Down the meadow, down the meadow,
See her where she goes!
Surely never lass in Yeddo
Tripped it upon fleeter toes!
Hark! how jolly!—"Mollie, Mollie,"
Comes the call from far away;
And the answer—girlish folly—
"Mollie's making hay."

Just the picture for a sonnet
To be writ upon—
Roguish face within a bonnet,
Hidden from the ardent sun.
Not a shred of melancholy
In the whole sweet summer day;
Skies a blur of blue, and Mollie—
Mollie making hay!

By my faith, ere long a farmer
Every swain will be,
With so lovable a charmer,
Going in for husbandry.
Ere another lover trample
Where my eager heart would sway,
(Mollie's set me an example!)
I'll be making hay.

—Detroit Free Press.

AN OLD STORY.

"It is of no use!" said Mary desperately. "I can't think of a single thing to say."

She sat and frowned gloomily, biting the end of her penholder. Now and then she ran her hand distractedly through her hair. This was a trick of hers when thinking hard, and, as a rule, the result was more startling than pleasing.

"It is of no use!" she said again, but this time with a different inflection. "I mustn't sit here and give way to laziness like this. If I don't write a tale we can't pay the grocer's bill! I must and will begin, only—what on earth am I to say?"

Mary's brain was fertile enough, and her busy fancy generally delighted in spinning love stories and the like. In the early days of her scribbling she had been greatly laughed at by her mother and sisters, but when welcome little checks began to come in return for bulky envelopes sent through the post the tone of the family altered and Mary had for some time been regarded as a person of importance.

Perhaps they overrated her powers, for they had come to the conclusion that Mary could do almost anything. Mary's head was looked upon as a bank upon which an unlimited amount of modest demands could be drawn, and the girl now and then felt a trifle overwhelmed as she realized what was expected of her.

"Oh, Mary must write a tale!" her mother would say easily, when an additional expense was suggested. So the fancy of the moment would be indulged in, and Mary would shut herself up in the little room she called her own, whence in due time she would emerge tired but triumphant.

On this particular morning, however, she racked her brains in vain. She tried her hardest to think of some slender framework upon which to hang the usual mild love-making, but the more she tried to woo "the muse," the more obstinately did the said muse refuse to respond to her advances.

"I feel exactly as if a wet sponge had been passed over my brain," she thought, despairingly. "There doesn't seem a single idea left."

Just then a gentle rap came at the door.

"Come in," said Mary, impatiently.

She never liked to be interrupted when she was trying to work, and just now she felt more than usually cross.

Her face relaxed a little, however, when she saw her visitor.

"You, John! I thought it was Jenny. I wondered whatever she wanted now."

"Poor Jenny," said the newcomer, laughing.

"Poor Mary, I think," rejoined Mary, dolefully.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked John Redmond, taking a seat, and evidently preparing to make himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted. He looked very strong and capable as he smiled down upon Mary, and the girl was conscious of a distinct feeling of relief, though she hardly knew its source.

"Well," said Mary, "I feel worried and bothered. You know, John, how much all our folks have got in the way of looking to me for help in money matters?"

"Yes, I know," replied John, with a rather curious inflection.

"I like to do it," said Mary quickly. "It makes me very glad and happy to do it. I should not say a word about it to anybody but you, but you already know these details. You are such an intimate friend of the family, aren't you?"

"A very intimate friend of the family," echoed the young man gravely.

"And mother has often told you how easy it was for me to earn a few pounds, hasn't she?"

"Very often," answered the young man again, with the same gravity.

"Well, John," said Mary, lifting a pair of very earnest eyes to his, her accents full of sorrow and dismay, "I am sometimes afraid I can't keep on doing it."

"What makes you think so?" asked John gently.

"I can't think of anything," said Mary the tears brimming up into her eyes. "I have sat here this morning for nearly an hour, and not a single idea has come to me. And—I didn't dare to tell mother and the girls—my last story was rejected. It was such a blow, for I had been counting on the money to buy Jenny's summer dress. She was rather cross when I told her she must wait a while longer."

"My dear little soul," said the young man, "you are overworked. That is the simple explanation of the whole matter."

The kindness of his tone seemed to altogether break down Mary's composure, for, after a momentary struggle for calmness, she dropped her head into her hands and cried heartily.

John Redmond's face presented a curious study, so many were the emotions that passed rapidly over it. He made an involuntary movement toward the little weeping figure, but the next moment checked himself and waited quietly until Mary herself spoke.

"I don't know whatever you will think of me," she said rather shamefacedly, as she wiped her eyes. "I don't know what made me do it. But I am so much obliged to you for letting me 'have it out.' I am better now."

"To be sure you do," said John, with a friendly and rather tender laugh. "I have always understood that a 'good cry' was a great luxury to young ladies."

"For pity's sake don't call me a 'young lady,'" cried Mary, with an assumption of her usually energetic manner. "I do hate that phrase."

"Just as you please," returned John easily. "What shall I call you? Novelist? Journalist?"

"Neither one nor the other," said Mary, flushing a little, a shade of her late despondency again falling upon her. "I am nothing in the world but a writer of penny love stories, and losing even the small amount of capability required for that."

"That is nonsense," exclaimed John now speaking earnestly. "As I said before, you are overworked. You have been doing too much. Your brain needs rest, and it ought to have one, Mary."

"Well, it can't, just at present," said Mary, shaking her head very decidedly. "There is Jenny's new dress and the grocer's bill. I shall know no peace until those two things are off my mind."

John was silent for a minute, but he looked troubled.

"If I could just get an idea," said Mary, more hopefully, "I think I could work it out. I seem to have used up everything! I have written about lost heirs and lost wills—about the heiress who pretended to be poor and the adventuress who pretended to be rich. I have told about the man who expressed the utmost detestation of 'the new woman' and ended by falling madly in love with one. I have related the history of the girl who determined to have a 'career' and finally gave up all for love. These things are all worn out, John! They have become so feeble that I am ashamed to press the poor things into further service."

John smiled.

"They are far from dying, Mary. They are full of vitality yet."

"Well, somebody else may have them," said Mary, returning the smile. "At least, for a while. I may be glad to fall back on them some day, but just now I should like something fresh. All sorts of queer things are constantly happening in real life if I could only get to hear them. John, haven't you an idea of any kind? Or some little thing that has come within your own experience? Anything that holds a tiny spice of romance, you know."

John looked at her a moment and seemed inclined to speak. Then his mind apparently altered and he shook his head.

"Oh!" cried Mary disappointedly, "that is too bad. You look exactly as if you had an idea."

"Well," said John slowly, "a faint glimmering did seem to come to me, but I am afraid you will think it silly."

"Do tell me!" exclaimed Mary. "I shall be so grateful."

"And I don't know that it is particularly new," went on John in the same doubtful way.

"Well, never mind," said Mary, in a businesslike way. "A great deal depends on the treatment of a subject. Sometimes a very hackneyed theme can be made to sound quite fresh. I have noticed it in several instances. Go on, John."

She fixed her eyes on him expectantly, and a smile dawned in the young woman's eyes as he looked at her.

"Is it humorous?" asked Mary innocently, as she saw the smile.

"I don't know," answered John, relapsing into gravity. "That entirely depends upon how they regard it. Things appeal so differently to different minds, don't they?"

"They do," rejoined Mary promptly. "Sometimes I have written things which I thought were funny, but other people entirely failed to see the joke, and on the other hand I have been laughed at for sentences which were penned with perfect seriousness. But to proceed with the subject in hand. I wish you would begin, John, for the time is getting on, and I shall be miserable unless I succeed in making a good start this morning."

"There is a lot in making a good start, isn't there?" asked John, with evident anxiety.

"Oh! a great deal," said Mary. "It is often the most difficult thing possible to start. Once fairly begun the work is comparatively easy, because one thing seems to lead to another."

"I see!" replied John, reflectively. Then a long silence fell between them.

"Do go on!" said Mary, impatiently, at last.

"Well, the fact is, Mary, I"—with considerable emphasis on the pronoun—"find a difficulty in starting. I think I could go on if the subject were only begun."

"Let me help you out," said Mary with an air of resignation. "There is a girl in it, I suppose."

"Oh, yes!" returned John, very decidedly. "There is a girl in it; and an uncommonly nice girl, too."

"Good gracious!" said Mary. "It is all easy enough. Describe me her appearance, character and surroundings. Tell me what she did, and how she did it. Then explain where the man comes in—for there is a man in it, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes!" said John, as decidedly as before. "There is a man in it."

"Well, what about him?" asked Mary. "Dear me, John! I might as well invent a thing myself, and have done with it, if you can't tell me straight off."

"I'll tell you!" said John, with the air of a man determined to make the plunge. "Only—Mary—promise me one thing. Don't laugh at my story."

"Can't I laugh if it is funny?" rejoined Mary.

"It isn't," said John. "Well, not exactly. Er—in fact, I don't know how it will strike you. I meant, don't laugh at my clumsy way of telling it."

"Of course not," replied Mary, kindly. "And I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, John, for taking all this trouble."

"Well," began John, "this girl—the girl I am thinking of, you know—lived at home with her mother and sisters. The father had died some years before, leaving just enough money to supply their bare wants, but no more."

"I quite understand," said Mary in a tone which had a good deal of "fellow feeling" in it.

"So, of course," went on John, "life was more or less of a struggle with them. But, happily, one of the girls—this special girl I began to talk about—developed quite a talent for—for——"

"For what?" said Mary rather sharply.

"For painting," returned John quickly. "She used to paint quite lovely little things and sell them to the shops."

"Yes," said Mary, "but when does the romance come in, John?"

"I am coming to that," replied John. "Give me time, Mary."

"Oh, of course," said Mary, amiably. So after a pause John went on again.

"Years before, when these girls were quite little, their father had shown a great kindness to an almost friendless boy."

Mary started and a faint color crept into her cheeks; but John took no heed and his voice became firmer and clearer.

"To the action of that good man the boy owed whatever success came to him in after life. He never forgot this and he often wondered how he could best repay the debt he owed."

John paused, but Mary did not speak.

"And as the time went on he found the debt increased rather than diminished. For though his first benefactor had passed away, he had left kindly hearts behind him. And as the boy grew into manhood he prized more and more the welcome he ever received from those good women and felt that in the whole world there was no spot so dear to him as the one they called home."

Again John paused, but Mary mad no effort to break the silence.

"He loved them all," said John, "but"—here a new tenderness crept into his voice—"he learned at last that for one of them he had the love which a man only gives to one woman in the world. She was not, I think, quite understood by her mother and sisters much as they cared for her. She had a talent which she was glad to turn to useful account, but the others hardly realized that the task which was generally a pleasure might at times become very hard and wearisome. They thought it was play for her to sit down and paint. So sometimes her heart failed her a little."

Mary's face was very white now, bu the color rushed suddenly back into h as John gently took her hand into hi own.

"This young man loved her, Mary—loved her more dearly that I can quite tell you. But he waited a long time before he dared to speak to her. He knew how much depended upon her in the home, and he felt he had no right to take her away until his position would enable him to offer comfort to her and to those dear to her. It often seemed a weary while, and his heart often ached. But the time came at last. The time when he felt free to speak."

He paused, and for a few minutes there was between them a deep silence. Then his hand clasped hers more fervently, and he said "Mary!"

As if irresistibly compelled, she looked into his eyes. And in that moment a full knowledge of what she had never before even guessed swept over her. She knew the sweetest of all earthly things—that she loved, and was beloved.

"You were quite right, dearest," said John a while later. "The difficulty lies in making a start. Everything comes quite easily afterward."

"The story is very hackneyed," whispered Mary. "But, oh, John!"—with a half-mischievous, wholly tender look—"isn't it wonderful how anything so old can be so interesting?"—London Society.

A WONDERFUL GUN.

Pull the Trigger and It Fires Eight Shots in Succession.

What is claimed to be a most remarkable weapon and one which is as great an improvement over the ordinary revolver for military purposes as was the revolver over the old-time horse-pistol, has been brought out by a Berlin firm. The construction of this latest development in firearms manufacture is upon entirely new lines, so far as regards small arms. The cartridges, which are eight in number, are contained within a magazine in the grip. The action of the piece is so rapid that the eye cannot follow the movements, and the whole eight shots can be fired before the first shell ejected has struck the ground.

The cartridges are brought to the front of the breech lock, when the latter is moved to the rear in opening the breech, and closing the breech places the cartridge in its proper position in the firing chamber. The recoil at firing drives the barrel and breech machanism to the rear, the three friction rolls of the rear link strike against the curved butt and are forced downward, the middle joint of toggle is raised and the breech block recedes, taking with it an empty shell by means of the extractor until the ejector strikes the shell from below and throws it out, and the surplus momentum of the recoiling parts is taken up by the recoil spring against which the friction rolls impinge.

As soon as the recoil, which is so eased as to be scarcely noticeable to the hand, is spent, the spring draws the toggle link forward and downward, the breech block pushes the upper cartridge into the barrel and the firing bolt is arrested and held cocked by the sera.

The safety piece prevents accidents when the arm is not in action, otherwise the pistol is always cocked and ready for service.

The pistol weighs two and three-quarter pounds, with a six-inch barrel, and two and four-fifths with a seven and a half inch barrel. The projectile weighs eighty-five grains and is projected by the cartridge at about 1,20 feet per second.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Making Sailing Ships Go Faster.

The statement of an Italian sea captain that he had proved by experience that a ship goes faster when her sails are perforated with a number of holes than when they are quite sound, was at first looked upon as too ridiculous for consideration. Unbelievers, however, now find that the Italian has gone a long way toward proving his case. His theory is that the force of the wind cannot fairly take effect on an inflated sail, because of the cushion of immovable air that fills up the hollow. To prevent this cushion collecting he bored a number of holes in the sail, which let part of the wind blow right through it and allowed the remainder to strike against the canvas and exercise its full effect. Several trials have been made, and it looks as if this is another of those paradoxical truths which appear so impossible on the surface. The experiments were made in all weathers. In a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made four knots, while with the perforated sails she covered five and a quarter knots; in a fresh breeze she did seven knots with ordinary sails, and eight and three-quarters knots with the improved sails; in a strong wind she did eight knots and ten knots respectively. If this augmented speed were sustained throughout a long voyage it would increase the value of the ship one-fifth, as she would make the same trip in four weeks that she did before in five weeks.

Some men are so shallow that every time they scratch their heads they expose their brains.

A Pathetic Ailment.

Mrs. Q. had a severe headache, and her complaints made Mr. Q. a trifle cross, and by and by he said something which made Mrs. Q. cry. Whereupon her little boy also burst into tears.

"Dear me!" said his father. "Now what may be the matter yith you?"

"I've got a headache—in mamma's head!" said the child.

Cures

Talk in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla as for no other medicine. It has the greatest record of cures of any medicine in the world. In fact,

Hood's

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1.

Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE child of God is as safe as his Father's throne.

John the Baptist reached the masses by preaching Christ.

Where there is growling there cannot be much growing in grace.

Some men hate the Bible because it is against a short yardstick.

If you want your wife to be an angel treat her like one.

When our enemies are God's enemies we shall always win the fight.

It is not so hard to do right when the mind is fully made up to do it.

If you don't know what else to do for the Lord, become a cheerful giver.

When a man's tracks point toward the saloon his back is toward heaven.

The first mile toward hell often looks as though it led straight to heaven.

You cannot always tell who is in the grave by the size of the headstone.

Church members who never smile do a great deal of harm without knowing it.

When Jesus said three times, "It is written," the devil thought it was time to go.

If sin of every kind could be seen in the face the world would be full of red noses.

It is easy to lead a Christian life only when it is made the first business of life.

It is because there are so many highly respectable sinners, that sin is so dangerous.

When a sinner is dying he finds no comfort in counting the hypocrites in the church.

On the day a man finds out that he is a fool there is hope that he may some day become a Solomon.

There is one grave from which there can be no resurrection. It is one in which we bury our talents.

The man who does not believe in Christ takes a step toward God when he begins to believe in some Christian.

Many a man is so busy in trying to reform the world that he cannot find time to straighten up his own fence.

AN HISTORIC STEAMER.

It Has Had a Remarkable Career on the Hudson River.

The steamer Drew left Albany on her last trip Saturday night, amid the shrieking of tugs and steamers. If the noisy demonstration was not so great as that which heralded its first arrival it is because not so many vessels ply the waters of the Hudson at Albany as there did thirty years ago. Then the river front of Albany was lively and bustling. Now but for the tugs of the Ronan line, the New York and Newburg boats, and the few steamers that carry freight and passengers to nearby points, the waters of the river would be unvexed by passing craft.

It is the day of the railroad, but, while wind and water hold, the pleasure and profit of marine adventure willl never lose their charm. And so, though we speed the departing Drew, the coming Adirondack is cordially welcomed. If at the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century the boat which comes so gay in bunting and gleaming paint, so endowed with all that makes marine achitecture of this time wonderful and complete—if, we say, this boat, then grown old and out of date, is retired with a record as honorable as that which the Drew takes with it in retirement, its owners will have reason to congratulate themselves. For the Drew's history is one of great distinction and honor.

This notable steamer has been commanded by Stephen J. Roe, now transferred to the Adirondack, from the day it went into commission. If its saloons and cabins could talk what a history they would tell; for, in its time, the Drew carried as passengers nearly every person of prominence on this side of the Atlantic, and travelers from the old world were bound to have one trip on the Hudson River night boats, the fame of which had penetratted wherever travelers go.

There was nothing like them in the world—certainly nothing in Europe—which anywhere approached them for space of accommodation, for appointments, and for general comfort. The boats on the Rhine were small when compared with them, while the channel packets produced hideous nightmares when contrasted with the luxury of travel on the Hudson. Not even the boats on the Mississippi, when travel on that river was at its height, were to be mentioned in the same breath. The Hudson River steamers confessedly led all lines of inland travel until Colonel James Fisk, Jr., took charge of the Fall River line of steamers. That marked the beginning of another era in American steamboating, and now the Sound boats in many respects are unapproachable. But the officers of the People's line are resolved that the glory of steamboating on the Hudson shall not be permitted to decline.—Albany Journal.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There never was a dewdrop
That filled a flower's cup,
But quick there came a sunbeam
To drink the dewdrop up!

There never was a dollar
That jingled in the till,
But quick there came a fellow
And scooped it with a bill!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The more a man learns in this life, the more he discovers his ignorance; life isn't long enough to educate a man to the full extent of his abilities.

ILLITERACY AND SOLDIERS.

Question as to Whether Education Makes a Fighter.

Military men, and especially military men of a higher rank than common soldiers and subalterns, do not agree very much better on disputed points than doctors or lawyers. One point of serious difference between soldiers arises over the question whether, as a rule, well-educated soldiers make better fighters than those who are either illiterate or have only the rudiments of education. Recently some official figures have been published by the War Department in St. Petersburg showing that more than 75 per cent. of the Russian conscripts are illiterate. Out of 250,000 men drafted into the army each year 200,000 are unable to read or write. On entering the army they are taught to do both. Hence the Russian War Minister claims for the conscriptive system the credit of being an adjunct to rudimentary public instruction.

Russia has always ranked lowest among the countries of Europe in respect to the education of its soldiers, and in the same category with Russia, though a little above it, are the Danubian States, Servia and Roumania. Above Russia, but below the other European countries in which educational advantages are most generally diffused, are Italy, Hungary, Portugal, Spain, and Greece, forming, so to speak, an intermediate group. Of the Italian conscripts of 1866, before the Venetian provinces secured their independence or before the unification of Italy was established, only 36 per cent. were able to read, and the standard of education was lower at that time among the soldiers than among the general population of Italy, for 40 per cent. of the men who married were able at that time to sign the marriage register.

In 1871, the year following the establishment of Rome as the political capital of Italy, the number of conscripts able to read had risen to 43 per cent. In 1881 it was 52 per cent., in 1887 it was 55 per cent., and in 1895 60 per cent., the present average. In Hungary the ratio of conscripts able to read and write is the same as in Italy, 60 per cent., but it varies very much throughout the Austrian Empire, being 20 per cent. in Poland, 55 per cent. in Tyrol, 85 per cent. in Bohemia, and 90 per cent. in Austria proper. In Spain it is 50 per cent.; in Greece it is 55.

Above these figures of percentages come those European countries where, as in the United States, there is an educational test for admission to the army. In Norway, Sweden and Denmark all soldiers—a full 100 per cent.—must be able to read and write. In Germany the percentage is nearly as high, 99 per cent. In Switzerland it is 98, and in Holland, France, England, and Scotland it is 90. In Belgium it is 85.

Some military authorities declare that soldiers familiar with reading and writing and inspired by the ambition which comes from education, make alert and ambitious soldiers, and can be depended upon for taking the initiative where illiterate soldiers would not know, or might not know, what to do. That's what some of the military authorities say, but there are others, claiming to speak with similar authority, who say that the observations of Generals in modern warfare prove the contrary of this proposition.

The first duty of a soldier, it is a well-established proposition, is to comply with the regulations and conform to the discipline of the service—in other words, to obey orders. Literary accomplishments or even a rudimental knowledge of the requirements of education do not help a soldier in firing a gun or aiming at an enemy or performing sentry duty or making a long march. For officers, perhaps, writing, and arithmetic may be a very good thing, but for actual service on the battle-field or in trenches, physical strength and a willingness to obey implicitly the orders of commanders are much more important than general knowledge.

It is certainly a fact that Scandinavian soldiers, with whom the standard of education is now highest, have not, in modern times, shown any superior efficiency. In fact, they have kept out of war as much as possible, except during the Danish-Prussian war of 1864, in which certainly the Danes did not conscpicuously distinguish themselves as formidable adversaries to the better trained, if not better educated, Germans.

According to the beliefs of the Arizona Indians, the cliff dwellers built along the bluffs because they feared another deluge.

The muscles of the mocking bird's larynx are larger in proportion to the size of the bird than those of any other creature.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap being 100 per cent. pure, is, therefore, absolutely all soap, and has nothing in it to turn yellow. Dobbins' Soap Mf'g Co., Phila., guarantee its purity. Every one knows the value of Borax. Try it once please

Threads of shredded steel are used in Germany as a substitute for sand paper. It is said to work more quickly and uniformly than sand paper, and does not clog.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass. Oct. 22, '94.

Gas made from sawdust is used to illuminate the streets and houses of Deseronto, Canada. The sawdust comes from the lumber mills in the neighborhood.

Personal.

ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, will receive information of much value and interest by writing to Pink Pills, P. O. Box 1592, Phila., Pa.

In Australia horses and cattle are now being branded by electricity from storage batteries. The temperature is uniform and the brand safe and artistic.

RUPTURE

Cure Guaranteed by **DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 Arch St., PHILA., PA.** Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Consultation free. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

The 5,000-horsepower pumping engine in the mines at Friedensville, Penn., raises 17,500 gallons of water at each revolution of the fly wheel.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It is recommended that every lifeboat carried by ships should be provided with a bottle of citric acid, which precipitates chloride of sodium, and it is now claimed, converts sea water into a palatable drink.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Manage all your actions and thoughts in such a manner as if you were just going out of the world.

A coward never forgave It is not in his nature.

Sunlight Soap

is made in a twin bar (as shown above) for the sake of convenience; it is made of pure materials for the sake of quality; it is made by our peculiar processes for the sake of effectiveness (doing its work easily); it is made at the largest soap works in the world for the sake of supplying the largest demand in the world; it is used everywhere for the sake of

Less Labor.
Greater Comfort

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N.Y.

He Saw It.

To appreciate thoroughly what it means to play to an empty house (says the New York Evening Sun) one must travel to Brooklyn to attend a Wednesday matinee. At such a performance of "John-a-Dreams," a school-girl sat in an orchestra chair and there was a young man in the front row of the balcony. The scene is the deck of a yacht, and as Henry Miller emerged from the cabin and gazed into the empty gulf before him, he spoke his first line: "The sea is purple; have you, too, noticed it?" An instant later a voice came from the balcony: "Well, I don't know about the lady down-stairs, but I can see it all right."

THE GREAT NURSERIES.

LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKPORT, ILLS.

Visited by Gov. Colman, Ex-Sec'y Agrl. and the Hort. Ed., Judge Miller.

"Oh, how insignificant all my fifty years of nursery business seems, all combined, when compared with this stupendous establishment, where they count by millions," said Judge Miller, that veteran horticulturist, as he, in company with the writer, were being driven to the various departments of this vast nursery.

In an experience of over forty years we do not remember to have passed through an establishment where so large a number of hands were employed whose duties were so thoroughly systemized, and where business capacity of a higher order was manifested.

It is not in the soil of every farm that one finds qualities essential to the growth of the different kinds of Nursery stock, hence it has devolved upon these gentlemen, who were born to the Nursery business, to select from among the hills and valleys of the two Pikes such portions as are adapted to their purposes. But in this very fact of selection of soil we see their exceeding care for the future success of their stock.

Missouri and Illinois have no more worthy institutions than the Stark Nurseries, and surely no better or more representative men than the proprietors. The business is growing on their hands as it deserves to grow.

They have a system of 40,000 acres of commercial test orchards located in great fruit growing regions.

The canvassing force is being increased; 5000 fine outfits ready. Stark Nurseries always have room for more active workers because they have millions of Stark trees to sell.—[Colman's Rural World.

Only about two minutes are required for the blood to course through the heart, thence to the lungs back to the heart, and then through the entire body, and return to the heart.

Insist Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla, when you need a medicine to purify your blood strengthen your nerves and give you an appetite. There can be no substitute for Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after dinner pills assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Bantie.

Bantie was a tiny little black dot of a bantam hen, and Bertie was a tiny rosy-cheeked dot of a boy.

Bantie belonged to Bertie, and she was so sure of a few crumbs whenever he came to the door that she would leave Speckle and Brownie and all the rest of her companions, even to old Buff, the huge Cochin, whenever Bertie's little white head appeared at the door.

One day, the last of April, Bertie came into the house crying bitterly. "Bantie's gone," he sobbed, "an' won't never come back no more!"

We cheered him up by telling him that he would surely see her again, and sure enough, in about three weeks Bertie rushed into the house as fast as his two little feet would carry him, shouting, "Bantie's come, Bantie's come, an' brought ten little black banties with her!"

Fun for the Professor.

The late Prof. W. H. Harrison, who for many years was at the head of a popular boys' school in Amelia County, Virginia, was much loved and respected by his many pupils, and had a rare faculty for managing them. "He wasn't forever nagging us, but, as some of us learned by experience, he let the punishment fit the crime." So said one of his former pupils, now a prominent lawyer in Richmond; and then he related the following story:

The professor was accustomed to take a drive every sunny afternoon in a heavy, old-fashioned coach drawn by a large gray horse. One day, shortly after he had returned from his drive, half a dozen of the boys espied the coach standing in the driveway, where it had been left temporarily, and were seized with the idea that it would be great sport to secrete it.

Chuckling softly among themselves, they stole near to make sure that the colored driver was busied with the horses inside the stable. Then they took hold of the thrills, three on one side and three on the other, and drew the coach out of the grounds and down a long hill into a pine grove.

"Won't the 'Old Goat' be puzzled to know where his coach is?" said one fellow, with a laugh, in which the others joined.

"Old Goat" was a term of affectionate familiarity which the boys applied to the professor behind his back, and which really savored nothing of disrespect.

The roguish youths indulged in jokes and merriment as they tugged the coach into a position out of which it would be difficult to remove it. This they had just accomplished when, to their consternation, Professor Harrison put his head out of the coach window, his eyes twinkling, and said, in his dignified, slow way:

"Well, boys, you've had the fun of hauling me down here, and now I must request you to haul me back again."

Smiles fled, faces grew long, and the boys stood aghast.

"All—right—sir," stammered one.

The professor settled back on the cushions, resumed the book which he had been quietly reading when the "fun" began, and the boys proceeded to drag the coach back to the grounds.

How they worked! The hill was never before half so long nor half so steep, but after almost an hour of puffing and perspiration the job was done.

Then Professor Harrison opened the coach door, and descending, said, with marked courtesy: "I thank you for my ride; I hope you have enjoyed it as much as I have."

"Yes, sir," answered one of the boys, who knew not what else to say, and felt that some answer was called for.

There the matter ended, so far as the professor was concerned, for he never alluded to it again. The culprits on their part resolved never to mention it, but it was too good a story to keep.

The Truth About Mr. Frog.

If ever there is a happy creature it is Mr. Frog. A more comfortable looking fellow can hardly be found, as he sits on that log that lies partly in the water of that swamp. As you watch him you see him twinkle his bright eyes, as though the little fly he has just eaten was a most delicious one. But let us look into Mr. Frog's history and see how he grew into the pretty, black-spotted, white-breasted green hopper he is now, for you may be sure that he was not always so handsome.

At first you never would have known him, for before he could move at all he was a tiny black spot the size of a small pea and was surrounded by a clear, jelly-like substance to keep him from being injured by sharp stones or sticks in the water. For many days he lived thus, fastened with a cluster of other such to the stem of a plant that grew under the surface in the still part of a brook. This bunch of eggs was near the bank where the water was shallow, and so the sun warmed them, and by and by they had tails and were so strong that they broke through the white jelly and began to wiggle about.

For a week or two they were content to rest in the soft mud, where they lived peacefully and grew rapidly. But one day they went further away from their little pool into another one. Here were more brown lumps with tails on, and some were very sizable indeed. Our little frog was then called a pollywog or tadpole, and he probably felt proud to own two long and high-sounding names. He played with his brothers and sisters and with the other pollywogs, or hunted for his food in the mud, and enjoyed life as much as anything can that has plenty to eat, nothing to think about and lots of fun.

All this time our friend was growing, and it was not long before a curious thing happened. It was this—a pair of hind legs grew out of his body, and though he did not use them at first he knew he should later. Next a pair of legs could be seen in front, and now he could crawl as well as swim. The pollywog had gained these legs, but he was losing his tail—not that it was falling off, as many people believe, oh no! his tail was being absorbed into his body, that is, it was becoming a part of his body, and as he broadened the tail was shortened until only the stubby end was left. His head was smaller, and more as it is now. Altogether, he was improving wonderfully in looks. He did not care to be lazy any more, but jumped and frisked about in high glee.

Who would have thought that so many changes could possibly occur to so tiny a creature! He had traded his brown clothes for a pretty suit with black spots, and wore a yellowish white vest—in fact, he looked as he does now, but was smaller. When the end of his tail had been all absorbed he was no more a pollywog, and spent half his time on the land traveling from pool to pool, or exploring the field for a soft, marshy place. Here he loved dearly to sit in the moist grass, and dart out his tongue at flies, and various other insects.

After several weeks we find him a full-grown frog. He has learned the ways of the world, and knows how to keep out of danger's way. You shall see what he does when we poke at him with this stick. Ah, there he goes to the bottom of the pool! Look hard, but you will not see him, for he has hidden himself in the mud or under some stone—and so, Mr. Frog, farewell!—The Congregationalist.

A Parisian inventor is endeavoring to perfect a phonographic watch. If he is successful, the world will soon see a watch which, by touching a spring, will whisper the time in your ear.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Waiting for the Bird.

A small boy who had a great dislike for school returned home for dinner a little earlier than usual.

"Tommy, you naughty boy, you have been playing truant," said his mother; "a little dicky bird came in at the window and told me so."

The next morning Tommy set out for school as usual. During the morning his mother heard a noise from the far end of the kitchen, and, looking round there, saw Tommy crouched under the table.

"Tommy, you rascal, what are you doing there?"

Seeing that he was discovered he crawled out, and, holding up a brick which he had by him, said:

"I was waitin' to croak that dicky bird."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

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Drunkenness Cured by a New Discovery.

Drunkenness is a disease and should be treated as such, on account of the Alcoholic poison in the system; the victim cannot stop drinking without treatment. I have the receipt of a never failing cure—only a simple drug obtainable at any druggist. It is a perfectly harmless ingredient. This remedy expels the Alcoholic poison from the system, destroys the craving for liquor and creates a desire for food instead of drink. After a few days use the victim will begin to dislike the taste of all intoxicating liquor; it can be given secretly by a friend in any thing the victim drinks without their knowledge and effect a permanent cure. I will mail you this valuable receipt and instructions for 25c in silver to help pay advertising expenses, etc. Address C. C. SHAW, Fort Bragg, California.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. William T. Clime, a grocer doing business at 1522 Norris St., Philadelphia, recently made the following statement concerning Ripans Tabules: "I had what the doctors called Nervous Indigestion, from which I suffered day and night. I tried several doctors, took electric treatment, patent medicines, and, in fact, everything that I could hear of, but nothing done me any good and I made up my mind there was no help for me, only to grin and bear it, but one day I was passing a drug store and stopped to look at the display in the window and I happened to see a card with 'Ripans Tabules' on it and I thought, well, here's another straw for a drowning man, so I'll throw some more money away, so I went in and bought a box, and, seems to me, the first dose took effect. I have been taking them ever since and they have surely worked wonders with me. When I look back on the past and then on my present condition, seems to me I am a new man. I am enjoying elegant health now, and I feel that I owe many thanks to Ripans Tabules. I have recommended them to several of my friends who say they are wonderful, and I must say they are a God send to any one suffering from a disorder of this nature."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

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