THE COMFORT OF THE SKIES.

In the varied moods of nature,
There is peace for heart and eyes,
As in the dawn's rosy waking,
And the sunset golden dyes;
But my soul shall seek, in sorrow,
The comfort of the skies.

I hold within those starry realms
That we most clearly find
The proof of His creative powers,
The greatness of His mind,
The order that His genius wrought
From chaos void and blind.

How vast the plan of mighty suns
That burn forever bright!
And the countless throngs of worlds
That seek their warmth and light;
And O the grandeur of the law
That gives us day and night!

A joyous boon it is, and sweet,
To watch at midnight dim
The caravans of God go by—
With silent songs of Him,
And dream they catch the music from
The hidden cherubim!

—Edward Wilbur Mason, in Good Housekeeping.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam, (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick..

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints, and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon. Florence confides to Mrs. Hayne that Merriam talks to his old sweetheart in his sleep. Merriam coming in takes her in his arms. Her eyes are red with weeping.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Why, Florence, dear," Randy began, in tones of mingled reproof and distress, "what can have happened to so disturb you? We did not go. It is only the riflers this time."

For one moment there was silence, then a sudden outburst:

"I wish we did go. I wish to heaven I had never again seen this hateful, hateful post—or else that she had not."

"She! Florence? Who?"

"The woman you went to see when I was out of the way after parade this evening—and dare not tell me."

"Florence! Florence!" he cried, in utter amaze and distress. "Listen to me, dear," he pleaded, for she was struggling to release herself—"listen to me, child."

"Child?—I am no child! I was one, perhaps, when you came into my life—when I married you. But not now—not now, Randy—I'm a woman with a burning, bleeding heart. Why should you go there? Why should you hide it from me?"

"You were ill and wretched. I knew you could not bear her. Grafton asked me to come on a matter entirely of business."

"Oh! what business have you to have business of any kind with her—now?"

"I do not yet know, Florence," he answered, slowly releasing her, and his tone changing to one in which pain and reproach were mingling now. "I have not seen her; indeed she refused to see me."

"You said Capt. Grafton urged you to come. What right had he if she didn't mean to see you?"

"That remains to be explained, Florence. I have had no time to inquire. Indeed, I have not felt sufficient interest. Mrs. Grafton said the lady had declined to see anybody, and had gone back to bed, prostrated again, possibly. I was most anxious to come to you, my wife, little dreaming what welcome was in store for me. Florence, dear, is it possible—is it credible that you have let that poor woman come as a torment into your life and make you so unjust to me? O, my little soldier girl, is this just to either of us?"

"Tell me this!" she demanded, suddenly facing him and looking into his troubled eyes. "Is there any business—can there be any reason why she should wish to see you—alone?"

Merriam hesitated. "Florence," he began, "there are matters sometimes made known to a man that he must divulge to no one. I do not know what she desires of me, but I believe it is her wish to learn all I know about that poor fellow who was killed up the Mescalero last June—nothing else."

"And needs a private interview with her rejected lover for that purpose!" she interrupted, her eyes flashing anew. The child was indeed a woman. "Oh, I hate her! I hate her!" she cried, throwing herself passionately upon the sofa, and then Merriam cried: "Hush!" for some one was knocking at the door.

It was the servant, their oblique-eyed Chinaman, with a note. "My knockee tlee times," he grinned. "All time talkee—talkee; no listen."

It was a brief summons to relieve Lieut. Henry in command of the guard at once. Henry had to go with his regiment.

"Mrs. Hayne is coming back, is she not?" he queried of Florence, but had to repeat the query twice. She only shook her head.

He waited a moment. "Listen, Florence, dear," he presently said, as he bent compassionately over her. "I am ordered on guard at once, and I must go to relieve Henry. Even though I cannot tell you what Mrs. McLane wishes to see me about, this I will tell you, dear. If I must see her, you shall know it first—from me, and not hear of it through some meddling gossip."

He was wondering as he walked away who could have told his wife he had called at Grafton's and asked for Mrs. McLane. He was too proud to inquire. He had kissed her gently, forgivingly, as he said to himself, before coming away, and promised that he would be with her again if only for a few minutes before the signal for lights out. He found Henry swearing with impatience, as the youngster had a "raft" of preparations to make, and it was very late, nearly 11 o'clock, before he had reestablished the sentry posts as ordered by the new officer of the day. The trumpets sounded "taps" to heedless ears, and the lights burned brightly in all the barracks, and the troopers who were not to go were chaffing the "dough-boys" who were, and so mixing up not a little in the work of preparation. He had seen Hayne a moment and had been told that Mrs. Hayne would run back to Florence again as soon as she had seen to the packing of his mess chest and field kit. The children were to be allowed to sit up and see the regiment off. Merriam supposed when taps came that by this time Mrs. Hayne was with Florence, but all the same he left the guard in charge of the sergeant a few minutes and hurried away over the parade and up to her room, and there he found her lying almost as he had left her—face downward upon the sofa, and all alone.

Throwing aside his belt and saber, Randy knelt by her side and strove gently to turn her toward him.

"Have you no welcome for me now, my little girl?" he murmured. "Do you realize this is the first trouble that has ever come between us, and that I'm being very, very much abused for something that is no fault of mine?" His tone and manner were almost playful, despite a certain soreness at heart he could not quite ignore, but Floy resisted and was silent. "I have only a moment or two, my wife," he presently continued, gravely and sadly. "You are soldier enough to know I should not be away from my guard even now, but my heart yearned over you, Florence, in your illness and distress, and I had to steal a moment. Won't you come into my arms a little while, and let me kiss away the traces of those foolish tears?"

Ah, who knows how much her heart, too, may have been pleading with his pleading voice at the moment, yet the devil of her jealous love kept rigid guard between them.

"I shall do very well," she answered, coldly. "Mrs. Hayne was here, and I told her not to stay"—pause—then, "neither need you."

At first he could not believe his senses. The wild outburst of a few hours before was something easily accounted for in one so young and passionate, but this cold, repellant, remorseless refusal, this practical dismissal of his proffer of love, comfort and caresses, this was something utterly unlike Florence. It not only amazed, it stung him, and, rising slowly to his feet, he stood one moment looking down at her in deep bewilderment, and with no little effort curbing his tongue and temper. The pretty wrapper she wore had become disarranged, and one slender, slippered foot that projected from beneath its shelter was tapping nervously the foot of the sofa. Stifling a sigh, he looked about him, took from a neighboring chair a heavy shawl she had been using earlier in the day, and, carefully spreading it over her as to cover even the rebellious foot, he quietly picked up his saber and as quietly walked to the door. There, turning about, he looked back at her. Without changing her position, she had calmly stripped off the shawl with her right hand and dropped it to the floor. The slippered foot was still beating its nervous, irreconcilable tattoo as he slowly descended the stairs.

She heard him let himself out into the night and the clank of the scabbard against the gatepost and the tramp of his cavalry boot as he crossed the road. He walked slowly, heavily now, not eagerly as he came. Florence heard and noted, and then her pride and resolution gave away, and again she wept bitter, bitter, yet not wholly penitent tears.

The waning moon was shining over the dim, far-stretching desert to the east, and a little torchlight procession was forming at the band barracks, as Merriam recrossed the parade. Each musician wore attached to his headgear a bright little lamp, its reflector so arranged as to throw the light full upon the sheet of music in the rack of his instrument. It was nearly time to form the regiment, and though the band was not to go, it meant to "play the boys on to the cars," as the sergeant said. Whittaker, longing for excitement of some kind, had gone to Buxton and begged permission to turn out his troop, mounted, and escort the rifles to the railway, and Bux said "no" with cheerful and customary alacrity. All the same all the post was up and mostly out of doors, thronging about the edge of the parade, when adjutant's call sounded and the two battalions came swinging out in full marching order—"campaign hats, blankets rolled, great coats folded, haversacks, canteens and crammed cartridge belts." There was but brief ceremony. The colonel whipped out his sword and gave "Column of fours," the rifles of the first company leaned to the right shoulder, the band burst forth into its liveliest strain, and, taking the lead, the baton-beating drum major at its head, away they tramped for the southeast gate, and all Fort Sedgwick seemed to follow. The colonel spurred his way and jolted out in front of the band, his adjutant at his heels. The cadenced step and spirited music were kept up until the hospital corps at the rear of column was clear to the gate, then route step was ordered, and then by twos and threes and little squads and parties the throng of escorts came drifting back, by far the larger portion veering off to the right and taking the pathway toward the barracks, while a long string of women and children, with a few attendant officials, kept the direct road, nearly westward, that ran in front of the main line of officers' quarters. Over at the guardhouse the little handful of armed soldiers had stood watching from afar the formation and departure of the regiment, and now, spreading their blankets, were settling themselves for a brief nap before relieving the sentries now slowly tramping their posts, and Merriam, after one long look at the distant row, vainly seeking for the bright light that used to burn in her parlor window on previous nights when he was on guard, turned into the office of the guardhouse with a heavy heart and a weary sigh, and sat himself down to look over the list of prisoners and the half finished report.

The midnight call of the sentries had started as the riflers marched away, but, between the music and the cheers, seemed to get no further than the post of No. 2, and Corporal Mahoney had gone to see if three and four were all right. Silence was gradually settling down upon the moonlit garrison, although voices of women and children came floating faintly across the dim parade, and out under the spectral white flagstaff tiny sparks as of cigars could be seen, and low, gruff voices were heard in consultation. A moment or two more and the sentry on No. 1 was bidden to call off half-past 12, and barely had he done so, and Merriam was straining his ears for the answering cry of the outlying posts, than a second time the sentry let loose his voice and challenged sharply: "Who comes there?"

"Commanding officer and friends," was the answer in Buxton's growl.

"Halt! Corpril the Guard—commanding officer and friends," answered No. 1, and Merriam sprang to his feet, while the corporal went bounding out to examine and receive the party.

"I want the officer of the guard," said Buxton, impatient of etiquette or formality as he bulged ahead. "Oh, Mr. Merriam, there must be at least a hundred of our men gone tagging along with the 'doughboys' in hopes of a round of drinks at the Junction, probably. I want a mounted patrol to go in

"Child? I am no child!"

at once and head 'em all back, otherwise some of them will be carried away on the train, sure as shooting. Just give your stable sentry orders to let a dozen horses out. I'll send Mr. Whittaker in command; he wanted to turn out and go as escort. Lots of your men are in there, I suppose, Capt. Grafton," he concluded, as he turned to the silent officer at his side.

"Half a dozen, possibly, sir, though I doubt it. Do you wish horses and men from my troop? If not, sir, I'll retire."

"Yes, sir, I do. I want three men and horses from each troop—good men, too. If I send a squad from just one troop, those runagates will be down on just that one company and we'll be in hot water for a whole year."

Grafton silently touched his cap and turned away. Far off to the southeast there was the sound of cheering, and the band had struck up some rollicking quickstep, whereat old Bux gritted his teeth and swore anew. "Damn those infernal idiots! Do you know what'll be the result of this? The regiment will get away on the train, and then that band instead of coming back will go to Miguel's saloon, and there they'll start a baile and have that whole greaser population in there drinking mescal and 'guardiente, and ripping and fighting until everybody's beastly drunk. I won't have it, sir!" and he glared at the officer of the guard as though he considered that silent official a coconspirator. "I won't have it, I say. I wish Mr. Whittaker to start at once and round up the whole gang."

And with that he strode portentously away in the direction of headquarters, the orderly following with a grin. Corporal Mahoney came in from his round, reporting three and four all right and everything secure.

"But there's one thing, sir: No. 2 can't begin to see the length of his post, and with so many private horses in the little stables back of the row what's to prevent them beggars from town running off half a dozen head? Once across the mesa and into the Santa Clara country there'd be no catching them."

"We must take the chances," said Merriam, briefly. "The commanding officer will not permit any increase of sentries."

Yet the corporal's warning made him think of his own favorite saddle horse and Floy's pretty bay. She rode so well, so fearlessly, tirelessly, that one of his very first gifts to her had been this dainty little mare, swift and sure-footed as a greyhound, and about as wonderful a jumper, and Florence gloried in her and in the dashing rides they used to take. They didn't mind the lack of shaded bridle paths. They scoured the plain full gallop, riding recklessly after the bounding jack-rabbits, and coming home all athrill and aglow with the glorious exercise. But of late the rides had become more sedate and slow and less frequent, and then when Mrs. McLane proposed being of the party Florence discovered Mignon to be suddenly lame, and had a shoe removed and a hoof poulticed, and Randy smiled but said nothing. Mignon was surprised, perhaps, but not Mr. Merriam. He was thinking of the unprotected condition of those stables back of officers' row, where those gentlemen who owned private stock were required to keep theirs, instead of, as had been customary under a previous administration, at the cavalry or quartermaster's corrals. The colonel of the Riflers had once been knuckle-rapped for allowing public forage to be fed to private "mounts" of some garrison ladies, and now he had his eyes open. The Freemans, Haynes, Graftons and Merriams, as well as the doctor, all had private horses for ladies' use; so did certain others; and, although every mounted officer could draw forage for two horses, not a peck of oats could he get beyond that, and when it came to forage for ladies' horses—animals never ridden or driven except by ladies, and too light for government service, the colonel drew the line at that entirely, and was sustained by a virtuous congress.

So Randy had to buy forage for Mignon, and luckily forage was cheap, with all those ranches of Santa Clara close at hand. He had often thought how easy it would be for greasers—natural horse thieves—to sneak in on that southern front of a dark night and make off with four or five favorite horses, and the colonel used to keep three sentries along there. Now they had only one. "All the more reason for my keeping personal watch on that front," thought Randy, "and that will give me an occasional chance to look in on Florence."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

Peculiar Decision in the Case of an English Usurer.

Sometimes, without doubt, American and British judges, who are held to a close accountability to the letter of a law which may have in it no justice for a particular case, may well sigh for the latitude of an oriental cadi. Sometimes, moreover, they may rightfully bend the administration of the law in the direction of absolute justice.

An English paper, for instance, records a peculiar decision in the suit of a usurer against a poor woman. The man had lent the woman money in such a way that it was to be paid in two installments, and with monthly usurious interest. The woman was unable to pay the amount due.

The judge satisfied himself that the woman was honest and honorable, and that what she had already paid in instalments would cover the original loan and a reasonable interest.

"Will you accept five pounds in discharge?" asked the judge of the plaintiff; "you will then have had ten per cent. on the loan."

The plaintiff would accept nothing less than the full amount to which the law entitled him.

"Then," said the judge, "although I cannot invalidate the agreement, I can make an order which, I think, will fit the case. I give judgment for the full amount, to be paid at the rate of sixpence a month."

This was the "instalment system" with a vengeance, for at this rate of payment the usurer would be 75 years in getting his money.—Youth's Companion.

What Could He Mean?

"Well," said the merchant to the young clerk whom he had sent out collecting, "did you have any luck?"

"Some."

"I suppose you got the amount Mr. Fatherington owes? You said he was a personal friend of yours."

"No, I didn't get the money. The fact is, I don't exactly know what to make of my experience there."

"How was it?"

"I went in and said: 'Mr. Fatherington, I called to speak about a matter—' I didn't get any farther; he put in with: 'That's all right, my boy; she is yours; take her and be happy.'"—Pick-Me-Up.

A Scientific Man Fooled.

In a western college, a student, noted for his laziness, used to clean the lamp chimney by running his finger down it as far as he could and twisting it around. One day he carried the chimney to a professor and asked gravely why the glass was smoked to a certain point and no further. The learned man went into an elaborate argument about combustion, gases, smoke and scientific laws. When he had finished, the boy said: "No, sir, you are wrong. "Why is it, then?" inquired the professor. "Because," said the student, sidling out of the door, "my finger wasn't long enough to reach any further."

How a Man Wins a Woman.

"It is not a man's good looks, brains, position or wealth that wins a woman's love," said the woman of the world. "It is his capacity for lovemaking. His tenderness, ardor, tact, consideration, and, above all, perseverance, will make her his more surely than anything else in the world. And if he possess these qualities and wield them well he can triumph over the men who lack them, even though he be poor as a church mouse, ugly as Vulcan and stupid as an owl."—N. Y. Advertiser.

Magnetic Quality of Self-Reliance.

"It is a curious fact," said Mr. Biffleby, "that the more self-helpful a man is the more help he gets from others. Curious, but not strange. Everybody likes the self-reliant and courageous man. He is magnetic, and things tend his way."—N. Y. Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Father—"What makes you think you can earn enough to support my daughter?" Suitor—"Well, I've been engaged to her for six months."—Life.

Bill—"In what respect does Spain excel all other nations?" Jill—"Why, Spain has the finest submarine navy in the world."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I have heard that she walks in her sleep," said the gossip. "Indeed!" returned Mrs. Parvenue, scornfully. "So common, isn't it? I should think she would ride."—Chicago Evening Post.

His Wife—"How in the world will you ever catch that first morning train?" Her Husband—"Why, I'll get up the moment I wake!" His Wife—"But, my dear, you'll have to get up much earlier than that!"—Puck.

"Do you find my son prompt and punctual, Mr. Grindley?" "I never had a young man in my employ who, at the close of business hours, could get out of the office with less delay."—Tit-Bits.

Between Two Extremes.—Mrs. Newrich—"I like that wallpaper." Miss Newrich—"But, mother, I am afraid the color is entirely too warm for the room." Mrs. Newrich—"Well, let him put one of them freezes round it what he was talking about."—Stray Stories.

Farmer Whiffletree—"You say you want a job and would be willing to work for a cent a minute? Why, that is 60 cents an hour, six dollars a day, $36 a week, a hundred and—" Weary Willie (faintly)—"Hold on dere, boss! Call it half a cent a minute, den. I only want ter do five cents' worth."—Judge.

A Disheartening Contrast.—"Who is that Spaniard?" "He's Don Jose Braggadocia, the famous matador." "I suppose his look of gloom is caused by his country's impending fate." "No. Somebody who desired to humble his pride has taken him through a Chicago slaughter-house to show him how we kill bulls in this country."—Washington Star.

SHIP DRILLS.

This Authority Says They Should Be Enforced on Board the Ocean Liners.

It is time now that the insurance companies, which are the only power recognized by the steamship companies, should make a law that they will not insure vessels on which three drills, to be specified, do not take place at least twice a month. These drills are familiar to every man who has served on board an American man-of-war, and they ought to be made familiar to everyone who serves on a passenger ship in the ocean trade. These are fire drill, collision drill and "abandon ship" drill. On well-governed lines these drills—or the first and third at any rate—are practiced, though none too often. Frequent practice of these drills results in every man's being perfectly familiar with his station and duties, so that in the hour when the drill becomes a real performance he is cool and collected. Furthermore, he knows that a correst performance of the duty alloted to him will insure his own safety, and hence he will not feel under the necessity of making a wild fight for his life. These facts are well known in the naval service, and men are kept familiar with the duties of these drills. It must be quite evident to everyone that there was no system for abandoning ship on the Bourgogne, or at any rate a very imperfect one. The insurance companies, it seems, are the only authorities to deal with such matters. They work for civilized system at sea all the time. They compel ship owners to employ masters and mates who have passed certain examinations, and been formally licensed. They compel ship owners to submit their vessels to inspection of hull and boiler. They compel ship owners to limit the load of their ships. The laws bearing on these matters originated in the demands of insurance companies. Now let the companies demand the passage of laws requiring the drills mentioned on pain of raising the insurance rates. The companies which insure their own vessels would be reached indirectly, because they could not afford to neglect precautions designed to inspire public confidence. This is a matter which should receive immediate attention. Bourgogne horrors have no business to occur in an age of enlightenment.—N. Y. Times.

Fishes Centuries Old.

There seems hardly any limit to the age of fish of many kinds. Carp are known to have lived 200 years and over, while the case of the Russian pike that was caught a few years ago with a gold band round his tail on which the date 1546 was imprinted is well known. There are gold fish that have belonged to one family over 60 years, and do not now appear much larger than when originally placed in the aquarium, though they are every bit as lively as ever. In the Royal aquarium of St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that are known to have been there at least 150 years. Some of them are five times as big as when first captured; others have not grown an inch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Signs for Bicycle Girls.

To pick the seed ball of a dandelion and blow away the tiny piece of fluff at the first effort means that you must turn back at once, as you are badly wanted at home. It is supposed to be lucky to see a black cat in your path, provided you don't frighten it or send it away. To ride over or injure a black cat is declared to be attended with serious consequences. To pass a novice in distress and not offer to help her means that you will be in similar need of assistance before the day is out. On the other hand, if you curtail your ride and dismount to offer your help you will meet the friend you most like before your ride is over.—London Cycle.

Feed Your Nerves

Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair, those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere nothings, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others—it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

THE DIGNIFIED WOMAN.

She Was a Little Severe on the Curious Woman, But She Was Provoked.

She is a dignified woman, and sometimes she is overpowering. The unwary do not perceive this quickly, however. The dignified woman has been spending some time in one of the hospitals of this city. She went there for rest and quiet. Since she has recovered her health she tells some amusing stories of her experiences. Here is one:

The dignified woman was walking down the hall one day when she was accosted by the curious woman. The curious woman had been wondering about the dignified woman, and she said:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I would like to know what you have been operated on for?"

"What?" exclaimed the dignified woman.

"Well, explained the curious woman, "my friend in the next room and I have been wondering about you. You walk about the hall with such a light and springy step that we wonder about what kind of an operation you have undergone."

The curious woman held her ground. She was determined to know what was the matter with the dignified woman.

The dignified woman replied:

'I have not been operated upon yet."

"Oh!" said the curious woman, sympathetically.

"No, I am not familiar with operations," said the dignified woman.

The curious woman interrupted: "They are very successful here. Don't be worried."

"I am wondering about an operation on the brain," said the dignified woman, in a very dignified and distant manner. "I wonder if they could operate upon the brain in such a way as to enable people to attend to their own affairs."

The curious woman snorted and walked away in high dudgeon.

The dignified woman was severe, it is true, but she was provoked to it.—St. Louis Republic.

WHY HE REPROVED.

There Was Just a Faint Suspicion of Self-Interest in His Complaint.

It isn't every man in Uncle Sam's pay who feels his responsibility as does an old Irishman who is a treasury messenger. Just the other day he was berating an absent clerk for leaving some pins on the edge of his desk where they might be brushed off by anybody passing.

"They'll be swept on the flure," said he, "and wasted, to the extravagance of the government, which is already so hard up it's borrowin' money, it is, to pay ixpinses, and it's a shame, it is, for the min in the government imploy to be wastin' pins which cost money."

There was a general laugh at the earnestness of the old man's complaint, and somebody said he deserved an increase of salary for his devotion to the interests of the country. And then, as the clerks trooped out, the old man said to the last of them:

"Yis, it's all right for yees gazoo byes to be laughin' at me. I'll see nothin' wasted here. They kin laugh, but it's not thim that has to go down on their hands and knees to pick up thim pins."—Detroit Free Press.

G. A. R.—Cincinnati Encampment.

The Monon Route, with its four trains daily, is the best and most comfortable line to Cincinnati. The rate will be only one cent a mile. Tickets on sale Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, good to return September 6th to 13th inclusive, and by extension to October 2nd. Send four cents in stamps for the Monon's beautifully illustrated book on the Cincinnati Encampment. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago. L. E. Sessions, T. P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Sculptor's New Competitor.

Master Sculptor—Well, I suppose the next thing will be a bust of Cervera.

American Student—That would be copying, sir, after Commodore Schley.—Jewelers' Weekly.

NO WOMAN IS EXEMPT.

Regularity is a matter of importance in every woman's life. Much pain is, however, endured in the belief that it is necessary and not alarming, when in truth it is all wrong and indicates derangement that may cause serious trouble.

Excessive monthly pain itself will unsettle the nerves and make women old before their time.

The foundation of woman's health is a perfectly normal and regular performance of nature's function. The statement we print from Miss GERTRUDE SIKES, of Eldred, Pa., is echoed in every city, town and hamlet in this country. Read what she says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel like a new person since following your advice, and think it is my duty to let the public know the good your remedies have done me. My troubles were painful menstruation and leucorrhœa. I was nervous and had spells of being confused. Before using your remedies I never had any faith in patent medicines. I now wish to say that I never had anything do me so much good for painful menstruation as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; also would say that your Sanative Wash has cured me of leucorrhœa. I hope these few words may help suffering women."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

All suffering women are invited to write freely to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice about their health.

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