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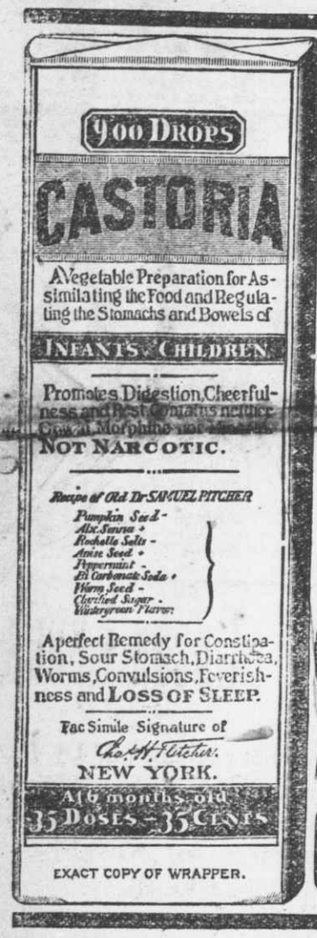

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

GRASSES.

Are these the fairy hosts,
The million marching men,
Who after fogs and frosts
Sprang up in glade and glen?

Their spears were silver gray,
Their javelins gold and green,
That like a fountain's spray
Shattered the light between.

Their banner the wild rose
Or honeysuckle bright,
Terrible to their foes
When they went out to fight.

Now sweet, so sweet, in death
They lie, like autumn leaves,
With all their golden breath
Gathered in golden sheaves.

Now sweet, so sweet, they lie
With all their comely length;
Piled high in heaps so high
And withered all their strength.

Alack, that goodly show
Of spears and glaives and swords,
That Maytime long ago,
When these were belted lords!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

NOTHING PER CENT.

The house in which Mr. William Johnson carried on the business of money lender and financial agent was in no way different from those surrounding it, save that the down stairs front window bore the legend, "Loan Office," in large black letters on a white ground. A quiet, orderly, middle aged man was Mr. Johnson, and people who met him in the street and did not know him would have taken him for anything rather than a man who put out his money to usury.

Certainly there was nothing of the Shylock about him as he sat one spring morning in his dingy office going over a much thumbed account book. He was a tall, spare, loosely built man, with a pale face and a thin, straggling crop of beard and whisker that always looked as if it had grown in patches. Usually when he was not talking to his clients he carried a quill pen in his mouth. There was something in this habit which gave him the appearance of an abstracted poodle carrying a stick.

Mr. Johnson was deeply engrossed in the consideration of a certain entry in his account book when the door of the loan office opened very suddenly and set the bell ringing with sharp dissonance. He heard a light step in the little lobby which was partitioned off from the rest of the room. For a moment he did not answer the summons of the bell. It was never wise to be in too much haste to welcome callers. But presently he rose and opened the door, the quill pen still retaining its horizontal position in his mouth. He lifted his eyes carelessly from the little swing counter to the person who stood behind it. He was not easily surprised, for he had seen many strange things in his time, but what he now saw surprised him into a vague, uncomfortable silence.

Behind the little counter stood a young lady—nay, a girl of some 18 or 19 years, fashionably dressed, evidently of good position and palpable refinement. Her pretty, fresh face, revealed itself to Mr. Johnson's astonished eyes from beneath the ravishments of a much beflowered picture hat and seemed strangely out of keeping with the dingy color of his little lobby.

"Oh—er—you are Mr. William Johnson?" she said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Johnson.

"I—I want to borrow some money," she said, looking out of half a[illegible] eyes at the money lender.

Mr. Johnson's first impulse was to stretch out his hand for one of the application form which stood ready in a small box on the counter, but upon reflection he lifted the swinging shelf and asked this new client to step inside. When she had passed into the office, he closed the door and joined her, and from sheer force of habit he restored the quill pen to his mouth. The girl saw the resemblance to the abstracted poodle, and a smile rippled over her face. Mr. Johnson did not observe it. He indicated a chair at the side of his desk, and when the girl had taken it resumed his own seat and looked at her.

"What amount did you wish to borrow, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Wh—ah—well, £20."

"Now"— said Mr. Johnson. "I suppose you could furnish good security?"

"I thought that you—it says in your advertisement, you know—that you lend money on borrower's note of hand alone—I think that's how it's put, isn't it—and no inquiries and no sureties—isn't that it?"

"To approved borrowers—yes," answered Mr. Johnson.

"Oh," said the girl "Oh, then you"—

"We don't lend money without security," said Mr. Johnson. "Of course if we know the party and know that it's all right and safe, why, of course, in that case"—

"I see," said the girl. "Yes—of course you don't know anything about me. How silly of me! I thought one had just to come and get the money and sign a paper or something."

The girl looked up from her parasol, with which she had been tracing imaginary patterns on the floor.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you all about it," she said. "Of course you won't tell anybody, will you?"

"Never divulge professional secrets," said Mr. Johnson.

"Well, I want to borrow £20 to buy a bicycle. There!" said the girl, with a decisive tap of the parasol upon the floor. "You see, I've spent every penny of my quarter's allowance, and there's still a month before I've any more due—and I simply must have that bicycle, and I looked over all the advertisements about money and I saw yours, and so I came to you."

"Might I inquire what name, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson.

"Oh, I'm Miss Lattimer! Of course you know my father, Mr. Robert Lattimer?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Johnson, more astonished than ever. "I've no doubt that he'd buy you a bicycle now."

"No, he won't. He thinks two hundred a year quite enough for a girl to spend. No: I shall have to buy my own bicycle."

Mr. Johnson took the quill pen out of his mouth and scratched his head with the feathered end of it.

"I'm afraid your father wouldn't approve, ma'am"— he began.

"Oh, but he's not to know, you know. This is a little deal just between you and me. After all it's not getting things on credit, is it? Because the money will really be mine when you've lent it to me, won't it?"

"Ye-es," answered Mr. Johnson. "Ye-es."

"That's all right, then!" said Miss Lattimer triumphantly. "Well, have I got to sign any papers or anything, Mr. Johnson?"

"It is usual to make inquiries before completing."

"Oh, but I've no time for inquiries!" exclaimed Miss Lattimer. "I've got to meet a friend at the cycle agent's in an hour. Oh! Look here! I'll leave you my card, Mr. Johnson, in case you want my address."

Mr. Johnson looked at the bit of pasteboard and then at Miss Lattimer. Something impelled him to rise and unlock a safe which stood in a corner of the office. He fumbled about, and finally produced four £5 notes, new from the Bank of England.

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, "it isn't my usual way of doing business, but"—and there he paused, utterly unable to explain matters to himself. "When did you say you could pay it back, ma'am?"

"Oh, on the 1st of July," replied Miss Lattimer. "That's scarcely a month, is it?"

"Then I may expect to see you on the 1st of July, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson, laying down the notes.

"Certainly you may!" exclaimed Miss Lattimer delightedly. "Thanks, awfully!" She stuffed the notes into a gold mounted purse and smiled at Mr. Johnson with all the innocent pleasure of a child who has got what it wants. "But we haven't arranged anything—haven't I to sign a paper or anything?"

"I think," said Mr. Johnson slowly, "that we'll leave that over until you pay the money, ma'am. I'll only charge you reasonable interest for such a short loan. Of course, ma'am, you'll not mention this little transaction to anybody," he added, anxiously. "We always keep these matters quiet—very quiet."

"Oh, to be sure!" laughed the girl. "Well, thanks, Mr. Johnson, and good-by. You'll see me on the 1st of July dead certain, you know."

On the 1st of July Mr. Johnson sat in his office in a state of nervous expectancy, but the nervousness had nothing to do with the money which was due from Miss Lattimer. All the morning he waited and all the afternoon, and still she came not. And then as evening drew near the postman brought a registered letter, and Mr. Johnson opened it and drew out £20 in notes and £1 in gold and a note that smelled of violets.

After a long time Mr. Johnson rose from his desk and locked up the notes in his safe. Then he took the sovereign in his hand and went out into the street. He presently came to the little shop of a working jeweler and entered it timidly. When he came out again, the sovereign had gone on his simple watch chain, and his fingers felt for and caressed it as if it had been a live thing. And that was the end.—Hartford Courant.

The Spanish War in The Century Magazine.

THE CENTURY is making a wonderful success of its great series of articles on the Spanish War by the men who fought it. Captain Sigsbee has told the story of the *Maine;* Lieutenant Hobson has given his graphic narrative of the sinking of the *Merrimac;* General Shafter has described the Santiago campaign. In March General Greene begins his description of the Manila campaign; and in April is

ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE Of the Capture of Cervera.

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Brooklyn, by Capt. F. A. Cook,
Gloucester, by Lt.-Com. Wainwright,
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DR. GRADY'S CONDITION POWDERS, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package. For sale by Janin & Suddath, Druggists.

Dickens' Characters.

Dickens simply reveled in Mr. Pecksniff and in what is perhaps his greatest creation, Mrs. Gamp. That admirable lady is worthy of the creator of Dame Quickly, so masterly, so large is the handling, so flowing in her contour, for Sairey in her way has "an outline" which Mr. Mantalini desiderated in a person of quality. Near her, but not actually on her level, is the friendly Mr. Swiveller, whose Marchioness exhibits right pathos, which does not harrow, being bathed in humor. Mr. Swiveller no doubt is a raff and would have been "proud of the title," but a raff of delicacy, with the kindest heart, and in the matter of poetry he finds in it all the consolation and counsel which, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion, make poetry an eligible substitute for religion.

One thinks of those enchanted characters down to Miss Walckes and Quilp's boy with an inexpressible affection. Our hearts are simply peopled with those creations which gathered round Dickens when he wrote like amiable spirits summoned by one sweep of a magician's wand. Could there be weariness in the brain which bubbled up, as it were, with these creatures of delight—with Mrs. Todgers and Bailey, Jr., the Mantalinis, and Betsey Prig, and Hannibal Chollop, and the Literary Ladies, and Jefferson Brick?—Andrew Lang in Fortnightly Review.

Women's Rights at Six.

Dolly, who is 6, was sent to boarding school just before Christmas. When she came home for the holidays, she voiced her many objections to the temple of learning where her guardian had placed her.

"I don't like to stand in a straight row," she said, "and I don't like to drink out of a mug with a big 'Be Good' on it, and I don't like to have my face washed round and round as if it was a plate."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

His View of It.

"My dear," said Mrs. Henpeck, "I'm positive that our George is thinking seriously of matrimony."

"Well, I only hope so," returned Henpeck, with unusual spirit. "I wouldn't want any boy of mine to be so unfortunate as to regard it as a joke."—Philadelphia Record.

When a Soldier Is Degraded.

This is how most armies degrade an officer who has been proved a traitor to his country. The day before the traitor is to be publicly degraded, the military tailor removes all the buttons and stripes from the officer's uniform, replacing them with a single stitch, so that they can be readily torn away. The condemned man's sword is also filed almost in two, in order that it may be easily snapped.

At the time appointed the traitor, who has, of course, been tried by court-martial, is marched out with his regiment, wearing his uniform for the last time. A halt is called, a superior officer repeats the verdict of the court martial, advances toward the traitor and says:

"You have disgraced the uniform you wear; you are unworthy to carry arms. In the name of our country we degrade you."

The decorations are torn from the uniform, the sword broken in twain, and amid the muffled rumbling of drums the ceremony ends, although a long term of imprisonment invariably follows.—Pearson's Weekly.

Poor Chance For Poets.

A poet is cross with me because I decline firmly to read his manuscripts and advise him as to the desirableness of taking to verse with all his young energy. Other poets may take a statistical view of their case. Let them consider the estimated population of the globe. How many of them have justified their conduct in being poets? At this hour is there one such being anywhere? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there are six. How many millions to one is it against the success of the neophyte? But, if versify he must, let him send his work to all the editors. If they think his poems worth printing (and paying for), then let him make friends with certain young critics, who will blow his trumpet before him. But do not let him bother busy old men, who, by reason of their age, are no longer good judges.—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine.

Tit For Tat.

Brothers and sisters ought to be glad to give and receive mutual assistance.

"You show such bad taste in the selection of your neckties, Horace," said the elder sister of a youth in his teens. "They always look so wrinkled and shapeless too. You ought to let me buy them and tie them for you."

"I'm willing, sis," he answered, looking at her pinched waist, "if you'll let me buy your belts and fasten them around you."—Youth's Companion.

In a Boom Market.

The Lamb—The thing has gone down until it isn't worth a cent on the dollar. And yet you told me it was a good investment.

The Wolf—And so I still think. The trouble is that we look at it from different points of view, that's all.—Boston Transcript.

Not a German.

"Did you enjoy the german the other night, Miss Daisy?" asked Tinkleton.

"He wasn't a German, Mr. Tinkleton," answered Daisy innocently; "he's an Englishman."—Harper's Bazar.

Meerschaum is a silicate of magnesia and is to be found chiefly in Asia Minor, Greece and Madrid.

In some parts of Africa slaves are still the basis of all financial reckoning.

AN UNREALIZED DREAM.

In the golden spring day of life I stood
On the flower lined border of womanhood,
And the sun was bright, and the skies were fair,
And the joy birds were singing everywhere.
Then life was a dream that was heaven born
As the sun rose up on the glorious morn
That follows the waning of girlhood's days,
And the woman basked in its cheery rays.

A suitor came in a manly youth
Whose eyes were mirrors reflecting truth,
Whose face an Apollo might envy well
And whose voice was clear as a vesper bell.
But I steeled my heart to the golden snare,
For mad ambition was nesting there
To reign as queen in the tinseled show
Of the upper world, and I bade him go.

A year sped on, and another came,
A knight in the lists of legal fame,
And he whispered the soft, low and sweet
And laid his heart at my queenly feet.
But his name was missing from titled lore:
He was but a toiler in life, no more,
And I mulled the blow in regretful phrase
As he passed from my sight with reproving gaze.

The fires of ambition warmer burned
Till they smothered love, and I proudly spurned
The yearnings of hearts that were brave and bold
And pure in affection as virgin gold.
A king would come with a titled name,
And I'd rule as queen in the world of fame.
And the years sped on with distressing pace,
Each penciling lines on my once fair face.

Then my heart was pierced, as by gleaming blade,
With the growing fear that I'd die a maid
And when hope was waning another came
And I forced a smile and assumed his name.
The dreamed of kingdom I'm ruling o'er
Is a dingy old corner grocery store,
And I aid my bustling old king of kings
In selling bacon and cheese and things!

—Denver Post.

Only Human.

"What's the matter, bub?"

"I lent Willie Jones me new skates an he's gone an fell in dis hole wid 'em."—New York Journal.

Wanted to Set Himself Right.

"Pray do not misjudge me," he said, as he entered the office. "I am a poor man, and I cannot afford to be put in a false light before the public. I desire courteous treatment at your hands and ask that you be not deceived by appearances. My hair is long, but it is because of a financial disagreement with my barber. I am no poet."

Then he succeeded in selling the Sunday editor a book that he didn't want.—Chicago Post.

Her Plan.

Mr. Tezzleton (with swelling muscles)—What would you do if you and I were all alone in the house and you should see a burglar crawling through the window?

Miss Dazeley—Oh, I should stand right in front of the chair behind which you were hid and if possible argue with him until the folks came home.—Chicago Daily News.

Easily Counted.

After an absence of half a year she had returned.

"Did you think of me often, George?" she asked.

"Only once, Aggie," he replied. "but it was an awful long think—six whole months!"—New York World.

Appreciated the Compliment.

"They say that Jones was elated the day after the recount committee threw him out of his seat in the common council."

"Yes: it was because the papers next morning spoke of him as having retired gracefully."—Detroit Free Press.

Calling His Bluff.

"My time is worth $1 a minute to me," said the busy man.

"All right," replied the insurance agent. "I'll take just 15 minutes and allow you the discount on the first premium."—Philadelphia North American.

Too Previous.

Friend—What are you kicking about?

Humorist—I'm a chump. I went and destroyed all my Spanish war jokes that I had left over. If I had them now, I could work them over to suit the Filipino war.—New York Journal.

Ringing the Changes.

First Tramp—That dog got you up a tree, did he?

Second Tramp—Yes, I never saw so much bark about a tree in my life before.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Important Thing.

"They say all the lovemaking was on her part."

"So I've heard. But then he supplied the money, you know."—Philadelphia North American.

Bound to Finish Him, Anyway.

When doctors can't find anything left in a man to cut out, they advise a change of climate as a means of restoring his health.—Atchison Globe.

Conundrum by the Cheerful Idiot.

Q. What is worse than "raining cats and dogs?"

A. Hailing cabs and buses.—Punch.

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WE have 34 bright, new Pianos—perfect in tone, action and finish—all built within the last three years, which we offer you as stated below. The pianos are of such standard makes as

Mathushek,
Kimball,
Pease,
Chickering,
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—all reliable pianos, guaranteed in every particular.

The proposition is this:

We will ship you your choice of any of the named pianos, **prepaying the freight** to any point in Louisiana and Mississippi, charging you our **lowest spot cash price,** and allow you to pay for it next fall, after your crops are made. This gives you a piano **now** and the use of it all summer without a cent's outlay.

Write To-Day!

The number of instruments are limited, and this offer is for this over stock of pianos only.

If you have an old piano, we will take it as a cash payment, allowing you the best possible price.

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special talk to repair men,

giving many practical hints on what to do, how to do it and what you ought to pay for sundries and materials.

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NEW ORLEANS.

He Caught O'Connell.

Daniel O'Connell, the famous orator, when taking a ride in the neighborhood of his house, had occasion to ask an urchin to open a gate for him. The little fellow complied with much alacrity and looked up with such an honest pleasure at rendering the slight service that O'Connell, by way of saying something—anything—asked:

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Daniel O'Connell, sir," replied he stoutly.

"And who's your father?" demanded the astonished liberator.

"Daniel O'Connell, sir."

O'Connell muttered a word or two below his breath and then added aloud

"When I see you again, I'll give you sixpence."

Riding briskly on, he soon forgot the incident and fell to thinking of graver matters, when, after traveling some miles, he found his path obstructed by some fallen timber, which a boy was stoutly endeavoring to remove. On looking more closely he discovered it to be the same boy he had met in the morning.

"What!" cried he. "How do you come to be here now?"

"You said, sir, the next time you seen me you'd give me sixpence," said the little fellow, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

Farmer Sinclair.

John Sutherland Sinclair is a farmer in North Dakota. His farm is called Berriedale farm. In the book of the peerage Mr. Sinclair is put down as Earl of Caithness, Lord Berriedale and a baronet of Nova Scotia. All the castles and vast estates which his ancestors owned have shrunk to the North Dakota farm. The earldom of Caithness once embraced all the northern part of Scotland, from sea to sea, and the Sinclairs were earls of Orkney too.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

It Is Pathetic, Nevertheless.

The headline "Died Penniless" loses nine-tenths of its pathos when one reflects that a minute after death the victim of such sad circumstances is just as well off as if he had died in possession of a hundred millions.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Consoling Thought.

While most persons come into the world crying, very few of them weep when they are leaving it.—Boston Transcript.

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Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought