I have waited all those years,

life has burned to embers low,
in these eyes now dead to tears
au'it read the angulah of my w
wilt thou, dear, not come to me
klas my lips so tenderly?

yes, dear heart, I still must pray, es, dear heart, I see and drawing nigh, ough night and age are drawing nigh, it feel for me so far away.

I love me, love me ere I die:
with rich memories of the past it come at last, thou'lt come at last.

—George B. Mimin.

#### \*\*\* HIS MOTHER.

The cold gray shadows of the wintry twilight had enveloped tree and meadow and sluggish forest stream in their uncertain mist, the factory chimneys flung their fiery banners of smoke against the leaden sky, a bassorilievo that would have made Rembrandt himself rejoice, and the hum of never-ceasing machinery in the little town rose above the rush of the river like the buzz of a giganuic insect. Charles Emery, the day superintendent in the rolling mills, was just returning to his home, having been relieved by the night superintendent, and as he walked along, his fee: sounding erisply on the hard frozen earth, he whistled softly to himself as lighthearted as a bird.

"You're going with us tonight, Charley, to the opera"? cried a gay voice, and two or three young men came by.

For upon that especial evening there was to be an opera in the little town, a genuine New York company, with chorus, a full orchestra, and all the paraphernalia of scenery and costume which provincial residents so seldom enjoy, and the younger population were on the qui vive of delightful expectation.

"I am going," said Emery, slowly; "but not with you!"

"But you will change your mind. though," said Harrison, "when you hear that Kate Marcy is to be of our party-Kate Marcy and the Miss Hallowells and Fanny Hewitt. There are eight of us going. We've kept a seat on purpose for you!"

"I have engaged myself to another lady," said Emery.

Harrison laughed.

'Well, I'm sorry for it,' said he; "but Miss Marcy is not a girl who need pine for a cavaller. We'll keep the seat for you until a quarter of eight. And let me give you a warning, old fellow! Kate Marcy is a highminded girl-it won't do to trifle too much with her!"

Charles Emery went on his way rather graver and more self-absorbed. He had asked his mother the day be fore to go, and his mother's eyes had brightened with genuine delight.

Your father often used to take me, Charley," she said, "when we were young people and lived in New York. But it is twenty years and more since I have been to an opera. And if you're quite sure, dear, that there is no young lady whom you would rather

"As if any young girl in the world could be to me what my own darling mather is!" replied Emery, smiling across the table to her.

"Then I shall be delighted to go, said Mrs. Emery. And her voice and eyes bore witness to the truth of her

But now that a regular party had been organized, and Kate Marcy had promised to join it, things looked different to the young man. For a moment he almost regretted that he had

engaged himself to take his mother. "She would be as well pleased with any concert," he said to himself, "and I should have the opportunity of sitting all the evening next to Kate Marcy. I'll ask her to let me off this time. "She won't care."

But when he went into the little sitting room of their humble domain, and saw his mother with her silvergray hair rolled into puffs on either side of her almost unwrinkled brow. her best black silk donned, and the opal brooch she owned pinned into the white lace folds at her bosom, his heart misgave him.

"I have been trimming my bonnet over with some violet-velvet flowers," said she, smiling, "so as to do you no discredit, Charley; and I have a new pair of violet kid gloves. And now you must drink your tea. I've made some of your favorite cream-biscuit, and the kettle is nearly boiling. Oh, Charley, you'll laugh at me, I'm afraid, but I feel like a little girl going to her first children's party. It's so seldom, you know, that a bit of pleasure comes in my way!"

And then Charles Emery made up his mind that his mother was more to him in her helpless old age and sweet, affectionate dependence, than any blooming damsel whose eyes shone like stars and whose cheeks rivalled the September peach.

"Going with some one else!" said Kate Marcy, rather surprised and not exactly pleased.

She was a tall, beautiful maiden, the belle of C-, and rather an heiress in her own right. She. liked Charles Emery, and she rather surmised that he liked her. And when she had been studying up her toilet for the opera, she had selected a blue dress, with blue flowers for her hair and ornaments of turquoise, because she had once heard Mr. Emery say that blue was his favorite color.

"Going with some else!" she repeat-"Well, he has a right to suit him-

And she kept within her own soul the jealousy that disturbed her all the while she was citting waiting for the great green curtain to be drawn until, of a sudden, there was a slight bustle in the row of seats be yond, and Emery entered with his mother.

Then Kate's overgloomed face grew bright again. She drew a long breath of relief and turned to the stage; it was as if the myriad gaslights had all of a sudden been turned up, as if all the mimic world in the opera

house had grown radiant. Never was a voice sweeter to her ears than the somewhat thin and exhausted warble of the prima donna; never did scenery glow with such natural tints or footlights shine more softly. Kate Marcy declared the opera was "perfection!"

"Yes; but," said pert little Nina Cummings, "do look at Charley Emery with that little old woman; Why couldn't he have come and sat with

Kate said nothing. In the crowd now surging out of the aisles of the little opera house she could scarcely venture to express her entire opinion, but she said in a low, earnest tone,-

"I don't know what you think of it, Nina, but I, for my part, respect Mr. Emery a thousand times more for his kindness to his mother."

And, almost at the same second, she found herself looking directly into Charley's eyes

For a moment only. The crowd separated them almost ere they could recognize one another, but Kate felt sure-and her cheeks glowed scarlet-

that he had heard her words. "Charley," said little Mrs. Emery, looking into her son's face as they emerged into the veil of softly falling snow which seemed to enwrap the whole outer world in a dim, dazzling myster), "who was that girl with the large blue eyes and the sweet face wrapped into a white fleecy sort of hood-the one who said she respected vou?"

"It was Kate Marcy, mother." "She has the face of an angel," said Mrs. Emery, softly.

The next day Charley went boldly to the old Marcy homestead, whose red brick gables, sheeted with ivy, rose up out of the leafless elms and beeches, just beyond the noise and stir of the busy village.

"Miss Marcy," he said, "I heard what you said last night." "It was not meant for your ears,

Mr. Emery," said Kate, coloring a soft rosy pink. "But," he pursued, looking her full in the face, "I cannot be satisfied

with that, Miss Marcy, I want a warmer feeling. If you could teach yourself to love me-" The dimples came around Kate

Marcy's red lips, wreathing her smile in wondrous beauty. "Mr. Emery," she said, "I do love

you. I have loved you for a long

And Charley went home, envying neither king nor prince.

"But I never should have loved you so dearly," his young wife told him afterward, "if you hadn't been so kind to that little mother of yours. In my eyes you never looked so handsome as when you stood bending over her gray head in the crowded hall of the opera house that night."

#### Carlsbad Improvements

Consul Will L. Lowrie writes of improvements planned by the Austrian city of Carlsbad which will cost sevhundred thousand dollars:

"A \$3,750,000 loan has been secured recently. A part of this sum will be expended under the direction of the City Council, and the balance is for refunding purposes. The betterments proposed include changes in the streets, enlarged colonnades at the tuermal springs, baths, etc. It is reported that an electric railroad may be constructed connecting the suburb of Fischern, where the railroad stations are located, with Carlsbad. This is a much needed improvement, as the distance is more than a mile and the carriage charges are high. The greatest opposition to the complete electric railway system, which would be a boon to the 270,000 annual visitors to this spa, comes from the hotel and lodging house keepers, who are able under present conditions to charge extremely high prices for rooms. The congestion during the three months when the number of "cure guests" is at its height will be relieved somewhat next year, when one, and possibly two, large hotels will be built, equipped with modern conveniences. This will be appreciated especially by the Americans, who, to the number of eight thousands, come to Carisbad annually during the summer season."-Consular Reports.

#### A Joker.

A seedy-looking man entered a store in Trenton the other day, and asked for assistance, backing up his request with a long tale of sickness and lack of employment.

With a wink at his clerk, the merchant pointed to a friend who happened to be in the place and replied: "Ask that gentleman. He is a proprietor. I am only a clerk."

The friend received the beggar's request in a sympathetic manner, and, turning to the merchant, remarked: "This seems to be a worthy case, Mr. Jones. Give him a dollar from the cash

register," and walked out of the store. It was in vain that the merchant protested that it had been a joke. So insistent did the scedy one become that "de bose's" directions should be carried out, that it was finally necessary to do so in order to be rid of him. -Lippincott's.



A Mouse-Eyeview.

A Mouse-Eyeview.

Begged a lean little mouse,
"Oh mother, dear, piease
Let us go to the moon,
If it's made of green cheese!
There's nobody there
But a stupid old man,
And he couldn't catch us
If nimbly we ran."
"My dear," said her parent,
"I've really a mind
To lend you my specs—
You are sometimes so blind,
You could see if you'd half
The sight of a bat
That it's no man at all,
But a villain old cat."
therine Young Glen, in the Wash

Catherine Young Glen, in the Washing-ton Star.

Conundrums. Why is a prudent man like a pin? Ans.—Because his head prevents him

from going too far. What city is drawn more frequently

than any other? Ans.-Cork. Why are printers liable to catch Ans.-Because they always cold? use damp sheets. Why are a ropemaker and a poet

alike? Ans.—Both make lines, I'm longer and longer the lower fall. And when I am highest I'm shortest of all. Ans .- A plummet .-Washington Star.

#### An Adventure.

mine with a highway robber while driving from my uncle's house to the village. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon uncle told me to hitch up the horse and drive to the village, about a mile and a half away, to get some mail and make some purchases. In about twenty-five minutes I was on my way, and on nearing a little pass, about an eighth of a mile long a man came out of a thicket and asked me to give him a ride to the village, which I did. As we reached the end of the pass he seized the reins, grabbed my coat collar and demanded my money. As he pocketed my money, which amounted to about 45 cents, he gave me a severe beating and disappeared into the woods. As I returned home with some bruises on my face which I could not hide, the story of my adventure was told. Since then I have never been allowed to go to the village alone.—Henry Gensley, in the New York Tribune,

#### Faithful Larry.

Not very long ago I was in the library, studying, and Larry (my dog) came up to me and began to whine. I was all alone in the house, and as Larry took hold of my skirt, I followed him to see what was the matter. He led me to the kitchen, and there I saw some cloths in back of the stove were blazing! I had quite a time putting the fire out, but finally succeeded. The fire was caused by a box of corn flakes, which had been placed in the back of the stove to heat, bursting into flames and igniting the cloths.

When I threw the box out, as I did immediately, my walst caught fire. was frightened, but put it out by throwing water on myself. When Larry saw I was aftre he jumped on me and never stirred when I threw the water, though it went directly in his

Another time I was outdoors playing and Larry led me to the house the same way, and all he wanted me to do was to let the cat out. The cat out. As soon as I let the cat out go out of his hands it began chewing all three would be engaged and by the Larry ran off to play perfectly satisfied.-Alison Winslow, in the New York Tribune.

#### The "Boy Police."

In the city of Council Bluffs, Ia. there is a unique organization known as the "Boy Police," composed, as its name indicates, entirely of boys, whose duty it is to preserve order among the lads of that city and to see that the rising generation does not become too boisterous in its fun. The young law officers act under the eyes and orders of the regular Police Department of the city and have authority to make arrests when necessary to preserve order.

The size of the force fluctuates, at times decreasing until not a single member is on the roll, and at other times increasing until it reaches a strength of 250. This is the maximum number allowed to serve in the boy police force. The boys receive no pay for their work, but are recompensed solely by the prestige which accrues to them as guardians

of the peace. So greatly is the honor esteemed at holiday times, when the mind of Young America naturally turns to mischief, that anything from 500 to 1,500 boys besiege the police headquarters, seeking appointments as policemen. It is the greatest honor that can come to a Council Bluffs boy -to be made a policeman. Every grade of society is found among the applicants, from the street Arab to the son of a banker and railroad magnate, for practically every lad in Council Bluffs is a standing candidate

for the job of a boy policeman. The "Kid Police," as the force is popularly known, originated in the mind of Chief of Police Richmond of stitution. Council Bluffs, and was more the result of an accident than of mature thought. It was an inspiration, however, that has vorked wonders among the boys of Council Bluffs, and has been so successful in its object that it is being seriously considered by a number of other American cities, reversed spells Unto.-Elmira Star-Wide World Magazine.

#### Boy and The Giant.

At a certain place in the interior lived a manly little boy who was very fond of hunting. He would take his lunch and go off hunting very early in the morning and stay all day, bringing home two or three porcupines in the evening. One morning he started earlier than usual, and came upon a giant as tall as the trees. He was very much frightened and ran away, with the big man in pursuit. As the giant was not a very fast runner, the boy kept ahead of him until he came to a sort of cave like a house at the foot of a hill, and entered it. When the big man saw this he sald: "Come here, my grandson." The boy refused, and the giant continued his entreaties for a long time. At last the boy consented to go with him, so the giant said: "Get inside of my shirt. I will carry you that way.' Then the boy vaulted in there, and they started off.

After they had gone along in this manner for some time the boy, who had his head out, saw a very small bird, called old person and said: Grandpa, there is a bird I would like to have." Then the big man stopped The following is an adventure of and let him down, and he shot the bird with an arrow and put it into the big man's shirt. But now this bird had increased the boy's weight so much that the giant could scarcely move along. At every step he took he sank deep into the moss. When the boy noticed this he said to himself: "How is it that, since I picked up this small bird, I have gotten very heavy and it is hard for him to walk?" Then he threw the bird away and the giant walked on again as lightly as before. The boy enjoyed so much being with this giant that he had forgotten all about his father and mother. After that they traveled on together until they came to a very large lake. In it the boy saw beaver housees, and the beaver dam ran right across it. He thought: This is a beaver lake. This is the kind of place my father has told me about." Then the big man tore a hole through the top of a beaver house, took all of the beavers out and made a fire right back of the lake at which to cook them. They camped there for several days, living on beaver meat and drying the skins. But the first evening the giant said: "Keep a lookout. If you hear any noise during the night, wake me up. There is a bigger man than I of whom I am much afraid." He also said to the boy: "Sleep some distance away from me, or I might move against you or throw my leg on you so as to kill you."

The second night they encamped there the boy heard the bushes breaking, and sure enough the second giant came along. He was so tall that his head was far up above the trees, and they could not see it. This second giant had been looking for the other for a long time unsuccessfully, so he rushed upon him, threw him down, and lay on top of him. Then the boy's friend cried, "Grandson, take that club of mine out and throw it at him.' The boy ran to the big man's the intruder. was unable to feel it, the club chewed off both his legs. Then the other giant, who had been almost smothered killed hi mand threw his body in-

to the lake. After this the boy's companion had nothing to fear, and wandered from lake to lake, and the boy was so fond of hunting that he forgot all about his father and mother. It was now winter time, and that winter was very severe. From the time the second giant had been killed he had been doing nothing but killing beaver.

One evening, however, the boy began thinking of his father and his mother, and was very quiet. Then the big man said, "Why is it that you are so quiet this evening?" The boy answered, "I have just thought of my father and mother. I feel lonely (i. e., homesick) for them." Then his companion said, "Would you like to go to them?" "I can't go to them, because I don't know where they are. I don't know which way to go to Then the big man said, them." 'All right, you can go," but the boy did not know what he meant. Now the big man went to a small tree, broke it off, trimmed it well for the boy, and said to him, "Take this along, and, as soon as you feel that you are lost, let it stand straight up and fall over. Go in the direction in which it falls. Keep on doing this until you get to your father's place. At first the boy was afraid to start off alone, but finally he did so. Whenever he was in doubt about the direction, he let the tree fall and it led him at last right down to his father's village, where all were exceedingly glad to see him.-Recorded by John R. Swanton for the Smithsonian In-

#### Etah-Spell It Backward.

The development of a snirited conproversy over the discovery of the north pole has called attention to the fact that the name of the town from bleh both the explorers started when Gazetto.

ELEGANCES OF THE PAST.

The language they are passing 'round Like "stung" and "oh, you kid,"
Seems not to ring with sense profound As oldtime phrases did.
The "rah, rah," people seem to like
The racket which they raise,
But modern dictum does not strike
The pace of other days.

I wish that they might hear the way,
When some one stood aloof
And proud, some friends in accents gay
Would cry "Come off the roof:"
And when some lad appeared with fuzz
Upon his dip we'd shout
With real wit: "Say, sonny, does
Your mother know you're out?"

The cry "Whoa. Emma!" is unheard,
Likewise, "Pull down your vest!"
No weary soul by anguish stirred
Exclaims: "Give us a rest!"
The rapid times through which we whiz
Compel us to agree
The art of conversation is
Not what it used to be.

-Washington Star.

Blobbs-"What is Guzzler like when he's sober?" Slobbs-"I don't know. I've only known him about nine years,"-Philadelphia Record.

"Does your husband ever speak harshly to you?" "No. Thank heaven, my husband and I are not on speaking terms."-Chicago Record-Herald.

"Is your occupation a sedentary "No-m; 'tain't nothin' so hifslutin'. It's just sittin' down sewin' by the day."-Baltimore American.

"What do you suppose that umbrella manufacturer selected as the motto of his business?" "What?" " 'Put up or shut up.' "-Baltimore Ameri-

She-"Short stories seem quite the thing just now." He-"I should say so. Nearly every fellow I meet stops and tells me how short he is."-Boston Transcript.

Ardent Golfer (on the eternal subject)-"They tell me old Simpkins has gone right off his baffy-" Aunt Amelia-"Ah, I always thought that man peculiar!"-Punch.

"Honestly, now, hasn't your wife ever called you a brute?" "I'm not "Not sure! What do you mean sure." by that?" "Is an ass a brute or a beast?"-Boston Transcript.

Teacher-Now, if your father gave your mother three dollars today and ten dollars tomorrow, what would she have? Small boy-She'd have a fit.-Boston

Transcript. "When I returned from our poker party last night my wife just looked at me; not a word was spoken." 'My wife looked at me, too, and I don't believe that a word was un

spoken."-Houston Post. Amateur-"If I can't have the leading lady part I just shan't be in the show, that's all!" Manager-"But you will have the leading part; you will be the farm maid, and you will have to lead the little calf down to the spring several times."-Boston Herald.

"What makes that young manager so positive in saving he knows more about your great enterprise than you do?" "Perhaps," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "he judges me by the answers I gave while my business was under official investigation."-Washington Star.

The cousin from the West-"If you want your girls married, why don't you bed, took his club, which was made take them out West to some thriving from the entire skeleton of a beaver. mining town?" The Widow Jebb-"Is out from under it, and threw it at there any chance there?" "Chance! at the second giant's leg, and, as he time you reached the principal hotel you'd be fighting for the bridal suite." -Life.

#### Age of Olive Trees.

The longlevity of olive trees is extraordinary. In Syria recently have been found some remarkably ancient olive trees whose ages are established beyond question. A trust deed exists which relates to an orchard covering 490 trees near Tripoli, Syria, the trust deed having been issued 499 years ago.

Though the trees look aged, they still bear fruit of fine quality in abundance and are likely to maintain their productiveness for many hundreds of years yet. An olive grove near Beirut is admitted to be the third largest olive farm in the world. Syrian fruit farmers are extending olive culture with much zeal and effect. One planter recently set out 300,000 trees in a block for commercial purposes.

Under European systems of culture the Syrians make the olive trees bear each season, while in the old days one crop in three years was thought to be all that the trees could produce. The low cropping capacity of the trees was due to the native method of thrashing the fruits from the branches with sticks, which seriously

injured them. The methods of grinding the olives for oil and picking the fruit are peculiar. Neither the grinders nor pickers receive wages, but are paid on percentage. The pickers receive 5 percent of the actual fruit picked and the grinders get 10 percent of the fruit around.-Dundee Advertiser.

#### His Lofty Aspect.

Brother Q cko-De Puhsidin' Elđah am a pow ful good man, Brother Tarr-Yassah, he is so, But at a fun'al like disyer, wid dem dah austepanarious side-whiskers o' his-n,

Ashestos was not used to any extent in a commercial way until the middle of the ni couth century.

he allus 'pears to me he was 'spectin

a 'pology fum de cawpse,-Puck.



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unyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day se fice. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieve few hours and cures in a few days. Price 200.

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### Here's the Proof.

Mr. G. T. Roberts of Resaca, Ga., Mr. G. T. Roberts of Resaca, Ga., R.F.D. No. r, Box 43, writes:— "I have used your Liniment on a horse for swee-ney and effected a thorough cure. I al-so removed a spavin on a mule. This spavin was as large as a guinea egg. In my estimation the best remedy for lame-

## Sloan's inime

Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kans., J. F.D. No. 3, writes:—"Your Lini-ment is the best that I have ever used. I had a mare with an abscess on her neck and one 50c, bottle of Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock,"



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