"Of course, said the engaged girl, hat's what you married him for, asn't it?"

rasn't it?"

"Well, not entirely," answered the oung married woman, hesitatingly, "And, of course, you didn't succeed," ut in the older married woman; "I lid—at least, I got him started, and low there's no stopping him. You ee, I got him to stop drinking first. He didn't drink much, anyway; but I oot him to stop it entirely, and for a ew weeks he was so cross and irrita-



'Outrageous."

ne it. But he got over that, and I is so pleased with my success that I dertook to get him to stop smoking, a said he felt so much better since stopped drinking that he was beging to believe there was a good deal benefit to be derived from abstemiisness, and he stopped smoking. It as three months before he was in fit andition to inhabit the same house ith a human being and two or three mes I begged him, for heaven's sake, go to smoking again, but he would You ought to be gratified to think

at you have so much influence with m," said the engaged girl. "It must be very gratifying to have a husband who neither smokes nor drinks," said the older married wo-man. "There are not very many of

"It's a good thing," returned the

young woman, bitterly.
"Good thing!" exclaimed both the

others. a good thing," repeated the young married woman, with emphasis. "A reform movement that you can't stop when you want to is one of the most annoying and disagreeable things that it is possible to have around the house. My husband thinks be feels so much better that he has become a crank. He doesn't believe in pepper or condiments of any description any more, and has instructed me to dispense with them entirely in the house."

house."
"Outrageous!"
"He considers coffee injurious, and
won't have it on the table, and he insists that candy will drive any woman
to an early grave."
"Preposterous!"

to an early grave."
"Preposterous!"
"Isn't it? But there doesn't seem to be any help for it. He's says that now he's started he's going to reform the household from top to bottom."
"That's the way with men, my dear. You marry one to reform him, and he thinks you have married him to be reformed," and the older married woman looked very wise, while the engaged girl looked in the direction of h box of bon-bons on the table and began to think that, possibly, she would be better not to try to reform Harry at all.

Not Up to Date.

The girl in bloomers was thoroughly disgusted. She had devoted herself to a woman's magazine for a matter of half an hour or so, and had tried the woman's page of a daily newspaper.

"It seems an outrage that they should impose upon us to such an ex-



why, the insmon page—" began the girl in the tennis suit, by way of protest.

"Absolutely valueless and uninteresting," broke in the girl in bloomers. "Nothing but gowns, gowns, gowns and lingerie and lace, and not one word about—er—er—what really interests us now. Why, half the things I wear are not mentioned on woman's pages or in woman's magazines."—Chicago Evening Post.

"Oh, well." explained the girl in the tennis suit, apologetcally, "you must not forget that it is only recently that you began to—er—wear 'em."

"But it is not entirely a matter of bifurcation, either," protested the girl in bloomers. There is very little about yachting caps, golf caps, fedora hats, toe-clips, handle bars, road records, diamond frames, centuries, cigarettes, knee action, neckties and all the other things that a girl is naturally interested in. We have to turn to a part of the paper devoted to men to find anything about any of these things."

"Oh, that is natural just now. You see—"

"There's no politics on that page,

"There's no politics on that page, either," interrupted the girl in bloomers. "You cannot find out how to register or in what colors the ballots will be printed or where the speeches are being made or anything else that is interesting. Then there isn't any golf news or tennis news or anything of that sort—nothing but a lot of stuff about homes and gowns and husbands and other trash that no one cares anything about. What is needed is a woman's page that is devoted to mat-

ters that women are really interested in; to fashions that they will wear; to bicycle schools instead of kindergar-tens. You see, we've been moving too fast for these editors—at least some of us have? us have.'

Early Morning Tragedy.

Ting-a-ling-ling! B-z-z-z! Ting-"Confound that alarm clock!" he ex-

claimed as he turned over in bed. "There is never a morning that I don't regret that I ever permitted it to come into the house." "Permitted it," repeated his wife in

a drowsy way, as if she were too sleepy to enter a vigorous protest, and yet felt that she ought not to let such

yet felt that she ought not to let such a statement go unchallenged. "You bought it yourself. No one else wanted such a clanging thing in the house." "Well, it's the only thing in the house that I can rely upon," he retorted. "I admit that I regret it when it gets after me in the morning sometimes, but when I get thoroughly waked up I realize its value. There isn't anything else in the house that isn't more or less affected by the weather. If it isn't just as light as you think it ought to be you turn over and go to sleep again. If the sun stayed behind a cloud and I didn't have this alarm clock the chances are I would sleep until noon. You have to see just so much light shining in the window or you won't believe it's time to get up, and that is where the alarm clock comes in You know I wand to get you won't believe it's time to get up, and that is where the alarm clock comes in. You knew I wanted to get up early this morning, but I will bet I wouldn't be awake now if it had been left to you."

I wouldn't be awake now if it had been left to you."

"That is right," she admitted. "I would not have waked you up at this time. What time is it, anyway?"

"Six o'clock," he answered promptly. "That was the time I set the alarm clock for."

"I did not ask you about the alarm clock," she retorted, as she made herself as comfortable as possible under the bedelothes while he got up and began to dress. "I asked you what time it was. It is dark enough to be midnight."

"You heard the clock go off, didn't you?" he asked sarcastically. "Are you banking a combination of woman's intuition and a cloudy morning against the unequivocal assertion made by taht clock?"

clock?"
"Oh, I suppose the clock's all right,"
she answered carelessly, as if it were
a matter of small importance anyway,
"but I would have more confidence
in it this morning if I hadn't seen the children playing with it last night after you had set it. Somehow that



He Made a Dive for His Vest,

He Made a Dive for His Vest, seems to have destroyed my confidence in—"
At the first mention of the children he had made a dive for his vest to consult his watch, and before she could finish a man about half-dressed was moving rapidly in the direction of the children's room with one large slipper held aloof in his right hand.
The sounds that preceded from the children's room a moment thereafter awakened all the neighbors and set them to guessing what the children have done to deserve such severe punishment at 3 o'clock in the morning.

ishment at 3 o'clock in the morning

He had some thoughts of proposing. It was natural that his thoughts should take some such course, for her fortune was figured at something over a million, while his was figured at something less than \$9.35 just at that moment, although he probably would not have admitted it.

Then it was that the subject of conversation drifted round to engagement rings, and he mentioned that in some

rings, and he mentioned that in some countries men wore them.

"And the strange feature of it all is," he said, "that the girls provide them." "Yes?" she returned interrogatively, "Oh, yes," he replied promptly. "I can show you extracts from books to prove it, in addition to referring you to people who know all about it themselves."

"What of it?" she asked somewhat

Absolutely Valueless and Uninteresting.

traordinary extent," she said, at last, as he threw down the paper.

The girl in the tennis suit looked at her inquiringly.

"They make such a recommendation of the content of

"Most natural thing in the world,"
"They make such a pretense of getling up news especially for us," exlaimed the girl in bloomers, "and inariably fail so miserably."

"Why, the fashion page—" began
the girl in the tennis suit, by way of
rotest.

"Most natural thing in the world,"
she asserted.

"Aw, now, you don't really think
that is exactly the proper thing, do
you?" he asked, rather disconcerted.

"Why not?"

"He made a hasty effort to collect his
thoughts, and then suggested that it
seemed to be expecting too much of a

He made a hasty effort to collect his thoughts, and then suggested that it seemed to be expecting too much of a girl.

"Such things seem to come more more gracefully from the men," he said.

"Perhaps you are right," she answered, "but it's a mere trile anyway, and I suppose we might as well get used to it. The bride has to furnish practically accreting else for the modeverything else for the



EXPERIENCES WITH BURGLARS.

Fragic Story and Another With Humorous Side.

Burglar stories are rife nowadays. There are a hundred experiences told of burglars or would-be burglars for every robbery, and those are numerous. One of these is a true story and cf a double tragedy. It is a story of the rash use of firearms. It was a young man who discovered the burglar. He heard first a slight noise outside the house, was sure he heard steps, and, looking out, saw a light. He aimed at the light as he took his revolver and fired. There was no further noise and he went to sleep, content that he had frightened away the burglar if there had been one. In the morning it was found that his revolver had done good execution. A man, heavily armed and well supplied with burglar's tools, was found dead outside the house door. It was a great shock to the man who had killed him. He had killed a himan being in cold blood, and he was inconsolable. He was a fine young fellow, with a life of promise before him. It was in vain that his friends endeavored to console him by saying that the man was evidently desperate and other lives might have been taken if be had been allowed to carry out his plans. But the murderer, as he considered himself, was not to be comforted. He became the victim of settled melancholy, and before the end of a year he had succumbed to his feelings.

Another story has a comic side. She was a nice old lady, who never missed an opportunity-to laud the virtues of her bed one day, remarked upon it: "Yes," said the widow, "James always kept it there in case of burglars. James was very brave. Why, I remember one night we heard a noise in the house, and we thought burglars might be around. James got up"—the visitors listened, cold chills in anticipation of a thrilling story, creeping up and down the spine—"James got up," went on the ous. One of these is a true story and cf a double tragedy. It is a story of

listened, cold chilis in anticipation of a thrilling story, creeping up and down the spine—"James got up," went on the story teller, "and slammed our bed-reom door as hard as he could and locked it."—New York Times.

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.

"I have heard people say," said the struggling young author, "that they thought what manuscripts they had sent to the publisher had been returned sent to the publisher had been returned to them unread. I think they must be mistaken about this. My own impression is that the manuscripts are always read; and I say this after an unbroken experience of manuscripts returned. It would be the height of folly, after the publisher had spent a lot of money for wading through the great mass of stuff submitted, in the hope of finding gems—it would be the height of folly not to winnow the stuff carefully. I believe the work is carefully and faithfully done.

"Oh, I dare say that after a reader had read about forty successive manuscripts from the same contributor, not one of them revealing the faintest gleam of humor or the slightest scintilla of common sense, I dare say he right, when he came to the forty-first manuscript, now and then skip a dot over one of the is, or, possibly, not stop to scan closely the cross on every t; but what I mean to say is he'd read it fairly, no doubt of that.

"No, sir; the things are read; I'm sure of that; but are they read appreciatively?"—New to them unread. I think they must be

sure of that; but are calculatively?
"A--ah! That's the question!"—New

The Telegrapa of the Desert.

"Yes," said Joseph Donner, superintendent of telegraph for the Southern Pacific railroad, "telegraph poles along the line have a hard time. Particularly is this so out West, where the poles are costly and stations are few and far between. Now, out in the Arizona desert the poles are played the deuce with generally. There is a sort of woodpecker that picks the posts absolutely to pieces, thinking there may be insects inside of the wood. They hear the humming and haven't sense enough to know what causes it. Then near the hills the black bears imagine that each pole contains a swarm of bees and they climb to the top and chew the glass insulators to pieces, but the sandstorms are the things that create the most have. When the wind blows strongly the sand is drifted at a rapid rate, and the grains cut away the wood at a fearful rate. It was a common thing to have an oak pole worn to a shaving in a day's time, while I have seen poles just ground to the surface of the earth during a single storm. Things got so bad out there that the company decided to substitute steel poles for the oak and cedar, but that didn't remedy the evil at all. The sand just wore away the metal on each side of the pole until the center was as sharp as a razor, and all the Indians in the country used to shave themselves on the edge. We finally managed to fix things. We just painted the poles with soft pitch. The pitch caught the sand, and now every pole is about two feet thick and solid as a rock."New Orleans Times-Democrat. tween. Now, out in the Arizona desert the poles are played the deuce with

For Slender Women

Columns of conflicting advice have been written from time to time for the benefit of women who wish to get thin, and, as it is not enough for the woman who desires to put on a little extra flesh to draw her conclusions from the reverse side of the fleshy woman's instructions, she is coming in for a goodly share of counsel, too, which is all excellent in a way, but the regime of exercise and diet which is advised for perfect development from the standard of too much or too little flesh is usually an absorbing process which leaves very little time for other things, and the average woman soon wearies of it if she has the courage to attempt it at all. The simple recipe, "Eat vegetables and plenty of butter, drink milk, sweet wine and stout, take cod-liver oil, go to bed early, sleep a little during each day, and laugh as much as possible," will often help the thin woman immensely. Cream may be substituted for the cod-liver oil if preferred.—Detroit Free Press.

A Variation in History. and, as it is not enough for the woman

A Variation in History "When my wife and I were in Richwhich my who and I were in Richmond," says the traveler, "we had for
a driver on many of our excursions an
old colored man who was a character.
He had been the body servant of a
rebel general at the time of the war,
and what he did not know about the
rebel army and its history he imagined.
He was remarkably accurate in most
things. We were talking of visiting
Powhatan, and asked George about it,
more to hear what he would say than
anything else. "Just de grabes der,
sar," answered George. "De grabes of
Pocahonta and Cap'n John Smith."
Who were they? I ased. "Rebel generals, sar," said George. "Pocahonta, he
stated der, and dey do may, sar, dat
der stones do get bigger and bigger
over year." mond," says the traveler, "we had for

HISTORY OF CRAPS

RIGINATED MORE THAN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

scinations Peculiarly African-Method of Gambling That Is Not Without Its Intricacies - Now Prohibited in the Crescent City, and Many Other Places.



F there is one game to which the Savannah negro is devoted above all is all alike, says Savannah

On Sundays the country gather in groups in the shade of the trees, out of sight of the "big house," and play all lay long, or until the wages which they received on Saturday night are gone. In the cities they gather on the wharves, in the corners of warehouses, or any favorable spot out of sight of the "cop" and play for any amount

ars.
The Savannah bootblacks and news boys, like those of any other city, samble away their earnings, and many a game is carried on in the lanes, the layers often becoming so interested hat they lose all thought of the po-icoman until that worthy appears in their midst and nabs a couple of the players. White boys play the game, too, but negroes of all ages and sizes 'shoot" craps. There is only one other ame which equals craps in fascination or them, and that is policy, and as pol-cy is more likely to be interfered with y the police, craps has all the advan

they may possess, from coppers to dol-

There are fascinations about the ame peculiarly African. It is not vithout its intricacies. The ordinary come seven, come eleven" plan of the ame is simple enough, but if there is crowd around the players there may be a half-dozen interested in the game and a dozen side bets. How they manige to keep run of the game is a mysery to the ordinary observer, but they to so with unerring accuracy. Fights ver crap games are rare.

The expressions common to the game tre amusing. "New dress for de baby," exclaims one. "See my gal Sunday night," exclaims another. "De little number 2," says one, as that unlucky number shows up. "I eight you," says nother, meaning that he bets that that number will not turn up again before he "lucky seven." And so it goes. The city council of New Orleans has

ust passed a law making the game of raps illegal. It does not matter where t is played, whether in the streets, in he club or at home, craps is especially ingled out as the most depraved of ambling games, not to be tolerated nywhere. The game, according to a nodern writer, is of New Orleans ori-in and over 100 years old Bearnard de Marigny who entertained Louis Philppe when he came to Louisiana, and who stood seventy years ago as the nead of the creole colony of the state, s its wealthiest and most prominent eitizen—he was entitled to call himself Marquis in French—was the inventor r father of craps, and brought it into high favor as the fashionable gambling of the day. When he laid off his plan-ation, just below the then city of New Orleans-it is now the Third disrict, but was then the Faubourg Margny—and divided it into lots, he named one of the principal streets "Craps." and explained that he did so because he had lost the money he received from the lots on that street in this favorite

rame of his. It remained Craps street until a few years ago, when a protest was raised against such a disreputable name for i very quiet and respectable street, especially given to churches. "The Craps Street Methodist Church" sounded pardeularly bad. After Bernard Marig-ny's death craps as a gambling game descended in the social scale and was and the mainly monopolized by negroes and street gamins. Some five or six years ago, however, some Chiinally agoans who happened to be on the evee in New Orleans were struck by the game as offering novelties to the aded taste of dice-players and took it nome with them.

It crept into favor at once in the west, and craps now ranges from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and no well-regulated gambling-house is without a "craps room." But, while it has flour-shed elsewhere, it has been tabooed in its birthplace. And now, not content properly, "him." "Yes," she said, "I'm craps room." But, while it has flourwith the ordinary laws against all one's back bedroom with the blinds ulled down in front.

Chinese Trust One Another.

I have said that a Chinaman trusts als friends to an extent that we would consider almost imbecile. Among them noney is loaned without interest and without written acknowledgment or witnesses. If a man is "short" and ap-peals to his cousin or his friend to help him, that friend will divide up without specifying a time for its re-payment. If the man is sick or poor or poor, the creditor, in all probability, will never mention the matter again, and will certainly not ask for its return while the debtor refrains from gambling or opium smoking, and honestly does his best. I have known men to be for a time without employment, and while they were trying to obtain it, if they conformed to the strict moral code of Chinese law, they were helped by the various cousins with gifts of money sufficient to support them until work was obtained; and not only to support themselves, but their families also And then, as "turn about is fair play," they were expected to be equally generous with some one else.—
"The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in the November Century.

"Can any of you tell me why Lazar-us was a beggar?" asked the female teacher. "Why was Lazarus a beg-gar?" she repeated sternly. "Please, gar?" she repeated sternly. "Please, ma'am," replied a small boy whose father was a merchant, "because he father was a merchant, "because he didn't advertise."—Chicago Chronicle. the thing."—Detroit Free Press.

THE "BLUE PETER" IN WHIST. Mecca of All Players of the New

School. There is a house in London which should be the mecca of all whist players who believe in the new school and the "information" game, a shrine before which they should bow respectfully as the fountain head of all that is modern in the game, says the Month-ly Illustrator. This is 87 St. James street, and it is within sight of Marl-

borough house. Its fame rests chiefly on the fact that it was at one time known as Graham's club, and that devoted above all others, it is craps, City or country, it is all alike says playing a higher card before a lower when no attempt is made to win the trick. That signal has been to the whist players of the world like the pllar of fire to the children of Israel, For more than forty years it has led them up and down in the wilderness of arbitrary convention, but it has never brought them to the promised land of better whist. The blue peter was the introduction

to whist of a purely arbitrary signal or convention, and its seed has spread like a thistle's, until it has entirely overrun the old game of "calculation, observation, position and tenace,' leaving in its place long suits, American leads, plain-suit echoes, four signals and directive discards. These seem to have choked up all the dash, briliancy, and individuality in our whist players, reducing them all to the same level—not by increasing the abilities of the tyro, but by curtailing the skill of the expert.

MATCH BOXES FOR GIRLS.

Another of Man's Prerogatives Seized Upon by the New Woman.

Until this year the match box has been the unquestioned, exclusive prop-erty of man, says the New York Journ-Never once did he think of such a thing as the fairer sex borrowing it. He may have had a presentment of her laying claim to his necktie, but his matchbox—never. But the bicycle girl, who makes whatever she wants possible, has now laid siege to man's matchbox. If she contemplates riding at night she needs matches to light her lamp, and necessarily she must carry them in a matchbox. That is the reason that there are any number of new match boxes this year which are smaller and more dainty than anything in this line seen before. "Do girls buy them?" a prominent jeweler was asked. To which question he answered: "Yes. indeed. The smaller sizes are made particularly for their special use." The prettiest of the new match boxes for girls are of gold with an enameled de coration. The enameling either takes the form of a college or yacht club flag or it resembles a hand-painted miniature showing a girl on a wheel miniature showing a girl on a wheel or the head of a dog. Many of these matchboxes are made with a concealed recess for a photograph. It is only when a certain spring is touched that the picture can be seen so skillfully is it hidden away. The silver matchboxes, decorated with the outline of a tiny bicycle in enamel, are also new and much less expensive.

Sumbers Do Not Count in a War for Independence

All history teaches that in a war for independence superiority in numbers does not count. For instance, the lit the republic of Switzerland, surrounded by kingdoms and empires in arms, won its independence upward of six hundred years ago, and is independen today, yet it has, and has always had, only an army of militia. The little principality of Montenegro has been fighting the Turks since the fall of Constantinople, even before the dis-covery of America. The Dutch re-public, and Scotland under Wallace and Bruce, and Prussia under Freder ick II. in the Seven Years' War, and America in the Revolution, all suc-ceeded with greater odds of numbers against them than were opposed to the seceding states. And today Cuba, with only a million and a half of pop-ulation, seems to be successfully fighting Spain with nearly twenty millions No; in a war for independence num-bers do not count, and it has not often happened in the history of the world that a people who have fought with that a people who have rought with such desperate valor as the Confederates displayed have failed to win independence.—"Why the Confederacy failed," by Duncan Rose in the No-

She Was Not Silly.

vember Century.

very much in love, I know, but not in gambling games, the council has de-clared craps especially prohibited, and not to be played for money even in what I can see that he has defects oh, lots of them—both in looks and character. I'm able to regard him, thank goodness! from a perfectly impartial and dispassionate standpoint." After which the just-engaged girl proceeded to go into detail. According to her "impartial, dispassionate" state ment "he" was, it seemed, handsome and amiable and clever and courageous and charming and-"See here." interrupted one of the other girls, many defects you said you saw so plainly? Please mention some of them?" "Well," said the just-engaged girl, heroically, after a minute's silence, "one of his front teeth is just a little crooked."-New York Commercial Ad-

First Student—"What makes you look so melancholy?" Second Student -"I have been fooled. I asked m father to send me 60 marks to pay my tailor and a few days later I received the receipted tailor's bill!"—Fliegende

Venezuela, or "Little Venice," as the early Spanish explorers called the country, the natives having built their houses on piles along the shores, is not so very little, since it is twice the size of California. Unless.

"Hubly, what in the deuce did you mean by letting that note I indorsed for you go to protest?" "Why, man

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Two through trains daily via the Union
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principal western points, including Og

n, Salt Lake, Butte, Helena, Portland
n Francisco, Sacramento, etc. Ask abou

em at 941 17th St., corner Curtis.

Did You Ever See an Indian? Expect not, so send a two-cent stamp to the General Passenger Agent Colorado Mid-land railroad, Denver, and he will send you a fine colored picture of one.

"What makes all the girls dislike Bea rice so much?" "Why, you see she ha naturally curly hair."

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Niehols, Princeton, Ind., March 26, 1895. According to a statement made in Parlia ment, there are in England and Wales more than 40,000 pauper children.

"It will go away after awhile."

That's what people say when advised to take something to cure that cough.

Have you ever noticed that the cough that goes away after awhile takes the cougher along? And he doesn't come back!

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

What or gan shall I buy? Why not buy the one which holds the world's record for largest sales -



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