

Every man who sells the truth for gain is a brother of Judas.

Bad Pay and Hard Work.

The bad pay and hard work of trained nurses has often been made the subject of benevolent remonstrance by eminent medical men and nonprofessional philanthropists, as to how an invalid, before he gets so bad that he needs a nurse or doctor, to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters if he has chills and fever, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia and nervousness. Use it regularly.

The man who passes around the hat does not expect to contribute anything himself.

Cure Corns With Physic.

Might as well try that as to attempt the cure of Tetty, Eczema, Ringworm and other cutaneous affections with blood medicine. It is well for a nurse or doctor, to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters if he has chills and fever, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia and nervousness. Use it regularly.

The kangaroo readily leaps from 60 to 70 feet.

J. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Physically cured. No fits or nervousness. It is the only cure for Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Strabismus, and other eye troubles. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 161 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

All chapters should be made to eat at the last table.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be energetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The best secret keeper is the one that does not know it.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer. Mrs. Alice Douglas, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 23, 1891.

France gathers a window tax on more than 9,000,000 houses.

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Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. H.C.C. Co. Falls Church, Va. Refund money.

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Hope Returned

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Vegetables

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Potash.

Vegetables need plenty of potash—at least 10%—besides the phosphoric acid and nitrogen.

Write for our books which tell all about fertilizers. They are free.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

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A Woman's Burden.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

The women of to-day are not as strong as their grandmothers. They are bearing a burden in silence that grows heavier day by day; that is sapping their vitality and clouding their happiness.

Mrs. Alexander B. Clark, of 417 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, is a typical woman of to-day. A wife with such a burden as only a loving wife can have. But the joys of her life were marred by the existence of disease.

Suffering as thousands of her sisters have suffered, she almost despaired of life and yet she was cured.

"For five years, I suffered with ovarian trouble," is Mrs. Clark's own version of the story. "I was not free one single day from headache and intense twinging pains in my neck and shoulders. For months at a time I would be confined to my bed. At times black spots would appear before my eyes and I would become blind."

"It was then that I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I heard that these pills had cured cases like mine and I tried them."

"They cured me! They brought sunshine to my life and filled my cup with happiness. The headache is gone; the twinging pains in my neck and shoulders are gone; the twinging pains in my neck and shoulders are gone; the twinging pains in my neck and shoulders are gone."

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SPIN CHEERFULLY.

Spin cheerfully, though wearily you plod. Spin cheerfully, spin cheerfully.

But leave the thread to God. The shuttle of his purpose move. To carry out his own design. Seek not too soon to disapprove. His work, nor yet assist. Dark motives, with silent dread. You view each sorrow full. For by, within each darker thread, There shines a thread of gold.

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But leave the thread to God.

Clint Loring's Neighbor.

By Henry Wray.

Clint Loring had fallen almost asleep in his chair on that warm September evening. He had been bending over his case all day, and was worn out in mind and body.

"Painting for amusement and painting to keep the wolf from the door he found to be a totally different matter. In days gone by his studio had been constantly thronged, not with buyers, but with friends and admirers—those who smoked his cigars and drank his wine, as they dilated on the merits of his pictures."

He had, either the one or the other now to offer them, and the pictures seemed to have lost their charm. Fortunately, there were a few dealers who cared more for art than the artist, and so when Clint one morning awakened to find himself practically beggar, he determined to make his talents available, and so he quietly moved away from the large and expensive quarters he had so luxuriously furnished to the plain upper room where he now found him dreaming, perhaps, of the past, when suddenly a woman's voice, rich, sweet and clear, breaks upon his reverie.

He starts, awakened in an instant, and listens to the end.

It is in the very room next his own. Nothing but a thin partition divides the two. Only last night a man's dejected, heavy and somewhat uncertain, had been upon his feet, and tonight all had been silence, until the pure notes rang out upon the evening air.

Somehow they lingered in Clint Loring's dreams that night, again with an echo of the dim past, when he had staid at the opera by the season, and could gratify the very passion for music which possessed him.

The room had had many tenants since he had occupied his own; but, with the next morning's dawning, his first thoughts flew to his neighbor, with a regretful wonder whether she, too, would be fleeing like the rest.

It seemed not, for, as the days merged into weeks, there were many moments when Clint would forget his palette and brush, and listen entranced.

He grew to feel a strange interest in his unknown neighbor. Never yet had he been able to catch a glimpse of her face. Sometimes a light, quick step would pass his door, but let him turn his head, however quickly, it had disappeared.

One night, returning home, rather later than usual, he caught sight, just ahead, entering the door, of a stylish, girlish figure, which ran lightly and swiftly ahead of him up the stairway.

The figure was graceful, the dress plain, but he had little time to observe either as she hurried into her room and closed the door.

A sudden impulse caused him to retrace his steps, and when next he appeared, he bore carefully in his arms a rosethush full of blossoms. He stood a moment hesitated until he reached his neighbor's threshold, when the door opened, and the owner of the room stood revealed before him.

It was a face worthy the voice. A little worn, a little pale, perhaps, for beauty, but with its wondrous blue eyes and framework of Titian hair, one could easily imagine how perfect would be the picture, with here and there an added dash of color.

Both stood in silence, she inquiringly, he wondering how he should begin, when she spoke:

"You will pardon my intrusion, I hope, but I fear if I leave these flowers in my room they will fade and wither. I have not much time to give attention to such things. May I leave them with you?"

"Oh, how lovely! Indeed, indeed you may! Thank you, very much," stooping to kiss one of the blossoms of the plant she held in her hands.

"But how came you to think of me, a stranger?"

"I had heard you sing, and I knew you were a woman, and all women love flowers. May I come in and tell you more about it? My name is Clint Loring, and I am your next-door neighbor. If I wait to be formally presented, I fear I shall never know you."

For a minute she hesitated, then a bright smile lit up her face, as she looked into the honest eyes awaiting an answer to his question. Handsome eyes were, too, which had found their way to many a woman's heart. So she answered:

"Yes, you may come in. It seems strange to receive visitors, but I bid you welcome. I am Mrs. Andrews."

Did his ears deceive him? Was that young girl a wife? Perhaps a widow, he thought, with a glance at her black dress, since she seems alone and desolate.

Yet she was not alone; for, as he crossed the threshold, he noticed in the corner an old woman knitting.

"It is my aunt," she explained. "She is growing very old, but I dread the time when she will leave me alone. Aunt, this is a friend of mine, Mr. Loring."

The old woman looked up only for a moment, as though nothing could longer detain her from her work.

"It's not Henry," she muttered. "Henry will never come again."

In other days, many women had smiled at Clint Loring, drawing him, they hoped, to their feet, but all had failed. He had gone on in his bright, happy, careless way, until the crash came, and then, without even a farewell word, he had taken his pride and his poverty out of their sight, lost in the great city.

But a strange, sweet intimacy

sprung up between him and his next-door neighbor. The rose he had taken her blossomed as no rose had ever done before, and it grew to be a nightly occurrence that he should leave a little offering of flowers or fruit at her door.

All day, when she was absent giving the vocal lessons by which she lived, and he had to work over his case, his thoughts were with her.

She had told him something of her early life—her girlhood—but nothing of her marriage; from that she shrank as from a blow. But still the old woman in the corner muttered of "Henry." She never heeded what they said, nor seemed to have a thought beyond her knitting, save the utterance of that one name.

So the weeks sped into months, and winter was upon them, when Clint's heart called out against further silence, and demanded food for his hunger.

He never doubted his answer, for he entered Edna Andrews's door to see to his wife. Their intercourse had been one of purest friendship—no talk of love had ever entered in; but still he felt she loved him, even as he knew he had given her the worship of his soul.

Her patient endurance—her noble courage—her true womanhood—had first aroused the feeling; but it had grown and strengthened, until it formed a part of himself.

So, in the winter twilight, he told her story, and, in the shadow, did not note the great start his listener gave—how shyly white grew her face.

A moment's silence fell between them, as he told the story of his love. Then she spoke, but her voice was harsh, as though struggling to choke down unbidden sobs:

"From you, Mr. Loring, I did not expect this. I had grown to regard you really as a friend—to feel I had in you a protector—to lean upon the rock you seem to have afforded me—and, lo! I find it all quicksand. How could you? how could you?"

The slight frame shook with the passion of words which at last overcame her.

"Edna, what do you mean? Have I, then, judged you so wrongly that the mention of my love thus agitates you?"

"An honest man's love is no reproach, and I forgive me, if I have erred, and started you from your repose. In my hope of taking you from this life of toil, in sharing with you all I have—I forgot to break it gently. I am not a rich man, Edna, as you know, but I am succeeding