Cesar Carcillac's Banknote.

(From the French of Emile Goudeau.)

Notwithstanding his usual pluck, Cesar Carcillac, a young and promising painter, found himself at his wit's ends; a demand for three months' rent, a broker's summons, and numerous other stamped documents had been left at his studio during the week, and to face these he owned a single hundred franc banknote, which, however, was new, and had to all appearances first seen the light in Cesar's hands. How to meet his various creditors with this single note nonplussed him, and he theer and then decided upon flight as his only source. His barda, otherwise his painter's touring outfit, was soon strapped on his broad shoulders, a light suit and a soft felt hat completed his equipment. With a lighter heart than the situation warranted he departed, not however without giving a farewell look to his old studio, and writing with chalk on the door, "Closed for repairs," and underneath a sarcastic rider to the effect that "the key could be found under the doormat."

Whither to go he knew not: the sun's rays were streaming through the trees of the Boulevard de Clichy, and a light summer breeze was rocking to and fro the cone shaped flowers of the huge horse chestnut trees in the Parc Monceau. Unconsciously Cesar drifted towards the fortifications. There was a cottage in the Parc of Neuilly where Cesar spent the days of his childhood. He was deeply moved; but with this sentiment rose another, a stronger one, and that was indignation towards his Uncle Tourtain, the shrivelled old peasant, whose only faith was gold.

Had not this heartless wretch lent a small sum of money at an enormous interest to Cesar's mother when she once found herself in great need? Had he not, thanks to numerous mortgages, became possessor of their little house in the Boulevard de Saussaie? And on the death of Cesar's parents had the old miser not stipulated that if his nephew wished to remain in the house he must abandon his artistic career and take to some lucrative work?

It remained to skillfully approach the old uncle, whose heart may have softened; he was now 75 years old, and may be somewhat tired of his wickedness. Cesar, however, feared him. As he approached the house his heart beat louder. What excuse could be given for this visit? How explain his demand for shelter? After all, thought he, if he could only obtain admission and leave to stay for a week or two until the storm blew over all would be well; then he thought of the banknote, took it from an inner pocket and admired its freshness. It might suffice for the present, but after? Then suddenly he stopped—an idea darted from that banknote as a lightning flash from a cloud.

"Oh," said he, smiling to himself, "get a fortnight's hospitality at dear uncle's house, and my revenge into the bargain, suits me well."

In answer to his rattle at the gate an old withered little man, who had been smoking on a bench in the garden, came slowly forward, and as he walked shouted to the young man in broken words, "What do you want?"

"It is I, dear uncle—I, Cesar Carcillac, your nephew," answered the young artist in meek tones.

"Ah—ah! Come to seek charity, I suppose."

"No, uncle, no; I have on the contrary discovered a mervellous handicraft, capable of enriching me and my associates to a degree—"

"Enrich!" interrupted the miser, his eyes lighting up with greedy flashes. "Enrich, and how?"

"Let me in and I will speak."

When they were seated in the little garden the old man began. "And what may be that handicraft of yours?"

Cesar shrugged his shoulders. "A secret! A secret! And if I have come here it is that I have so much fear someone will find it out that I must work in, hidden from the inquisitive gaze of people by trees like these, and situated in a quiet thoroughfare like this avenue."

"You might want to murder me," retorted his uncle, with mingled fear and surprise.

Cesar rose to his feet. "I am off, uncle. I shall seek a more kindly welcome elsewhere." The effect was magical.

"Sit down, my boy, sit down, and tell me all about it," quickly retorted Uncle Tourtain.

"None of it," answered Cesar. "In a fortnight I will show you what I have done—not before."

"And we share the profits?"

"Yes."

The result was beyond Cesar's hopes; he had succeeded, and how well!

The old man had no servants, and himself installed his nephew in a room above his own. No sooner was Cesar alone than he took a hammer from his barda and began hammering upon a sheet of iron that was placed before the chimney piece of his room. The metal moaned under his blows, and the noise became deafening; then for a change Cesar caught hold of the table and thumped it repeatedly on the floor.

In the room beneath Tourtain thought to himself. "He works hard, the lad; but what can it all be?"

This went on till evening, and, dinner over, Cesar returned to his room and kept up the maddening din until far into the night. Uncle Tourtain slept badly. The following day he ventured a few questions which Cesar mysteriously evaded by putting his fingers up to his lips and uttering a significant chut! He asked for wine, cognac, cigars, and the miser, consoled by the hope of untold wealth near at hand, yielded to the young man's demands.

The days passed by, the noise grew louder, being kept up sometimes into the small hours of the morning. The old man was tired out nearly from want of sleep, but also through worry at the disappearance of his wine and other precious accumulations. But by the words fortune, treasures, millions, which constantly occurred in Cesar's conversation, the miser hoped.

Thus things went on for eight days. On the ninth Tourtain said: "My boy, I can't hold out any longer. I am almost dead."

"I have succeeded."

"What at?" queried Tourtain, startled.

Cesar, taking the banknote from his pocket, held it up at a distance.

"Well and what about it?" answered the other, puzzled.

"I make these," whispered Cesar.

"You—you—ah!" and the old man stopped short, unable to utter another word.

Cesar unconsciously assented.

"Really—and you think they'll go?"

Cesar again assented.

"Let's have a look at it then," said the old man, unsuccessfully trying to hide his greed as he eagerly stretched out his bony hand toward the note.

Cesar rose and steathily went to his room; he pressed the note for a moment between damp sheets of paper, which gave it an appearance of having been freshly taken from the press, and returning below he handed the specimen to his uncle.

Tourtain flattened it out on the table, examined it for a long time, switched it between his thumb and index, and tore one of the corners slightly to finally test it.

"'Pon my soul, it seems good enough!" he said at last.

Cesar nodded, and when his uncle rose with the note in his hand ready to leave his room he said: "Eh, uncle, and what about my half?"

"Steady, my boy, steady. I must think this over," was all the miser said; then he left his room, and locking himself into his own apartment he compared Cesar's note with the many old and new ones which he had accumulated in true miser fashion. It was a long study. He could find no distinction whatever between Cesar's and his own notes, and who would find this out must, he decided, be a sharp man. Soon after Tourtain walked out through the garden gate, looking quaint enough in his threadbare coat and old-fashioned silk hat.

"Is he going to charge me with forgery, I wonder?" thought Cesar, as he watched him going. "This would indeed be a farce."

But Cesar was mistaken. The old man was now wondering how he could best change the note. He wandered about Neuilly from the grocer's shop to the baker's door, and from the wine merchant's up the road, hesitating, timorous, with occasional resolute gestures, sometimes touching the knob of a door, as if to enter, then releasing it again, ashamed, not actuated by remorse, but fearing lest he should be unable to give satisfactory explanation, if he were caught. He wandered thus for some time when he suddenly recollected that money for forged notes was returned at his bank. A tram was passing, he stopped it and drove part of the way. Arrived at the counter he pulled himself together, and putting two notes before the clerk, he said:

"I want these two notes changed, please * * * perhaps one of them isn't quite right."

The clerk examined the note which Cesar had pressed between the sheets of paper; the dampness had not quite disappeared.

Uncle Tourtain stood holding his breath, watching every movement of the ma. before him, until the latter counted 20 louis on the counter.

At dinner time the uncle said to his nephew: "How do you manage that your notes pass so well?"

"That's because I make them good," replied Cesar, undaunted.

"In how many days?"

"Eight."

"This is too [illegible]," said Tourtain, "and brings us only 50 francs each a week. Suppose you made thousand-franc bank notes! I[illegible] my boy, that would mean 500 francs apiece!"

"If I make only hundred-franc notes it is because I have no models to make thousand-franc ones."

The old man, whose voice had grown very thick, mumbled that, if necessary, he might lend one for the purpose.

Cesar kept perfectly cool, but he could not help being amazed at his uncle's credulity, and resolving to try how far he could go, he added, "But to engrave my plate I need four models, one at the top, one at he bottom, and one on each side. You see, uncle, this is the only way to bring out good stuff; you know yourself how easily they are found out, and there would be an end of us."

"Then you want four thousand-franc notes—four!"

"To our unbounded wealth! Long live the bank! We'll bust her, uncle—we'll bust her! But let us hurry up; where are the notes?" retorter Cesar.

Tourtain rose from the table, and with unsteady moves made his way to his room, and soon returned clutching to his breast four thousand-franc notes. One by one he handed them to his nephew until only one remained.

"Can't you do with three?" he said.

"No; certainly not," answered Cesar, authoritatively.

"Well—here—they—are." And the old man lifting his glass with trembling hand, said, in almost inaudible accents, "To—our—our—millions!" He dropped into the chair, and resting his head on one arm across the table, he fell asleep.

"Parbleau!" thought Cesar, "here are 4,000 francs, which look very much like ill-gotten gain, but they are after all only legitimate restitution." On the edge of the table he pinned a receipt, then strapping his barda on his shoulders he went out into the night and was seen no more, leaving his uncle to dream of forged notes and ill-gotten millions. The day following, Tourtain, sober again, feared to lodge a complaint, as he felt himself an accomplice to the forgery of his nephew.

DISCOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.

Some of the More Important Documents Unearthed in the East.

The present century has seen the discovery of many manuscripts, of the greatest importance, and this not merely in the provinces of theology and classical learning, but also in that of mediaeval history. Every one knows how Constantine Tischendorfs lucky arrival in the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai saved what is perhaps the oldest manuscript of the Greek New Testament from destruction by fire; and how, only two years ago, from the same treasure house of antiquity, Mrs. Lewis recovered a still earlier Syriac palimpsest of the same work, concealed under the "superstructure" of a comparatively modern martyrology. Most people, too, whether Biblical scholars or not, know something of the romance attending the discovery of the long lost "Diatessaron" of Tatian in the library at the vatican; and how the sands of Egypt have, hardly ten years ago, yielded up the apocryphal Gospel of St. Peter.

In matters classical, too, it is much the same. Thousands of people who are not, in any sense of the word, classical scholars, have heard how the ruins of Egyptian cities have given us fragments of the "Iliad" in a handwriting some two or three centuries before Christ, and large portions of the long-lost poems of Herondas. Yet hardly any one, save a professed mediaevalist here and there, knows of the romance attending the discovery of mediaeval documents; how the history of the tenth century has had to be almost rewritten owing to the discovery of the "autograph" of the work of the tenth century historian, Richer; or how a Prague servant just succeeded in saving the priceless contemporary record of Frederick Barbarossa's crusade from the scissors of a county-town apothecary.

To come to English matters, how many Englishmen know of the late discovery of the long-historical French poem dealing with the life of the great Earl Marshal, the hero of Magna Charta? Or, more remarkable still, the recovery of the history of Richard Coeur-de-Leon's Crusade, as told in the verses of his own chaplain and follower, Ambrose, the priest?—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HORSE WAS PLAYFUL.

But the Tenderfoot Did Not Like Him Any Better for Being So.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"He ain't vicious, stranger, and ain't got a single mean trait."

So spoke the owner of the mustang to the tenderfoot who was sojourning in the hills of southwestern Missouri.

"You just get on and try him, and if you don't like him don't buy him. He may be a bit spry and playful, but that's 'cause he's been in the stable over a week."

The tenderfoot sprang to the saddle and what happened thereafter he only dimly remembered. The horse reared; then he came down on all fours, with his legs as stiff as a sawhorse. Having repeated this operation half a dozen times, he sprang forward and covered a good section of the country at a 2.01 gait, with no running mate either. He reared, leaped, plunged and finally made his way back to the starting point, made as if to roll over and then dived for the stable door, leaving the horseman dazed, dumb and limp in a bush near the roadside. The owner helped the would-be purchaser to his feet, straightened him out and jammed his battered hat on his head.

"What kind—kind of a horse do you call that?" grasped the tenderfoot.

"She! He's all right. Been in the stable a week, that's all. Feels a bit playful. But he has a right nice gait. What do you think of that single foot of his'n?"

HOW HE GOT IT.

From the Chicago Post.

"I wonder how he got such a good job," he said.

"Why, don't you know?" she returned. "When he applied for it he told them that his marriage the following week depended upon his getting something to do at once."

"And they gave it to him?"

"They did."

"How ready people are to help a man to get into trouble, aren't they?"

She didn't answer. She didn't feel that she could answer without exhibiting a temper that she usually tried to keep in concealment.

BROWN.

It was pretty to see how she gazed that day
As he led her, a bride, from the church away;
There was trust in her smiling and hope in her eyes,
For she truly believed she had won a prize.
There was no telling, then, she would softly say,
What wonderful things he would do some day.
His genuis would certainly win renown.
Fame had nothing to give too good for Brown.

The years rolled on and the loving light
Still shone in her eyes as she watched each night.
He hadn't done much in the way of art—
The career upon which she had set her heart,
But politics yet his aid would claim
And he'd find his sphere and would hear his name
Echoed in country house and town.
The world would clamor in praise of Brown.

Age hovered near; it was but to find
Her old ambitions left far behind.
But she clasped his hand as he plodded on
Believing that fortune must surely dawn.
That wealth, which may come in a single day,
Would yet turn honors and joy their way,
And then, their own burdens of care laid down,
The grateful poor should remember Brown.

Her disappointments could never dim
The loving faith that she had in him.
And she tenderly speaks in the same old way
Of the wonderful things he will do some day.
She thinks that his virtues were far too great
For this thoughtless world, to appreciate, world, to appreciate.
That the sweetest harp and the brightest crown
Are being reserved, as his due, for Brown.

—Washington Star.

IN MEMORY OF COL. R. A. OAKFORD

Flag Given by His Widow to Union Veterans' Union.

PRESENTAAION BY H. E. PAINE

His Remarks Contained a Very Comprehensive History of One of Scranton's Lamented Soldiers—Mortally Wounded at the Head of His Command on Antietam Battlefield.

Recollections of the late Colonel R. A. Oakford were befittingly delivered by H. E. Paine at last Thursday night's meeting of the Union Veterans' union. The occasion was the presentation of a flag by Mrs. Oakford in memory of her husband. She was unable to be present and delegated Mr. Paine to make the presentation.

Mr. Paine spoke extemporaneously and said in part:

Colonel, Comrades and Ladies: I have at this time a very pleasing task to perform, none other than the presenting to this command this beautiful silk banner, a gift from Mrs. Frances Oakford, of our city. I regret that the generous donor is prevented from being with us upon this auspicious occasion, but I can assure you that although she is absent in body, she is present in spirit. She has always taken a deep interest in every soldier-organization and especially in the welfare of this command. The patriotic American blood which flows through her veins is the product of half a dozen preceding generations. Her ancestors, the Slocums, have been associated with the Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys from the very beginning, and this most gifted woman would be false to her ancestry if she was anything but patriotic. In her, this command will have a steadfast friend as long as it proves itself worthy of her friendship.

But, colonel and comrades, it is fitting that I should say something of him who went at the call of his country and did not return. I regret to say that many a hero who gave his life that the nation might live has had scant tribute paid to his memory, while he who returned to enjoy the fruits of his victory has in some cases received superfluous laudation. In the few moments allotted to me I can mention but very few of the many good things that could be said to the memory of Colonel Oakford.

HIS BUSINESS LIFE.

R. A. Oakford was born in the city of Philadelphia in the year 1820, and was killed at the head of his regiment on the bloody field of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, thus being 42 years old at the time of his death. Colonel Oakford was blessed with a liberal education. He was a graduate of Lafayette college. Soon after completing his studies, being somewhat impaired in health, he decided to follow an active business career in preference to a profession. He accepted of an offer from one of the leading business men of the Wyoming valley and in 1842 settled at Wyoming. Here he became acquainted with his future wife, Miss Frances Slocum, daughter of Layton Slocum, who in the ripeness of her years is yet with us and is the generous donor of this beautiful banner. In the year 1852 Mr. Oakford removed with his family to Scranton, he having been appointed to a responsible position with the Lackawanna Iron and Coal company.

Permit me to say that he, with his family, were the first boarders at the old Forest House, they obtaining their meals there before the building was sufficiently completed to furnish them with rooms.

From this time until the breaking out of the war, Mr. Oakford was constantly in the employ of either the Lackawanna Iron and Coal company or the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad company.

I wish to relate an incident that happened shortly before the breaking out of the war. It was late in the fall of 1860, or early in the winter of 1861, that he was required to make an extended business trip through the south. This trip took him as far as the state of Texas. He returned home fully impressed with the fact that war was imminent, and he declared that we of the north had not one moment to spare in order to prepare for it. He was laughed at for his fears and was assured that the people of the south would never take up arms against the government and actually make war upon the old flag. He replied that they had already taken up arms, that the whole south from the Potomac to the Rio Grande was one vast military camp, that they were thoroughly in earnest, in fact that they were war-crazy and that nothing but the most abject abasement on the part of the north could prevent the impending calamity, and as this was an act the north would never consent to do, then the only thing was war, and that very quickly, too.

Mr. Oakford was a wise prophet; within two or three short months Fort Sumter was fired upon and war was upon us.

HIS FIRST COMMAND.

At the first call of President Lincoln for volunteers he offered his services and was made colonel of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania. This was a three-month regiment. Colonel Oakford was in active command of this regiment during its entire period of service. On looking up the history of the command, I find that it was at the front and was actively engaged in the operations along the Potomac in the neighborhood of Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and returned home at the expiration of their term of service, which was about the middle of August, 1861.

For a period of just one year Colonel Oakford remained here in Scranton, attending to his business affairs. He was elected a justice of the peace of—the then borough of—Scranton, an office which he held at the time of his death. He gave liberally of his time and money for every object that advanced the union cause, and never shirked any duty incumbent upon him as a loyal citizen.

When, in the month of July, 1862, President Lincoln called for 300,000 more volunteers Colonel Oakford realized that the time had come for him to again take his place at the front. Governor Curtain offered him the colonelcy of the One hundred and Thirty-second regiment. The offer was promptly accepted, and he assumed the task of organizing and equipping the regiment. The companies were from Lackawanna, Wyoming, Bradford, Montour and Carbon counties. The regiment was mustered into the service at Old Camp Curtain, on Aug. 17, and immediately left for Washington.

At this time the Army of the Potomac was in a whirl of excitement. General Pope had fought the second battle of Bull Run, and had lost. His forces were falling back to Washington. McClellan's army was being hastily brought back from the James, and Lee's victorious legions were headed for the north side of the Potomac. Without time for drill or opportunity to learn the duties of a soldier, Colonel Oakford's regiment was assigned its place in the Army of the Potomac, and was expected to perform the same efficient service as was required of the veteran regiments. How well they performed their part was owing very largely to the soldiery qualities of Colonel Oakford. I will pass over the time which intervened between the regiment leaving Washington and until it was in line along Antietam Creek, in front of Sharpsburg, Md., on the evening of Sept. 16, where it had its first taste of battle and drove the enemy back from their front for a short distance before darkness stopped the conflict.

About 9 o'clock on the following morning the regiment became hotly engaged with the enemy in their front. There was no skirmishing, but the battle broke in all its fury, and rolled from left to right, and right to left. Colonel Oakford dismounted from his horse and with coolness directed and encouraged his men to do their duty. Unmindful of his own safety, and striving only to do his duty as a soldier, he became a mark for a well-aimed missle, and lived but a few moments after being struck, and then at the age of 42 went out the life of a devoted soldier of his country.

His remains were brought home and interred at Wyoming.

HIGHER HONORS AWAITED HIM.

Colonel Oakford possessed all the qualifications of a soldier, and had his life been spared we can safely predict that higher honors awaited him. Above all else he gave all he had, yea, even life itself, that this nation should not perish.

My comrades, I would like to say more about the gallant soldier, after whom our command is named, but time forbids. I could not well say less. And now, colonel and comrades, on behalf of the generous donor, I present you this banner. It is inscribed with the name of him, after whom our command is named. I trust that no officer or comrade of this command will ever do an act that will bring disgrace upon this organization nor dishonor the name of him, after whom our command is named, or that will bring a blush of shame to the face of her, who is the generous donor of this beautiful gift. Colonel, I entrust this banner into your keeping.

Colonel S. W. Roberts, in accepting the banner, made some very appropriate remarks, and expressed the high regard he had always entertained for Colonel Oakford.

In the item with reference to this matter printed Saturday it was stated that a flag was also presented by Comrade Hinkley. The flag in question was given by Comrade W. T. Kendell, of this city, who served during the war as a member of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was color bearer of that regiment for two years and six months.

THE LITCHFIELD STOVE.

Story of How Stoves Were Introduced Into a Connecticut Town.

William H. Coleman in the Evangelist.

The story of the Litchfield stove and its recent discovery is of much historical interest. The tale has often been told—perhaps never better than in your issue of December 10. The earliest version I know of was given by S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") in his "Recollections of a Lifetime," published in 1856. Mr. Goodrich was born in Ridgefield, Conn., in 1793, and his recollections of early times run back to the beginning of the century and even before. Perhaps your readers may like to see his version of the stove story:

"One thing strikes me now with wonder, and that is the general indifference, in those days, to the intensity of winter. No doubt the climate was then more severe; but be that as it may people seemed to suffer less from it than at the present day. Nobody thought of staying at home from church because of the extremity of the weather. * * * Let me tell you a story, by the way, upon the meeting houses of those days. They were of wood, and slenderly built, of course admitting somewhat freely the blast of the seasons. In the severe winter days we only mitigated the temperature by foot stoves; but these were deemed effeminate luxuries, suited to women and children. What would have been thought of Dea. Olmstead and Granther Baldwin had they yielded to the weakness of a foot stove!

The age of comfortable meeting houses and churches, in country towns, was subsequent to this, some 20 or 30 years. All improvement is gradual, and frequently advances only by conflict with prejudice and victory over opposition. In a certain county town within my knowledge, the introduction of stoves into the meeting house, about the year 1850, threatened to overturn society. The incident may be worth detailing, for trifles often throw light upon important subjects. In this case, the metropolis, which we call H——, had adopted stoves in the churches, and naturally enough some people of the neighboring town of E—— set about introducing this custom into the meeting house in their own village. Now, the two master spirits of society—the Demon of Progress and the Angel of Conservatism—somehow or other had got into the place, and as soon as this reform was suggested they began to wrestle with the people, until at last the church and society were divided into two violent factions—the stove party and the anti-stove party. At the head of the first was Mrs. Dea K., and at the head of the latter was Mrs. Dea P. The battle raged portentously, very much like the renowned tempest in a teapot. Society was, indeed, lashed into a foam. The minister, between the contending factions, scarcely dared to say his soul was his own. He could scarcely find a text from Genesis to Jude that might not commit him on one side or the other. The strife, of course, ran into politics, and the representative to the assembly got in by a happy knack at dodging the question in such wise as to be claimed by both parties.

"Finally the progressionists prevailed—the stove party triumphed, and the stoves were accordingly installed. Great was the humiliation of the anti-stoveites; nevertheless they concluded to be submissive to the dispensation of Providence. On the Sabbath succeeding the installation of the stoves, Mrs. Dea P., instead of staying away, did as she ought, and went to church. As she moved up the broad aisle it was remarked that she looked pale, but calm, as a martyr should—conscious of injury, yet struggling to forgive. Nevertheless, when the minister named his text Romans, ii:20—and spoke of heaping coals of fire on the head, she slid from the seat and subsided gently upon the floor. The train of ideas suggested was, in fact, too much for her heated brain and shattered nerves. There was a rush to her pew and the fainting lady was taken out. When she came to the air she slightly revived.

"'Pray, what is the matter?' said Mrs. Dea K., who bent over her, holding asmelling bottle to her nose.

"'Oh, it is the heat of those awful stoves,' said Mrs. Dea P.

"'No, no, my dear,' said Mrs. Dea K., 'that can't be; it's a warm day, you know, and there's no fire in them.'

"'No fire in the stoves?' said Mrs. Dea P.

"'Not a particle,' said Mrs. Dea K.

"'Well, I feel better now,' said the poor lady; and so, bidding her friends good-bye, she went home in a manner suited to the occasion."

THE WRONG BOY.

At a country school not a hundred miles from Weatherly one of the directors is a clergyman. He sent word that he, with the other directors, would visit the school last Friday. The teacher, a young girl, was desirous of making a good impression, so she drilled the children carefully as to just what to say on the occasion of the visit. The first boy was asked, "Who made you?" His reply was to be "God." The second boy was to be asked, "Who was the first man?" His answer, of course, was to "Adam."

The appointed hour came and in her flurry the teacher failed to notice that the first boy was absent. She walked over and asked, "Johnny, who made you?" "Adam," was the reply. "No! No! Jonnnie; God made you." "No he didn't. The boy what God made stayed at home today."—Weatherly Herald.

A Terrible Temptation.

She was the angel of the street,
So fairy like and shy and sweet,
I always stopped to scan her face
And catch the dawnings of new grace.
Sometimes I brought her sweet or flower,
And treasured for a pleasing hour
The smile she gave to me in thanks,
Like zephyrs rippling flowery banks.
But, ah, true friendship seldom sticks—
You see I'm thirty, she is six;
And few she got the garden hose
Is something that nobody knows.
But I came by—what did she do?
She calmly soaked me through and through.

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

Is a beautiful possession. If a woman owns one, and if a single pearl drops off the string, she makes haste to find and restore it.

Good health is a more valuable possession than a necklace of the most beautiful pearls, yet one by one the jewels of health slip away, and women seem indifferent until it is almost too late, and they cannot be restored.

To die before you are really old is to suffer premature death, and that is a sin. It is a sin because it is the result of repeated violations of nature's laws.

Pain, lassitude and weariness, inability to sleep, dreadful dreams, starting violently from sleep, are all symptoms of nerve trouble.

You cannot have nerve trouble and keep your health. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the womb, the ovaries and the bladder are affected. They are not vital organs, hence they give out soonest.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, by building up the nerves and restoring woman's organism to its natural state, relieves all these troublesome uterine symptoms. In confirmation of this we, by permission, refer to the following women, all of whom speak from experience: Miss Celia Van Horn, 1912 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Grace Collord, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Newell, 50 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Isabel Oberg, 220 Chestnut St., Woburn, Mass., Mrs. A. H. Cole, New Rochelle, N. Y., and many others

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