sucever strives in any line and meets with great success with great success; world will sit up half the night to fatter to excess; we get a chilling frown.

So many still delight to kick the chap that's down.

And so I fancy 'twill remain down to the end of time
buman nature's 'bout the same in
every age and clime;
an has always been a man, a clown
has been a clown,
has been a clown,
here will always be a crowd to kick
the chap that's down.

—Boston Globe.

Aimee's Temptation

OW and musical sounded the ripple of the tiny brook, as it ran riverward, past the vine-wreathed door where Victor Doty's young wife sat, with her browningred baby in her arms.

A long hour she had sat there, with the child on her knee, crooning old songs, which she had laved to sing when a gay-hearted girl, in her father's house, but which she had almost forgotien in the work-day life which had been hers for the last two years. She had been very happy, taough, in her wild Western home. It had grown to be for her the centre for all happy visions, all pleasant dreams, all peaceful days.

By her cheery fireside in the long whiter evenings and by the sweet climbing roses out on her little porca on the bright summer nights, she had learned contentment; and she often asked herself, in the quiet autumn days which were spreading a golden glory over the earth, what there had been in those old days half as satisfying as the simple Joys of their home-life.

And then sne would go in, and lay the baby down in his cradle-bed, and go about on light, quick feet, to prepare their evening meal.

But on this brightest of bright days, when she had been thinking with a half-longing of the forms and faces at home, there had dashed down the road a gay cavaleade—fair laddes and brave gentlemen, in holiday attire—and foremost among them was Madge Wilder, a careless, happy rider, intent on the double duty of managing her fery pony and of seeing every beautiful thing on either side of the road.

She was the first one to catch a glimpse of the cottage standing back among the trees, and of the sweet picture framed in by the scarlet bloom of the autumn leaves.

"Oh, Clara!" she said, wheeling her pony so as to bring her to the side of the road.

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incarest her, she rode directly toward the cottage.

Almee had come out on the steps and watched them as they dismounted; but only their side faces were toward her, and the low branches of the trees swept down between them, and so she really had no idea of meeting oid friends, until Madge's clear voice rang across the intervening space:

"Almee Dane, is it truly you?"

And then, like a fire that springs suddenly into blaze, up leaped the old love and friendship into vivid being again.

their arms were round each other; and for one moment even baby was forgotten.

But Madge introduced Mr. Harcourt, and that reminded Aimee that she too, had a young gentleman to introduce; and the brown-haired boy, so like his father, with his big blue eyes and smiling mouth, was brought out and keld up with a mother's proud delight. Before they were half through admiring him, Victor Doty came in, and when he found that her friends had gone on, and that Madge was intending to spend two or three months with a relative only five miles distant, he said at once, with a genial smile: "Why not stay with us a little while, Miss Wilder? Our cottage is a small one, but we always have room for a friend; and I am sure your presence would cheer Aimee."

Aimee looked her entreaty, and Victor promised to send for Madge's trunk the next morning.

"I cannot resist ao warm an invitation; so if you will give me a nook at your fireside for five or six days, I will stay," said Madge.

Mr. Harcourt agreed to take a note for her, that her trunk might be ready in the morning, and galloped away with a little look of regret at leaving her behind.

"You won't need much here, Madge, in the way of dress," said Aimee,

r behind.

"You won't need much here, Madge,
the way of dress," said Aimee,
ughing. "We never see company,
id the dress you have on will do for
Locasions."

all occasions."

Madge smiled, but evidently thought
differently, for when her trunk caree,
there was an array of dainty dresses
spread out for inspection that made
Almee's brown eyes envious,
That night Madge put on a soft-tint-

WE KICK THE CHAP THAT'S DOWN
This is a queer old world of ours, just as it's always been,
It is made up of hills and dales, of women and of men;
And while a host is ever near the one that wins the crown,
A goodly number are about to kick the chap that's down.

Whoever strives in any line and meets with great success
The world will sit up half the night to flatter to excess;
Eut woe to him who tries and fails—he yets a chilling from the shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window), falling from her shoulders, and a white lily (which Aimee had broken for her from a little vase in the window).

though, while Madge entertained them every evening with her charming voice.

As the girl's visit drew near a close, Almee began to feel a sorrowful kind of satisfaction.

Though she had never betrayed her feelings, she was growing jealous of Madge.

Robed in her silks and soft laces every night, with the lustre of jewels at the fair throat, the girl would sit in a glannour of light and an atmosphere of sweet sounds, and was even to Aimee's clouded eyes a mirror of loveliness.

There was a glow of warmth about her, too, which appealed strongly to the senses; and while Aimee mourned Victor's defection, she scarcely wondered at it.

When Madge first came Almee, the kind, thoughtful hostess, insisted that Victor should take the girl to ride often, while she remained at home to look after baby; but now baby's face could no longer charm her, for she was in the chill mist of distrust. That morning she had heard, through the half-open door, Victor say, softly:

"If Almee was only out of the way!"

"What a wish for a devoted husband to express." Madge had replied, laughing.

"It is your fault only, Madge," he had said, in an eloquent voice.

to express?" Madge had replied, laughing.

"It is your fault only, Madge," he had said, in an eloquent voice.
And just then their horses were at the door, and they had ridden away, Victor forgetting the good-by until Madge reminded him of it.

The sound of the horses' hoofs had died away, and still Almee sat, with her head bent down and her eyes full of tears.

"I could not have dreamed it," she whispered to herself. "No! He really wished me out of the way. And shall I not go, if it will make him happier?"
And the light of the perished happiness made her pale face bright.
She took baby in her arms and kissed him a hundred times; lingering with a wistful tenderness over the smiling lips arise the sleepy blue eyes, and then she put him down in his cradle, builded the dainty cutrains together to keep out the light, and wrapping her waterproof around her, went out from the little paradise which had been home.

waterproof around her, went out from the little paradise which had been home.

A mile away, as she was hurrying along the road, in an oppe, we direction to that in which hand and Madge had gone, -v neard their voices borne along At the wind in light laughter.

She bowed her head and went swiftly by, but not before both of them had recognized her.

"Almee!" they exclaimed, in one breath, and Madge held still her impatient horse, while Victor sprang to the ground and caught in his arms the flying figure.

"Almee, darling, what are you doing here, and where is baby?"

At that question she burst into louder sobs, which shook her frame, then, iosing suddenly her fictitions strength, she fainted away.

Somehow they got her home; and there, by the time they had coaxed the roses back into her cheeks, the secret was told which had so nearly caused Victor Doty to lose his wife.

For a lumbering wagon was driven to the door, and out of it five men lifted Almee's new plano, which Victor had ordered, a week before, at Madge's loving instigation.

Madge stayed long enough to hear Aimee wake the old music again with skillful fingers; and when, a week later, she bade them good-by, Almee whispered, with a happy smile:

"Ah, Madge, I'do not believe I shall ever be jealous again:"

"And if you are," laughed Madge, "don't be tempted to run away and leave that baby:"—Saturday Night.

The Germany Rejects Puffy Recruits.

cheer Aimee."

Germany Rejects Puffy Recruits.

The German Government is very careful indeed in its selection of men for six days, I take for five or six days, I nany Rejects Puffy Recruits.

OUR SWEAT SYSTEM.

From Two to Twenty-eight Miles of Swant Glauds on the Body. It may be interesting to know that one perspires more on the right side of the body than on the left, and that the skin of the paim of the hand excretes four and a half times as much proportionately to the surface as the skin of the back. The pores in the ridges of the paim number as many at 3000 to the square inch. They are scarcest on the back, where there are only 400 to the square inch. These pores are not simple holes or perforations in the hide, as some imagine, but are little pockets lined with the same epithelium or pavement stuff that covers the external of the body. The run straight down into the deepest struture of the skin, and there they kink up and coil around till they look like a fishing line that has been thrown down wet. Enclosed in this knot are little wells up to the surface of the skin. It is estimated that the average-sized man has 7,000,000 of these sweat glands, aggregating twenty-eight miles of tubing. Think of it! Twenty eight miles if all toose tiny tubes could be straightened out and put end to end! These figures, wonderful though they may seem, are on the very best medical authority. They are the figures of men who have given theil lives to the study of this subject. But still if they occar. to end! These figures, wonderful though they ma,' seem, are on the very best medical authority. They are the figures of men who havegiven their lives to the study of this subject. But still, if they seem too large to you, there is just as good medical authority for the statement that there are 2,400, each one-fifteenth of an inch long, and that their aggregate length is two miles and a half! If you object to that, too, I have the very best authority for the statement that they are one-quarter of an inch long and aggregate more than nine miles, or I can figure it for you at seven miles or twelve miles. Take your pick. Ou motto is, "We aim to please." If one figure suits you more than another, it's yours. We can substantiate it by the very best medical authority. I find only one figure, however, for the amount of liquid secreted by the skin of an average person in a year, though it is evident that the quantity must vary greatly according as the person works in an icehouse or rides a bicycle up hill. From the average person in a year's time there cozes through the pores of the skin 1500 pounds of water. Let us see: "A pint's a pound use world around,' two pints make one quart, four quarts one gallon—oh, well, you cipher it out for yourself. I never was much of a hand at figures.—Harvey Sutherland, in Alnslee's

Engine Driver Russell, while taking his freight train from Teluk Anson to Ipoh, on the Malay peninsula, was confronted by a big tusker elephant, who usurped the centre of the trick. A grand contest then ensued between elephant and engine. The elephant repeatedly charged the engine, and this game went on for nearly an hour. The driver occasionally backed the engine, and then the elephant would stand aside from the track, but on the engine again coming forward the ani-

Disappearing Waters.

Father Daull, a French missionary in the heart of the Dark Continent, writes from Karema that, since 1879, the surface of Lake Tanganyika has fallen twenty-five feet; with the result that along the shore of the lake there is a belt of cultivated ground over half a mile in width, between the present water's edge and that of twee ty years ago. The level now seems to be permanently fixed, Father Daul does not think that there has been a shrinkage of the lake, but that the previous higher level was owing to one of the outlets being elogged up. His opinion is, however, not share, by many travelers. Scott Elliof, who made a careful investigation of the lake, found evidences that at a form or period the level was much higher than even in 1879, and thinks that there has been a great shrinkage. By sides, this latter idea is only in keeping with the general tendency of Afrean lakes. The Ritwa Lake, which still fifty miles long and from twelf to twenty miles broad, is known to be drying up. Dr. Kandt, a celebrate German African traveler, has recent reported that during his travels is discovered the dry bed of what we formerly a large lake between Lake Albert Edward and Kiwu.

To Mothers of Large Families.

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

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