PURPOSE.

We went far out on the shining lake,
Away from the sunset sky,
Where the light through the darkening clouds would break,
My little boat and I.
I rowed to the farther pebbly shore,
My face to the sinking sun,
The clouds followed close when he shone no more,
And said: "The day is done."

Then a light wind came from over the land
And sent us toward the sky,
Where lay the clouds with golden band,
My little boat and I.
The oars lay idle, I drifted on,
Unheeding where I went;
To a page in a book my thoughts were gone,
My boat, where the breezes sent.

We passed through a clump of rushes tall,
And my thoughts came back to note
How quickly our course was changed, and all
By a reed at the bow of the boat.
I said to my boat: "If strong the force
That sends you drifting along,
A thing so slight could not change your course
And make the whole way wrong.

"But if you cannot safely float
Into our port alone,
Then I must guide you, little boat,
And bring you safely home."
So we drift no more in the crimson light,
With face to the sunset sky,
But I know that our course is true and right,
My boat, my heart and I.

—Evelyn Noble, in Detroit Free Press.

STORY OF A LETTER.

It Won a Mother Back to Health and Happiness.

"Off work so early?"

James stopped in passing a boy who, like himself, was one of the workers on a large ranch. Caleb's stumpy figure was bending over a large table in the rough back porch and his face was drawn into a pucker which told that his task was no easy one.

"Yes, it's early I know, but it's mail day to-morrow—and I thought I'd send a letter."

"Folks back east?" asked James.

"Well, I haven't got many folks. Ain't so well off as you are. It's my stepmother, but she's a good woman and likes to hear from me and I think I ought to."

No one ever thought of taking Caleb for an exemplar in anything. He was slow and clumsy in his movements and never dreamed of presuming to make a suggestion of duty to anyone. But it had come to be observed that Caleb was to be relied on.

"If you look for him where he belongs he is sure to be there," his employer had been heard to say. And some of the boys had noticed that Caleb's quiet: "I think I ought to" always referred to something he was sure to do.

James had intended calling upon Caleb for assistance in the turning of water into the irrigating ditch upon which the crops so largely depended, but he now turned away and went by himself, with a weight at his heart and a shadow upon his brow. If asked the reason for it he might have been slow to admit to anyone else that it was called there by a consciousness of neglect of duty, but the fact was very plain to himself.

"Just a stepmother. If Caleb thinks it's a matter of 'ought to' write to her about every mail day I wonder what he'd do if he had a mother and a father and a sister. Heigho! I didn't expect to be gone three years when I got mad and quit."

In the early springtime James had been seized with a spasm of remorse at his long, cruel neglect of those who loved him, to whom he was so much and to whom he realized he owed it to be such comfort.

"I'll write. And some day I'll go back and do my best by 'em."

He did write, his letter carrying all the joy which may be imagined into the old farmhouse. Father and mother had answered, the sight of their poor cramped handwriting bringing tears to the eyes of the wandering son. And Susan had written:

"Father says he'll never miss driving in to the post office on the days that a letter could get here after your mail day. And mother stands at the gate watching for him to come back."

It had reached his heart and spurred him up to writing quite regularly for awhile. Then the intervals between his letters had grown longer, and now for weeks he had not written.

Passing later again near Caleb's rough library he paused with half a smile. The sun-tanned, freckled face was now, in the throes of an effort to accomplish a fine-looking address to his letter, drawn into a series of knots and wrinkles astonishing to behold. All of a sudden they relaxed into a smile of pride and delight as he held up and contemplated the scraggy result of his efforts.

"I'd rather plow all day," he said, meeting James' gaze with a beaming eye. "Yes, I would. I always feel as though I'd tackled a big job and got the better of it when I've wrote a letter. I feel as light as a feather. When I used to let it slip sometimes I felt as though I had a stone to carry. I feel that way now when writin' time's comin'. But I've found the best way to get rid of that feelin's just to get right at it and do it. I think that's the way with most things when you think you ought to, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said James, as he went on toward the stables. "And when you *know* you ought to, as I do," he added to himself.

Caleb followed him with a shout betokening his unburdened condition of mind, and leading out one of the shaggy ponies used in herding the cattle, was soon galloping the four miles to the point at which the weekly mail was gathered. Scant and irregular it was, and who can tell how many anxious hearts watched for its news of loved ones, or waited in the weariness of hope deferred for tidings which did not come.

The full moon arose over the wide expanse of rolling mountainous scenery as the rider's form was lost in the distance. James leaned against a rough cart and gazed mechanically about him.

"I wish I had written too. I didn't mean to get into loose ways about it again—as sure as I live I didn't. Mother watching at the gate, Susy said. I s'pose it's the same old gate—the one I used to swing on when I was little and get scolded for it. Next Tuesday'll be the day mother'll be watching."

In the hush of the glorious light his thoughts wandered over years gone by. Far back, almost to infancy, did his memory stray, bringing up scenes vague and misty, incidents only dimly recalled; yet in all his mother's face, gentle and tender, seemed to stand out distinctly. Sometimes it bent over him in sickness, sometimes he saw it as in church, with the grave expression put on for the day. Sometimes it bore a smile of sympathy with some of his small delights, again, perhaps, a frown or a grieved look over his shortcomings.

"Yes, and I remember exactly how she looked when she whipped me, and how she would come to me ten minutes afterwards crying and begging me never to make her do it again. Poor mother," with a remorseful smile, "she didn't give it to me half hard enough."

"I wonder how she looks now." The thought came with a sharp pang. It had never before occurred to him to wonder whether his mother had changed in these years in which he had not seen her. The line of thought once struck seemed to lead on without his own volition. It must be that the anguish of his abrupt leave-taking, the anxiety for his welfare and the longing for a sight of him during this weary time had written deep lines upon the patient face.

"There's Caleb back." James sprang up as if in glad escape from the heavy thoughts as the distant beat of hoofs smote upon his ear. "She is only his stepmother, and yet he walks up to the business like a soldier, hating it as he does. Caleb has the making of a soldier in him, I believe."

James was many years older before he could fully recognize the fact that there is nothing more heroic than the persistent standing by the duties, small or great, of every day life.

"Hello Caleb," he cried, "you've made a quick trip."

"Yes," said Caleb, still with the beaming face belonging with the finished letter. "Shag hasn't been at work to-day, and he's as full of jump as if—as if—he'd got a letter off himself."

James could not help joining in the boy's gleeful laugh.

"I wish I felt as you do, Caleb," he said.

"I'll tell you what," said Caleb, with the air of one telling a great secret, "I don't believe there's anything makes you feel half so good as doing something you think you ought to do."

"Not going to turn in?" he asked, returning from the stable, after giving his little nag faithful care.

"No, I'm going to write a letter."

"I'm glad 'tisn't me," with an expressive shake of his head. "I'm tired enough to sleep for a week."

Mother was not watching at the gate on the Tuesday on which a letter might be expected from James. Indeed, there sometimes crept over father and Susan a cold chill of fear that she might never stand there or anywhere else again.

For the feet which had taken so many steps in loving ministering, which had so patiently held to the round of small duties laid out by Him who orders all our ways, were at last taking a rest. She had been suffering with a low fever, and the doctor shook his head with a discouraged face as day followed day, to be lengthened into week following week, and still the pulse grew weaker and the faded eye dimmer.

"If there was anything to rouse her," the old doctor had said, sorely perplexed at the utter lack of result to all his applied remedies. "There isn't so much the matter with her—only a lack of vitality. Nothing seems to touch it."

He sat with a helpless, baffled look. During the latter weeks Susan had stolen out on Tuesday for a little season of wistful watching for the longed-for letter which had never come. But to-day she sat still, weighed down by the burden of dread of what might be, scarcely hearing the slow rumble of the wagon as father drove along the lane. A few moments later he appeared at the door and held up a letter before Susan's eyes. She forgot her caution in a glad spring towards him.

"A letter! A letter from James!"

She controlled her voice to a whisper, but mother had been stirred from her half-stupor, and had opened her eyes. The doctor was watching her.

"Read it," he said, motioning Susan to the seat at her mother's side.

"DEAR MOTHER: I've been thinking to-night how long it is since I left home. I never thought it would be so long, really I didn't, when I got into a pet and came off. And if I've wondered once why I did it I've wondered a thousand times, for I haven't in all these three years seen any place that was quite up to home. And if I was to stay three times three, I'd never find anybody like you and father and Susy.

"There's another thing I've been wondering, and that's whether you want to see such a good-for-nothing as me there again."

A little sob came from mother, and Susan paused in alarm.

"Go on," motioned the doctor.

"But I'm most sure you do, and I'm coming home, mother. It won't be so very long before you see me. I've learned a lot of lessons since I left and the one I've learned the best is that any boy who goes around the world hunting for a better place than home is a simpleton. So I'm coming to be your boy again. And if you don't find that I can be a comfort to you and father and Susy, why, all you can do is to send me away again."

"Her fever'll be up again," said Susy, bending over her mother in a flutter of joy and anxiety.

But there was a smile on mother's face and a light of hope and peace in her eyes which had long been wanting there.

"Thank God," she whispered. "My boy's coming home."

And when James very soon followed his letter he held his breath at learning how very near he had come to finding a desolate home, and thankfully rejoiced in the blessed privilege of winning his mother back to health and happiness.

There are many boys who put off the home-letters and home-coming until too late.—Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Observer.

Don't Be a Lobster.

A lobster when left high and dry among the rocks has not sense and energy enough to work his way back to the sea but waits for the sea to come to him. If it does not come he remains where he is and dies, although the slightest exertion would enable him to reach the waves, which are perhaps tossing and tumbling within a yard of him. There is a tide in human affairs that casts men into "tight places," and leaves them there like stranded lobsters. If they choose to lie where the breakers have flung them, expecting some grand billow to take them on its big shoulder and carry them back to smooth water, the chances are that their hopes may never be realized. Nor is it right they should be. The social element ought not to be expected to help him who makes no effort to help himself.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Small Philosopher.

He was six years old, short for his age, and barefooted and dirty. His eyes were sharp and watchful and his face was lined and old. He ran away from school for weeks at a time and scoured alleys and instinctively avoided all the conventional and decorous paths of childhood. When he listened to admonitious and promised to amend, his inner ear was deaf and his words were from the lips outward; but he voiced his genuine experience and reflection with the brevity of a maxim:

"I think I'd rather be a girl; they don't git so many kicks."—Detroit Free Press.

He Learned Life's Lesson Early.

A little grand nephew of Prince Bismarck was sitting on the prince's knee one day when he suddenly cried out:

"Oh, uncle, I hope I shall be a great man like you when I grow up."

"Why, my child?" asked his uncle.

"Because you are so great and every one fears you."

"Wouldn't you rather have every one love you?"

The child thought a little and then replied: "No, uncle; when people love you they cheat you, but when they fear you they let you cheat them."—Chicago News.

—The Poor Young Man—"Mr. Crœsus, I would like to marry your daughter." Old Crœsus—"Ah! you love her, sir?" The Poor Young Man—"Madly." Old Crœsus—"Which one?" The Poor Young Man—"Oh, either of them."—Harper's Bazar.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Did you ever notice how idiotic the smile of a pretty girl is — when it is directed towards some one else? — Binghamton Republican.

—Deacon Smith—"What kind of a collection did we have to-day?" Parson Brone—"A collection of misers, I should judge."—Lowell Citizen.

—Frank (pleadingly)—"I never kissed a girl before in my life." May (coldly)—Well, I haven't advertised for apprentices, have I?"—N. Y. Herald.

—Repartee.—"Your generosity takes my breath away," said the sarcastic beggar. "Well, you can spare it," returned the pedestrian.—N. Y. Truth.

—Mrs. Cumso—"Here's an account of a man who fasted forty days." Cumso—"He was a merchant who didn't advertise, I suppose." — Detroit Free Press.

—Squeers—"Did you enjoy yourself at the theater last night?" Nickleby—"Well, I should say so—they've changed the jokes on the programme since last season."—Boston News.

—A Dog Without Price.—Tomson (exhibiting dog)—"I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that dog." Johnson—"No, I fancy not—except from a drunken man."—Yankee Blade.

—"How do you get along with your French, Litehedd?" "Very well; I've got so far that I can think in French now." "Gracious! You must find it superior to English."—N. Y. Press.

—A Liberal Fee.—"You have forgotten something, sir," said the waiter, as the diner was leaving. "Keep it for your honesty," replied the generous man.—N. Y. Sun.

—"I like fun as well as anybody," he said, pleasantly, "but I always take care to know just how far to go." "Yes," she answered, with a yawn, "but not how early."—Washington Star.

—"Now, Mr. Higgins," said the hostess, "I want you to behave just as you do when you are at home." "Waal, ef he does," put in Mrs. Higgins, "I won't stay here a minute. I've come away for rest."—Harper's Bazar.

—"It is too bad that the bristles in a handsom hair brush like this do not last as long as the back," said the visitor to Johnny's mother. "They will," put in Johnny, ruefully. "Ma uses the back o' that brush a good deal."

—Jinks—"Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that contemptible pug dog?" Winks—"To please my wife." Jinks—"But such a reward will be sure to bring him back." Winks—"No, it won't. He's dead."

—Miss Summerby (on the beach)—"See how dreamy Mr. Veycashun is! O, Mr. Veycashun, do talk! Are you listening to the billows as they surge?" Mr. Veycashun (with a start)—"Serge, serge? No, madam, we're all out of serge; but—O, I beg your pardon! Yes, er, delightful, doncherknow!"—Boston News.

—Antique Young Lady—"You see, my dear count, I often sit under this spreading oak on warm weather evenings and compose my brightest songs to the rustling of the leaves. It is my favorite spot in the whole park." Count—"Ah! I understand; probably mademoiselle planted the oak herself!"—Feuille D' Alvis.

—Man Was Ever Thus.—Bumpus—"It's no use! I can't sleep with that dog of Van Smith's barking all night." Mrs. Bumpus—"That isn't Van Smith's dog; it's our dog, my dear." Bumpus—"Are you sure it is our dog?" Mrs. Bumpus—"Yes, I'm positive it is our dog." Bumpus—"Well-er-all right—good night."—Brooklyn Citizen.

THE JAPANESE "NO" DANCE.

An Outlandish Performance by Automaton-Like Actors.

The No dance of the Japanese is wholly artificial, the movements of the actors being as stiff, stilted and measured as the classic idiom in which the dialogue is spoken and the ancient and obselete ideographs which set forth the synopsis of the action. Confined to yashikis and monasteries, the No was for the upper classes, who alone could understand its involved and lofty diction and intricate symbolism.

The No is a trilogy occupying four or five hours of three successive days. The first set of scenes is to propitiate the gods; the second to terrify evil spirits and punish the wicked, and the third to glorify the good, beautiful and pleasant. The dramatis personae are gods, goddesses, demons, priests, warriors and heroes of early legend and history, and much of the action is allegorical.

By a long, open gallery at the left the actors approach the elevated pavilion or platform of the stage, which is without curtain or scenery, and almost without properties. The costuming is superb, many of the rich, century-old brocade and cloth of gold garments having descended several generations.

The actors enter at a gait that outstruts the most exaggerated stage stride ever seen, the body held rigid as a statue, and the foot, never wholly lifted sliding slowly along the polished floor. These buckram figures, moving with the solemnity of condemned men, utter their lines like automata, not a muscle nor an eyelash moving, not a flicker of expression changing the countenance. The nasal, high-pitched and falsetto tones are unspeakably distressing, and many performers have ruined and lost their voices and even burst blood vessels in the long-continued, unnatural strain of their recitation. The children, who sometimes take part, equal the oldest members in their gravity and mechanicalness.

In some delightful scenes the demons, with hideous masks and abundant wigs of long, red silk hair, spread deliberate and conventional terror among the buckram grandees; and, stamping the stage wildly, leaping and whirling, relieve the long-drawn seriousness of the trilogy. It is only when all the performers are without the ancient, lacquered masks that the scene is to be imagined as a light and amusing farce, while the roars of the audience are elicited by stately, ponderous and time-honored puns, and plays upon words that a foreigner can not appreciate.—Cosmopolitan.

THE USE OF CRAPE.

The French Woman Makes Much of It in Gowns and Bonnets.

It's rather odd, but it's true, that the more some materials cost the cheaper they are, and this especially applies to crape. A good crape may be worn for a long time, dressed and re-dressed, and re-dressed again, and it always looks as good as new, while a cheap quality of crape has the unpleasant fashion of growing rusty in a very short time and looking like mitigated woe and suggesting nothing so much as grief that will not survive a rainy day.

French women thoroughly understand the art of mourning, as they do every other art of dress, and they realize that the English woman who walks with a huge veil over her face and extending far down her back may be a monument of woe, but is really also a blot upon the face of the earth. Instead, the Parisian has arranged on her street gown a full front of crape, and by full one means covering the entire front, a bodice with sleeves and jacket fronts of crape, and then the tiniest of small bonnets, on which is arranged the heavy crape veil turned back.

There are several reasons why a veil worn off the face is recommended. First, crape, when it is worn over the face, seems to shut out all the sunshine and goodness of life, whereas when it is properly draped it is distingue looking and, most important of all, it is becoming.—N. Y. Sun.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—A small box filled with lime and placed on the shelf of the pantry or closet will absorb dampness and keep the air dry and sweet.

—Wafers: One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one or two eggs, one-third cupful of milk, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda; as little flour as possible. Flavor with vanilla. Cut in rounds.—Good Housekeeping.

—Frozen Oranges: Pare one dozen sweet Florida oranges. With a sharp knife cut the fruit in thin slices, beginning at the stem end. Sprinkle over these one cupful of sugar. Put in the freezer and keep packed in salt and ice two hours.—Detroit Free Press.

—When cane chair seats have become limp and stretched so that they sink in the center, but are entirely unbroken, simply wash them well with hot water and place the chair in a strong draft. This will cause the seat to tighten up so effectually that it will be stretched quite flat when dry. It may then be further stiffened with a coat of varnish.—N. Y. World.

—Cocoanut Cream Candy: Take one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, and the milk from a cocoanut. Mix together, and heat slowly until sugar is melted; then boil for five minutes. When boiled, add one cocoanut, finely grated, and boil for ten minutes longer, stirring constantly to keep it from burning. When done, pour on buttered plates and cut into squares. This will take about two days to harden.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—One of the best remedies for fleas in or about a house is Persian insect powder used freely in their habitations. There is a great deal of difference in the varieties of this pyrethrum powder, which, if pure and unadulterated, is a certain remedy against all varieties of insects. Buy it of a trustworthy druggist in bulk. It costs about seventy-five cents or one dollar a pound retail, but it is so light that a quarter of a pound is a large quantity.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Saratoga Biscuits: Heat a pint of new milk over the fire and when hot enough to melt butter remove; add butter the size of a walnut, three beaten eggs, three tablespoonsful good yeast, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough. Let them rise in a warm place for two or three hours. Make up into small biscuit of bun-shaped cakes, lay close together on a well buttered tin, and bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.—Old Homestead.

—Jenny Lind Cake: Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, whites of six eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into flour. Bake about two-thirds of the batter in two long tins for layer cakes. To the remainder of the mixture add one-half cupful of chopped raisins, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, a little nutmeg and all-spice and a little more of flour. Bake in a long tin same size as the others. Put the three layers together with a frosting or boiled icing with the fruit cake in the center. — Housekeeper.

—A Plain Rabbit Pie: Skin and wash a fine large rabbit, cut it into joints and divide the head, then place it in warm water to soak until thoroughly clean, drain it on a sieve, or wipe with a clean cloth; season it with pepper and salt, a sprig of parsley chopped fine; cut three quarters of a pound of quite fat bacon into small pieces; dredge the rabbit with flour and place it with the bacon in a pie dish; pour in a small cupful of water, or stock if you have it; put a paste border round the edges of the dish, and cover it with puff paste about half an inch thick; ornament and glaze the top, make a hole in the center and bake it.—Boston Herald.

LONDON'S FISH MARKET.

Billingsgate and Some of Its Queer Language.

The word "Billingsgate" has, strangely enough, been transferred from the place itself to the language spoken there. For Webster says: "The word is from a market of this name in London, celebrated for fish and foul language." A visit to this renowned fish market in these days will perhaps give one a better idea of the place than Webster's explanation.

There is considerable slang and good-natured chaffing among the buyers and sellers, but one is not overwhelmed by that torrent of foul language he has been taught to expect from his associations with the word. The best time to visit the market is on Friday morning. The wooden, barn-looking square, where the fish is sold, is crowded soon after 6 o'clock with shiny cord-jackets and greasy caps.

Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes, and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until he has been to a fish sale. Over the hum of voices are heard the shouts of the salesmen, who, with the white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on the tables, roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, hardware and newspapers—till the place is a perfect Babel of competition.

"Ha-a-andsome cod! best in the market! All alive! alive! alive O!" "Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Who's the buyer?" "Here you are, governor, splendid whiting! Some of the right sort!" "Turbot! turbot! All alive! Turbot!" "Glass o' nice peppermint, this cold morning! a ha'penny a glass!"

"Here you are at your own price! Fine soles O!" "Oy! Oy! Oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzling sprats! all large and no small!" "Hullo! hullo! here! beautiful lobsters! good and cheap! fine crabs, all alive O!" "Five brill and one turbot! have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em, governor! you won't see a better sample in the market!" "Here, this way for splendid skate! skate O! skate O!"

"Had-had-had-haddick! all fresh and good!" "Currant and meat puddings! a ha'penny each!" "Now, you mussel-buyers, come along! come along! come along! now's your time for fine fat mussels!" "Here's food for the belly, and clothes for the back, but I sell food for the mind!" shouts the news-vender.

"Here's smelt O! Here ye are, fine Finney Haddick!" "Hot soup! nice peas-soup! a-all hot! hot!" "Ahoy! ahoy, here! live plaice! all alive O!" "Now or never! whelk! whelk! whelk! Who'll buy brill O! brill O!" "Eels O! eels O! Alive! alive O!" "Fine Flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this prime lot of flounders?"

"Shrimps! shrimps, fine shrimps! Wink! wink! wink!" "Hi! hi! here you are, just eight eels left—just eight!" "O, ho! O, ho! this way! this way! this way! Fish alive! alive! alive, O!"

This is a fair sample of what may be heard at Billingsgate of a fine Friday morning. But no ingenuity of printing can give any adequate conception of the peculiar intonation of the London fishmonger. That must be heard in order to be appreciated.—Pen and Pencil.

—A silver shekel has been found in Galveston of the time of Simon Maccabeus, who lived 142 years before the beginning of the Christian era, and consequently is 2,033 years old. The coin is estimated by competent judges to be worth for its numismatic value $5,000, while the intrinsic value of the silver it contains does not exceed 51 or 52 cents.

Syrup of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently, on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

SOME of the "trouserings" exhibited in the windows of the "importing tailor" are so loud that you can almost hear them pant.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

MR. BIGGS—"I put my foot right down on the whole business." Mr. Figgs—"You V-toed it, eh?"

Mohammed Ben Ali

Slew the Janizaries. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters slays the dragon of disease. It roots out malarial complaints, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia and constipation, remedies inactivity of the kidneys, reinforces an enfeebled system. This medicine of varied uses is sometimes imitated. Avoid cheap, fiery, local Bitters and demand the genuine Hostetter's.

IF you listen at night you will come to the conclusion that a great many cricket matches are played after dark.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

THE trouble with the man after your own heart, young woman, is that he isn't.—Boston Transcript.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

A GENTLEMAN, who had just returned from his annual sea side holiday, declares that several mornings in succession, as he took a stroll upon the beach, he saw the sea bathing.—Judy.

"THANKS," said the guest to the colored man who brought his soup at last. "You have taken a great wait off my mind."—Washington Star.

THE Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs.
PIKE'S Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

EVERY baby bear passes through a period of in-cub-ation.—Binghamton Republican.

THOSE who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

IT is singular how a surgeon retains his popularity when he so often cuts his friends.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Only a few Announcements can be included in this advertisement, but they will enable the friends of THE COMPANION to judge somewhat of the scope and character of the reading that will be given in its columns during 1892—the sixty-fifth year of its issue.

Nine Illustrated Serial Stories.

The Serial Stories for the coming year will be of rare interest and variety, as well as unusual in number.

Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gift. A New England Quaker Girl's first Contact with "World's People"; by **Mrs. Mary Catherine Lee.**
A Tale of the Tow-Path. The Hardships encountered by a Boy who found Life at home too Hard for him; by **Homer Greene.**
How Dickon Came by his Name. A charmingly written Story of the Age of Chivalry; by **Harold Frederic.**
Two "Techs" Abroad. They set off on a Tour of the World in quest of Profitable Enterprises; by **C. A. Stephens.**
A Young Knight of Honor. The Story of a Boy who stood at his Post while Death was all around him. **Miss Fanny M. Johnson.**
A Boy Lieutenant. A True Narrative; by **Free S. Bowley.**
Smoky Days. A Story of a Forest Fire; by **E. W. Thomson.**
Touaregs. A Story of the Sahara; by **Lossing G. Brown.**
On the Lone Mountain Route; by **Miss Will Allen Dromgoole.**

Hints on Self-Education.

Articles of great value to Young Men who desire to educate themselves.

Hon. Andrew D. White, Ex-President of Cornell.
President Timothy Dwight, of Yale University.
President E. H. Capen, of Tufts College.
President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University.
President Francis L. Patton, of Princeton College.
Professor James Bryce, M.P., author of the "American Commonwealth."

Practical Advice.

The Habit of Thrift; by **Andrew Carnegie.**
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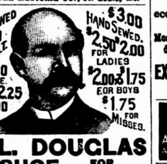

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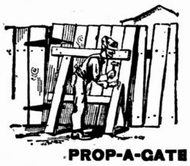

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