

## A SAD SONG.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,  
Hearth, but the world is gloomy;  
The light has faded and the lamp down  
hurl'd,  
Leaves only darkness to me.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,  
Ah me, but the world is dreary;  
The night is down and my curtain furled,  
But I can not sleep, though weary.

Love is the light of the world, my dear,  
Alas for a hopeless hoping,  
When the flame went out in the breeze  
that whirled,  
And a soul went blindly groping.  
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.



## “Old Jim”

There was a cry outside the door. Jim swung it open roughly and listened, a stick concealed in the hand behind his back. No step on the rickety tenement stairs, no derisive laughter greeted his ear. What was it? He peered into the semi-twilight from under his shaggy gray eyebrows. Again a shrill cry, this time from the corner of the landing. A kitten in a bundle of rags! He stooped to pick it up, two little hands flew up, and a baby cooed in his face.

Old Jim, derisively known as the “Old Crank,” had once been young and even good-looking; but an accident in the foundry had settled all that, and the death of his mother had left him alone to grow hard and suspicious and often irascible from an aching spine. Hence his one little room, at the top of the third long flight of stairs, became his den, from which he emerged to growl, under provocation or without, at the numerous children who swarmed the stairs. In fact, he had more than once been heard to say that if more kittens were kept and more children were drowned the world would be better off; whereby he earned the enmity of the mothers in the tenement. It was the very irony of fate that brought the helpless baby to his door.

The innocent babe, delighted to be held, smiled and cooed and waved its aimless hands. Old Jim, poking it cautiously to see if a note of explanation was attached—for he had heard of such things—was astonished to have his finger grasped firmly in the tiny wandering baby fingers. So little, so soft, and yet so strong the clasp ran up the old man's arm and settled around his heart. The baby gurgled softly. That was enough. The old man looked cautiously down the hall to be sure that no one was grinning at him, stepped back into his room and closed the door.

Mrs. Flaherty on the floor below had five small children and a large motherly heart; and it was to her that Jim went that night, after the children were all out playing on the sidewalk, to ask advice on the food for the baby, and if she would sell him some clothes.

“Sell ye some clothes? Faith, I'd give 'em to ye gladly, if it wasn't that Dick's out of work again. But you don't mean to kape the poor little thing, do ye? You bein' away so all day.”

“How can I tell about that, Mrs. Flaherty? All I want to know now



What was it?

is whether to give it anything but milk and how to put its clothes on.”

“Ah! ye helpless man. I'll come up right away as soon as I do me dishes.”

And the next day she confided to her neighbor, Mrs. Schlitz: “Ye ought to see that room. Neat as wax, me dear. To be sure, there was nothing much in it. The ould crusty creature bent double over the little

baby a changin' its clothes as handy as any woman, and the little white baby a-coolin' away up into his black, wrinkled face, like as if he was its guardian angel. And he, the cross, old creature, a-smilin', yes, actually, a-smilin'. Why, it tuk me aback so, I offered to kape it next day with me little Dan. I'd just as soon have two babies rollin' under me feet as one.”

“You vas ein goot neighbor, Mrs.



“Keep back, you old fool!”

Flaherty,” said Mrs. Schlitz. “I dink you forget he promised to preak your little Tommy's neck if he came oop those stairs again.”

“I've done the same meself manny's the time,” said Mrs. Flaherty. “Tommy's a torment and a trile even to me. Me heart's broke wid him. And the poor ould sinner is kaping the babe from goin' to a home. I'd hate to have one of me own go to a home, I can tell you that, Mrs. Schlitz.”

Strange to say, the child lived and fattened under the care of the old man. Day times he rolled on the dirty floor of Mrs. Flaherty's kitchen with little Dan and a mangy dog that belonged to the children. At night he returned to the one spotless room, where he cuddled and cooed in the old man's arms and brought his infantile graces to cheer a hitherto barren life. Flies in a bottle amused him by the hour, or he played in the last sunbeams, trying to fasten them down with his little hands. He knew no fear, and all the world was his friend. His sunshine filled the life of the old man and overflowed into all the homes in the tenement. Thus it was that his digestion was nearly ruined by surreptitious sticks of dirty candy from the corner grocery, while a lovely disposition caused him to be surfeited by caresses from all the nationalities that dwelt together with more or less harmony under the same roof. Old Jim worshiped him. His keen eyes softened when he looked at him, his gruff voice took on a new tone, and Mrs. Schlitz said: “He vas quite agreeable since dot baby came.”

But one night as Jim neared home, returning from the foundry, he saw an engine at the hydrant belching smoke and steam. A vague fear filled him. He hurried on as fast as his withered old legs could carry him. Other engines puffed along the street, water ran in big streams through the gutter. A hook and ladder truck dashed round the corner clanging furiously. Jim pushed his way through the crowd. It was the tenement that was burning.

“Keep back, you old fool, you've got to get out of the fire lines,” roared a fireman. Jim glared at him and ran on. The stairs were filled with firemen, pipes and running water. Smoke was driving them back. Jim pushed on. “Do you know if they got out my baby?” he croaked. “I dunno, I guess so. Which floor do you live on?” answered the half-

choked fireman. But Jim was gone. Just then there came a crash. The roof fell in. And Mrs. Flaherty wailed from the opposite pavement, “Ah! what'll I do whin ould Jim comes home and I have to tell him the firemen brought out the baby smothered intirely!”

But old Jim had gone home.—New York Times.

## THE OLD MAN WAS WISE.

Had Good Reasons for Thinking Minister's Zeal Misdirected.

A clergyman who was carrying in his hand a small packet of handbills the other evening was proceeding down the village street when he encountered an old parishioner who was just hobbling home after his day's work.

“And now, John,” said the minister pleasantly, as he put one of the leaflets into the peasant's horny hand, “we are going to have a missionary meeting in the schoolroom to-morrow evening and hope to see you there. There will, of course, be the usual collection at the close in order to raise sufficient funds to send out a missionary to convert the South Sea Islanders.”

“Now, minister,” remarked the old rustic solemnly, “do as you like, of course, but if ye take my advice ye'll be careful.”

“Indeed, John, I don't understand you,” said the minister wonderingly.

“Weel,” continued the old villager, “it's like this. When they South Sea Highlanders ha' been converted there'll be more money wanted to build a church, then there'll be the minister to provide for, and presently curates' salaries to be thout of, as well as choir excursions every year; then think of what it'd cost for coal, clothing and blankets to be given away to the poor and indigent at Christmas time. I tell 'ee, zur, unless ye can see yer way clear to be continually providin' money for all these here things ye'd best be careful and leave very weel alone.”

## CATERING TO THE WOMEN.

Sarah Grand Tells a Witty Story of Rival Churches.

At the Whitefriars' club in London, Ambassador Choate proposed a toast to “Sovran Woman” at a recent ladies' banquet, and to this toast Sarah Grand replied. Her reply was witty. Among other things she said:

“It is good of you to set apart as you do here, one day a year for women. It is also wise of you to do this. To cater to the ladies is never a waste of time.”

However, there is such a thing as offensive and inapt catering to the ladies, and I recall a case in point. There were two rival churches in a small inland town, and whatever one church did, the other endeavored to surpass. Both were in course of renovation one summer, and, as the work went on, they watched each other anxiously, to escape being outdone.

“Two spies from the first church, visiting the second as the renovations neared their end, saw painted above the chancel the motto, ‘Good will to men.’

“‘Ha,’ they said, ‘this won't do. We have no motto over our chancel. We must get one, and one that beats our neighbor's here.’

“Accordingly they placed above their own chancel the words, ‘Good will to women.’ And that was a case of catering to the ladies which was hardly apropos.”—Detroit News-Tribune.

## The Sacrifice.

Desert with your fiery heart  
And your hot, red sands that eat the sun,  
Take your primeval sacrifice,  
The life-drops of another one!

So death and hate have battled long  
In mortal conflict on your breast,  
And here in blood your sons have sealed  
Their heritage of wild unrest.

They steal like phantoms through the dawn,  
Like desert lizards do they bide,  
Like desert demons swarm the path  
Where e'er the White Intruders ride.

Their eyes are keen, their rifle balls  
Fly true and bear their vengeance far;  
They fade like shadows and they rise  
Like the sand devils that they are.

‘Tis over, and the cavalcade  
With sated vengeance in their eyes,  
Ride on and leave the Aztec god  
To claim his human sacrifice.  
—Wallace Irwin, in Sunset Magazine for June.

## Terrible Risky.

George Dewey, secretary of the Niagara Fire Insurance company, tells of an old woman who called on an agent of the company down South to arrange for insurance on their house and furniture. “We haven't had no insurance for five years,” she explained. “We hev jes' been dependin' on the Lord; but I says to my old man, I says, that its terrible risky, I says.”—New York Times.

## Mrs. Payne an Invalid.

Mrs. Payne, wife of the postmaster general, expects to remain in Washington with her husband through the greater part of the summer. She has been an invalid for many years and still suffers a great deal from rheumatism.



## Health Of Women

Health and beauty are the glories of perfect womanhood. Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, back-ache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, “all gone” and “want-to-be-left-alone” feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removes such troubles.

## Case of this Prominent Chicago Woman Should Give Everyone Confidence in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

“DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure, indeed, to add my testimonial to the great number who are today praising Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Three years ago I broke down from excessive physical and mental strain. I was unable to secure proper rest, also lost my appetite, and I became so nervous and irritable too that my friends trembled, and I was unable to attend to my work. Our physician prescribed for me, but as I did not seem to improve, I was advised to go away. I could neither spare the time nor money, and was very much worried when, fortunately, one of my club friends called. She told me how she had been cured of ovarian troubles, and how like my symptoms were to hers, seven bottles of your medicine cured her, and she insisted that I take some.



270 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill. President of the St. Ruth's Court, Order of Foresters, Catholic.

“I did so, and am glad that I followed her advice. Within six weeks I was a different woman, strong and robust in health, and have been so ever since.

“A number of my friends who have been troubled with ailments peculiar to our sex have taken your compound, and have also been greatly benefited.”—MISS ELIZABETH DALEY,

What is left for the women of America, after reading such letters as we publish, but to believe. Don't some of you who are sick and miserable feel how wicked you are to remain so, making life a burden for yourself and your friends, when a cure is easily and inexpensively obtained? Don't you think it would pay to drop some of your old prejudices and “Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is better than all the doctors for cures?” Surely the experience of hundreds of thousands of women, whom the Compound has cured, should convince all women.

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these cures of thousands of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by “something else,” but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Moral—stick to the medicine that you know is the Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

**\$5000 FORFEIT** if we cannot forthwith produce the original letter and signature of above testimonial, which will prove its absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.



**CATARRH—MAY FEVER and COLD in the HEAD** positively relieved and CURED by this wonderfully cleansing—antiseptic—and Healing Specific. Price 25 and 50 cts. Ask your druggist.

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To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will make a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal miasm, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.  
Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
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## Good Things to Eat on the Lawn

Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue, On Tongue (whole), Veal Loaf, Baked Ham, Roast Beef, Stewed Smoked Beef.  
All Natural Flavor Foods. Palatable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them.  
Send for stamps for Libby's big Atlas of the World. Handsome booklet—How to Make Good things to Eat—free.  
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Best Cough Syrup, Laxative Compound, Use in time, sold by druggists.  
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