THE ART OF COURTSHIP.

How to Change a Girl's Negative Into an Affirmative Aanswer.

So ye ast her, did ye, Cyrus? An' she answered
with a "No"?
An' ye think the world a sandy desert wilder-
ness of woe?
An' the wind is full uv groanin' an'and the air
is full uv pizen,
An' there ain't no blessed star uv hope peeps
over yer horizon?

An' the purty smellin's roses look like tossils
on a hearse,
An' the joys uv this probation you are findin'
very skurce,
An' the birds sing funeral dirges to the ears
uv Cyrus Baker,
An' the universe is lyin' ready for the under-
taker.

Cyrus Baker, yer a flat, sir, an' you couldn't
well be flatter;
The way to get the girl ye love is jes' by keep-
in' at her.
All the purty dears are cur'us; this is jest the
way I view it:
That the gals would like to love yer, but you've
got to make 'em do it.

Don't hang roun' a-lookin' lonesome as an
icicle in June,
An' go-a-janglin' through the worl', a fiddle
out uv tune,
Jes' call an' see her now an' then, but don't
get sentimental;
Jes' drop in once or twice a month, as if 'twas
accidental.

But don't do reg'lar courtin', an' don't hang
roun' an' haunt her,
An' don't say any words uv luv, however
much yer want ter;
An' ten to one she'll sweeten up, for Nancy
can't stay soured,
An' nex' time she'll say "Yes" so quick that
you'll be overpowered.

An' then the universe'll be brim full uv song
an' praise,
The sky will be a flower patch stuck full uv
star bouquets,
The wind'll be a fiddler playin' tunes upon
the grass,
An' he'll play his jolliest music w'en you an'
Nancy pass.

—Springfield (Mass.) Union.

A PERFECT PLOT.

"You are rather late, Stephen," said Mrs. Mostyn, as her husband came into the dining-room one day, just as she had finished breakfast, "and I can not stay with you as I have to go out."

"Go out! Why, you said last night you were going to finish that china painting this morning, though I really don't know why you should work so hard. We are not in absolute penury."

"No; but it is pleasant making money in a way one likes. Besides, there will be some to give away when we find we have too much ourselves. And how is your trade going on?"

"To tell the truth, not brilliantly. In fact, I am rather hung up for want of a plot."

"A plot?"

"Yes, it is ridiculous. I have a short story to write this week, and, though I have rather a neat set of characters and small incidents ready, if you understand, a main idea is wanting."

"Dear me that is unfortunate! Why don't you go out for a walk, or for half an hour in the underground, or to the city on a 'bus, and find one?"

"My dear Millicent, what nonsense you talk. As if I were the least likely to find my ideal plot that way! No; I must try and worry it out myself somehow."

"Well, I must be off. Good-bye, Stephen; take my advice—go and look for your ideal in the real of life. I am sure you can find it there."

After his wife had gone Stephen Mostyn ate his breakfast and then sat musing a little, after which, springing out of his chair, he said:

"I never felt less inclined to write in my life! Really, I have a good mind to follow Millicent's advice and go out.

In a few minutes he was standing on the doorstep, deciding upon his next move.

"What a beastly fog! I certainly shan't lose much under ground, so here goes for the Metropolitan Railway."

"Where for?" said the clerk sharply, as Stephen stood vaguely in front of the ticket office.

"Oh, Whitechapel. I should think that leaves room for discovery," he thought to himself.

"What class?"

"Third—better do it thoroughly. Now, then, for a trial trip between Kensington and the Mile End Road, to test Millicent's theory."

A small boy with a large, heavy parcel got into the carriage with him, and spent some moments in vainly trying to secure his burden more firmly, by means of a knotty bit of string that crossed it here and there in purposeless festoons. Mr. Mostyn lending his help, between them they made rather a neat thing of it.

"Adventure the first; ended I fear," said Stephen to himself. "I really can't ask him how old he is and where he lives, and if he thinks it healthy."

"Temple!"

Out tumbled the parcel and the boy, and in walked an elderly young woman with a fringe and an American handbag. She sat down opposite to Stephen, put her hands to her head as if to make certain that it was still in its place, opened her bag and realized that she had not lost her ticket, looked at the window and sighed.

"Not exactly ideal, but scarcely real," thought Stephen. "Do you feel the draught from that window?" he asked.

"No, I don't, thank you," with a well-arranged look of spiteful timidity, and changing her seat to one at the other end of the carriage.

"Is this a beginning?" thought Stephen. "Now, I should like to ask her if she thinks my life for thirty-five years has been working up to the climax of meeting her, veiled in golden fog, in a third class Metropolitan railway carriage? I wonder if it's any good going on with this incident? Madame——?"

"Sir, I think this is Blackfriars' Station," she said whisking her head round as she spoke, the end of her nose depriving the glass of a very fine smut at the same time.

"It is not my business to tell her that she is now still more attractive than when she got in," thought Stephen; "she would probably give me into custody if I did—Blackfriars? Yes, it is. Do you get out here?"

"Yes," plunging at the door as she spoke.

"Ah," he said, turning the handle for her, "I don't."

There entered, before he shut the door, a small woman, holding in one arm a tiny bundle of baby, and pushing before her a little boy. She sat down, the baby keeping its position in the sling formed by its mother's arm, the boy holding close to her, pulling at her shawl, and continually asking her in an unintelligible mutter for something that she had not got or didn't mean to part with. Her bonnet was slipping off her dull, untidy hair; her face was white, with tired, lusterless eyes, pink, pinched little nose and discontented mouth. The poor little apology for a baby might have hung round her neck by a ribbon, and the other child was small and sickly. A shrunken, depressing little group.

Just as Stephen was beginning to weave around in his mind a pathetic, tender fancy, the small boy becoming more than usually importunate, his mother said, with no flicker of change in the expression of her face, but with a voice whose rough grating easily overpowered the noise of the train:

"Jest you stop a worritin', Tommy, else I'll tell yer bloomin' dad when we git 'ome—see if I don't."

Stephen shut his eyes, and only opened them as the little family bundled out two stations further on.

"The Monument!" "Mark Lane!" No further passengers invaded his carriage.

"I can't stand this any longer, and the condensed fog chokes one. I shall get out at the next station and go back."

"Aldgate!"

Out he jumped and crossed to the return platform, literally feeling his way. The underground station at Aldgate is often quite dark in the middle of Summer, and on this day the fog was dense. He found his way to a seat, and (so thick was the darkness) did not discover, till he had taken his place at the end of it, that there were two other people near him. One of them, a man, was speaking in a disagreeable querulous voice.

"I'm sure it's not my fault if I get nothing to do. I am always trying to find something."

"Yes; in other people's pockets," answered a woman's voice. "You want the wage not the work."

"Good heavens! that is Millicent's voice exactly," thought Stephen; "what an extraordinary resemblance!"

"What becomes of money in your hand I can't conceive," she went on.

"It is Millicent's voice! What in God's name is she doing?" and Stephen tried to catch a glimpse of the figure that was screened from him by the man between them, and still more so by the darkness.

"What have you done with the money I sent you last?"

"Done with it? Spent it, of course. A family can not live on nothing. It was not much for you to give—you, who live in luxury; you, whose husband is rich; you——"

"My husband is very far from rich, and if he were so it would benefit you in no way. Every farthing I have given you for your wife was my own, made by own work. I, a woman, worked to help a woman, as I would a man, but not such as you."

"Whatever you may have given you owed to my wife."

"I owed her?"

"Yes; for taking from her what was hers by right."

"Shall I let this brute go on speaking to her?" said Stephen to himself, holding the edge of the seat tightly in each hand.

"And now that she is ill and in want you in your prosperity grudge a little help to her and her hungry children."

"I have lowered myself by listening to you thus far," said Millicent, "in order to see if you would not in time say what I expected of you—what I waited for. Now that you have done so, I will answer you fully this once and never speak with you again. I feel that you can not have lived your life without some one's having called you a liar and coward, or without your knowing that many had a right to do so; therefore I will not pause to add my testimony to theirs. When your first letter came last year, addressed to my husband, 'to wait an answer,' he was happily, away from home. To save time, I, contrary to my inclination, opened your 'appeal.' It contained a manly reference to your wife, and my husband's regard for her in past years, and a cringing demand for money for her and your children, if not for you, and it ended with a suggestion as to the possible unpleasant consequences to his domestic happiness if the subject of your letter became known to me. every detail of the story, as far as it concerned himself, my husband had long since told me, and no mud thrown by you could shake my trust.

"You lie when you say that I took from your wife what was hers by right. My husband loved her with all his heart and soul, and she made him suffer bitterly. But he had loved her I say, and for his sake I consented (if the miserable story should ever reach his ears to give him no further pain) to help the woman who had repaid his love with betrayal, his confidence with treachery, but who had been dear to him before he gave to me what I took from no one else. You lie again when you speak of her present suffering and the wants of her children—silence!" as the man attempted to speak. "Do you think that in dealing with one like you I should take no steps to verify your statements? Of the two children that lived with you and that you called hers, one only was your wife's, and has been dead six months, you cur! And your wretched wife flung from her my husband's love and trust, not for the love of another man, but for life with you, who dragged her to the mire in which she died nearly a month ago! Nearly a week since I had proof of all I am saying, and my only reason for consenting to see you again, as you asked, was to tell you of this, and also to warn you that if you ever communicate with, or molest me or my husband in any way, I have means to make that your last public performance for a considerable time."

As she said the last words, Millicent rose, walking straight up to and getting into the train that had just run into the station. The man she had been speaking sat still while she moved away, but as she opened the carriage door, he started up with an oath, as if to follow her. Stephen Mostyn's umbrella becoming unfortunately mingled with the swearer's legs, he was precipitated painfully on to the platform, as the train left the station, and Stephen bounded up the steps to the surface of the earth.

Mrs. Mostyn had dressed for dinner that evening, and was sitting by the fire when her husband came in.

"Well, Stephen, when you do follow my advice you follow it generously, I must say. Have you been out ever since I saw you last?"

"Very nearly."

"And walking, or in the underground, or on the top of a 'bus?"

"A little of all three, and the club to finish with."

"Well, and have you found your plot?"

"Yes, but I can't write it now, so am not much better off than before."

"Good gracious! why?"

"Because," said Stephen, bending and kissing her eyes, "the story is so pretty that I have no words in which to tell it; no character that I have hitherto conceived is good enough to play a part in it; no incident that I have known or imagined but seems poor and tedious beside it."

"Then it is very good?"

"Perfect!"

"And is it real or ideal?"

"Both."

"Won't you tell it to me?"

"Some day."—*London World.*

Two Womanly Women.

One was perhaps 25, the other a little younger. They were pretty, and were stylishly dressed. A carriage stood at the Fourteenth street entrance of Willard's Hotel, awaiting their pleasure. It could not be supposed that they were in very distressful financial straits.

They sat at a table in the reception room of Willard's devising, concocting and instituting a telegraphic message to send to some friend. The elder one did the writing, and scratching, and rewriting, which used up six or seven Western Union blanks. The younger one leaned closely over the scrivener and furnished suggestions at just the right time to make the scrivener tear up blanks.

"We will be there to-morrow."

That was what they wanted to say. That was what they did say in the very first writing.

"But," said the younger, "if we say we are coming home we shall both have to sign it."

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow."

That was the result of much mental effort spent in composing and much physical exertion spent in erasing.

"I guess that will do," said the younger, and the two seemed to breathe with that freedom which tells of great responsibilities unshouldered.

"Hold on," said the elder, at the door.

"What?" asked the other.

"'Carrie and I will be there to-morrow.' One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—only seven words."

"Well?"

"Why, we have to pay as much for seven words as we do for ten."

Here was more difficulty. It would never do to pay for ten words and send only seven. That would be a reckless and a wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each time they talked off a new message on their fingers they found they had either too few or too many words.

"Pshaw!" said the younger one; "why didn't I think of it before. I have it."

"Have you? Have you?"

"Why, of course. Leave it just as it is and add, 'Yours, very truly.'"

If the young lady had had an inspiration she could not have looked prouder of it; and for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful being.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow. Yours, very truly," was the message that went through some operator's hands yesterday afternoon.—*Washington Critic.*

Paul Smith Has the Right Idea.

Paul Smith has been known as a remarkably successful and prosperous hotel keeper in the northern part of the Adironback wilderness ever since Murray set the tide of fashion flowing toward the woods. It may be that he is entitled to a still more honorable reputation. Mr. Smith owns 28,000 acres of woodlawn, including the St. Regis lakes, and many ponds, having added 4,000 acres last spring at an expense of $25,000. Mr. Smith's purpose in purchasing is described by himself as follows:

"I brought to keep out the lumbermen and have the woods remain as nature intended them. It is my intention to make a large preserve and give everybody opportunity to enjoy its benefits; to be as free to the public as the air that is breathed. No signs forbidding trespass shall be posted on my property. I will protect it from desecration and convert it into a magnificent park which people will be welcome to enjoy. I trust when I am dead and gone 'Old Paul Smith' will be remembered with gratitude for this action by thousand of people who will come here and enjoy happiness in roaming through the forests, camping by lakes and ponds, shooting, and fishing. I consider this good-will of the public a priceless heirloom to hand down to my children.—*Syracuse Christian Advocate.*

Indisposed and Exposed.

A well-known public man has two sons, one of whom is nearly twenty-one years of age and the other about thirteen. The elder took a turn at society last winter, but subsided when Lent began. Not many days ago, while the family were at dinner, the youth said:

"I expect to be married one of these days, but I have learned enough in this month not to select a society girl for a wife. Most of them do not get up until 11 or 12 o'clock in the day. They are indisposed half the time."

"Yes, and exposed the other half," said the little fellow, who had been a keen listener to the experience related by his big brother.—*Sunday Mercury.*

Probably Made Up for Lost Time.

(Sharply) "Seems to me, Maud, that young Mr. Hankinson staid pretty late last night. Did he have any pressing business?"

(Blushingly) "Not till just before he went away, mamma."

Cigars This Year.

From the New York Sun.

Thomas C. Delano, an authority on cigars and tobacco, although not directly interested in the trade financially, has just returned from Key West and Cuba. He says that the output from Key West of cigars this year will be 90,000,000. Some years ago, he says, Connecticut seed leaf was regarded by domestic manufacturers, and even by some in Key West, as standing next to Havana leaf for cigar wrappers. It brought a high price. But the Connecticut tobacco farmers have killed their tobacco goose in a queer way. They used for some years certain kinds of manures which gave the tobacco a luxurient growth, but devoloped certain weaknesses in the tobacco which manufacturers now say make it unprofitable for a wrapper. For that reason manufacturers import their wrappers from Sumatra. The Connecticut tobacco has depreciated at least 50 per cent. through an unskillful use of manures.

In chronic cases of neuralgia, rheumatism, or gout, where the disturbing cause is a certain acid which poisons the blood, Salvation Oil should be used. This powerful pain-destroyer will in time dissolve the poison circulating in the blood, and bring relief when all others fail. Price 25 cents.

The latest news from Zululand comes by cable. The warriors have all married; they desire in the future peace and happiness and enough Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for the next season.

All foods for plants must be soluble to be available.

Horrid Torture.

This is often felt in every joint and muscle of the body by turns, by people who, experiencing the earliest twinges of rheumatism, neglect to arrest the malady, as they may easily do, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a professionally authenticated remedy for the agonizing complaint. Recollect that rheumatism unchecked often lasts a lifetime, or abruptly terminates it when the malady attacks the heart. The Bitters also remedies chills and fever, dyspepsia and liver complaint.

Do not remove the mulch from trees and plants too early.

People do not discover it until too late, that the so called washing powders not only eat up their clothes, but ruin their skin, and cause rheumatism. Use nothing but Dobbins' Electric Soap. Have your grocer keep it.

Ground bone is a good fertilizer to put around trees in setting them.

TESTED BY TIME. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cts.

Racy, entertaining talk is only exposed thought.

A pocked match-safe free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

Freedom is lost with too much responsibility and seriousness.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

Your Blood

Needs a good cleansing this spring, in order to overcome the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or which may be hereditary, and cause you much suffering. We confidently recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the very best spring medicine. By its use the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, that tired feeling is entirely overcome and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and liver invigorated.

"I was feeling very much worn out and found nothing to benefit me till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have now taken several bottles and it has made me feel perfectly well. I was also troubled with sores breaking out in my mouth, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla have had no further trouble from them. I have recommended it to others who have been very much benefited by using it." MRS MARY ADDERLY, 627 North Water Street, Decatur, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass

100 Doses One Dollar

A SCARED EDITOR.

A rugged farmer stalked into the sanctum with a big whip under his arm.

"Be you the editor?" he asked. "I am," was the half apprehensive reply.

"Here's two dollars—send me your paper, for life," he said.

"You see," he went on, "our daughter was sick and like to die; she drooped and grew weak and pale, had headaches, no appetite, back ached, hands and feet like ice, couldn't sleep, hacked with cough, and we thought she had consumption. No medicine helped her until she tried that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription mentioned in your paper, when she began to mend in no time and is now well and handsome as a rose—put me down as a life subscriber."

Now the editor is looking for another scare. The medicine has cured thousands afflicted as was the farmer's daughter, restoring the female functions to healthy action, and removing the obstructions and suppressions which caused her trouble. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case or price ($1.00) refunded. It's a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to sour, or ferment in the stomach and derange digestion.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic, or strength-giver. It promptly cures nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness. It is carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. Purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

For a Book of 160 pages on Woman: Her Diseases, and How to Cure them, (sent sealed in plain envelope) enclose ten cents, in stamps, to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.

They are Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless.
As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!

ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

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You can lessen

LIFE'S BURDEN
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It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for cleaning purposes ...
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who would take half your hard work off your shoulders and do it without a murmur? What would you give to find an assistant in your housework that would keep your floors and walls clean, and your kitchen bright, and yet never grow ugly over the matter of hard work? Sapolio is just such a friend and can be bought at all grocers.

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The most Elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer known. The first Bitters containing Iron ever advertised in America. J. P. ALLEN, Druggist & Chemist, St. Paul, Minn.

Phil Stimmel & Co.

Binder Twine

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OMAHA, Neb.

"By helping others may we not help ourselves"?

It is a well known fact that the present prices of Binder twine are very HIGH.

How can this condition be remedied? Simply by the consumers using GUARANTEED ANTI-TRUST JUTE TWINE.

Our "JUTE" twine was a great success in the harvest of 1889. It is warranted 500 to 550 feet to the lb., 85 lbs. average tensile strength.

It is weather proof and will work satisfactory on all standard Harvesters. WRITE US for any kind of Binding Twine.

KALONA, Iowa, April 14, 1890.

MR. PHIL STIMMEL:
Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 12th, will say we sold lots of the Jute Twine last year, and could have sold it in preference to most of our customers, if we had had it, it gave the best of satisfaction.
Yours truly, PALMER & BENSON.

WILSON, Kan., April 16, 1890.

MR. PHIL STIMMEL, Omaha:
Dear Sir: In reply of yours about Jute Twine we must say: we sold a good deal last year, and same worked well on all machines used here. Some people like same better than Sisal or Manilla.
Yours trury, SCHWARZ & ZAVODNIK.

STOCKTON, KAS., June 28, 1889.

EUGENE SMITH, Chicago, Ills.:
Dear Sir: I have had but one man bring back a pound of jute twine. So far as I can see, I think it just as good as Manilla and Sisal. Some thought it would not go as far as standard twine, so I had a farmer test it with a ball of standard twine. The ball of standard twine bound 587 bundles, and a ball of your twine bound 588 bundles. Each ball was taken out of a 50-lb bale. Yours, MONTGOMERY & SON.

LISBON, Texas, June 7, 1888.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
I have tested the Jute Twine in my Empire Binder, and it gives perfect satisfaction and does as good work as the Sisal I have been using.
(Signed) G. W. GIVENS, President of Lisbon Alliance.

NESS CITY, Kansas, April 15, 1890.

MR. PHIL STIMMEL:
Dear Sir: Referring to your inclosure of the 12th instant, I will say that I used Jute Twine exclusively last year with good results, and my customers were very well pleased with it. Yours truly,
H. E. RALSTON.