

Simon's Papa.

By Guy de Maupassant.

The clocks were striking noon. The school-door opened, and the urchins rushed out, falling over each other in their haste.

struck him then by his tranquil appearance, with his pale cheeks, his long wet beard, and calm open eyes. People had said round about, "He's dead."

Blanchette's son stood on the threshold of a door—a child of seven or eight years, a little pale, very neat, with a timid, almost awkward manner.

It was a beautiful, mild day. The gentle sun was warming the grass. The water was like a polished mirror.

The children began to laugh. The spokesman raised his voice, "You see well enough he hasn't any papa."

Simon was leaning against a tree for support, and remained as if overwhelmed by an irreparable disaster.

"Where is he?" cried his tormentor. Simon was silent; he didn't know.

Simon entered unnoticed, and softly slipping up to his friend, pulled him by the sleeve.

"No papa! no papa!" Simon seized him by the hair with his two hands, and began to rain kicks on his legs, while he bit him savagely.

There was a pause; Blanchette, dumb and tortured with shame, leaned against the door, her two hands pressed over her heart.

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Winsomeness in Women.

Hints from Dr. Hartman concerning beauty and gracefulness.



AMIALE dispositions make firm friends. Beauty of face is nature's gift. Graceful movement, if not natural, may be acquired.

membrane. Mrs. O. F. McHargue, Bozeman, Mont., writes: DEAR SIR:—By the time I had taken one bottle of Pe-ru-na the polypus from which I suffered had disappeared, and three bottles cured my catarrh and throat trouble.

When you have suffered and been cured know how to sympathize with others. The wearing pains and aches they endure are so mysterious, and permanent relief so difficult, that once the correct remedy is found they become their warm advocates.

When his adversary was ready to begin tormenting him again, Simon hurried these words to his head, as if they had been a stone: "My papa's name is Philip."

There were howls of derision on all sides. "Philip who? Philip what? What is he? When did you find your Philip?"

For three months the big workman, Philip, passed frequently near Blanchette's cottage, and sometimes he ventured to speak to her when he saw her sitting at the window.

No voice answered him, but he thought he heard in the darkness within the noise of a falling body. He entered quickly, and Simon, who was in bed, distinguished the sound of a kiss and some words that his mother was murmuring.

Simon was disturbed by the justice of this reasoning; nevertheless he replied, "He's my papa, all the same."

"Cause he'd rather be over there where he kin sneak up and peek thru the not holes in the fence around Queen Victory's Cappel than run a Hotel in New York," paw says, giving the Carven nife a extra jab, and makin grease fly all over the table cloth.

Simon entered unnoticed, and softly slipping up to his friend, pulled him by the sleeve. Philip turned. Suddenly work ceased; all the men were watching attentively.

"How did he make his other munny?" "By givin' to be the son of a man what saved up," paw told her. "His father had more munny than a ox team could pull, Beos the Hed of the Fam'ly, Bot Hides for a Livin'."

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HON. BILL REEDER'S DEBUT. Congressman of Kansas Visits Washington to Become Acquainted.

INGERSOLL'S METHODIST FRIEND. A Story Vouched for by a Woman Resident of Pennsylvania.

BRADFORD EVENING STAR. The incident, as related by a Bradford lady who requested that her name be not mentioned in connection with it.

Equal Partnership. "Phelim," wearily said Mrs. McGorrey with some difficulty making herself heard above the lusty howls of her leather-lunged offspring.

GEORGIE'S PA Attempts to Explain What is Wrong With Mr. Astor.

The International Sunday School Lesson. Aug. 12, 1899. Ezekiel XXXIII-34.

SEXINE PILLS. They are as much like COATED ELECTRICITY as science can make them.

WORLD'S MILE RECORD. 1:31 1/5. Intermediate marks: Quarter Mile, 21 3-5 seconds; Half Mile, 43 seconds; Three-Quarter Mile, 1:07 3-5.

COLUMBIA BEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS. McDuffee's feat is worthy of special note as the bicycle he rode was one of our regular Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless Road Machines, Model 59.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. BECHAM'S PILLS—No equal for Constipation.

When Pain Racks the Body. Frank Long, who lives near Lennon, Mich., says: "I was taken with a pain in my back, and I was obliged to take to my bed."

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