Poor Quality

The Marble Hill Press.

J. S. Hill, Business Manager.

MARBLE HILL, - - MISSOURI

Skaguay is said to be a healthy place—provided one has no entanglements with the vigilance committee.

Promoter Grable is one of those financiers who make two dollars grow where no dollar ever grew before.

A North Dakota evangelist says he can see the dove of universal peace hovering in the air. That settles it; there will be no war.

"I look out for my own intuition," says a lady, "and then do exactly the opposite." Which shows faith in the system through constant insult of the author of it.

If a Spanish war should result not only in the freedom of Cuba, but in the freedom of the Philippines as well, Uncle Sam could congratulate himself on having done a great stroke of business.

The "jingo" congressmen, who try to make the most of every provocation to war, remind one of the little girl who, when lightning struck the house, and partly destroyed it, clapped her hands and cried, "Do it again!" But she knew no better.

One duty of ministers is to say: "Come." "Don't come," is the message of a missionary at Dawson City, and it is given to warn away the multitude dreaming that there is wealth for them in the Yukon district. He is thus preaching physical salvation, for "the country is already overcrowded, and the supply of labor is greater than the demand." Do not forget those two words, "Don't come!"

The experience of the fifth century is to repeated on a more extended scale. The outer barbarians were falling upon the Chinese empire as they did upon its Roman predecessor. An unwarlike civilization is succumbing to assailants whom it despises, but whom it cannot resist. And as at least four Roman empires could be cut out of China, the collapse that we are witnessing is one whose like the world has never seen before.

The opposition to the press brought out by the press-gag bill at Albany is astonishing. But for the press very few of these opponents of a legitimate business would ever have been heard of; and their impatience at the right of fair as well as unfair criticism shows a weakness that belongs to few bodies of men of that size. The influence of the press in politics is perhaps not as great as has been claimed; but there ought to be some results from this injustice.

Sir Robert Peel of England, who refuses to fight an American who calls him a liar and a swindler, because the American is not his equal socially, is not such a stickler for the proprieties as he assumes to be. One surmises that, anyhow, because he refuses to return borrowed money, steals pictures that belong to the estate of his predecessors, and has written a bad book wherein he is chiefly successful in confessing himself a scoundrel and a peddler of other people's confidences.

A young woman went into a large dry-goods store not long ago and began openly to pocket articles from the counter. On being arrested, she said quietly that having no home but the streets, she preferred to spend the night in prison. The incident emphasizes President Eliot's recent caution to would-be philanthropists. Hospitals and asylums and reformatories are but necessary palliatives of developed evil; whereas churches, schools, museums, gardens, gymnasia are instruments of moral construction, and to train a child to avoid evil and pauperism is better than to help the adult out of those conditions.

Whoever thinks art an easy mistress let him study biography. One of the foremost of American actors recently told an audience of young men that for something like seven years he was almost on the verge of starvation. Night after night, after the play he would invest one of his few pennies in hot baked potatoes, put them in his pockets, and after warming his hands on them would swallow them. "Sargent and I," said a famous painter and sculptor to an art student, as he corrected her drawing, "spent some months in Spain when we were young artists. We were very, very poor. Sargent could talk better Spanish than I, so he went out and bought the beans, and I cooked them. Beans were all we had to eat." Yet Mansfield and Sargent and Duveneck, like thousands of other brave and successful men, have persisted against terrible odds, until success was assured.

In our southern brethren we have as true patriots, as cool and determined and sincere champions of the republic as are to be found anywhere within the borders of the land. We know that if trouble comes to us they will be among the first to spring to arms, and that, in the cause of the union, they will display the same impetuous valor and brilliant dash that, thirty-five years ago, immortalized the paladins who followed Lee and Jackson, Johnston and Longstreet, with equal zeal to victory or defeat.

"I am a Swiss by birth, a German by education, an American by choice," said the late Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff. Every immigrant who shows an intelligent purpose to be an American in the full and patriotic meaning of that word will be welcomed to our shores. None others need apply or approach.

When one considers the industry of Charlotte B. Smith, who wants bachelors taxed $10 a year for the support of old maids, it becomes a duty to insist that the cost of bachelorism shall be ten times larger.

It is disheartening to read of the conviction for fraud of a youthful scion of a noble English house, whose ancient motto, "Ne vile velis," may be rendered, "Choose nothing base." Gentle birth has its obligations, as the old French proverb reminds us, and one of them certainly must be to keep unstained a name made honorable by generations of worthy ancestors.

The spring season is at hand, and it is not unreasonable to hope that sarsaparilla will eradicate the bad blood engendered by the Maine affair.

WHY ENGLAND WANTS AN ALLIANCE—WARNING TO THE SENATE.

The continuance of the present gold standard in the United States is necessary to the supremacy of England's commercial dominion over the world. An offensive and defensive alliance will settle the question for all time. A good time to encourage an alliance is during the present trouble between the United States and Spain. If we do not succeed in forcing it now, then farewell to our primacy as the financial rulers of the world.—London Times.

TRAITORS TO PARTY.

A MIXED UP STATE OF AFFAIRS IN CHICAGO.

The Money Power Making Every Effort to Disrupt the Organization — The Bryan and Altgeld Democracy to the Rescue—President Prentiss' Reviews.

Political conditions in Chicago are not just what they should be—from the true Democratic standpoint. The gold-only crowd is seeking to pervert the ward clubs and regular committees, with a view of controlling the coming and future state conventions. An alleged Democratic city administration, while professing allegiance to the Chicago platform, is winking at the conspiracy. For a year the loyal followers of the Chicago platform have closely observed the development of one plot after another. The administration has been repeatedly appealed to. For every appeal made some traitorous goldite has been given an office. "We want peace and a reunion of the party," says the oracle of the administration. "With a united party we can win this year and in 1900." This oracle never mentions a basis of union. Yet it must know that the goldites can never subscribe to the Chicago platform. It also well knows that no Democrat will tolerate any compromise platform. It knows that there is no show for the goldites to rule the Democratic party in the city, state or nation. The trouble with the oracle is that it is not in sympathy with the platform. Its efforts to destroy that platform shall not be made under the name of Democracy. The people are about to close in on it. When they get through with it there will be nothing left. It may succeed in sending a delegation to the state convention, but it cannot seat that delegation. They will be shut out for good and substantial cause.

The Bryan and Altgeld Democracy of Cook county will do battle with those who would betray the party. This organization, the most powerful in the party, has just chosen as its president Judge William Prentiss, next to Altgeld the greatest leader of the people of Illinois. In his letter of acceptance he reviews the situation in Chicago and points out the duty of all Democrats. His letter will interest Democrats throughout the state and nation. It is as follows:

To the Members of the Bryan and Atgeld Democracy of Cook County—Gentlemen: Your unsolicited and unanimous selection of me as your chairman deserves more than the brief acceptance then made. Besides, I wish to put in writing the chief reasons which, contrary to personal inclination, impelled me to take upon myself so great a responsibility and incidentally allude to the objects in view in forming the organization.

Always a member of the Democratic party and from boyhood up taking an active part in all its battles, mourning at its defeats and rejoicing in its victories, I hesitated to attach myself to any political society where any words, however honorable or dear, were prefixed to that grand old word Democracy.

But some who deliberately deserted the Democratic party in 1896 and joined the forces of the enemy and helped to defeat the grandest army of Democrats ever before assembled still claim the Democratic name, while refusing to accept the fatih as declared by the only competent authority, the Democratic national convention, or to support Democratic candidates regularly and fairly nominated. This would be unimportant but for the fact that these same persons fresh from the camp of the enemy, with the blood of Democratic heroes upon their hands, are demanding the right to vote at Democratic primaries, to sit in Democratic conventions and to receive political preferment at the hands of the party they abandoned and fought in the most unequal and yet in the most glorious conflict in its history. * * * In my judgment an organization with the object as declared in the charter of this one is demanded in Cook county. Its declaration of principles is every plank in the Chicago platform of 1896; its name implies that these principles are to be persistently adhered to until they shall triumph.

The names Bryan and Altgeld are synonymous with honesty and purpose and determination of will. The people have a right to know when they vote for a Democrat whether he is a "gold standard" Democrat, a non-committal Democrat, a silver Democrat who thinks a gold standard McKinley Democrat is just as good a Democrat as one of the 16-to-1 variety, or a genuine Chicago platform Democrat of the '96 brand.

Nothing is so harmful in politics as dishonesty; and what is more dishonest than to sail under false colors? The Bryan and Altgeld Democracy propose to prevent this as far as possible. When a man becomes a candidate for a Democratic nomination it will endeavor to find out just where he stands.

REPUDIATES THE POSERS.

No man has a right to pose as a Democrat unless he accepts the principles of that party. Where are you to find these if not in its platform as enunciated in its latest national convention?

If that body has not authority to declare the Democratic faith, who or what has? If refusal to accept the principles and support the nominees of the national convention of a political party does not forfeit membership therein, pray what does?

What claim can any man have upon the Democratic party who fought against it in 1896 and who still refuses to accept its tenets as binding upon him? This organization proposes to do battle for the principles of the Chicago platform of 1896 under all circumstances and on all occasions.

It proposes to do what it can to do away with double dealing and dodging in Democratic politics. It is determined to "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

A half million or more republicans refused to support their party platform and its candidate in 1896, just as so-called gold democrats refused to support theirs. For more than a year the republican party has had full control in the nation, in this state and in Cook county, with tens of thousands of offices to distribute, and yet not one has been given to a silver republican who failed to support McKinley. And to the everlasting credit of the silver republicans not one of them has asked an office or asked recognition of any kind as a republican at the hands of the republican party.

I commend this noble example to those so-called democrats who as a matter of conscience could not support Bryan and Altgeld in 1896, and who still refuse to be reconciled to the democratic faith. No doubt, there are former democrats who wandered away in 1896 who have recanted or will recant, and in good faith return to the fold. There is no disposition on our part to deny these democratic fellowship.

We make war upon no democrat, democratic society or organization. We wish them all godspeed in every worthy effort to advance the democratic cause. We are simply middle-of-the-road democrats.

Gentlemen of the committee, the work before us is no easy task. It will require hard labor, wise counsel and above all unswerving fidelity to purpose.

The organization must not be allowed to be used for selfish purposes or to serve the individual ends of any man. If we fail in this regard the day of its usefulness will be short. All else must be lost sight of in efforts to inculcate the true democratic faith. Sincerely yours, WILLIAM PRENTISS.

Why Adjourn?

Republican newspapers are urging an early adjournment of congress. What's their little game? It can be safely said that there is a little game, though what that game may be is carefully concealed. It may be that the unanimous attitude of congress on the Spanish question has caused the Republican newspapers to express an earnest desire that it adjourn as early as the first of May. It is evident that the administration is anxious to preserve the peace. It is equally evident that congress is resolved to preserve the honor of this nation. With congress out of the way the danger of a declaration of war would be averted and the administration could parley and delay and finally devise some cowardly scheme to avoid meeting the Spanish situation honestly, earnestly and face to face. Republicans have discovered that all their plots "to place this country more firmly on the gold basis" have been balked by the attitude of the senate; they have discovered that their scheme to annex the Hawaiian islands is rejected and discredited; they have discovered that so far as pushing the interests of their party is concerned, congress is useless; hence they are anxious that it shall adjourn. Congress should not adjourn until the Spanish question has been settled. The honor of this nation is at stake, and congress will be false to itself and to the country if it accepts the suggestions of Republican newspapers.

Dangerous Words.

He—Surely you must know that I love you. I cannot live without you. She—Sh-h! Papa might hear you say that. If he did he would be sure to object without giving you a chance to explain.

Even if a man isn't well up in the social scale he dislikes being cut by his barber.

THE DINGLEY DEFICIT

FIFTY MILLION MARK HAS NOW BEEN REACHED.

Hundreds of Thousands of Men are Still Looking for Work and Mills Keep Right On Closing—Open the Mints Mr. McKinley.

There was a sound of revelry in the Republican camp over the fact that for the month of February the business of the country showed a surplus in the treasury of about fifteen hundred thousand dollars. There was nothing said about the deficit of about fifty million dollars which has been caused by the operations of the Dingley tariff, but the fact that for the first time since the bill went into effect a surplus was shown in the monthly report was trumpeted far and wide. March does not give much encouragement that the experience of February will be repeated. The showing for the first week is as follows:

Expenditures	$11,082,000
Revenues	8,920,736
Deficiency	$ 2,161,264

The showing for the fiscal year from July 1 to March 7 is as follows:

Expenditures	$282,560,825
Revenues	231,479,844
Deficiency	$ 51,080,981

With a deficit of over $51,000,000, the prospect of catching up with expenses is extremely doubtful. Even if the tariff could do as well each month as it did last February, it would take more than four years to balance the books. As McKinley has but three more years to serve, it looks as though his administration would have the deficit permanently associated with it. If the Republicans could be taught anything, they would begin to learn that a protective tariff cannot produce revenue. And if the experiences of the cotton mill owners teach anything, they teach that the Dingley bill is a failure, even as a protective measure. So far as can be determined by the workings of the Dingley law up to date, it is the most monumental example of Republican folly that has ever been given to the people of this country. And yet the Republicans claim that they belong to "the party of reform."

Hundreds of thousands of men are seeking employment. Twenty mills have closed since March 1. Open the mints, Mr. McKinley.

Butler on Trusts.

Senator Butler of North Carolina contributes a strong article on trusts to the March number of the Arena. In accounting for the existence of trusts the senator calls attention to the fact that the three most potent factors of commerce—money, transportation and the telegraph—are controlled by a few men. Competition is prevented and trusts thrive. As a radical measure to crush the trusts Senator Butler sugests that congress should exercise its constitutional right to control these three elements of commerce. There can be no doubt that such a remedy would work a cure for the evils which have come upon this country by the establishment and operation of the trusts. Without the power to make discriminating rates in the transportation of merchandise, without the power to increase or diminish the volume of the currency and without the power to monopolize information through the command of the telegraph, the trusts would be deprived of the means to maintain their existence. That all these measures have any chance of adoption is not probable. Indeed, the governmental control of railroads is not within the realm of possibility. As for the control of the currency, the battle over that question is now beginning. The gold clique is marshaling its forces in behalf of the money power, and the Democracy is rallying to the support of the people. Postal telegraphy has long been a successful enterprise of the English government, and may be hopefully looked for in this country. Senator Butler has written a thoughtful article, which contains much matter worthy of the profoundest consideration.

Pillage of Postal Revenues.

New York World: For hauling a ton of ordinary freight the great railroads charge from three-tenths of a cent to 1 cent for each mile. For hauling a ton of mail matter the same railroads charge the government 9 cents a mile. Is not this an outrageous extortion? Should not congress stop it? Why should the government pay from $9 to $30 for the service which is rendered to private persons for $1? It is true that mail matter is a special kind of freight which ought to pay more than ordinary freight. But, in conscience name, how much more?

The softer the road the harder it is to travel.

GAINED 22 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS

From the By-Stander, Macomb, Ill.

Alderman Louis W. Camp, of our city, has quite astonished his friends of late, by a remarkable gain in weight. He has gained 22 pounds in five weeks. Those of his friends who do not know the facts of his sickness will read with interest the following:

"I was broken down in health and utterly miserable," said Mr. Camp to our reporter. "I was unable to work much of the time and so badly afflicted with a form of stomach trouble that life was a veritable nightmare.

"I tried various remedies, but during the six months of my sickness I obtained no relief. I had always been a robust, healthy man and sickness bore heavily upon me.

"About two years ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased one box and received so much benefit that I used five more and was entirely cured. *I gained twenty-two pounds in five weeks.* Since I stopped taking the pills I have scarcely had an ache or pain.

Interviewing the Alderman.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored me to health and I most heartily recommend them."

L. W. Camp on oath says that the foregoing statement is true.

W. W. MELOAN, *Notary Public.*

Following is the physician's certificate as to Mr. Camp's present condition.

I am a regularly licensed physician of Macomb, McDonough County, Ill. I have very recently examined Mr. L. W. Camp as to his general physical condition, and find the same to be all that could be desired, appetite and digestion good, sleeps well, and has all the evidences of being in a good physical condition. SAM'L FURSELL, M. D.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of September, 1897.

W. W. MELOAN, *Notary Public.*

Doomed to the Basement.

St. Peter—From New York, eh? Well, you didn't pay your groc r, and never lost a chance to slip out of your flat without paying the rent. You can't come in.

New Arrival—Eh? Where shall I go?

St. Peter—Down below.

New Arrival—Great snakes! Have I got to go and room with the janitor?

Masculine Management.

Little Dick—Go ask mamma if we can have those crusts she was goin' to throw away.

Little Dot—I don't want crusts.

Little Dick—Neither do I, but if we ask her, for 'em she'll give us a big piece of ginger cake.

His Opinion of Girls.

Teacher—Spell heroine.

Little Boy—H-e-r-o-i-n-e.

"Correct. What does it mean?"

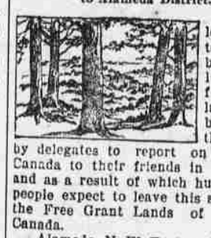
"I—I forget."

"If a little girl should do something heroic, what would you call her?"

"A freak."

VISITED WESTERN CANADA.

Report of Delegates Sent from Michigan to Alameda District.



The following letters have been selected from a large number of those sent by delegates to report on Western Canada to their friends in Michigan, and as a result of which hundreds of people expect to leave this spring for the Free Grant Lands of Western Canada.

Alameda, N. W. T., Aug. 31, 1897.

Dear Friends of Saginaw:—Those desiring to secure a good and sure home will do well to take our advice, and examine the land in the neighborhood of Alameda, as we know that everyone who sees this land will be agreeably surprised. Before seeing this land we were partly in doubt as to moving here, but after looking it over we at once decided to make our home here, and we beg those of our friends who are desirous of securing farms, not to let this chance slip by, as the soil is of the best and the water can not be excelled. The finest wheat we ever saw is also raised here.

We shall return home in haste, straighten out our affairs, and move here at once.

Yours truly,
(Signed) WILLIAM GOTTOWSKI,
ALBERT MAI,
WILLIAM RIEDEL,
Of Saginaw.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 10, 1897.

Mr. M. V. McInnes, Chief Colonization Agent, Detroit, Mich. Dear Sir:—We are pleased to state to you that we have found the country in the vicinity of Alameda fully up to what you and Mr. Keller had represented it to be. It is, in fact, an ideal location for mixed farming. The soil is the best we ever saw, and as the farmers were all busy at threshing, we had an excellent chance to see its productive quality, which cannot be surpassed anywhere. The cattle could not be in better condition. We saw two year old steers equal to three year old raised in most places, and these, as are all others about Alameda, were fed on native hay in winter and herded in summer. As we had previous to this visited the Northwestern States in behalf of a large number of farmers, to locate suitable land for mixed farming, we are now in a position to say that the Alameda district of Western Canada surpasses them all. The country is equal to that about Thuringen in Germany. We were rather sceptic before starting, and our intention was to settle in spring, if we were suited, but we have now decided to move at once that is, as early this fall as we possibly can. We left Mr. Riedel at Alameda, and take back his report, and we will take his family and effects with us when we go.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) ALBERT MAI
FRED GOTTOWSKI.

Ludington, Mich., Nov. 1, 1897.

M. V. McInnes, Esq., Colonization Agent, Detroit, Mich. Dear Sir:—We have just returned from the West, and were exceedingly well pleased with the country. We are going back to take up our homesteads in early spring. We received $35 per month and board working for farmers, and the board was the best we ever had—the beef and mutton especially were excellent. The fine flavor is owing to the fine grasses which the cattle and sheep feed upon. The people are very hospitable, and treat their hired help with much kindness.

The grain is much heavier than here; wheat being 62 lbs. to the bushel; oats 48 lbs., and barley often 55 lbs.

Any man with a good team and money enough to buy provisions and seed for six months can become rich there in five years. Many people who arrived there five years ago with little, or nothing, are well off now. One man I met held his wheat from last year and was offered $16,000 for this year's crop and what he had held over from last year, and is holding at $1 per bushel. We are going back in the spring to work for this same farmer until seeding, after which we will homestead between seeding and harvest. We think we will settle on the Manitoba & Northwestern R. R.

You can refer any one to us for this part of the country, while we are here, and we will cheerfully answer any questions which anyone may wish to ask.

Yours truly,
(Signed) CHAS. HAWLEY.
JOSEPH DOLA.

"Young ladies," began Miss Sanders. Several of the younger girls always giggled when their Sunday school teacher began that way. Partly because the humor of being called "young ladies" struck them; partly because they were pleased by the compliment; partly because they were young and couldn't help it.

Miss Sanders went on to explain to the "young ladies" that the church would be decorated next Saturday for the Easter celebration, and that if each pupil brought a pot of lilies the class would be well represented.

"I have a lovely pot of lilies at home, Miss Sanders," said Esther Shaw, eagerly, when the class was dismissed. "It has six lilies on it, and it is so tall—taller than any in the florist's."

"That is very nice, Esther," smiled Miss Sanders. "Bring it early. If it is so pretty you shall have a good place for it."

Esther went home with springing feet. She had watched and tended that lily so carefully all winter. How glad she was now! Mr. Leamer, the florist, had none prettier than that. It would be the tallest there. Mrs. Shaw had always encouraged Esther in her love for flowers. It seemed as if the little girl was to be rewarded for her work.

The next morning Esther had an errand to do before school.

"I can't wait," she said, hastily, when two of the girls stopped to ask about the church decorations. "Yes, my lily is splendid! I'll tell you at recess!"

She knocked at Mrs. Morgan's door—up one flight, back—and opened it, scarcely waiting for a "Come in."

"I'm in such a hurry, Mrs. Morgan," she began, "but mother wants to know if you can't let her have the aprons today?"

Mrs. Morgan, a thin woman in black, rose from the bed beside which she was sitting.

"I'm sorry, Miss Esther," she said. "I wanted to let your mother have them, but Freddy's been sick again, and they're not done yet."

A wasted-looking boy lay on the bed with a crutch beside him. His big, feverish-looking eyes made Esther start.

"Is he very sick, Mrs. Morgan?"

"No worse than he has been before," replied the woman, turning away. "But he wants to be amused and have things to look at, and I can't always sew."

Esther had two or three pinks in her hand. Noticing that the little boy looked at them eagerly, the kind-hearted child approached the bed.

"Will you have them, Freddy?"

The sick boy reached out his hand quietly, without speaking, and Esther laid the flowers in it.

"Thank you, Miss Esther," said the mother, gratefully. "He always loved flowers so. But flowers cost something at this time of year."

Like a flash a thought darted through Esther's brain—my lilies!

"He may have those," she answered, hastily. "I meant them for the teacher, but she always has lots. It doesn't matter!"

She ran down the stairs, scarcely hearing Mrs. Morgan's "Tell your mother I will finish the work by tomorrow."

She walked rapidly down the street, trying to push out the little thought

SHE TALKED IT OVER WITH MOTHER.

which came again and again as fast as she rejected it:

"To give Freddy my lily? Not to take it to the church! Oh, I couldn't do that!"

There was little time for talk. School was beginning. At recess, when the girls talked over their plans for flowers, Esther ran away to play a lively game. She wanted neither to talk nor think. When she was alone that night her one thought was: "No, I can't do it! I cannot!"

"Mother, do you think Freddy is very sick?" she asked the next day.

"I don't suppose he will ever be perfectly well again," answered Mrs. Shaw. "Why?"

"His mother says he likes things—flowers"—began Esther slowly.

"I don't suppose she can give him much beyond bread and butter. You may take him some jelly today, if you like, Esther!"

The little boy still lay upon the bed when Esther came in with the jelly. The pinks stood in a cup beside his hand.

"I believe those flowers did him more good than anything yet, Miss," said Mrs. Morgan, who sat sewing near the window. "He always was that fond of flowers! It was good of you to think of giving them to him." Esther sighed. "Could I do it?" she thought. She watched the boy take a spoonful of the jelly and lie back again languidly.

"Is he very sick, Mrs. Morgan?" she asked again.

"Oh, he'll be all right when he can run out and see the roses and the lilies and the daisies."

His mother came and shook up his pillow, and then she moved the flowers a little nearer and took the jelly away.

Esther walked home with the question unanswered in her heart. Then she stood before the lily and considered it.

"I suppose Freddy would think it was beautiful, and it would keep in bloom a long time if his mother watered it. And I know he's pretty sick, and I suppose I really ought to be glad to give it to him, if I can. But—oh, dear, it would be the tallest one, and prettier than any one's, and I did want to put it with the other girls'!"

After all, it wasn't an easy problem for a little girl to solve. It seemed pretty big to Esther. The lily got a little salt water that afternoon. By and by Mrs. Shaw, coming in, found Esther still staring at the lily, with red cheeks and suspiciously bright eyes.

"What is it, little girl?"

So she told her mother all about it, and somehow the question seemed to clear as she talked it out.

"But yet it did seem right to take it to the church," she said, in a slightly puzzled tone.

"Well, you see, Essie, that depends! Perhaps it wasn't so much taking it to

WOULD YOU LIKE THIS?

church that you liked as the fact that it was a bigger lily than the others."

Esther's cheeks flushed.

"You see, girlie, the flowers in church mean something more than just a lovely flower growing out of the dark earth. They mean life coming out of death and good out of evil."

"Yes, mamma—I know."

"You meant to give your flower in church because every one would admire its beauty. You can make your gift still more beautiful if you decide to give it to a little child who has no other flower to make his Easter happy."

"Ye-es," responded Esther.

She did spend a few more sighs over the matter. Esther was only a little girl. But, after all, it is braver to do what one feels to be right, when it is hard work than when one is excited by a feeling of one's own goodness.

She carried the flower to Freddy the next day. "'Cause, you see, mamma," she explained, "he might as well begin right away to keep Easter, if my lily is going to help him do it."

"It is very good of you, I'm sure," said the tired mother when Esther had presented her flower. "Your other flowers have done him much good."

The sick boy was propped up in a chair. He smiled and brightened, looking at the wonderful white flowers, and put out his fingers to touch the waxen leaves.

Esther stood and looked at him, and as she saw his admiration of her lily, a little feeling of satisfaction that she had decided rightly began to grow in her heart.

"I hope you will water it, Mrs. Morgan," she said.

"I will," answered Freddy, nodding. "Mother will give me the water."

"There! It's made him feel better already," exclaimed the mother, looking fondly from the lily to the boy.

I do not think the Easter lilies looked less lovely to Esther because her own was not among them. Sometimes there are lilies that grow in our hearts.

EVA LOVETT.

A Warning to Country Cousins.

The wife of a cabinet member who is recording her Washington experiences in The Ladies' Home Journal makes it plain that country cousins are not always welcome when they go to visit city relatives. The cabinet member's wife was kept on pins and needles for a week by two cousins who came to visit her from the country. She describes the clothing worn by her unwelcome guests, which was rather grotesque, and advises those living in the country to stick to their simple ways and plain clothes wherever they may visit and they will be surer of a true welcome. Be yourselves—be natural, is her sound advice, which applies to everybody, whether living in the country or the city.

A Deplorable Emergency.

Rudolpho (the lion-king, to the manager, just before the show begins)—Look here, boss, I don't want to do anything unkind, but I've struck for 10 per cent. advance on my wages, and if you don't hand it over at once I'll let the lion go for a walk among the audience.

The Modern Generation of Men.

Physically men are better today than ever. Our college youth are, as a general thing, magnificent specimens. The constitutionally weak and nervous can greatly increase their strength and restore the nervous system by the efficient aid of Hosteter's Stomach Bitters, which also removes dyspeptic and bilious trouble.

Some of the manly chests seen strutting daily on Broadway owe their graceful forms to corsets. A certain city dealer in these articles says that one-twentieth of his patrons are males, and, as a rule, they are ten times harder to please than the vainest of young ladies.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Few men have ever had a birthday so oddly celebrated as was the ninetieth natal day anniversary of William Short, of Olathe, Kan. On that occasion, while he and his guests ate dinner, they listened to music from a band composed of seven of his grandsons.

OH, WHAT SPLENDID COFFEE.

Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I grew 300 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15c stamps and this notice. w.n.j.

Very amiable and good natured are those people who can have their own way in everything.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Some young men would get along better if they had less point to their shoes and more in their conversation.

Why Suffer From Headache

When 10c. will stop it? Ask your druggist for Dale's Headache Powders. 10c. a box.

Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ills.

To a woman, life is a dreary burden without virtue; to a man, life is a dreary burden with it.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

He who is ashamed of his poverty will surely be arrogant of his wealth.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes, 20 for 5 cts.

The rich wife of a poor husband is the greatest tyrant in the world.

A LETTER TO WOMEN

From Mrs. James Corrigan.

For seventeen years I have suffered. Periods were so very painful that I would have to go to the doctor every month.

He said that I had an enlargement of the womb, and told my husband that I must undergo an operation, as I had tumors in the womb, and it was a case of life or death.

I was operated upon twice, but it did not seem to do me any good, it made me very weak. I was troubled with the leucorrhœa a great deal.

I also suffered with the sick headache, vomiting spells, backache all the time, terrible pain in my left side, chills, loss of appetite, and could not sleep nights. After taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, some Liver Pills, and using your Sanative Wash, I recovered.

I can eat well, and every one that sees me tells me I am a different person. I can do all my own work, sleep well and feel well. I am growing stronger every day, and am able to go out and enjoy a walk and not feel all tired out when I return, as I used to. I doctored for sixteen years, and in all those years I did not feel as well as I do at the present time. I wish that every woman that is troubled as I was, would try that medicine. Oh! it is so good to feel well, and it is all owing to Mrs. Pinkham's kind advice and medicine. —MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN, 284 Center St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND POMMEL SLICKER

The Best Saddle Coat.

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for 1897 Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.