Mrs. Gabbie—That was a lovely sermon the pastor delivered at your husband's funeral.

The Widow—Well, I didn't like his pronounciation very much.

Mrs. Gabbie—No?

The Widow—No. He said poor John had gone to that undiscovered country from whose "burn" no traveler returns. —Catholic Standard.

"Is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" asked the judge.

There upon the baliff laughed.

He coludn't help it.

He was a married man and the defendant was a woman.

"Such a question!" he chuckled to himself.—Chicago Post.

Black—They made a grave mistake when Flannigan was buried.

White—What was that?

Black—The grave-digger dug his last resting place in the wrong lot.

The trouble with the average man is that he has no one to censor his talk.

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One size smaller after using Allen's Foot Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, aching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

This is the famine season for school teachers.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

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Ayer's Pills

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REV. JOHN T. BOLAND, C. S. C., President.

WHEN HE CAME HOME

Unconscious of the picture she made, she stood in the doorway of a little reception room that led into the drawing room, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on a man's face in the crowded room beyond.

Melane had been watching her for some time; in the past two years he had heard much of her social triumphs and charms.

"Give me a welcome home," he pleaded, crossing the room to where she stood.

"Of course I will." She lifted her eyes to his. They were very beautiful eyes—a fresh, unsullied nobility of character shone in them.

"It is a surprise to see you to-night. I thought you were on the other side."

"So it seems the home folk think," he answered, ruefully. "I've had a beastly cold welcome. Got home an hour ago to find every soul gone. Not a handshake but from one old negro left to keep the place from walking off, I suppose. The lights and the music were so cheery over here, I ventured without an invite, and in this garb," looking down at his traveling suit; "but Mrs. Brown is an old friend."

"I see," the girl laughed; "your mother doesn't expect you home until next week."

"You were perfectly oblivious to the fact that I have been watching you for ten minutes and wondering why you were alone and so quiet."

"I was indulging in a little retrospection. I'm hardly responsible," with a shrug of the fair shoulders; "it's a fault of the age—this picking to pieces of emotions, laying one's heart on a dissecting table and analyzing the why and wherefore of each beat."

"And was the tall young fellow in there," glancing toward the drawing room, "responsible for it all?"

She laughed outright. "Isn't it delicious to have you for my mentor again! I might as well confess. All winter he has paid me marked attention. Flowers, candies and all the rest, you know, and I have liked him. Two weeks ago the tall, dark girl in there with him came here to visit Lena Wells and I have been coolly dropped. I was trying to find out if I cared, or if it was only wounded pride."

"Which is it?" he questioned, the eagerness in his voice unmistakable.

"I am not sure yet," she answered, thoughtfully, "and I could have made such an admission to no other man in the room. Now tell me what you have been doing with yourself these three years."

"I can't; I am thinking of the fellow in there. Why don't you be perfectly indifferent to him and flirt with some one else?"

"I don't flirt!" indignantly.

"I do, outrageously sometimes. You see," apologetically, "a fellow can't help it in Italy. It is as natural as breathing. I'm dying for a flirtation now. I have not made love to a girl since I left the dark-eyed senoritas."

"If it would make you feel more at home you may make love to me," she said, with sweet graciousness.

"May I?" eagerly.

"But I don't promise to respond."

"That's all right. I'll do it all."

He drew her into a little curtained cozy corner, beyond the door.

"Now brace yourself. I'm going to begin."

She sank among the cushions and lifted her laughing eyes. "It feels like childhood and playing hide-and-seek," she said.

"It is better than childhood." He gave her a look that splashed her cheeks with color.

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a little lover who brought his sweetheart the biggest plums and ripest peaches, and always carried home her books and slate. Did you ever hear of him, Caro?" He leaned toward her.

But she was turning the rings on her slim fingers, the faintest suggestion of a smile at the corners of her lips.

"One day in class he missed a word (not that it was so unusual) and she refused to go above, because she liked 'I love you.' Then he gave her a pansy, with some boyish words of affection, and she flushed and asked, 'Am I your little heartsease?' Caro, don't you remember?"

"I don't remember to have given you any right to ask such questions."

"But you remember," he persisted.

She laughed softly. "How they hated me, those other little girls. They called me a mean, stuck-up, snub-nosed thing."

A little gleam of triumph shone in his eyes. She remembered.

"Then the mountain party years afterward. You were 16. I was leading your horse, the saddle turned and you fell right into my arms, Caro, and I kissed you."

The long lashes had curtained her eyes.

"Have you forgotten?" he whispered.

"However did you make such love to the senoritas?" she asked, demurely. "You had no reminiscences and youthful follies in common."

"Don't interrupt, please. I promised to do it all. Then the night I left. I can feel your little fingers soft and warm in mine yet and see the wistfulness in your eyes. You cared then. You can't deny it. Your trembling lips and sweet wet eyes kept me straight over there among so many wild fellows. You told me to make a man of myself and I have worked three hard, honest years for you, dear. I have never loved any other woman."

She sat still, the color coming and going in her cheeks.

He leaned toward her, his heart in his face. They were quite hidden by the drapery. A voice cut softly across the low humming that filled the rooms. A woman's voice as she passed with her attendant to the refreshment room. "The pretty blonde who stood against these curtains—she was looking at you with her heart in her eyes," the voice said. "She is young, la petite; she will learn to shrug her shoulders and laugh as the years go on."

The girl leaned forward to catch the reply. Her blue eyes black, her cheeks white, the little teeth set relentlessly in the soft redness of her under lip.

The answer came lightly, after a moment.

"A man will pass a sweet wild rose if a lily glows and dazzles just beyond."

The voices were lost in the hum.

She leaned back, the small hands clinched. He watched her anxiously. Then sensuous, softly swelling waltz melody throbbed in his brain.

Would she never speak? He dared not.

Then with a long breath of relief she moved toward him. The delicate beauty of her face shone like a flower in the shadowed nook.

"Rob," she said, softly, "I'm so glad I know."

"Know what, dear?" He covered the little fingers as if she had been a child.

She lifted her eyes in astonishment. "Know that it was wounded pride, of course. What did you think I meant? I would have got over it. No woman with any spirit would have cared for a man after that. But it is such a relief not to care." And she laughed a little light-hearted, childish laugh.

"Caro, are you sure?" His voice was full of entreaty. "Will you let me teach you to care for me?"

"It would be useless"—the words had no sting; the voice was soft and low—"perfectly useless, for I have discovered unsuspected territory in my being to-night. Rob, you dear stupid, don't you understand?" She slipped her fingers into his, just as in the old childish days. "I've loved you straight through, but—you were gone so long."

There was an ecstatic movement of the curtain, then silence; because understanding is enough when people are in love.

SHE SANK AMONG THE CUSHIONS.

Whistling in Iceland.

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Robert Downing, the Tragedian.

"I find it a preventive against all sudden summer ills that swoop upon one in changing climates and water.

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Write for a copy of Dr. Hartman's latest book entitled "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

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Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

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My son had a most malignant Cancer, for which the doctors said an operation was the only hope. The operation was a severe one, as it was necessary to cut down to the jaw bone and scrape it. Before a great while the cancer returned, and began to grow rapidly. We gave him many remedies without relief, and finally, upon the advice of a friend, decided to try S. S. S. Swift's Specific, and with the second bottle he showed signs of a change to improve. After twenty bottles had been taken, the Cancer disappeared entirely, and he was cured. The cure was a permanent one, for he is now seventeen years old, and has never had a sign of the dreadful disease to return. J. N. MYNOCH,

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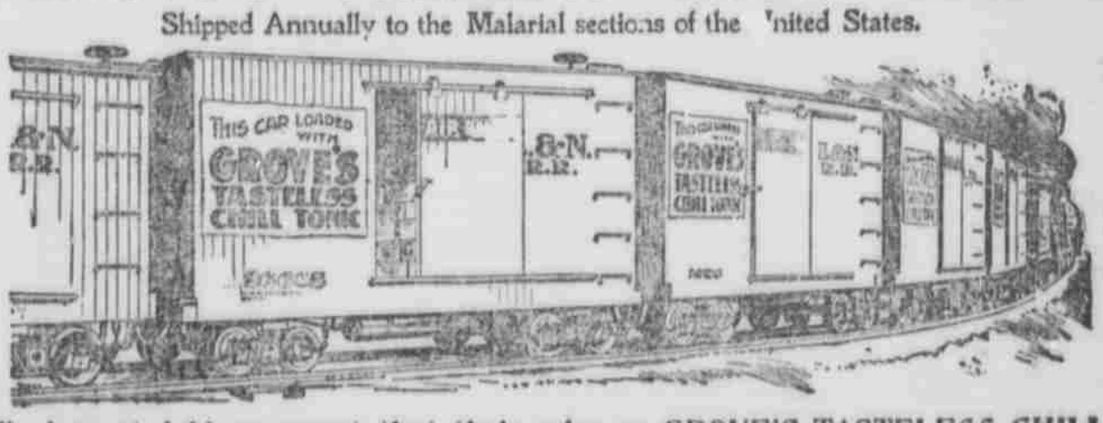

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