

A LOVING TRIBUTE.

Those Who Stood Nearest to the Late George W. Childs in Journalistic Life...

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 5.—The Ledger, in an editorial Saturday, says: George W. Childs died this morning. This announcement will be received with profound grief by those who stood near to him...

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 5.—In many of the churches of the various denominations yesterday the death of George W. Childs was being solemnly commemorated...

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ACCEPT, dear wife, this little token, if it speaks in any way...

Our little ones are making merry with you and yours...

You are as fair and sweet as tender, and I love you as I love my life...

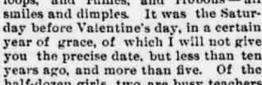
What though these years of ours be fleeting, I'll most of all remember you...

And when I fall before his rearing, And when my stammering speech is done...

So, take, dear love, this little token, if it speaks in any way...

The sentiment I'll faintly have spoken, Say, will you kiss my Valentine?

—Eugene Field, in Ladies' Home Journal.



HERE were half a dozen of the girls together...

They were all in the very first season of their long dresses—the eldest not quite sixteen...

They were all braids, and puffs, and fluff curls—all smiles and dimples...

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"To whom shall you send it, dear?" Bertha asked, gently, a little subdued by Nellie's epistolary success.

"Oh, send it to Jack," cried Kitty Green. "He boards with us, and he needs it—bad enough."

"I don't mind. I would just as lief send it to Jack. That is, I'll send it to him if you'll promise, on your sacred honor, never in any way to let him know who wrote it."

"Oh, I will—just as I live and breathe, I'll never tell him, and never let him guess, if I can help it."

"And all you girls?" Nellie asked, with the pretty pink glow deepening in her cheeks.

"And they all promised, for there was a sort of honest earnestness in Nellie's nature to which they found it natural to yield."

"So the valentine was directed in Nellie's most neat and proper manner to 'Mr. Jack Green,' and was dropped into the post office with the rest of the valentines the girls had written that day."

On the 15th the six girls were all together at school, comparing notes and exchanging confidences.

"I saw Jack go it, Nellie," said one of the girls, who had been to the school.

"He got it, don't you think, along with half a dozen others, and he read them all before he came to this one."

"I know this, you know, by the shape of the envelope. When he came to it I saw him read it all through, and then I saw him go back and read it again."

"That's an honest letter from some little saint."

"Then he came up to me and held it toward me, while I pretended to be very busy with my valentines."

"Do you know that handwriting, Kit?"

"I felt like an awful little liar, but I had promised you. I stretched out my hand for it and said, carelessly:

"Why, isn't it Sue's?"

"Sue is his sister, you know. So he thought I did not know who it came from, and he changed his mind and put it into his pocket and went off."

"I saw him afterward to let me see it he said."

"No; there are some things a fellow would be a end to show."

"So I saw it hit home, and well it might. It was a tremendous letter, Nellie."

And Kitty ended with a hug and a kiss, and a look of that loyal admiration which a girl can give another girl now and then.

When the spring came Jack Green went away from Chester, and did not come back there any more.

Nelly's care—something seemed to have given the poor old patient a fresh lease of life. There was no need that Nelly should stay with her any more; but she went to see her daily, and it was curious how often Dr. Jack's visits happened at the same time.

One night the doctor had left his horse at home, and he and Nelly walked away together. They talked about the lingering sunset, and the soft sounds, and even the old woman for Nelly, woman-like, was struggling desperately to keep Dr. Jack from saying what she desperately wanted to hear.

"I've read all these years just to earn your esteem, and now I find I can't care a thing about that unless I can win also your love."

"I think Nelly's answer must have satisfied him, for she is Mrs. Jack Green now; and that valentine—worn and old, but choicely framed—always hangs over the doctor's study table."

—Louise Chandler Moulton, in N. Y. Weekly.

A Modern Valentine. I've written it, love, with a stiff steel pen. For the general understanding, Are so learned, now that their quills, I throw. Must supply their own demand.

I've secured it, love, by the aid of glue, Instead of a strand of hair. Which I cannot obtain, for I see with pain, I have really come to spare.

careful consideration which made all those poor souls whom he visited adore him. Then he turned to Nelly.

"Who will stay with her to-night?" he asked, "for indeed she hardly ought to be left alone."

"I shall stay," was the quiet answer. "Then come to the door with me, please, and let me give you your directions."

Nelly followed and stood there, in the soft summer dusk—a pretty picture—with the wild-rose flush daubing in her cheeks and a new light kindling her blue eyes.

"How very much I owe to you," he said.

"You, how?" And a deep, deep crimson dyed Nelly's face and throat.

"Oh, I will—just as I live and breathe, I'll never tell him, and never let him guess, if I can help it."

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A Family Laxative. Physicians are not inclined to recommend as a medicine to the laity. Yet there is one need which they are almost unable to supply.

The family physician is able to prescribe for the most complicated and obscure of ailments, and yet is often puzzled to know just what to give when asked for a remedy which can be kept in the house for family use as a laxative that is effective, free from danger, and not unpleasant to take.

When absent on our summer vacations, when asked by four different parties, representing as many families, what we thought of the Syrup of Figs, we were somewhat surprised to find that there was this small token of the very general use of that preparation. These parties said they derived more benefit from it and found it more pleasant to take than anything of the kind they had ever used.

The therapeutic properties of senna are so well known that comment on such a remedy is unnecessary. It might be well to note, however, that Bartholin says it is "a very safe and reliable cathartic, and that it is highly prized as a remedy for constipation."

The simple truth of the matter is, we have altogether too few preparations which we can recommend to our families for which we are familiar. The Fig Syrup company gives to the profession the composition of this preparation, therefore there is no secret about it; the persons who use this laxative speak in the highest terms about it, and we possess no other medicine of such large number of physicians are prescribing it.

Viewed from the narrowest and most exacting standpoint, this preparation is nothing but recommended as such a preparation as Syrup of Figs to his patients, while the most exacting of the highest standard of doing the best possible by who place themselves in our care, we would say the profession cannot do better than give their highest approval to such a preparation—American Analyst.

After the Ceremony—Groom—"I say, will you see the minister for me? I-I-I forgot the wedding fee." Father-in-law—"Young man, you are beginning early. I expect you'll be back from your wedding tour before this began."

5100 Reward, \$100. The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cured disease that science has been able to cure in its progress, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity.

Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

As a Simple and Effective Remedy for the Special Affection of the Prostate Gland, it has stood first in public favor. They are absolutely unrivaled for the alleviation of all urinary irritations caused by cold or use of the voice.

A WOMAN'S age is about eighty-five percent.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hall's Family of Household and Toilet Remedies. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

ONE peculiarity about debts is, the more debts are contracted the larger they grow.—Truth.

A FEEBLE WOMAN—suffering from nervous prostration, excitability, or dizziness, the result of weakness, derangement, or displacement of the special organs will find health regained after using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In every case of "female complaint."

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

THE MARKETS. CATTLE—Native Steers... WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter... CORN—No. 2 Mixed...

ST. JACOBS OIL IS THE KING-CURE OVER ALL. FOR SCIATICA. IT HAS NO EQUAL, NO SUPERIOR. ALONE THE BEST.

MOTHERS' Friend. Is a scientifically prepared liniment—every ingredient recognized value, and in constant use by the medical profession.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.



Pat's Reply.—The butcher was shoveling a big drift of snow from the walk in front of his shop when Pat came along and asked for a job. The butcher refused. Pat persisted. "No," said the butcher. "How will I get exercise if I let you shove it?" "Eat your meat," rejoined Pat, as he shouldered his shovel and marched on.—Utica Observer.

100 Bushels Wheat from Two Acres. This remarkable yield was reported by Frank Close, Minnesota, on two acres of Marvel Spring wheat. Specimens of this wheat, this new sort takes the cake. It is the greatest cropping spring wheat in the world.

KNOWLEDGE. Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The man who lives better than others and enjoys life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Yellow Faces are not Pretty. Still less so are the symptoms of the complaint that makes faces yellow. It is indicated by pains in the right side and through the right shoulder, by nausea, vertigo, sick headache, sour breath and furred tongue.

AN "As You Like It" club has been formed in Wichita. The motto of the club shall probably be: "Same here."—Kansas City Star.

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