THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land! Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Ah! who shall lead us thither? Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather, And shattered wrecks lie thickly on the strand. Who leads us with a gentle hand Thither, oh, thither, Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land To you, ye boundless regions of all perfection, tender morning visions of beauteous souls, the future pledge and band. Who in life's battle firm doth stand, whall bear hope's tender blossoms Tho the Silent Land

O Land! O Land! For all the broken hearted, The mildest herald by our fate allotted Beekons, and with inverted torch doth stand To lead us with a gentle hand Into the land of the great departed, Into the Silent Land! —Every Other Saturday.

THE THREE SONS.

The house was to all appearances un-tenanted. There was not a sign of life visible from without, but in one of the magnificent rooms overlooking the Rue de Vaennes sat three men anxiously awaiting the result of the consultation which was then taking place to know if there was then slightest hope not for the recovery, but for the prolongation of the sufferings of Gabrielle Anne Sophie, dowager Marquis de Guebrianges, their mother.

dowager Marquis de Guebrianges, their mother. The oldest gentleman, the marquis, was tall and thin. He might have been 30 years old, but his age was difficult to guess, his face being so utterly devoid of carpression. His few remaining hairs did their best to disguise their scarcity, but in spite of their well meant efforts it was distinctly visible that this "glass of fashion" was bald. The marquis was a cold, heartless man, in whom none could feel the slightest confidence; he was egotistical to the last degree, with no superior intelligence to palliate his overwhelming selfishness. The second son, Count Rene, was quite different. Full of life, with frank blue eyes that looked a man full in the face and a smile as winning and a nature as expansive as the marquis was reserved and repelent, he seemed to be of a dif-ferent race, and his restless energy and heren in de Guerbrianges to the verge of

marchioness and driven the late Marquis Hercule de Guerbrianges to the verge of distraction: "Rene is quite unlike the rest of the family," he often said, with a sigh. "I wonder from whom he inherits his disposition. Perhaps from your side of the house, marchioness; certainly not from mine."

The youngest son, the vicomte, was just 20, but his wrinkled face and bent figure made him look much older. He was one of those old young men who are so frequently met nowadays and so painful to see, who appear to be a growth peculiar to this end of the cen-tury. At last the door opened, and the men of science stepped softly across the threshold. The famous specialists who had been summoned at the last moment began a long account of the case couched

had been summoned at the last moment began a long account of the case couched in terms which, though doubtless intel-ligible to his colleagues, conveyed no meaning at all to the young men. At last he came to the point, and with trembling voice and tearful eyes told them to prepare for the worst. The old lady was sinking rapidly. Then the phy-sicians withdrew, and the brothers heard the old doctor invite his comrades to the theater in a voice which did not tremble, and, to judge by his cheerful tones, the tears were very far from his eyes in-deed. "He others thought nothing at all.

The others thought nothing at all. The threa sons entered the darkened room and stood around the bedside of the

room and stood around the bedside of the dying woman. The marquis asked her if she was suf-fering. She shook her head. There she lay, just alive, and nothing more. She seemed to realize what a slender hold she had upon life and to try and economize her little remaining breath, for she did not utter a word, and the blue eyes, so like her second son's, gazed wisfully upon her children, and two tears—the last she would ever shed—rolled slowly down her withered cheeks. What a life hers had beent Full of the pomps and vanities of this world, brilliant and enviable without, but in re-ality one long martyrdom. She thought

ality one long martyrdom. She thought of all she had endured for her boys'sake, of the insults, of the neglect, even bru-tality of the husband of her youth, and tality of the husband of her youth, and she wondered as she lay there gasping her life away if half her punishment for her sins had not been meted out to her on earth. Instinctively, in this supreme moment, she turned to Rene, for he was the only one of her sens who had ever shown her any real affection, and now she remembered how she had always curbed his exuberant nature and received his caresses coldly enough and sent him away many a time with something very like tears in those bright blue eyes. She tried to extend her hand to him, but her strength failed her, and the hand fell wearily to her side. "Do you know us, mother?" asked the marquis.

A low hissing sound issued from her lips, and the men leaned over her to catch, if possible, the words she was try-ing hard to frame. The vicomte stifled a cough with his

The viconne stilled a cough with his handkerchief. The marquin listened at-tentively, but on these two faces there was no sign of emotion. They might have been at the bedside of the merest acquaintance, while Rene, poor fellow, felt a lump rise in his throat and the tears stream down his checks. This wom-an was his mother, and she was dying. "My soms," gasped the woman. "I know that I am dying, and before I go to may last account I have a confession to make. Don't weep, Rene; keep your tears for a better woman. God knows what you will think of me when you know all, I have been an unfaithful wife, and one of you has no right to the name he bears. It is—it is"— Here the voice diel away, and she sank back among her piblows.

pillows. It was over, and one more soul had gone i... to the presence of its Maker. The brothers retired softly, and once in the pojoining room looked at each other

DREVITIES

spart. "Which could it be!" At last the marquis spoke with more emotion than he had ever shown in the whole course of his self absorbed life. "Death has cut short the painful reve-lation which has startled us all so terri-bly, and I an sure you will both agree with me in what I am about to say. To the dead we will pledge ourselves, and no human being will auspect that in the veins of one of us flows blood perhaps less proud than that of our mother's hus-band. Before the world we will continue uur present relations, and in respect to the dead we will pledge ourselves never to seek to elucidate this mystery. But we must part. Each must go his own way, for with this fearful doubt in our minds we could never live under the same roof in harmory. "I, Jean, am the marquis; you, Rene, the count, and Francois the vicomte de Guebrianges. Thus the family name will never possion?" "I think that you are right," said Rene. "You have expressed my own ideas ex-actly, and I am sure that Francois is of my opinion. But there is something I must say in spite of the pain the very hought gives me, and I hope that you will not be hard upon me. I believe my mother referred to me. Listen to my reasons." His prothers started at his bold words, A projecting under lip shows malig-nity and avarice.

A long, thick chin is commonly found only in persons of low mental organiza-tion. A round, bullet head shows obstinacy, often combined with many petty mean-

A mouth that, when viewed in profile.

A mouth a curve when smiling is a sign of frivolity. A small head does not necessarily mean little wit, the old adage to the con-tracy netwithstanding. trany notwithstanding.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Coarse hair always indicates coarse or-

Very full cheeks indicate great digest-

A small mouth, with nose and nostril

also small, shows indecision and c

2.

E

traxy notwithstanding. A forchead rounded at the upper tem-ples indicates large imagination, mirth fulness and good nature. When the under part of the face, from the nose downward, is less than a third of the whole face, the indication is of stundity.

mother referred to me. Listen to my reasons." His brothers started at his bold words, and like the loved gentleman he was the Count de Guebrianges proceeded to do what he considered to be his duty. "You, Jean," he continued, "are our mother's firstborn. You came into the world the year after her marriage, so you are out of the question altogether." The marquis smiled. Of course he was ont of the question. "You, Francois, were her pet—the one upon whom she lavished all her love. You were born only a few months after the death of our sis-ter Bertha, who was the pride of my mother's life and whom she has mourned literally in sackcloth and ashes for so stupidity. Prominent, arched eyebrows show

great powers of perception in regard to form and color. All great painters had such brows.

Finely arched forcheads are often seen on stupid persons. The deficiency is generally apparent in the scantiness of the cycbrows.

Strongly projecting foreheads, which, in the upper part retreat to a marked degree, associated with a long under face, are certain indications of folly. mother's interant whom she mas mourned literally in sackcloth and ashes for so many weary years. It would be an in-sult to my sister's memory to cast a slur on you, while I am different. God help mel I first saw the light in a strange land. The late Marquis de Gnebrianges was then embassador to St. Petersburg. My mother was very young, very bean-tiful, fascinating and sorely neglected. Be lenient if she faltered in her duty. She was our mother, and she is dead. Her expiation has been long, and she has carried part of her secret with her to the world beyond the grave. I am con-vinced that I am the stranger, and I feel that I am giving her the supreme proof of my love and respect in telling you what I think to be the truth. Now, what am I to do?" The count turned from them and hid his face in hishands, while his whole frame shook with the emotion literally in sackcloth and ashes for so Men of marked ability in any line have

usually one deep, perpendicular wrinkle in the middle of the forehead, with one or two parallel to it on each side. Whenever, in laughing, three parallel curves are formed in the cheeks round the corners of the mouth, the indication

is of silliness and stupidity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ODDS AND ENDS.

St. Louis has an electric street railway mail car. No passengers are taken. Mail clerks sort the mail as they ride. California is greater in area than all the New England states, New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland com-bined.

There are 27,000 places for the sale of liquor in Paris, and throughout the re-public there is one saloon for every 87 people. The Languedoc ship canal in France.

am I to do?" The count turned from them and hid his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook with the emotion he could no longer control. It was not for himself, but the woman who lay dead in the next room had been the idol of his life, and he wept that she was no more. The marquis' voice, cold and contemptu-ous, roused him. "My brother and I thank you for your frankness. To the world you will al-ways remain the Count de Guebrianges, but you must go." "When will you leave?" "After the funeral," said Rene in sur-prise, and looking up he met the cold, implacable gaze of his eldest brother. By tacit consent they returned to the chamber of death and reverently knelt beside the couch where the marchioness reposed. Suddenly they sprang to their feet as she slowly raised herself, and pointing to her eldest son gasped: "Them effet. She hed by a short passage of 148 miles, saves a sea voyage of 2,000 miles by the straits of Gibraltar. A London confectioner says that he is sometimes called on to furnish wedding cakes weighing 1,000 pounds each and puddings of a size sufficient for 500 hearty appetites.

hearty appetites. The Chinese are shown by statistics to be longer lived than any other nation, which fact is attributed to their abstem-ious habits and their remarkable free-dom from phthisis, or pulmonary con-sumption.

pointing to her eldest son gasped: "It is—it is Jean." Then she fell heavily back. She had only fainted before, but this time she was dead indeed. Rene said nothing, but his strong arms encircled his brother's tottering form, and in after years his true heart never wavered in his affection for his brother, nor in his respect and devotion for the dear martyr whose last broth had been his vindication.—From the French of Henri Lavedan in New York Journal. To guard against poisoning, a law has To guard against poisoning, a naw nas been passed in Germany that all drugs intended for internal use must be put in round bottles, and those which are only used externally must be placed in hex-agonal bottles.

The Commercial Traveler

Climbing a Cathedral Towe

"What can you do?"

FASHION'S FANCIES. Buttons to match accompany many of the new gimps and galloons for trim-ming coats and costumes. The boat shaped hat in felt, with a col-In some respects the American com-mercial traveler is a potent influence. He carries with him the latest city chit ored cloth crown and ostrich tips, is one of the successes of the season.

He carries with him the latest city chit-chat, and if he be a young man perhaps the latest slang or the newest funny story. It has been said that a noted American after dinner speaker depends largely on that class for his humorous stories. At all events, the commercial traveler has studied the art of pleasing, and he is a welcome figure at the dreary country hotels where he pauses for a lit-tle time in his rapid flight through the sections remote from city influences. In some respects he is an oracle on mooted points, and his dictum on many phases of business or politics carries much weight.—Boston Advertiser.

of the successes of the season. The empire round waist, with belt fastened at the side by a buckle or ro-sette, is growing in popularity. The openings of gowns are more deftly concealed than ever before. A close and thorough search of some corsages fails to disclose the fastenings. Velvet ribbo and a significant of the last wide and many is are in great use for skirt boro. Teach to the kness from the hem to and for decorating the corsages of directoire gowns. Bias cut double ruches of velvet, gath-

Bias cut double ruches of velvet, gath-ered with heavy buttonhole twist twice through the center, trim the skirt hems, neck, front and wrists of fine wool, satin striped and plain or figured bengaline roome Climbing a Cathedral Tower. A most peculiar custom which has been preserved since the middle ages at Friburgen-Brisgan is that of climbing the cathedral tower upon the anniver-sary of the birth of the reigning Duke of Baden. The tower is 400 feet high, and to scale it from the ground to the apex is a very difficult performance, attended with great danger. It is done by climb-ing from one projection to another, these being on the average one foot apart. A single false step means death. To de-scend is also no easy task. Each person who makes the climb and descent safely receives 5 marks from the state and a ticket of admission to the annual dinner given in honor of that day.—Chicago Tribue. Doing Anything. gowns.

Worth is dressing all his devotees in empire style or that of Louis XV. Dou-cet favors the quaint garb of 1830. La-ferrier's customers are being dressed in Henry II period costumes, and Morin-Blossier favors Louis XIV and directoire snits.

AROUND THE THRONES.

The sultan of Johare has \$10,000,000

Queen Victoria was made colonel of a Prussian regiment of dragoons in 1889. The German empress, who is a clever artist all around, is particularly success-

Doing Anything ful with water colors. Carmen Sylva is a rapid worker, writ-ing quickly with a fountain pen and tear-ing off the finished sheets from the pad with almost feverish eagerness. The car's son, Grand Duke George, has established a new astronomical ob-servatory at Abastouman in Tiflis. A 9-inch refractor has been mounted 1,893 feet above the sca. ful with water colors. Doing Anything. A sharp boy struck a Jefferson avenue merchant the other morning for a job. "So you want to be an office boy, eh?" queried the merchant good naturedly. "Yes sir." "What ear you do?"

"What can you do?" "Anything." "That's the same old answer," said the merchant. "Do you expect to get paid for doing anything?" "You bet I do," snapped the boy, "You don't expect me to do anything without pay, do you? That's what the other man expected, and I got out." The boy took the job.—Detroit Free Press. Bayaget I of Turkey was defeated and taken prisoner by Tamerlane, who locked him in an iron cage and carried him to and fro on various expeditions, finally putting him to death with circumstances of extreme cruelty.

A Daring Woman In Thibet.

GEMS IN VERSE.

A Listening Bird.

o see r son, a little office kid stepped up

osophat! but I was mad an said ter him: "My chil',

The Stream of Life. e a small streamlet on a monntain side, hite thread glanchig in the summer sun, hity down leaping with a toyoung sping, assess hapy childhood's plasful hour, t, through green dells and 'heath o'ershu owing ernes

A Miracle of Love.

I knew a nam who seemed a soulless thing, A hopeless plotder in a dreary way. Caroful in nothing, save that day by day His humble task its small reward might bri His world was girdled by a narrow ring Of common duties, knowing not the sway of pains and pleasures moving finer clay. So dull content reigned as his chosen king.

A Waste of Time. A waste of time. You can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink; You can send a fool to college, but you cannot make him hink; You may keep your daughter strumming from morn till afternoon, But you can't make her a player if she hasn't

-George E. Day.

C

A Daring Woman In Thibet. The mateur photography is not in high favor in Thibet. The residents of Tar-chendo were lately thrown into a great state of excitement by the arrival of a European woman with a camera. She made her appearance riding down the dirity, narrow, winding main street natride a diminutive pony, followed by her cav-aliers clad in flannels and straw hats and scatter on sorry mules. When he came to an imposing look-ing building, the town honse of the su-perintendent, she dismounted and tried to set up her camera, but in vain. The crowd so harassed her that she found it impossible-. Then she endeavored to im-duce some native priests to have their portraits taken. But the very idea ter-rified them, for they are the most ab-jectly superstitious people in the world, and taking their picture means to their inder como native priests to have their portraits taken. But the very idea ter-rified them, for they are the most ab-pictly superstitious people in the world, and taking their picture means to their inder como they priests to have their portraits take a single photograph, al-though he had made several attempts. A the geth she got her stand fixed in a former of the courtry than diven com-prints to secure a good view of the Budhist temple. As she was moving off half a dozen forcer Libietan dozen, if to pict and she was only saved from the molestation by her companions, who succeeded in their stresd it away from her, and she was only saved from who succeeded in their crimson sarfs, and neaver moved a finger to call the dozen of rereder assistance.—Buf-but an mover moved a finger to call the dozen of rereder assistance, deal the dozen of rereder assistance, bent Sent. The is a story that was once to do to A listle bird sat on an apple tree, And he was as hence as hearse could be: And he was as hence as hearse could be: throat, and he prinked, and he ruffled his throat. But from it there floated no silvery note. "Not a song can I sing," sighed he, sighed he, "Not a song can I sing," sighed he. In terminous showers the apple tree shed Its pink and white blossoms on his head; The gay sun shone, and, like jubliant words, He heard the gay song of a thousand birds "All the others can sing," he dolefully said; "All the others can sing," he said. "All the others can sing," he same So he sat, and he drooped. But as far and wide The music was borne on the air's warm tide A sudden thought came to the sad little bird, And he lifted his head as within him it stirred "if I cannot sing I can listen," he cried; "Ho! ho! I can listen," he cried; -Julia C. R. Dorr. Sending in a Card. Say what ye will o' city ways, they sin't the kind for me. I found that out the time I went a-visitin ter see My son, who's doin bizness in a block about the size O' the Alleghany mountains-er I can't believe my eyes. I thought I wouldn't write him I was comin, but I'd make The trip all unbeknownst ter him, an walk right fin unawares, because I knowed surprise 'd make the joy Lots greater to him when I stood right there before the boy. An when I stepped inside the door, expecting there to see Myo My own dear son, a little office kid stepped up ter me, An when I said I'd see Steve Jones he said ter me, "Old pard, You can't see Mr. Jones until you've sent him in your card."

"My chil", "My chil", Tel like ter take ye 'cross my knee an tan ye fer awhile. If Stephen Jones is in this place you trot him out," said I. "This thing of sendin in yer card don't fit yer Uncle Cy." St. Peter and the Boston Wo

falo News. St. Peter and the Boston Woman. This is a story that was once told to St. Peter by a woman sitting outside his gate. Ho had objected to her entering, athough she had answered most of his questions straightforwardly and satis-factorily enough. "I do not like," said St. Peter, surveying her critically, as doubtless was his duty under the cir-tike that deep graved 'line of mockery' that runs crescent wise from the nostril to the lips. Such lines are not popular over there," with a gesture toward the slining gate. "As a rule, we suggest to that owners a temporary sojourn where—well, where it's warm enough to insure their melting out, so to speak." and St. Peter politely. The woman smiled wanly. "I know as well as you do," said she, "that those lines mean impatience and fretfulness and ill temper and much unloveliness of the wite alke—those of us who are born fretful, who achieve fretfulness or who have fretfulness thrust upon them?". St. Peter resignedly settled himself for a col-loquy. "This comes," he murmured re-sentfully under his breath, "of the high-er education of women! When they were kept in their places in the lower world, they went to their places in the lower world, they went to their places in the lower world, they went to their places in the lower without tooring a saith with argument!"-Boston Commonwealth. The growing stream with heedless flow winds

on; Now gladly lingering round some glowing isle That smiles with heavenly beauty and allures With promises of perpetual delights; Now fiercely dashing down some rough cas-cade, With promises of perpetual delights; Now ficredy dashing down some rough cas cade, Poner arching waters split on hostile rocks, Sponer and the bidecent spray; Drifted in sunless clefts by swaying winds. So pass the years of youth. Our riper ago is like the broadened river's stately march, Whose current slackens, yet admits no pause, But passes field and coppice, tower and town, Not wholly "scaping from defiling statians, Yet toiling onward restlessly. Adown Its smooth yet ever slding stream we haste, Yet north the progress of its quiet speed, the weeps us onward in resistless course Through the torn rapids of disease and pain, We glide into a vast and unknown space-The boundless ocean of eternity. The boundless ocean of eternity.

-Boston Commonwealth. Where Women Often Fall. The private individual and the public official are two separate and distinct in-dividuals. The woman who stands upon the platform, or who speaks from the floor of a convention, is the representa-tive of a principle or an idea, and she is nothing more. It is of paramount im-portance to her audience and to the pre-siding officer that her enunciation should be distinct; that her views be strongly. clearly and concisely presented; that her rhetoric and her grammar should attain the highest standard of established usage. But her private idiosyncrasics, her physical inf.rmities, her tending to emo-tion or hysteria, bear no rightful place or consideration in any phase of the proceedings of a deliberative body. It is not worth while to resort to spectacu-lar effects or melodramatic methods for the purpose of emphasizing and making any neuronal distinctions of sex. No well the purpose of emphasizing and making apparent distinctions of sex. No well

bred, well dressed woman who speaks and conducts herself with dignity and modesty will ever be mistaken for other than she is.—Chicago Inter Ocean. Musical Living Chess.

Musical Living Chess. A recent musical living chess tourna-ment showed the kings and queens in gorgeous costumes—exact reproductions of the Tudor period. The kings were in trimson satin and gold and white and gold respectively, with gold crowns and scepters. The queens wore peticoats of gold brocade with court trains of white and of crin.son. The bishops were in white and red satin, with long copes and miters and Lishop's crooks. The castles and pawns were in similar style, crimson and white with gold and silver caps. As a spectacle living chess is more at-tractive than living whist, the intricacies of the latter game not being so amenable to representation as those of the former. Slow, stately movement to minuet music is permissible at the chess delineations, making a succession of beautiful ta-bleaux entirely intelligible to the prog-ress of the game. Actually to follow the

bleaux entirely intelligible to the prog-ress of the game. Actually to follow the play at a living whist game would take the skill of Hoyle, Pole and Cavendish combined.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Bound to Come.

Bound to Come. Among the important subjects that will come before the Massachusetts leg-islature is municipal suffrage for wom-tislature is monicipal suffrage for wom-which the public mind is undergoing some, as yet, unregistered changes of opinion. Women read the newspapers. They are in 11 the schools, in the col-leges as students, as professors, as col-lege presidents. They carry on business to an extent undreamed of 20 years ago. They are in all the professions. They form an intelligent portion of the com-munity. There is no reason why they should not bave municipal suffrage, and every reason why they should.—Boton every reason why they should.—Boston Transcript.

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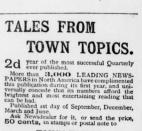
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But you can't make her a player if she hasn't but you can't make her a player if she hasn't You can never make a farmer of a boy who loves the sea. Though you may make him plow and plant and who and haw and gee. It's no use to swear and bluster because your only son Prefers the girl he met in the car to your so-lected one; You might as well switch off that track, for love is lord of peir. And besides it's more than likely that you know You cannot change the rowster's strut nor make the layers crow. Though you may honestly believe it would be better so. Wise's Harness Store Is still here and doing busi-ness on the same old principle of good goods and low prices.

Much Is Required.

The vision's law, the perfect code, By love inspired, Of him on whom much is bestowed Is much required; The tuneful throat is bid to sing; The tank in throat is bid to sing; The oak must reign the forest's king; The reading stream the wheel must move; The tempered steel its strength must prove;

prove; 'Tis given with the eagle's eyes To face the midday skies.

-Child have a state of the set of

To face the midday sates. If I am weak and you are strong, Why then, why then To you the braver deeds belong! And is orgain, If you have gifts and I have none, if you have gifts and I have none, if I have shade and you have sun, This yours with freer prace to live, Than I who, giftless, sunless, stand With barren life and hand. —Carlotta Perry.

To a Grizzly Bear