

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

The Four Little Maries—A Sagacious Pig—What a Nattick Little Girl Did.

The little four Maries, who always live in the same body and seldom agree, were not pleased the other night. Their mother was going to prayer meeting, and as she went out she said: "I want you to go to bed at half past 7 tonight, Mary. You were up late last evening."

"Now, that's too bad!" said Mary Willful. "I'm not tired." "Nor I, nor I!" cried Mary Lazy and Mary Selfish. They all expected Mary Loving would want to do as her mother said, but at first she was quiet. She had meant to crochet a little after the lessons were done.

Soon some small words were whispered in her ear. "He pleased not himself," and you said you wanted to be like him."

"Let's go to bed; it's half past 7 now. We ought to mind mamma," she said. "Now, I just won't!" said Mary Willful. "Mamma only wants to get us out of the way before she comes home," said Mary Selfish. "She thinks I'm sleepy, and I ain't," said Mary Lazy, but as she spoke her eyes drooped.

Now, it was hard for Mary Loving to insist on doing what she hated to do, but the little voice still whispered to her, "Shall take up my cross daily." "I haven't had many crosses today," she thought. And then she spoke with all her heart: "Let's mind mamma; she's always right, and we ought to mind her anyway. I do begin to feel tired." "Well, so do I, a little," said Mary Lazy. Mary Willful and Mary Selfish did not mean to give up, but something was drawing veils over their eyes, and their thoughts, too, so they let Mary Loving lead them to bed. When all the rest were asleep, Mary Loving said, "Dear Christ, forgive this naughty girl who wanted to please herself and help her—help her!"—She was too sleepy for the rest, but he knew.—Well Spring.

A Sagacious Pig.

Pigs that have amazed vast crowds at the circus by their performances are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the young porker, the following account of which has been sent to The Record by a person who has heretofore been considered thoroughly reliable and truthful:

"One of the big drays going down Tenth street on Thursday having to stop at the corner of Carpenter street, the boys who were utilizing the rear end for rides were surprised and delighted to see a pig try to scramble up beside them. Kindly hands helped him, and he sat content among the free riders until a small street below Morris was reached, when he intimidated by grunts and scrambling that he wanted to get off the dray. He was assisted to the street and immediately made his way to a doorstep, where he was at home, as he was soon admitted into the house.

"He is a pet pig owned by a dermatologist, who is making experiments on him with newly invented hair tonics. Every few days piggy appears on the doorstep with bristles of a different color, and it is said his hair really begins to curl owing to the application of castor oil and quinine. Recently, having been treated with peroxide of hydrogen, he has been of a most beautiful gold color. Piggy is bathed every day, has his teeth brushed with histerine and sits on the front steps with the children, occasionally strolling a square or two with them. The fact that he knew his way home and preferred to ride there has made him quite a hero in the neighborhood."—Philadelphia Record.

What a Nattick Girl Did.

One day recently a group of school-girls were coming home from school in Nattick when they heard harsh words and hard blows. As they looked up they saw a coal team heavily loaded with a wheel in the gutter and the horse unable to move it. The driver, with a quick stroke, was belaboring the poor beast and using language that was not Scriptural or classical. It made the girls afraid. One of them, however, called out: "What is he whipping that poor horse for? I'll see to it." The angry driver sneeringly replied, "You'll see to it!"

The young girl was in no way daunted and replied, "Yes, I'll see to it!" and, going round the wagon to find out the number of it as well as the name of the firm, continued, "And if you do not stop I'll report you also." This quieted the cowardly fellow, and he calmed down, put his shoulder to the wheel, coaxed the horse and got out of the gutter. And the girl staid there and saw the affair through.

How to Make Mother Happy.

"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look tonight! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my little girl has really tried to be good all day. Once when her brother teased her and she spoke quickly and crossly to him she a moment after of her own accord asked him to forgive her. I believe I should grow young and never look tired or unhappy again if every day my little boy and girl were as loving, thoughtful and unselfish as they've been today."

Here is a grand secret for you, little one, and now that you know how to make your mother happy may you keep her face always full of bright sunshine.

Root, Man!

"If what the captain says is true," remarked Bridget, "ye may look out fr the moonson."

Jennie, who was on her way across the ocean to meet her lover, looked interested.

"Na doot," she said, with a fine blush. "But what does the captain know about an?"—Chicago Tribune.

ON THE UPPER DECK.

BY E. E. GARNETT.

"You never know," said Dick reflectively, "where a tragedy is going to crop out."

"Tragedy?" repeated the girl, with a smiling glance over the peace of the river and its banks. "Can you be one lurking here?"

"Behind that clump of oaks," said Dick, pointing, "there's a cozy little home where a man murdered his sweet-heart."

"Gracious! Would it be exhausting to get round to the beginning?"

"Beginnings are always exhausting."

"True. Let us begin at the difficulty."

"He found her smuggling a letter out of his sight; it was in a masculine hand, and he demanded it."

"I see. Unforgivable things were said; they—"

"He left the house; she took a pistol"—

"—and took it."

"And killed herself."

"And the man?"

"He was your vis-a-vis at supper."

"And—oh, I remember him—he ate?"

"That's no sign; a man can't attend to his business unless he eats. At breakfast he ate an extra line or two in his face."

"Yes," reflectively, "she was much to blame."

"Mum! She should have given up the letter. She should have realized that his very love for her made him peremptory in the demand to silence instantly by positive proof the first shadow of suspicion. He was wrong to suspect, but the suspicion carried its own danger. She should have been of quicker compass."

"Yes, but I don't think she should have shown the letter. There was the other man to consider, and common self respect."

"Common fifth strings! The man was in misery with the thought that she allowed some other man to say what she did not let him see. It was torture."

"You yourself called his course murder."

"So it was. He was passionate and suffering, and he left her—to die. If he had known, do you fancy he would not infinitely rather have died himself?"

"Dick drew his cigar and over the rail and began to walk the deck."

"Do you think," went on Dick, pausing beside her chair, "that she didn't do worse than murder him?"

"Dick, suppose—"

"Yes?" The girl's head stood out clearly, like a cameo, against the blackness of the water. The steamer signaled and moved toward a wharf.

"Suppose that the letter really was one that she had encouraged another man to write, one that she couldn't show him?"

"Why? Of course, there are such women."

"You would despise her?"

"What else?"

"But, Dick, suppose that in a penitential mood I should suddenly confess to you that I am such a woman? Suppose it," she repeated, with a decided little motion full of grace.

"I will not! Why should I?"

"Because I wish it; because it is necessary."

"What?"

"Well, not perhaps necessary, but best."

"Nonsense! I have an abiding faith in you, my lady, and it is a part of me not best disturbed."

"But I have letters."

"Dick laughed. He lit a cigar. Across the flare of the match he looked at her and started in amazement. She was pale, her eyes were full, her lips quivered and in the flash of his glance across the flame she hid her face in her hands. Dick's match made a little streak of light as it fell through the fast-flickering mist and struck the floor. A fog bell rang out sharply, was answered, and a steamer loomed up beside them, then vanished swiftly. The girl was sobbing, and to Dick, listening dazedly, there was no other sound in the world.

"Show a little mercy," he said at last in a shivering whisper. "Do you know what you are doing?"

"I know." And she raised her head. "I have taken away the ideal of your faith, and in its stead set only—myself."

"And who are you, then?"

As if to answer him, a sudden flood of moonlight broke through the night and touched the mist about her like a halo. They looked into one another's faces. The man flung his cigar after the match and reached out his hands.

"No," she said and shrank back. "Perhaps you will call me a traitor and a coward. At first I was only mistaken—we all make mistakes, you know," wistfully. "I thought I loved him, and I told him so."

"Ah!" said Dick, and turned from the light.

"And then—I met you."

"I see. Then you thought you loved me."

"Don't," said the girl gently. "It isn't like you."

"Oh, you poor, mistaken child! Do you think I want to hurt you? Say the next quickly. You are to marry this man?"

"Oh, no! I told you that was a mistake. And he was married last week."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Why, that is what was so cowardly, don't you see? I kept putting him off, telling him about you. I was a traitor to him."

"And that's all?" said Dick, running his hand through his hair.

She nodded.

"Fortunately," she said, "he too had fallen in love with another girl and deferred telling me. When at last I confessed, he confessed, too, in the funniest, most radiant way, and later sent me his cards."

"And that's all?" said Dick again, catching her hands.

"But the letters!"

"Hang the letters!"

"But you said you would despise—"

"Hush!" ordered Dick. "I didn't."

And the moon, having settled its present business, disappeared before the fog. The boat stole on, her lights shrouded in mist, her bell mournfully calling its signals.—Chicago Times-Herald.

One After the Other.

All our senses do not slumber simultaneously. They fall into insensibility one after another. First the eyelids obscure sight, and the sense of taste is the next to lose susceptibility. Smelling, hearing and touch then follow. Touch is the lightest sleeper and most easily aroused.

STRETCHING SHOES.

A Device That Gives the Owner of Them No Pain.

"Ever try to stretch a shoe with oats?" asked a suburban friend of the Saunterer yesterday.

"No; who ever heard of such a thing? Why, what do you mean?" returned the Saunterer.

"Well, you know, I bought a nice new pair of shoes last week. I put them on the day I got them and walked about until night, and the right one almost killed me. That night I thought of a brilliant scheme. We had just got in some oats for the horse, and one of the boys got wet, I noticed how the oats swelled, so it struck me it would be a good way to ease my shoe. So that night I packed the shoe full of now oats, poured it full of water and lashed down the top securely."

"The first I awoke the next morning, when I thought I did to look for the shoe, and what do you think I saw? Why, that miserable thing had stretched and stretched until from a modest No. 7 it had become large enough to hold an elephant's foot. And it had not stretched evenly. It was full of knots and bunches, and such a sight you never saw in all your born days. I am looking now for a man whose feet will fit the two shoes."

"No, sir," concluded the suburban friend, with a mournful air, as he thought over his overproductive improvised stretcher, "next time I have any shoes to be enlarged I'll either take them to a shoemaker or wear 'em just as they are in spite of corns."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Down-trodden Woman.

A woman has wheeled 36 consecutive centuries and is still able to talk colorfully.

To be sure, she is being crowned with laurel.

But the terrible injustice of it all nevertheless.

For yonder a man who has eaten at one sitting barely 23 dozen nine pies, not half of them containing ptomaine poison, and who is now a hopeless imbecile is not only crowned with laurel, but is talked of as a presidential possibility also.

The injustice of woman not being eligible to political preferment.—Detroit Journal.

What It Lacked.

"I'm afraid I can't use your play," said the manager.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the playwright.

"Why, it's not bad enough to be good nor good enough to be interesting," explained the manager. "It ought to have either more spice or more merit."—Chicago Post.

WANTED.

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CREW NOTICES.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN, OWNERS nor consignees of the ERIS. Consignees will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of said vessel.

Wm. S. Keyser & Co., Consignees, HAWKER, Captain.

NEITHER THE CAPTAIN, OWNERS nor consignees of the BRIT. Consignees will be responsible for debts contracted by the crew of said vessel.

Wm. S. Keyser & Co., Consignees, HAWKER, Captain.

AN ORDINANCE.

To Be Enforced an Ordinance Relating to the Erection of Poles for the Support of Telephone, or Other Wires, in the Streets, Alleys, and Other Public Places, of the City of Pensacola.

Be it ordained by the Mayor and Council of the City of Pensacola:

Section 1. That no individual, partnership, company, or corporation shall hereafter erect, or cause to be erected, in the streets, alleys, or other public places of the city of Pensacola, any poles for the support of telephone wires, or other wires, for the transmission of electricity, unless the owner of such poles and wires shall first have obtained from the city council, as hereinafter provided, the privilege of erecting such poles in such street, alley or other public place.

Section 2. That the council shall not grant such privilege until the owner of such poles and wires shall file a petition for the same, approved by the Board of Public Works of the city, and set forth therein the names of the owners of such poles and wires, the purpose for which, and by whom, they shall be used; each street in which they are to be erected; the height, the quantity and number of the poles to be erected, and the manner in which the wires are to be strung thereon.

Section 3. That the council shall grant such privilege upon such terms and conditions as it may see fit, and the petitioner, as a condition precedent to the taking effect of such privilege shall by agreement in writing to be filed with the city comptroller agree to comply with and perform all of said terms and conditions, and any failure to do so shall put an immediate end to such privilege, and also to the right to use or occupy such street, alley or other public place with such poles.

Section 4. Any erection of poles in violation of this ordinance shall render each offender liable to a fine not exceeding \$25 or 30 days imprisonment, for each pole erected.

Section 5. All ordinances and all resolutions of the City Council or Board of Commissioners of the Provisional Municipality of Pensacola, or parts thereof in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

Passed and approved April 5th, 1900. Attest: J. M. HILLIARD, Mayor. F. GLACKMEYER, Clerk.

TRAINING HORSES.

Preparing the New Animals for the Circus Ring.

All through the winter circus men are training the animals for new shows for the next summer. The winter is by no means an idle time. Training horses for the ring is a long and arduous task. The first thing done is to put the new horses in the stable with the old ones, cut horses to get them used to their new company, and a queer thing happens. It is that the old horses are jealous of the newcomers.

A great deal of patience and time is required to train the horses to run around the ring. They are classified and taught to run around the ring in a circle. The natural tendency of the horse is to run straight, and it is a hard thing for him to turn. A system of checks and lines makes the training easier than formerly.

The horse is an obedient animal and apt to do what he sees another horse do, so when the trainer is removed he is placed alongside an old trained horse, and the man who is to ride the new animal does tricks with the old ones, then tries them on the pupil. A good, intelligent horse soon learns and actually helps his rider.

Horses are very sensitive to applause and with that stimulus will do twice as much work as without. They are just as likely to lose their heads as bit man performers and have to be carefully watched. A well trained ring horse is easily worth \$1,000, and riders who are stars usually own their horses. The most careful attention is given these animals. Before each act their backs are rubbed with resin which has to be washed off afterward.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Indigestion!

We challenge the world to produce a remedy equal to the Matchless Mineral Water for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all forms of Stomach, Bowel Troubles and Skin Diseases. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Cost only 5 cents a day to use it. One dollar bottle last twenty days.

For sale by all druggists; also W. T. Green & Co., 37 S. Palafox Street.

OR ADDRESS W. W. WILKINSON, Greenville, Ala.

Testimonial From Judge Gaston.

GREENVILLE, Ala., April 10, 1899. I take great pleasure in certifying to the purity and the merit of Wilkinson's Matchless Mineral Water. This natural mineral tonic, to my personal knowledge, is taken from a well three miles east of Greenville, in the exact condition in which it is sold. I have seen this water used, with wonderful success, for dyspepsia, indigestion, sore eyes and for various diseases, cures and cures on man and animals. As a remedy for these troubles, I do not believe its equal exists. It is highly recommended by physicians for a number of diseases. W. W. WILKINSON, Judge of Probate Court, Butler County, Alabama.



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The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years.

Advertisement for TEETHINA (Teething Powder) with an illustration of a baby.

Advertisement for A. M. AVERY, Hardware, with a list of various goods and services.

Advertisement for First National Bank of Pensacola, Fla., listing officers and services.

Advertisement for McMillan Bros. Co., Coppermiths, General Metal Workers, featuring an illustration of a turbine.

Advertisement for THE ORIGINAL ST. LOUIS A. B. C. BEER, featuring an illustration of a beer bottle and a man.

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