A Silent Appeal for Help.

When your kidneys and bladder are inactive they are making a silent appeal for help. Don't disregard it, but with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters safely impel them to activity. They are in immediate danger, and it is foolhardiness to shut one's eyes to the fact. Be wise in time, too, if you experience manifestations of dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, constipation or nerve trouble. The Bitters before a meal adds zest to it.

THE END OF THE VACATION.—He (in leaving)—"I think I have said good-by to you before, miss." She—"Well, I'm always glad to say good-by to you."—Truth.

WHERE WE WERE BOYS.

D'you mind the mountain farm, old boy, where
you an' me was kids?
An' how we laid o' summer nights an' heard
the katydids
An' whippoorwills a-pipin' out and fiddlin'
'mong the stooks,
An' how we usen't dare to speak fer fear we'd
raise the spooks?
Can't you mind the spring-house still, where
all the milk was kep',
An' how our little toes would ache, a-standin'
on the step?

Our house was neat an' tasty, the barn was
full o' hay,
A-purpose so as me an' you could romp a rainy
day.
What fun to climb fer huckleberries, tip-top
of the hill,
An' set our traps fer rabbits in the meadow by
the mill!
An' don't you know that moss-grown trough,
deep in a forest glade,
Where tinkle, tinkle, went the spring, a-singin'
while we played?

Somehow I took to hankerin' to see the farm
again
An' view the spots that seemed so bright before
we two was men.
Ez frisky ez a colt I clum the dear old hill
once more—
I wish to God I'd stayed away; my heart is
sick an' sore.
The farm, old boy, was dead an' gone—the
bones was scattered 'round;
I felt like in a graveyard, where ghouls has
tore the ground.

The chimbley's fallen off the house, the barn's
without a roof:
The spring-house shed is tumbled in—it's full
o' leaves an' stuff.
Where mother used to set her crocks down in
the spring to cool,
An' turn an' kiss us when we'd come a-bouncin'
home from school.
The wind sweeps through the stable, an' the
stall where old Nell died
Is filled clean to the manger top with snow
that's blowed inside.

A great big lump come in my throat thet
cough drops couldn't cure;
I turned to hunt the moss-grown trough and
spring so cold and pure.
I found the trough upon its side and rotted
quite away:
The spring was dried—I dunno why, but I jes'
couldn't stay,
Fer't seemed so sad an' lonesome there, an'
voices filled my ears
That you and me hain't heard at all fer more'n
twenty years.

I couldn't somehow trust myself to go back
past thet scene,
But sneaked away along the creek—I never
felt so mean
Sence when our little bluejay died, an' we
tried hard not to cry,
An' made a drizzling failure at it, blubbering
on the sly.
I hain't a-tellin' what I done a-comin' down
thet road,
But when 'twas over, like, I felt relieved of
quite a load.

I'm never goin' back no more t' thet graveyard
of a place,
Fer spooks walks there in broad daylight thet
I don't care to face:
I'd ruther treasure up them scenes, afore the
place was dead,
An' hang 'em round like pictures on the inside
of my head.
An' ef any man should ask me: "Where's the
farm you once lived on?"
I'll say: "It's gone to Heaven, where the dear
old folks is gone."

—Edwin L. Shuman, in Chicago Journal.

THE SECOND FIDDLE.

SHE has played second fiddle all her life. Not that she liked this part; not that nature had intended her for it, apparently, but fate had so arranged it. In youth she had fought bitterly against the secondary place to which she was perpetually relegated, but to no purpose.

"I will play any part in the whole orchestra, from the conductor down to the man who looks after the cymbals and the drums," she said once, "but I absolutely decline to be the second violin."

But as she grew older she recognized that only by playing this very instrument could she have any part in the great orchestra of life, and she patiently began to accustom herself to being second fiddle. And all her life this fate pursued her.

She loved a man, and he fancied he loved her long enough to give her that fleeting glimpse of bliss which Satan is supposed to allow his victims before dragging them down to the bottomless pit, but just as she began to think that the wonderful gift of love was really to be hers, he fell in love with her sister, and she became the second fiddle again.

Love was offered to her again, and because her heart was hungry she accepted it, and became the wife of a man who harped on the string of his first wife's virtues until it jarred her nature out of tune; motherhood came to her in the same secondary way. Her husband's child, whom she loved with a perfect, self-abnegating, altruistic love, cared far more for her selfish father than her unselfish stepmother, and again she struck the chord assigned to the second fiddle.

Fame came to her late in life, but just as she tasted its glories her sister also became famous in a greater degree, and once more she sank from the new, sweet, longed-for rank of first violin to that of second fiddle.

TOLD HER THAT HER HUSBAND WAS DYNG.

Even in death she was denied the fleeting honors and dignity which comes to most lives this once. She had often wondered how this would be. In her bitter moments she had foreseen and prophesied it, saying that she would be only the second fiddle even in death, but the sting of it embittered her last moments.

She died suddenly, death resulting from a railroad accident, and for one whole, long, perfect day she was the only care of those who surrounded her. "I shall be first once after all," she was thinking in the vague, wandering, unreal manner common to those who are near to death, when a nurse came softly into the room and told her that her husband was dying.

She shrank back upon the pillow shocked, less at the dreadful news than at the sudden realization of the fact that now she must die as she had so often dreaded, with only a casual sorrow to bless her memory, and the hopeless look, so strange in death and so noticeable when she lay in her coffin, settled slowly over her face.

Next day her husband died, and she followed him closely—so closely that the people who paid the last honors to him found it almost impossible to do the same for her, and she was buried as she had lived and died, as she had been born even—the second fiddle.

But once, just once, and once only, during the course of her life she had been first, and this was how it happened:

She had lived as a child in a small country town where religious dissipation was the only kind of pleasure tolerated; the kind of place where a camp-meeting is a diversion, and a temperance revival (barren of converts save stray strangers) a wild exhilaration; the kind of place where the Bible forms the subject of ordinary conversations, and where every baby, not to mention every man, woman and child in the village limits, can quote Scripture and do battle with texts.

Upon one occasion the Sunday school superintendent, wishing to still further promote this habit, offered a prize to the child who could in a given time learn the greatest number of Bible verses. The Second Fiddle, just then displaced from her accustomed niche in the household and her mother's heart by a newer arrival and addition to the family list of children, took for her text "Desolation," and collected such an overwhelming number of texts bearing upon this word and condition that she was easily first in the race. In fact so long was her list, so perfect her command of her strange spiritual wares, that the entire time usually devoted to the Sunday school session did not suffice to enable her to repeat them all. She stood up there on the platform and reeled off melancholy texts in her even, mournful, monotonous voice until the sun had sunk and it began to grow dark. Then the superintendent advanced, and, lifting his hand to stop her, announced that she had so palpably won the prize that it was needless to hear any of the other aspirants or even to allow her to finish.

HE HANDED HER A NEW TESTAMENT.

"We congratulate our little friend," he said, pompously, "upon her diligence and fine knowledge of the Scriptures, and we take great pleasure, the minister and I, in giving into her hands this token of our appreciation and approval."

He handed her a small, shoddily-bound scarlet-covered New Testament, and she took it and sat down with a swelling heart. She recognized the pomposity of the superintendent's tone, she knew how worthless was the triumph she had achieved, but she did not care. Nothing mattered to her now but this sweet, perfect joy of conquest. Perhaps fate, knowing how little of triumph would fall to her share, made this small victory the sweeter, perhaps the God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb made this breeze of success even more bland and delightful than the air of prosperity usually is, perhaps — who can spell out the causes of human joy or sorrow?

She went home that day walking on air, treading on roses. What mattered it that other children sneered at her choice of subjects? What mattered it that some of them had even hinted that she had won the prize unfairly? What mattered it that even her mother thought the time spent in earning her poor little joy a little excessive? The law of compensations is a sure if slow power, and there was bliss enough in this one minute of success to balance a lifetime of failures. And this was the purpose, apparently, of that Sunday school prize. It gave her the only perfect gladness she ever knew; it furnished the element of success necessary in some degree to the completion of every human life.

She cherished that small, common Testament far more than she did either of the gorgeous gilt and leather combinations given her on her dreary wedding day; she treasured it far more than the plain little copy of Tennyson's poems which had been presented to her on her graduation day, and which had given her a nearer approach to pure pleasure than usually fell to her lot.

For the Testament represented her share of that which is the desire of all human hearts—the longing to be first with somebody, something, sometime. The Testament was the only "outward and visible sign" of her worldly success. It was the insignia of rank won in the only victorious battle of a long campaign.

And this is why she loved it; this is why, when she was dead, they found it clasped in her cold, stiffened fingers, and pressed close to her silent heart.

O, tragedy of the second fiddle! O, strange, harsh, echoing minor chord! Can it be that in some far-away land where love, music and success are as commonplace and normal as heart hunger, discord and failure are (or seem to be) here the second fiddle may be promoted to the rank of first violin, perchance even of conductor? Or is it true that in the life which touches ours "the last shall be first," and the first violin of less import than the second fiddle—which makes a perfect interval possible?—Chicago Tribune.

Where to Go.

Jimbly—There is something the matter with my head and the doctor doesn't seem to know what it is.

Jorkins—Why don't you go to a wheelwright?—Indianapolis Journal.

—Calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated never.—Colton.

—On the mainland you see a misty camp of mountains pitched tumultuously; that one looming so long and large is Saddleback, and that point you see over yon low and rounded marge, like the loss of a sleeping giant's targe laid over his breast, is Ossipee; that shadow there may be Kearsarge; that must be Great Haystack; Agamenticus, he glowers there to the north of us, wrapt in his blanket of blue haze, unconvertibly savage, and scorns to take the white man's baptism or his ways.—Lowell.

—"Can you tell me, professor," asked Grigsby, "what an 'extempore pianist' is? I see that the performances of such a pianist are advertised." "Certainly," said the professor. "Ex, out of; tempo, time; an extempore pianist is one that plays of out of time!"—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Collins' Story.

I am thirty-three years old, have been married seventeen years, and have four living children. My health has not been good since my first child was born. Twelve months ago I was confined, but my baby only lived a few days. Soon after that I was attacked with irritation of the bladder, choking spells, heart palpitation, fainting spells and great nervousness. In this terrible condition I was confined to my bed eight months. I thought I was dying many times. My dear little helpless children, in kissing me at night, often said. "Please don't die, mamma;" or "Papa, don't let mamma die to-night." My little boy brought me a Ladies' Birthday Almanac one day, and after reading it I decided to try the Wine of Cardui Treatment. I have taken two bottles of McElree's Wine of Cardui and three small packages of Thedford's Black-Draught, and am better than I have been for ten years. I am visiting my neighbors on foot, doing my work with ease, and eat better than I have for years. God only knows how grateful I am for this wonderful medicine that has worked this great transformation.

MRS. SALLIE COLLINS.

McHenry, Ky.

DESPISE not any man, and do not spurn anything; for there is no man who hath not his hour, nor is there anything that has not its place.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

WHAT some people call prudence goes by another name in the next house.—Ram's Horn.

THE virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize.—Milnes.

A HEAP of ill-chosen erudition is but the luggage of antiquity.—Balzac.

MEN should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.—Sterne.

WILL some fisherman kindly inform us how the bass can reach the upper sea?—Boston Transcript.

HYPOCRISY, the only evil that walks invisible, except to God alone.—Milton.

THE BEST OF REASONS.—"Do you remember, Julian, why they shot Saint Sebastian full of arrows?" "Cause they hadn't any gun."—Life.

HE—"I saw Miss Backer at Goodwood." She (thinking of dress)—"Oh! What did she have on?" He (thinking of horses)—"Nothing."—Fun.

GREAT minds must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them.—Colton.

NOR cell, nor chain, nor dungeon speaks to the murderer like the voice of solitude.—Maturin.

"EMMA, I just saw the lieutenant kissing you. Don't let me see that again." "Certainly, mamma. We shall be more cautious hereafter."—Lustige Blatter.

THE REAL TROUBLE.—Auntie—"Johnnie you must never be afraid to tell the truth." Johnnie—"No, auntie, I ain't. It's to tell a lie without being afraid that bothers me."—Life.

OPTICIAN (to his new clerk)—"Now, in sending out these price lists, write the addresses as small as possible, so that those reading them may feel how badly they need glasses."—Tit-Bits.

IT SEEMS SO.—"Papa," said Harry, "when a boy keeps on doing something wrong of his own accord, he's willful, isn't he?" "Yes," said Mr. Rigid. "Then if he doesn't do nothing of nobody else's accord, he's won'tful, isn't he?"—Harper's Round Table.

WHETHER or not sin dates from the first apple-eating, it is pretty generally conceded that new habits were acquired by our first parents very soon after their indulgence in the fruit of the apple tree.—Boston Transcript.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

SHE—"That was very pretty for Mr. Iselin to kiss his better half after the race." He—"Yes, it was pretty; but remember it was the other Half who won the race."—Yonkers Statesman.

Kate Field in Denver.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country, I should says judging by the civility of the employes, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of it, roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

THE only liberty that a man, worthy of the name, ought to ask for, is to have all restrictions, inward or outward, removed that prevent his doing what he ought.—F. W. Robertson.

Sore Eyes Cured.

Jackson's Indian Eye Salve never fails to do this; 25c at all drug stores.

MORE EARLY HISTORY.—"Yes, I see you're a new woman, Eve," said Adam, "but I'll take the risk. You haven't any past."—Chicago Tribune.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

WOULD you kill the weeds in your garden, plant it with good seed; if the ground be well occupied there will be less need of the hoe.—A. Fuller.

CURE your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

HOW MUCH will the average hotel waiter measure from tip to tip?—Boston Transcript.

AFTER six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

NO MAN can pass into eternity, for he is already in it.—Farrar.

A. N. K., I. 1573.

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