* SPARROW IN WINTER.

Blithely on the gray rose-tree Hear the sparrow cheep in glee! Though no roses bloom and blow On the branch that's rimmed w remembers how the roses

Gaily glimmered, Shyly shimmered. Where the snowflake now reposes; And he fancies he can see Butterfly and bumblebee, Rapture-brimming Idly skimming

Round the roses on the tree. If he can the roses spy With his fancy's searching eye, Then the roses for him blow, Though the way is deep with snow—
Though the north wind whines and

whistles, And the dust of silver whirls O'er the crisp and shriveled thistles, Where the cold the leaflet curls. Only roses bloom for him the frail and fragile limb, And the nest sways to and fro In the starlit afterglow-When his lively fancy sees Rose-flakes tremble in the breeze.

All his dream's a prescience gay Of the coming of the May, When the blossoms pink and white, E'er a vision of delight,

Zephyr-shaken Burst to waken Song from dewy dawn till night— Then he'll sing with joyful zest To his happy new-found mate, While they build the swinging nest In the rose tree at the gate. What cares he how winter moans, In its dismalest of tones, When he sees the roses twinkle, As the wind steals from the west,
All the dewy flakes to sprinkle
Round and round the love-built nest? -R. K. Munkittrick, in Woman's Hon

How Nan Raced

By Frona M. Brooks

FINER day than the first of Feb-A ruary could not have been wished for the races which were to give the championship in ice-boating either to Lake Minnetonka or to Lake Pepin. One race had already taken place, two weeks before, and been won by Minnetonka's superb yacht, the Elk. A protracted January thaw had postponed the final struggle, but now, after three days of snapping cold, Lake Minnetonka presented a noble sheet of smooth, solid, glittering ice. Moreover, the mercury had kindly risen to the comfortable point of 25 degrees, and a fine breeze lent itself to the oc-

Lake Pepin had sent its two best iceyachts - the solidly-built Cyclone, larger than any boat Lake Minnetonka could boast, and which had been known to reach a speed of 80 miles an hour: and the Phoebe, a beautiful little craft. made as light as possible, with slender mast, silk sails and a cockpit of interwoven cords.

Lake Minnetonka, on the other hand, had entered nine ice-boats for the race, boats of every size and appearance, from the What-Not-a rough, home-made affair entered by three newsboys-to the Elk, which had won on the former trial. Most of the boats were of medium size. Perhaps the hest of these was the Nancy, a Christmas present to George Bassett from his uncle, an old enthusiast in ice-boating on the Hudson.

George had promptly named it the Nancy in honor of his only sister Anne, a bright girl of 17, whose cheerfulness pluck and sympathy made her his dearest companion at all times.

In the previous race the Nancy and all the smaller boats had come in far behind, because a heavy wind had been greatly to the advantage of the Elk and the Cyclone. To-day George, counting on the lighter breeze, was in high hopes of being second or third at the finish-he could hardly expect to win.

The course was twice around a fivemile triangle. Each turning point was marked by a fir tree easily visible against the white background of ice while the goal was distinguished by a flag fastened to a post.

At the first gun all the 11 yachts, which had been flitting about, swung into position, affording a particularly beautiful sight when drawn up side by side. They were rivals in every sense, for one of the charms of an iceboat race is that every boat starts at the same moment, there is no time allowance, and the yacht which leads at the finish is the actual winner.

Five minutes passed, a time of quivering expectation for Nan, before every boat was in place. Each skipper was then standing alert, with hand on stern, ready, with one or two helpers, to push his craft off and jump aboard himself at the next gun. Bang it went, and all started forward like a flock of great white-winged birds.

"Have we a chance?" Nan asked her brother, although she knew the Nancy almost as well as he, and could have given a sound opinion as to the probable outcome.

"Barely," said George; "but the wind is still falling and there's no telling

The difference in boats soon began to tell. The splendid Elk drew ahead while the silken-sailed Phoebe flew close beside the leader. Third, came the Cyclone, too heavy for the breeze, so that George speedily put the Nancy into third place. The first time round the course these three the Elk, the Phoebe and the Nancy-held the same relative positions, but on the second round, as the boats reached the fir tree which marked the first turn in the course, the Phoebe got the best of it, and drew ahead. On the beat to the second fir tree she gained decidedly. Then down they pushed toward the goal, the Elk gradually gaining till almost jib and jib with the leader. but the Phoebe whirled around the flagstaff

The Nancy was not a very close third and George looked as much disappointed as Nan felt. But she looked brilliantly pleased, with rosy cheeks, glittering eyes, and a little frost powder upon her fluffy hair and turned-up tall fur collar.

"The wind will suit us better the next round, George," said she, cheerily; "and we may win for Minnetonka yet." But the jubilant Lake Pepin people had no fear. So far, the contest was a

over the great Elk, the only antagonist he feared; but strategy might tell, and George whispered to Nan as he run even the Phoebe pretty close if we take the second leg in two long tacks instead of four short ones. Every tack counts, you know. It may take only a second to get around, but in a race like this seconds mean every-

thing." "Good!" said Nan; "but-they-don't give it away. The Phoebe's are watching us."

All were ready again. As Capt. Redfern in his buckskin jacket with a rope around his waist and the old double-barreled signaling-gun in hand, walked observantly up the line before the moment for his second shot, he smiled at Nan.

"You look snug there, Nan." "Oh, I'm quite at home, thank you

captain." The girl lay in her usual place well forward in the cockpit, while George, a friend and a boy stood ready to push off the boat.

Then the gun banged, the men pushed, and the yachts started. "Let go," shouted George to his helpers, but still ran along himself an instant more before jumping aboard; and right there his feet slipped, his hands slipped, and he fell prone on the ice. The boat leaped from his grasp like a wild thing glad to be free, while a shout of horror broke from the spectators.

George, springing to his feet, dashed after the Nancy before he realized that he might as well chase the lightning. And Nan? When she saw that the

boat was carrying her off alone, she was for one brief second downright dismayed. Then her sportsmanship came to the rescue and she crawled back, hurrying to reach the helm and bring the boat up into the wind; but as she grasped the tiller she saw that to turn would be impossible, for she was in the middle of a line of boats, the farthest not 30 feet away. She must wait for more room; and she soon got it, for the Nancy was running away from the ruck.

Seeing that her boat was following close on the Elk and the Phoebe, ambition sprang to life in Nan. Why notrace? It was true she had never held the tiller for an hour altogether before in her life, but she knew the sport by a hundred runs with George. Her yacht obeyed her lightest touch, and her spunk rose. She would not desert the Nancy. And oh, goodness! what joy it would give George if she won the race for Minnetonka!

Suddenly, and with some fear, she perceived the first fir-tree apparently traight in front and only a few rods way. Then she saw the Phoebe swing gracefully around it, the Elk following closely. In another instant Nan, too, nad turned the dreaded mark close upon the skates of the leaders. All her third leg, while the spectators breathlessly watched the red fleck of Nan's dress. Sometimes they were sure she would run down the Elk, as the great boat shot mightily over the ice in her

efforts to catch the flying Phoebe. As Nan approached the goal-post she had to fight her own thoughts of drop- head. ping out of the race. Both arms ached terribly, one from holding on, the other his father. from grasping the tiller, and her fingers were numb. A hoarse shout: "Stop," from Capt. Redfern reached her ears with the cheers of the crowd as she swirled by, but she was sure she had heard George calling: "Splendid, Nan, plendid!" and this gave her new vigor

"We'll keep at it, Nancy," she said aloud to her boat. "We're entered and we'll stay in and do the best we can And-why, goodness! I'd forgotten it -we may win!"

two tacks instead of four on the second | it shines at night." leg of the course. So far she had simply the Elk. She could follow the leader's tracks no more. The boats came whizing by the tree; the first two pointed up on their second tack, but she rushed

straight on. Poor George, watching in an agony of sympathy for his sister, now dug the nails into the palm of his hand. Surely Nan must have fainted, although he had never known her to faint; or she was tired out and had lost her grip. And she had no idea that the boat was carrying her headlong on a terrible course. There was a dangerous crack only mile beyond her, near Big island.

No, she was turning. He caught his breath in the revulsion of feeling. What pride he felt as he realized that she had caught his idea and was trying to work it out! "Hurrah, hurrah, Nan!" He quite astonished the crowd by his sudden, solitary cheering.

Meanwhile Nan was fixing her mind on the all-important calculation of when to make her next tack. She could see the other boats, now on their third short tack, approaching the point where she wished to turn, but she felt sure that she should reach it first; besides, she had the right of way. So, regardless of a possible collision, she tore on,

not varying a hair's breadth. It was a close shave, for she passed inder the very nose of the Phoebe. whose captain could hardly believe his eyes as he saw the insignificant, unthought-of Nancy cross his bow, andwas it possible?—with only a girl aboard! He pinned all his hopes on

Although by some extraordinary chance she had got the lead, she would be afraid to make a close turn round that next tree. He would slip inside, and once ahead, regain his vanishing honors. Of the Elk he had no further fears, for still the wind was gradually. falling.

But Nan had not sailed many a day for nothing. Her well-trained eyes and faculties were fully on the alert, and the excitement kept her absolutely free from "nerves." She rounded the next turn without a foot to spare, and the Nancy sped buoyantly down the homestretch, still ahead. Nan was jubilant. But she was jubilant too soon. One of the sudden flaws for which Lake Minnetonka is noted came upon her It lifted one side-runner of the underweighted boat high in air. George fairly shricked with fear that the Nancy would go over, or Nan be forced up into

ning because the falling of the wind hung on for dear life, and trusting to would increase his slight advantage | the passing nature of the gust, kept her

course. But the flaw had cost her something. When the blast puffed by and all her tightened the sheet: "I think we can runners returned to solid ice, she could see the point of the Phoebe's jib-boom squarely abreast of her. Nan watched that jib-boom with an intense determination that it should gain no more And it did not. The wind was exactly at the rate best suited to the

Nancy. Bust the gusts! Alas! again one swooped upon the boats, setting the Vancy at such an angle that the wretched George thought she must certainly upset. Yet Nan held on. But this time she had to ease the boat a little, and now she beheld the whole jib of the Phoebe right alongside.

Nan's tiller arm felt as if it were nearly jerked out of its socket; her whole frame ached: her eves smarted, but she was nearing the end. If she could but reach it before another puff caught

Already she heard the people cheering like mad as she drove straight for the goal. Rushing on, she could see the scattered spectators huddling in close to the flagstaff. Some were in fear of their lives, not feeling confident in her skill; but Nan aimed well.

Shaving the post she dashed by the wildly shouting crowd, hotly pressed by the Phoebe, and with the Elk a close third, and Nan had won for Minnetonka.

With a final effort she pushed the helm over to bring the yacht up into the wind, and there she lay, so weary that she could not move, while the gallant captain of the Phoebe rolled stiffly off s boat to present his congratulations to the victor.

But George was before him. Snatchng Nan in his arms, he cried: "Nanny darling, little sister! What? She's fainted!'

Nan's eyes opened. "No-fainted? Of course I've not fainted. But I'm tired. Help me up." And struggling to her feet she asked: "Did we really win?"

"You did," said George. And Lake Pepin was as loud as Minnetonka in cheering her.-Youth's

A FAMOUS BLUNDERER.

Simple Sayings of a Funny Character Who Is a Type in French Literature.

M. Calino, the popular French simleton who performs in the humorous literature of France much the same function that the traditional Paddy does in English literature, has been made the subject of a grave study, in which his innocent stupidities are carefully analyzed. He is nothing more or less than a convenient personification of a type of the harmless blunderer and complacent lack-wit found in all ages and countries. In France his sayings fear was gone. Even so she tacked up reflect, however, something of the picto the second tree and swept down the turesqueness which is characteristic of

Calino's blunderings, it seems, began at an early age. He had not craft enough to tell a lie that would hold water for a moment. One day at school he got into a fight with a companion and came home with a gash on his fore-

"How did you get that cut?" asked "What cut, papa?"

"Why, that great gash on your fore-"I bit myself there, papa." "Bit yourself? Why, you couldn't

oite vourself on your forehead." "I got up on a chair to do it, papa." Later in life Calino delivered himself

of the following bit of wisdom: "As for me, I don't care so much for the sun as I do for the moon. You see. the sun only comes after it gets day-For even as she spoke, George's plan light, when we could see just as well had flashed upon her memory—to take without it, but the moon's some use—

Early one morning when Calino was followed the leaders. Now she meant out with his gun he saw a robin in the to strike out for herself. She was the garden of his friend Camille. He aimed more fired to this resolution by observe at it, but it dropped below the top of ing that she was steadily overtaking the wall. Then Calino went into the house, crept upstairs softly, stole into Camille's bedroom without waking Camille, who was in bed, pointed his gun out of the window at the robin and fired-bang!

Camille leaped out of bed in wild conusion and alarm. "W-w-w-why-w-w-what's the

natter?"

"Oh, did I wake you up?" said Cali. 'I pulled the trigger just as softly as I could."-Boston Traveler.

GROWTH OF CITY TRAVEL.

ome Curious Changes That Follov Upon Improved Means of Transportation.

One of the curious and always inter esting things about city travel, natural enough though it may be, is the great increase in travel along any line following promptly upon any great improvement in the means of transportation Thus, if one stands now on any one of a number of avenues in the city he may see passing twice as many cars as were there only a very few years ago, the new cars twice as big as the old ones and moving twice as fast, and at busy hours of the day and on holidays he will see these cars crowded with people just as the fewer little old cars were formerly at such times. Twice the traffic or more seems to have followed the doubling of the transportation, says the

New York Sun. Of course the town is growing all the time, and improved means of transpor tation carries population with it in the ity just as it does in the country; and with fine cars to ride in and a wide latitude in transfers, the travel for recreation is increased enormously. But still to anybody familiar with the old, little, plodding horse cars and the streets and evenues through which they ran, it is for the moment at least, if not amazing. curious and interesting to see the new big cars rushing by, all the time crowded, and along lines where people in comparatively scanty numbers were caried before; and even at second thought, indeed, it is still a wonder where all the eople come from.

New Bicycle Pedal. An Englishman has designed a bicycle edal in the form of a skeleton plate shaped to fit the sole of the shoe and ecured by a clamp to the barrel on the pedal axle. A half dome is fixed at the front for a toe clip and a curved extentie; the third race must be decisive. the wind.

The Phoebe's captain was sure of win
But Nan had seen flaws before. She a weight to balance the pedal. sion below the axle is provided with



Sprogles-I used to think my face was my fortune, but I've got over that dicitis was successful?" "Yes; eminently so."

Bingle-What has changed your mind? Sprogles-I was on one of those ju-

ries when the bribing was done, but the fellows with money didn't approach me, because, as I have just learned, they thought I had too honest a face.-Chi cago Daily News.

A Fearful Mistake. h burglar came to Hen. Peck's house, No more abroad he'll roam; He barely got off with his life, For he was met by Hen. Peck's wife, Who thought that he—this caused the strife-

Was Peck, just getting home. -L. A. W. Bulletin. A LITTLE NERVOUS, PERHAPS.



"Have you never kissed a girl before Harold?

"Never, love." "Well, you do it very well for a be ginner."-Ally Sloper.

When the Millennium Begins. When telephone charges become what they When lobbyists find their efforts no good;

When the people insist that their servants do right— Millennium's dawn will be really in sight.

N. Y. Herald. Saved by His Horse.

Colonel-Ah, my boy, that faithful old horse there was the means of saving my life. Friend-Really, colonel? Colonel—Yes; he kicked me in the weskit so that I couldn't fight, and the other chaps got shot while I was in the

hospital.—Tit-Bits. The Public Sets the Gait. Winks-Don't you think editors and reporters ought to be required to sign their names to their articles? Jinks-No. Editors and reporters are

not responsible for what they write. "Who are, then?" "The people who buy the papers." -N. Y. Weekly.

His Time Was Limited. Winks-What did your wife say to you when you got home at four o'clock this morning?

Blinks (wearily)-Say, old man, I've got some work to do to-day.-Boston Courier.

Blasting Fond Hopes. Mrs. Newlywed - We are going to name our new baby after you, Uncle Josh! Rich Uncle-That's a good idee; he'll

have to start out in life without a cent jes' the same as I did!-Puck. To His Sorrow. Now, scenic artists, boast no more, Your efforts are not in it: For, any day my wife can make A scene in half a minute.



"And why did the devil tempt Eve first, do you think, Godfrey?" "Oh, mummy, ladies always come first!"-Punch.

Reprieved. When the gray dawn breaks o'er the lea It does not wake my heart to pain; With joy I scan my watch and see

A Point in Its Favor. Johnny-Mamma, Tommy Jones is a

Mamma-Oh, don't use that expres sion. It is not good English, Johnny-Well, mamma, it's English.-N. Y. Journal. Hard Luck.

Sympathetic Curate-My poor man! you must indeed have gone through severe trials. Vagabond-Right ye are, sir! wuse still-I always got convicted .-

The Lady-You'll have to take back that parrot. He swears. The Dealer-He only swears in Ger-The Lady-But I don't understand

German.-Indianapolis Journal.

Piqued.

The Name's Significance. "Boston!" shrieked the brakeman as the train pulled in. "Yepi" sleepily murmured the man who ate at restaurants. "Well baked,

Was a Successful Operation. "You say the operation for appen

"But did not the patient die? I understood that was the case." "That is true. He had not sufficien strength to recover from the shock;

but the operation itself was a beautiful one in every respect and eminently sucessful." - Pittsburgh Chronicle-Tele-Not Tired of Him.

Mrs. De Weary-And so you have been married five years, and are as much in love with your husband as Mrs. Cheery-Yes, indeed!

"Hum! What business is your husband in?" "He's captain of a ship."-Melbourne Weekly Times.

Another Hard Luck Tale. "Just my luck," he said, disconsolately. "I can't even be sick with any appropriateness." "What's the matter?"

He shook for a minute before reply ing.
"Chills in winter and fever in sum mer," he answered when he had time.-

Chicago Post. One of Those Queries. "Father," said the boy, with big, serious eyes, "I want to ask you some

"What is it, my son?" asked the old gentleman, closing his book and look ing wise.
"If a monkey wore shoes on his hind

feet would they be mittens?"-Wash-

ington Post.

It Would Seem So. "There is something burglarious about four aces," said the man who sometimes plays poker. "They are almost like robbery," said

the man who sometimes tries to play. "Yes, and they are safe openers." Indianapolis Journal. Reversed.

'When duty calls us we must go," Would seem as plain as day. Yet many people don't think so— They go the other way. —Brooklyn Life.

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.



Caused by the fashionable braided jacket and the latest thing in muffs.-

His Little Joke. Two dudes went in a restaurant,
And as they passed within its gates
I heard the water murmur low:
"True, 'All things come to him w
waits.'"

Oh, So Clever! "They say she is a clever conversationalist." "Clever? Conversationalist? Why,

she's brilliant. She doesn't even need to converse. She can blast a reputation just by the way she shrugs her shoulders."—Chicago Post. Safe from Drowning.

Winter Visitor (in Alorida)-I should love dearly to go sailng, but it looks very dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in this bay? Waterman-No, indeed, mum. The sharks never lets anybody drown.-N. Y. Weekly. Accounting for It.

"Have you followed the course you marked out for yourself when a boy?" "No; I intended to be a great financier, but I have never yet been able to get enough money to practice up on."-

A Mere Fact. Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise,
And if 'twas not for this
Men wouldn't eat potpies-In cheap restaurants.

He Couldn't Swallow That. "Come, come! cheer up!" said the optimist; "it is all for the best, renember."

"So it seems," replied the pessimist; "at all events, we second best ones don't seem to get any."-Ally Sloper.

Easily. "Could you tell me what this prescription calls for?" asked the inquisitive citizen. "Yes," answered the clerk as he glanced over it rapidly, "50 cents."-

Washington Star.

Afterward. Vera Goodhart-Poor fellow, she flirted with him dreadfully! Sallie DeWitte-Yes, but just think how well he thought of himself all that ime.—Brooklyn Dife.

Work of an Amateur. First Tramp-Dat's homemade pie ain't it? Second Tramp-Must be. No baker what wuz responsible fer dat pie cud

stay in de business.-Puck.

AN ORIENTAL PEACH

As a Slinger of Mongolian Tally This Vassal Was a Winner in a Walk.

Her majesty, Tsi An, empress of China, sat in her palace in the purple Forbidden City, with her brow resting on her thumb and her index finger pushed up through her fringe. Rousing herself presently from her profound absorption she beckoned to a walnut-colored person plastered up against the yellow silk tapestry.

"Un-Hung," she said, "where is the emperor?"

peror?"
"Dash your ignominious slave into a million atoms, oh, ameythyst flower of the Clestial kingdom," he responded, lying flat on his chest before her, "but your slave "Wot?"

"No, most purple of our yellow lilies of the Yang-tse-Kiang, do not wot where the the Yang-tse-Kiang, do not wot where the emperor is."

"And this to me?"

"Most beauteous descendant of all the gods, your vile slave speaks but the truth, though he lies here on his very stomach. He wotteth not where the emperor is."

"Slave, dog, canine wretch, seum of the Yellow river, did I not tell you what to do?"

"Truly, most divine of all the gentle, purple peoples of Peking, and your slave did it to the queen's taste, so to speak."

"Aha, then he is dead?"

"As a mackerel, O, yellow anemone of the crystal sea."

rystal sea."
"Why liest thou, knowing that he is

dead?"

How the dickens, most marvelous of mandarin matrons, do I know where he is? I'm no fortune teller."

"Oho, aha," smiled her majesty, again relapsing into thought, "bring on another."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE HOTEL POTENTATE One of the Old Sort Who Wore the Air of a Monarch of the

Highest Order.

"When I was in business with W. C. Coup, the famous circus man," said Mr. J. A. Whyte, the impresario, "we once had occasion to make a business trip to the northwest, and stayed a week or so in a certain big city, the name of which isn't essential to the story. We put up at the leading hotel, which is one of the finest and best known in the United States, and would have enjoyed ourselves if it hadn't been for the head clerk. He was one of a breed that has since become obsolete—thank heaven!—a haughly, disdainful potentate, who considered it beneath his dignity to show the slightest courtesy to any of the guests of the house. Mr. Coup, as all who knew him will confirm, was a polished man of the world, totally careless of money, never complaining, but accustomed to punctilious service. He bumped against the majestic ruler of the register several times and endured his affronts in silence. At last he told me quietly to secure quarters at another hotel, which I was only too glad to do. I reported that arrangements had been made, and he went down to settle our account. What is our bill, Mr. King? he asked suavely. My name's not King,' snapped the clerk, and proceeded to figure up the amount. Coup took out his pocketbook. Strange,' he said pensively, but I have been under the impression all along that your name was King.' Well, my name ain't King,' retorted the clerk, 'and I don't know how you got that idea.' Nor I,' said Coup, 'unless it was because you act so much like one.' "—N. O. Times-Democrat.

HIS CONDITION.

He Was Just Plain Lasy, Without Any of Your Frills or Urnaments.

"Howdy do, Mr. Jarlick?" saluted Dr. Slaughter, an Arkansas physician. "How is your health to-day?"

"Are you asking as a physician or merely as a friend?" returned Mr. Jarlick, a mossgrown, but shrewd native.

"As a friend, of course!"

"Wa-all, then, Doc, I'm feelin' kinder sawter. so to express it Ain't sick

sawter, so to express it. Ain't sick enough to go to bed, nor well enough to do anything that looks like work. Ain't rich enough to need a vacation, nor poor enough not to feel like I want one. Can't say I've got spring fever or palpitation of the heart, got spring lever or paintation of the heart, for the first ain't in season now, an' I'm too durn big an' husky for anybody to believe the latter. The simple fact of the case is that I'm truthful enough to own up that I'm lazy, without any frills or ornaments—jest plain lazy, an' honest enough to confess it. That's all in the world is the matter with me "—Puch"

Railroad Across the English Channel. The English Parliament is considering the plan of connecting that country with France by railway. Engineers say a roadbed can be laid on the bottom of the English channel, and by mounting trestlework on wheels, so that it projects above the water, the railway can be operated. This seems beyond belief, but it is perhaps no more remarkable than some of the cures accomplished by Hostet-ter's Stomach Bitters in bad cases of dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. This is an age of wonderful achievements.

During the Solo. The Man-Anyway, her singing drowns onversation.
The Maid—Dear me! I always underthat drowning was an easy death .-N. Y. Journal.

"I," said the orator, "am an American of the good old stock, rooted deep in the soil—" "The only stock I ever heard of that rooted deep in the soil," said the farmer in the audience, "was hogs."—Indianapolis Jour-nal.

The way to get over your troubles is to get under them.—Ram's Horn.

"Spring Unlocks

The Flowers To Paint the Laughing Soil."

And not even Nature would allow the flowers to grow and blossom to perfection without good soil. Now Nature and people are much alike; the former must have sunshine, latter must have pure blood in order to have perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood troubles of all sorts. It is to the human system what sunshine is to Naturethe destroyer of disease germs. It

Poor Blood. The doctor said there were not seven drops of good blood in my body. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and made me strong and well." Susic E. Brown, 16 Astor Hill, Lynn, Mass.

Dyspepeis, etc.—"A complication of troubles, dyspepsia, chronic catarrh and inflammation of the stomach, rheumatism, etc., made me miserable. Had no appetite until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acted like magic. I am thoroughly cured."
N. B. SEZLEY, 1874 W. 14th Av., Denver, Col. Risearcations—"My husband we obliged to give up work on account of the matism. No remedy helped until he us Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanent cured him. It cured my daughter of c tarrh. I give it to the children with go results." Mas. J. S. McMath, Stamford, 6



DOWN ON COLUMBUS.

the Sonniards Would Rays Had No Trouble.

One of the most delightfully humorous aspects of our late antagonists is their utter absence of a sense of humor. Some American jester having predicted that when the Spaniards got through with the war they would repudiate Christopher Columbus for having ever discovered America, the Madrid journals are verifying the prediction by asserting with truly Iberian profundity that Cristobal Colon has turned out to be the evil genius of Spain.

It is evident that if the old mariner had been content with staying in the Mediter-

It is evident that if the old mariner had been content with staying in the Mediterranean and had not gone about bothering monarchs to furnish him the means of discovering the new world Spain would have no colonies, and having none she could not lose them. "It's ill taking the treeks off a H'elander," says the Scotch proverb, and by the same logic, if it had not been for the mischievous activity of Columbus Spain would have been thoroughly guarded against such disasters as have now befallen her.

But even upon the Spanish method of reasoning—that Columbus was at fault and not the ages of plunder and eruelty which have wiped out the Spanish ownership of nearly half the world—our Madrid friends forget that Columbus gave them three centuries of squeezing the colonies that followed his discoveries in South America, and four in Cuba and Porto Rico. Inasmuch as Columbus was thrown into disfavor and prison while he lived, we should say that the balance between him and Spain was still in his favor.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

ONE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

A Finland Maiden Who Had &

Qualification for the Posttion of Cook. The servant girl question is even more difficult in small western cities than it

to ask a reference, but contents hersel with a verbal examination of her appli with a verbal examination of her appli-cant's capabilities.

There was an avalanche of Swedes and Finlanders in a Pacific slope town last winter, and one wild-haired damsel pre-sented herself as a candidate for a \$20-a-

month position as cook. The printing mistress thus interrogated her:
"Can you make good bread?"
"Brod? Naw." "Can you make soup?"
"Soup? Naw."
"Do you understand roasting meats?"
"Meat? Naw." "Can you broil?"
"Naw."

'Can you clean brasses?"

Well, my goodness, girl! What can you The Finlander reflected. Then she swered proudly: "I can milk a reinde -N. Y. World.

Paternal Finesse.- "My son is taking an exhaustive course in political econo

No man is too worthless for sor an to get stuck on him.—Washing Democrat.

The mother suffered and she thinks her daughter must suffer also. This is true only to a limited extent. No excessive pain is healthy. Every mother should inform herself for her own sake and especially for the sake of her daughter. Write INDULGENT to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice about all matters

ANY a dutiful daughter pays in pain for her mother's ignorance or perhaps neglect.

MOTHERS concerning the ills of the feminine organs. Many's young girl's beauty is wasted by unnecessary pain at time of menstruation, and many indulgent mothers with mistaken kindness permit their daughters to grow careless

about physical health. MISS CARRIE M. LAMB, Big Beaver, Mich., writes: "Draw MRS. PINKHAM-A year ago I suffered from profuse and irregular menstruation and leucorrhœa. My appetite was variable, stomach sour and bowels were not regular, and was subject to pains like colic during menstruation. I wrote you and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of Sanative Wash. Youcan't imagine my relief. My courses are natural and general health improved." MRS. NANNIE ADKINS,

La Due, Mo., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-I feel it my duty to tell you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done my daughter. She suffered untold agony at time of menstruation before taking your medicine; but the Compound has

relieved the pain, given her a better color, and she stronger, and has improved every way. I am very grayou for the benefit she has received. It is a great m

