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OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air:
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide it may come this way—
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun:
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!
—British Weekly.

GONDOLA'S EXPERIENCES

By George Ade.

"GONDOLA" WILSON was not a tramp, because he knew a trade and he had been known to work. He was a tramp in this, however, that he consistently refused to pay railway fares. Hence his name, "Gondola" is submerged tenth for "flat car."

He was a journeyman of the restless kind. When he had been three weeks in Milwaukee, then St. Paul seemed a more desirable place of residence. When in St. Paul he had a tired hankering to see the Narcissus. [illegible] he had arrived at the Narcissus he began to watch the trains starting for Cincinnati and longed to curl himself on a truck and jolt away to where the muddy stream fronts the sloping warehouses.

Once he was away from the Narcissus for a whole year. During his absence he had been "put away." To be "put away" is to be held prisoner in a penal or reformatory institution.

The purpose of this story is to relate how "Gondola" Wilson, having no criminal intent, became a criminal under circumstances which are not usual.

On the day of his return to the Narcissus (the prison pallor on his face and his head cropped to show the white scars) six inmates were sitting near the windows reading a morning newspaper. They had torn the paper into sheets and divided it. The man who had drawn the small "ads" was discontented. He could find nothing on his sheet except "Help Wanted." He lowered his paper, and before him sat "Gondola" Wilson, seeming yellow in the filtered light.

"Where's the committee?" asked "Gondola." "Where's the triumphal arch: 'Welcome Home?'"

"You're alive, then?"

"Alive an' kickin.'"

"If you're alive, it follows that you're kickin'. How long has it been?"

"A year—next month."

"We missed you when it come to the round-up last fall. Nobody'd seen you. You've been under a roof, ain't you? Hospital?"

"Put away—a year."

"You had to go crooked at last, did you?"

"Well, that's what they called it. I'm lucky they didn't hang me. Some of 'em wanted to."

"Tell me what you done. I ain't the court."

"Say, listen, an' see if ever you heard the likes before. It wuz in October—a year ago last October. I'd walked from Loueyville over to Terry Hut with a nigger that played the mouth harp. We hid in the yards at Terry Hut an' got into an empty stock that we thought wuz headed for Danville. Some time in the night a brakeman seen us an' fired us out. I'd been asleep, an' the first thing I remember was fallin' out o' the car an' lightin' hard, with the coon comin' after me. We didn't know where we wuz, but could make out a side track an' a chute for loadin' hogs. About a mile off we could see some lights, an' we judged we wuz near a purty good-sized town. Me an' the coon started to walk toward the town, an' then I stopped him an' says: 'Here, if we go to drillin' around town at this time o' night an' one o' them country coppers gets a peek at us, he'll shoot us first an' then ask us our names afterward. Let's crawl in somewheres an' sleep till mornin', an' then we'll go in town an' try to round up a hand-out.' Well, just as I wuz sayin' this, we happened to be walkin' along past a tall fence. I looked through the cracks an' could see one or two lights quite a distance off, an' right near us wuz a long buildin' that looked somethin' like a barn. It wuz gettin' chilly an' I said to this pardner of mine: 'Coon, gi' me a boost over this fence an' I think we can find a warm place here.' So we skinned over the fence an' come to this buildin'. It wuz big an' I still thought it wuz a barn. We walked around, lookin' for a door or window, so't we could crawl in. At last this pardner of mine—his name 'uz Jeff an' I'll kill him if ever I lay eyes on him again—Jeff found a little door that wuzn't locked, an' we went in, feelin' our way along, thinkin', you know, that we might find some hay or straw to sleep on. Purty soon Jeff fell over somethin' an' I landed on top of him. We felt around us an' discovered that we'd run into a lot o' watermelons layin' on the floor. I s'pose the coon was sorry to meet them melons, wuzn't he? The first thing I knew he'd split one of 'em open, an' I could hear him chompin' in the dark. Well, I got up an' felt my way along, an' purty soon I reached out an' what do you s'pose I took holt of there in the pitch dark? A plate with about a dozen biscuits on it. Now, I ain't no crook an' I never broke into a house to steal anything, but I'll leave this to you. If you hadn't had anything to eat for 18 hours an' should happen to crawl into a barn at night an' reach out into the dark an' find a dozen light biscuits, would you eat 'em or throw 'em away?"

"I'd prob'ly eat 'em," was the reply.

"That's what I done, except what I give to Jeff. He found a match in his doze an' struck it, an' we saw in front of us a wooden shelf covered with pies an' cakes, an' all kinds o' cooked stuff. The match only burned for a minute, but we made out that much. Jeff found a plate o' butter, an' we et the biscuit with butter, an' I ain't tasted anything like it since I ran away from home in Lowell 30 years ago. Then Jeff broke a cake in two an' give me half of it. It wuz kind o' dry eatin', but we put lots of butter on it. I s'pose I ought to have stopped an' remembered that all this provender belonged to somebody, but I was so blamed hungry I didn't wait to think of nothin'. An' I must say I never seen anybody eat the way that coon did. I didn't exactly see him eat, neither, but I could hear him all right. After he et all the cakes an' pies an' biscuits he could lay his hands on he went back to watermelon, an' I could hear him sloshin' an' gulpin' there in the dark. I started to feel around for a sort place to lay down, an' what do you guess? I run into a lot of bed close strung on lines."

"Say, what kind of a pipe is this?" asked the listener, with a sidewise turn in his chair, indicating skepticism.

"It's the truth, every word of it. There must a' been a dozen quilts. I pulled 'em down an' me an' Jeff rolled ourselves up in 'em an' went to sleep. We'd et a lot an' it wuz a cold night, an' under them warm covers we slept like a couple o' logs. Well, the next thing I remember somebody was shakin' me good an' hard, an' I looked up at a fellow that had a tin star on his coat an' a broomstick in his hand. I kin' o' remembered what had happened an' looked around. It wuz broad daylight. We laid there in the infernalest mess of catables you ever see. People wuz pilin' through the doors to get a look at us. I don't s'pose you've figured out what we'd done, so I'll tell you. This place we'd got into wuz what they call floral hall at the county fair. All the stuff we'd been eatin' wuz the exhibitions of the best biscuits, the best watermelons, the best cake, the best butter, an' so on, of the whole county. You know the quilt I had around me. It wuz made out of about a million little pieces o' silk. The woman that made it put in 15 years on it, an' it wuz supposed to be worth $200. That all come out at the trial."

HE COULD FIND NOTHING BUT "HELP WANTED."

"Well, there must a' been a sore crowd o' grangers around there," suggested the listener, after he had leaned back and laughed joyfully.

"Honest, it's a wonder they didn't kill us. We come mighty near bustin' up the whole show by eatin' them exhibitions. When they led us out o' the grounds an' took us in town to the jail there wuz a big crowd followed us an' hollered: 'Lynch 'em!' 'String 'em up!' an' a few more remarks like that. That wuz the one time I wuz in a hurry to be in jail. Do you know what they made of it when it came to a trial? Burglary! An' do you know what Jeff done? He got up an' swore that I'd hypnotized him. He testified that he didn't want to go into this buildin' at all, but I made him by threatenin' to cast a spell over him. You never heard such lyin' in your life. They sent him back to jail for three months an' put me over the road for a year. They bleached me just about right, ain't they? That's all right. Look here."

He put his hand into a raveled side pocket and brought out a copy of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty." He made a deeper reach and found a brass "knucks" with a blunt head and three staring finger-holds.

"I'm savin' that for the coon," he said.—Chicago Daily Record.

Finding Thackeray Out.

In Mr. Lewis Melville's recent life of Thackeray there is a diverting description of the first meeting of the great novelist and Charlotte Bronte. She had formed an ideal and expected him to live up to it, and, austere little genius that she was, was inclined to be angry with her favorites if their conversation or conduct fell below her ideal. "Behold, a lion cometh out of the north!" she whispered, as he entered the room. "O Lord!" said Thackeray, when this was repeated to him, "and I'm nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner!" She sat opposite to him at table. "I had," he says, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it. At last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly: 'O Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'" —Youth's Companion.

LYNCH LAW IN SIBERIA.

It Is Enforced in Spite of the Police—Secret Organization.

The Ispravniki, or rural police, of the more remote districts of the Talga gold fields in Siberia have lately made the discovery of a completely organized Vehmgericht among the native and colonist mining population in that region, but so far all the efforts of the local authorities to single out and identify any of the guilty members have proved fruitless. Suspicion was first aroused by the constant mysterious disappearances of persons of bad character, more especially among the indigenous tribesmen known as the Staratelli, noted for their peculiative proclivities. These disappearances even now continue, despite the utmost vigilance of the police. Occasionally the victims receive a first warning by means of nocturnal seizure, when they are blindfolded, bound and flogged by masked executioners.

It transpires that one of the rules of the secret association is, "in order to prevent social strife and scandal," not to tolerate the presence of any woman of doubtful character about the gold mines. The extreme penalty is not often carried out against a woman, even of the worst reputation, but if she disregards the warning to leave, she is seized, stripped and flogged and by some means secretly conveyed out of the settlement, blindfolded and gagged. When the executive of the lynching tribunal wishes to emphasize a case of punishment the severed head or a limb of the victim is left exposed in some conspicuous place.

There is no doubt that this Siberian Vehmgericht originated in the supineness and corruption of the police, several members of whom have also disappeared. The police admit that the secret tribunal succeeded in establishing a high standard of honesty, morality and social order among the Taiga gold mining population.—Odessa Cor. of London News.

STOOD ON PROPRIETY.

A Little Lady Displeased by an Introduction to a Dog.

There is a little Sixteenth street girl, still under six, who may be described as the limit in the matter of sensitiveness, says the Washington Post. Likewise, she has her points in respect to dead gameness. She was taken out to Takoma Park about a week ago to spend a few days with her aunt. The tot played around in the front yard of her aunt's pretty home for awhile. Then her aunt let a playful little fox terrier into the front yard, saying to the child:

"This is your little four-footed cousin."

Five minutes later the aunt returned to the front yard to call the kid into the house, but she wasn't anywhere to be seen. The fox terrier was playing alone. There was a scrambling hunt for the tot, and all kinds of alarms, but the little girl didn't turn up. The aunt hustled into town. The little girl was home with her mother.

She had walked to the Seventh street road as soon as the fox terrier pup was presented to her, and, not having the price of a ride into town on the cars, had asked the driver of a grocery delivery wagon to give her a lift in. The driver took her home.

"Why didn't you stay at auntie's?" her mother asked, in surprise.

"She introduced me to a dog!" replied the haughty young person.

The Best Heads of Hair.

Fair-haired people have the best heads of hair, 140,000 to 160,000 being quite an ordinary crop of hairs on the head of a fair man or woman.

A TIMELY HINT.
You should be wise and see that your blood is rich and pure and your whole system put in a perfectly healthy condition by the use of Dr. Carlstedt's German Liver Powder. Then you will be free from malaria, typhoid fever, colds and the grip. Dr. Carlstedt's German Liver Powder is the best medicine money can buy.

For your Cold try Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam. Price 25c and 50c a Bottle.
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Anderson & Fowler.

"Isn't it delightful to be dining together without a chaperon?" "I should say so! Marriage is certainly a great economy."—Puck.

To Cure A Cough,
stop coughing, as it irritates the lungs, and doesn't give them any chance to heal. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR cures without causing a strain in throwing off the phlegm like common cough expectorants. Anderson & Fowler.

Men judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves.—[Whately.

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Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising evry time we fall.—[Confucius.

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Take Dr. Mendenhall's Cold and Grippe Cure Tablets in connection with Dr. Mendenhall's Pine Balsam, the best treatment for coughs, colds and pneumonia. Price 25 cents each. Sold by R. C. Hardwick and J. O. Cook.

Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as by want of heart.—[St. Pierre.

Bright's disease is more dreaded by physicians than any of the serious disorders with which they have to deal, because of it's insidious and malignant character. If prompt action were taken when headaches, urinary disorders, digestive troublas first appear much suffering and sorrow would be averted. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS will quickly stop the spread of the disease quiet the inflamation, heal the kidneys and bladder, strengthen and regulate the liver, and drive poisons and impurities out of the system by cleansing the bowels.

Uncalled-for excuses are practical confessions.

A Misunderstanding.
Misunderstood systoms of disease lead doctors to treat something else when the kidneys are out of order. Foley's Kidney Cure will bring you health when other medicines have failed.

A crematory has been built at Rouen and others are in course of construction at Havre and Marseilles. Last year 4,513 bodies were cremated in France.

The tonnage of the whole mercantile steam marine of Russia, Japan and Holland does not equal the tonnage of the merchant vessels taken over by the English government as transports.

The meteorological department of the government of India now has four first-class observatories, 174 general stations and 1,280 rainfall stations, from which regular monthly statements are received.

In Santiago in the better class of houses the bedsteads are surrounded with a close kind of netting, beginning at the floor and gathered at the top. This is intended as a protection against tarantulas.

Last year Minnesota's wheat fields covered nearly 5,000,000 acres, and she grew upward of 78,000,000 bushels—more than twice the entire production of the continent of Australia, and more than Great Britain and Ireland.

A very curious theory lately revived is that the sap of a living tree ebbs and flows in some way in sympathy with the tides of the ocean. This idea comes from Italy, where a grower of vines says that no tree should be topped or pruned except during the hours of ebb tide.

An Englishman, armed with a rifle and mounted on a bicycle, was out hunting tigers, near Lahore, India. He discovered one, and chased it for about half a mile, trying to get a good shot at it. Then it turned and chased him, and it was only by breathless scorching that he contrived to escape.

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beautiful in design, appropriate in color, never tarnishes, chips or cracks, and science in its long search for something that would stand the frost of this climate for monumental purposes has at last found it in the White Bronze. It fills every wish. It is a beauty to behold. It will perpetuate the memory of loved ones, that future generations may bestow those little acts of kindness upon the graves after we have gone to our reward.

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