed Richard meekly. "Do you know," resumed Polle presently, subsiding into soliloquy, "I think I'll ask him why he wants to."  
"You'd better not," Richard warned her. "He won't like it."  
"Well, I shan't like his getting married, either; so we'll be even. Polle peered out into the summer darkness. "Richard, I think he's coming. I wish you'd go so I can talk with him alone."  
"I don't want to," protested Richard.  
"You'll be awfully in the way if you stay," continued Polle impatiently; "you'd better go."  
"Richard goes early tonight," remarked Mr. Howard, smiling at Polle. "I'm afraid you haven't been kind to him."  
"Luther Howard," she began, "I am going to ask you some questions."  
"Mercy!" ejaculated the gentleman. "There'll be no mercy for you!" said Polle firmly. "Luther, are you going to be married?"  
"I hope so, sometime," he returned seriously.  
Polle pulled her hand out of his and sat up. "I wonder what is going to become of me," she said wistfully.  
"Why, my dear little girl," he answered paternally; "of course it would make no difference whatever, as far as you are concerned. You will always have a home with me."  
"I don't want a home with you," Polle said petulantly and with rising tears.  
"Don't want a home with me!" gasped the astonished Mr. Howard.  
"Polle," said Mr. Howard soberly. "I suppose you feel toward me just as you might toward an own father."  
"Yes," sobbed Polle. "That is, I did until Richard told me he heard you were going to be married. I won't have you for a father, if you do."  
"I don't want you for a daughter, I'm sure," began Mr. Howard, composedly. Polle bounced off the arm of the chair and stood up straight and slender in the white moonlight.  
"Then I'll go away!" she cried tragically. "I thought you cared a little 't about me—"  
Mr. Howard reached for Polle's little hand and drew her gently beside him. "Now be a good little girl and listen to me," he said; "I'm going to tell you a story."  
"Once upon a time," began Mr. Howard, seriously, "a young man went out into the world to make his fortune. This young man was a lonely fellow, for he had no friends and no one cared for him. But out in the world he found a friend whom he learned to love with all his heart, and whom he saw so constantly that they became like brothers. This friend, like the man, had come out in search of fortune, but somehow he never found it, and by and by he became so ill that he gave up trying to work and lay for hours at a time talking to the man about his home and the little motherless girl he had left there. The child was always in his mind and the man knew he worried about her. Then there came a time when the man lost his friend. Nobody knows how he felt that loss or how dark the world seemed to him. But by and by he remembered that little lonely child and he went to the country place where she was and took her away with him."  
"That was I," murmured Polle, who had forgotten her grievance.  
"Well, after that the man was never lonely because he had someone to live and work for, and he loved her as if she were his very own. And so a number of years passed and the man realized one day that although he had once been satisfied to have her love him as she would her father, now the dearest wish he had was that sometime she might be his wife. He has found that he is holding a beautiful lady in his heart instead of a little girl. And the hardest thing about it, Polle—here Mr. Howard paused to stroke her hair gently—"is that he doesn't dare to ask her to marry him, because he is afraid that she might consent purely out of gratitude for what he has done for her, and he doesn't want her gratitude; he wants her love."  
Polle was silent so long that he turned to look into her face. "What do you think he ought to do in such a case?" he asked.  
Polle slid her hand into his. "I think he'd better ask her, Luther," she said shyly.  
Dogs valued at \$1,250,000 were exhibited recently at a bench show in London. There were 2,508 entries.

### The Antidote.

By William Tompkins.  
It was while a young physician—now practicing in the East End—was a "resident" at the Allegheny General hospital that a patrol rattled into the court and a policeman lifted out a shaking, scared, disheveled man and hurried, half carrying him, into the emergency ward, followed by a woman in hysteria who had crept down white-faced from the wagon. An orderly summoned the young physician.  
"Quick, oh, quick, for Gott's sake, doctor!" sobbed the woman rushing toward him down the ward, her hands in a convulsive clasp. "Mine husband he haf took two poddles of poison. Ach Gott, ach Gott, he will die! and her tongue wandered away into incoherences."  
The young physician looked toward the policeman as a rational source of information.  
"That's right, doc," spoke the cop. "Here's th' bottles." He passed over from his hip pocket two small vials which the physician took and turned to the light to examine. Both bore flaming labels marked in big red letters "Poison."  
White as the sheet he was lying on the suicide stared with big-eyed fear, all in a tremble and waiting almost without breathing for the twice deadly dose to grip and trottle his life.  
After a hurried moment during which he sniffed the bottles and tasted the corks, the young physician turned to the woman and asked rapidly:  
"Did he swallow what was in both these bottles?"  
"Yes, doctor, yes. He said—"  
"Did you see him do it?"  
"Ach lieber Gott, doctor, before mine eye he did do it. He took up de one pottle so, just like dis, und he swallow it, und den he—"  
"Were they both full?"  
"Oh, doctor, ja, dey vas both full mit de poisons," blubbered the woman falling back into hysteria and hand wringing.  
The young physician stood the bottles on a table and as he did so the muscles of his face seemed to be subjected to a nervous, twitching action. Sitting down on the edge of the cot he crossed his legs and asked of the woman, while his eyes suppressed emotion of some sort or other:  
"What was the matter with Loo-loo or Jake or whatever his name is? Why did he want to shuffle off like this? Had you been scrapping?"  
"Oh, doctor, yes. Just like oder times ve had been fighting mit each oder and Gottlieb he told me, he says 'I will kill mineseelf!' But this time I said: 'Vell, vy dont you do it, dey, and not make so much talk about it every time?' Und den Gott sei mir erbarmherzig! he took in his hand dot little pottle mit de yellow paper und trank it up right before mine eyes. 'Now I will die,' he says, 'und den maybe you are a little sorry dot you made me do it,' he says, und den before I could scream even, he reached ofer to my bureau und took up dot oder pottle vat says 'poison' und trank dot also. 'Now I die sure ting,' he says. It was medicine vot doctor gif me for mine eyes und set look out it was very poison. Vell, den I run down for a policeman und—"  
She paused, stared at the young physician, who was grinning at her, glanced at the puzzled policeman and the amused nurses hovering in the background, then came quickly back to the laugh in the physician's eyes. Suddenly she cried out in a shrill voice:  
"But vy dont you did something for mine Gottlieb! Vy dont you save him! Don't laugh like it was a joke! she raged, shaking her fists under the young physician's nose. "Du-a, di dumme esel, my man iss dying! O, Heber Himmel, lass ihn doch nicht sterben!" and she fell walling on her knees beside the cot, clutching the coverlets.  
"My dear woman, keep cool," admonished the young physician, struggling with laughter and gently lifting her up. "Your Gottlieb won't die. He won't even be sick. It was pure Dutch luck to get hold of the only efficient antidote to the kind of poison he took and send it chasing after the poison before it could get busy. I'll wash out his stomach and Gottlieb will be himself again, same as ever, ready for another scrap with you. The young doctor laughed heartily.  
"What the—er—what do you know about that?" murmured the cop.  
"Something white stirred in the cit."  
"Yep," explained the physician. "The first bottle contained two ounces of laudanum—enough to kill an ordinary man—and the second dose, his wife's eye medicine, also rank poison, which he took to cinch the job, happened by the queerest chance in the world to be atropine, a deadly alkaloid, much used in eye work, but also the only known antidote for laudanum or opiate poisoning."  
"The he—say, can you beat it!" exclaimed the cop, looking around exultingly.  
"Vat iss dot?" cried the woman, her eyes bulging.  
The nurses laughed.  
Something white sat half up in the cot.  
"Just this," said the doctor, with slow emphasis, "that if Gottlieb had taken only the laudanum and you had rushed him here all I could possibly have done to save his life would have been to pump him out and give him just about the quantity of atropine he has in him now."  
Something white settled back in the cot with a deep sigh.

### The Awakening.

By Mabelle M. Harvey.  
There was a most bewildering little dimple in Clyde's pink cheek, and as she smiled up at Dick Graves—big, manly and desperately in love with her—he thought he had never quite realized how very desirable she was.  
"Now, Dicky, you know you don't mean half that nonsense," she said, tucking a rebellious curl up under her sunbonnet.  
Dick's eyes were very serious. "What a child you are," he said tenderly. "To think of your going away from all those who really love you, to an unknown world—the stage world, Clyde, dear, don't you realize how foolish it is—how unlike you? Why, little girl, you can't stand the life—it's absolutely impossible."  
A pair of big stormy eyes flashed up at him and the wonderful little dimple had entirely disappeared.  
"Now, Dick, it's useless for you to talk to me like that. Haven't I been waiting for three long years for just this opportunity, and now that it's really come you—the person who professes to love me more than anybody else in the whole world—try in every possible way to prevent me realizing my ambition. I should think you would be the one to help me, not stand selfishly in my light."  
The man was silent. He realized how, for the first time, the hopelessness of trying to overcome Clyde's determination to go on the stage. He had loved her in a good, clean, manly way ever since she was a little 15-year-old girl, and now, after long years of hard work and ceaseless economy, he had saved enough to buy a little home, the terrible stage demon had conquered and she was really going away from him—out into the great, unsympathetic world—alone.  
His voice was unsteady when he spoke again. "When do you go, dear?"  
The dimple was in evidence once more. "In two weeks, Dicky boy," she said excitedly. "Only think, 14 more days and I'll be a really, truly actress!"  
She stood up and shook out the folds of her dainty pink gown. "I must run along home now. Mother will be looking for me. By-by, dear."  
A woman, starry-eyed and wonderfully beautiful, stood before a window, gazing out into the cold, gray winter afternoon.  
"What shall my answer be?" she said, thoughtfully. "I must decide soon. He will be here within the next hour, and I am still as undecided as I was two months ago. A countess! Quite alluring, and yet—"  
The fair brow wrinkled into a frown and she moved away from the window, restlessly. A telegram was lying on the table, addressed to her, and she picked it up, carelessly.  
"Dick ill. Calls ceaselessly for you. Come if possible."  
AUNT DORA.  
Her face was white. "Dick ill," she said slowly. "Dick—after all these years. 'Why, I must start at once. Lena—Lena, come here quickly. Pack my bag immediately. I shall be away for an indefinite time. Don't stand there staring at me idiotically, but do as I tell you. No, I shan't play tonight, of course. You must see Mr. Hale and explain to him. Tell him somebody I love—love, understand—is ill, and I must go to him at once. Now go!"  
Two days later she arrived in the little old-fashioned town of her girlhood, where she and Dick had spent so many happy hours together. Her eyes filled with tears as she came in sight of his house, and she said softly, "How glad he will be to see me."  
A neat, gray-haired little woman answered her ring—his aunt, Clyde knew at once.  
"I—am Clyde," she said, happily. "You sent for me—Dick wants to see me."  
The little woman stared at her, unseeingly. "Come upstairs with me," she said in a colorless voice.  
Clyde followed her wonderingly up the narrow carpeted stairs. She began to fear that the sweet-faced little aunt didn't welcome her coming.  
"He is in there," came the same lifeless voice. "Go in alone."  
Clyde pushed the door open gently. "Dick," she whispered. There was no answer.  
She walked over to the big, old-fashioned bed. He was lying there, his eyes closed. A sob rose in Clyde's throat, and she touched the straight, black hair caressingly.  
"Sleeping, poor boy," she said softly. "Oh, how cruel I've been to him all these years. Father above, help me to repay him for his never-ceasing devotion."  
She laid her hand gently on his forehead—but only for an instant—then drew it away, fearfully.  
"How cold and damp," she whispered with a shudder.  
"You—you see—" It was the little aunt's voice, calm and monotonous, but with an underlying note of agony. Clyde looked at her in pitiful bewilderment.  
"What do you mean?" she gasped. "He is dead," said the little aunt, slowly.  
"The awakening had come—too late!"  
The use of snuff has again become popular in Paris. The excuse is made that efnahncpwsyaade W p 12 ET E that a few pinches a day will prevent influenza.  
The winter homes of spiders consists of a silken, weatherproof covering.



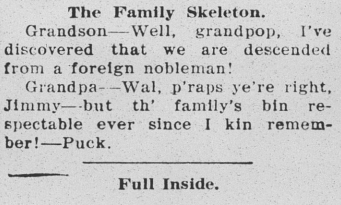
**His Worth.**  
"What's dat dorg good for?"  
"Why, nuthin'! He's got a pedigree."  
Getting His Answer.



Old Gent—What is the extra about?  
Small Boy—Ah Gwan! I sell papers. I don't read them.



**Why, Of Course!**  
Balooni—Ze bags of sand? Zey are to throw out when I wish to go up.  
Aunt Quizzie—But how do you get them again when you wish to come down?



**The Family Skeleton.**  
Grandson—Well, grandpa, I've discovered that we are descended from a foreign nobleman!  
Grandpa—Wal, praps ye're right, Jimmy—but th' family's bin respectable ever since I kin remember!—Puck.



**Full Inside.**  
Goodsort—I have come here to convert thee.  
Eatemalve—Not on your life. The last fellow tried that and I've got too much religion in me now.



**Making Her Wise.**  
Mrs. Wise—I see by the paper that judging by the insanity returns, only sixteen cases in 1,000 are caused by love affairs.  
Mrs. Knockem—Oh, well, more than that number act crazy.  
**One Time.**  
One time O! Mister Trouble  
Take off his hat ter stay,  
An' say de weather des so bad  
He think he'll spend de day;  
But Joy come lak' a harricane  
An' laffed 'im cl'ar away!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

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