

## "FOR REMEMBRANCE."

She lived for love—the traitor years  
Took what she lived to find—  
I think in dying she has found  
Death steadfast and more kind.

You bring her rosemary today,  
O hearts that weep and love her!  
But that she may forget, I lay  
Heartsease, instead, above her.  
—Arthur Ketchum, in East and West.

## Fight for Life With Wolves.

A Ranchman's Thrilling Adventure on the  
West in Plains.

"It was while I was employed on the G— cattle ranch, in the state of Kansas, that the following exciting incident happened," writes H. W. Stevenson in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. "Being a young man, scarcely 18, I was naturally opposed to working all the time, so had taken a well-earned holiday and had gone over to Fort Larned to pay a visit to friends who were then in the service of the government. Being mounted on a good horse and accompanied by my favorite dog, Tim, I did not feel lonesome, and it was just getting dusk when I set out on my return journey. Tim thought he would venture on a little hunting expedition of his own, so, leaving me to follow at my leisure, spurred on ahead in search of game.

"I had not ridden very far before I became aware of an unusual amount of noise and barking some distance in front, and apparently in line of where I was heading for. I had not heard any sound for over half an hour that would indicate where my dog was, so when this yelling suddenly smote my ear I surmised that he had cornered or captured some sort of game.

"Carefully examining my revolver, of which I most always carried a couple in my belt when out on these excursions by myself, I rode hurriedly forward to investigate the trouble. In another moment I was in the midst of the conflict, and then it was for the first time I became fully aware of what was transpiring.

"It wasn't dogs at all, as I at first thought, that were killing my bound, but wolves—prairie wolves—and as soon as I took in the situation I knew that not only the life of my favorite dog was in danger, but I, myself, was in a tight place and must act, and that quickly, if I ever expected to reach my friends alive. The moon had by this time lifted her illuminated face above the eastern sky line, and her mellow light enabled me to faintly distinguish the struggling mass of wolves, fighting over the remains of my poor dog. He was past all help by now, but had died game and bravely, just as was evidenced by the dying howls of his survivors.

"I was round the edge of my comrades' feeling of revenge took possession of me at the sight of my dead shying and prancing regardless of my was poor, and as soon as I began firing it was all that I could do to keep him from running off. But I was determined to have revenge, and continued firing into the crowd of wolves until I had emptied both my revolvers. My aim must have been bad, for after I had ceased firing there seemed to be as many wolves still surviving as there were when I began, but I must have put several of them out of the game, at least. Maddened by the taste of blood, and almost devouring one another in their eagerness to satisfy their ravenous hunger, they, all at once, turned their attention to where I and my now thoroughly frightened horse were standing.

"'Twas then I fully realized my perilous position. Unarmed as I was, having exhausted all my ammunition, I was in no manner a match for these savage animals, who were maddened to frenzy by the taste of blood. My only safety lay in flight, and without a moment's hesitation I dug the spurs into my horse and he responded to the unkind treatment on my part by giving a leap that almost threw me out of the saddle, and was off like the wind.

"I headed him as best I could in the direction of where I thought our camp lay, and glancing back over my shoulder saw that the wolves had deserted their recent prey and were now following close in my wake. I knew I would become an easy victim if once they caught up with me, and I became thoroughly alarmed at the thought of falling into their clutches and sharing the fate of my poor bound.

"Giving my horse full rein, regardless of consequences, and urging him forward, with my spurs, he bounded over the prairie, leaping holes like a stag, with me clinging to the saddle for dear life. He, too, realized the peril we were in, and, good, sensible beast as he was, tried his utmost to get me out of my predicament.

"But we were having a harder time of it than we wished. The ground was so rough it was difficult traveling, and more than once my horse stumbled and I came near going over his head, and that would have ended my journey. I realized that my foes were gaining rapidly on me, and my how I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the friendly light of our camp fire, which would mean safety for me and my now almost exhausted horse. But none appeared, and with a sinking heart I prepared to sell my life dearly and, if necessary, sacrifice my horse to do so, by leaving him to the mercy of the wolves and make my escape as best I could. But the thought of leaving him to be devoured by these ferocious animals gave me fresh energy, and I urged him on still faster. He was doing his utmost, poor fellow, and I thought if we ever escaped, nothing would be too good for him the remainder of his life. His

strength was fast going away and his breathing grew faster and faster, until I almost imagined I was riding some automatic animal, driven by steam. I leaned forward every now and then and patted his neck, thus encouraging him that I appreciated his efforts, at the same time glancing back to see how near my enemies were.

"He must have understood my caress, for he again, bounded forward, but not a moment too soon. The foremost of this band of wolves, an immense fellow, was close behind me and gaining rapidly. I could hear his labored breathing not over 10 feet away, and I began to think my chances for escape were every moment growing less, and I knew I wouldn't last long under those sharp teeth. Oh, for the sight of our camp! Would that welcome sight ever appear? And I had almost given up hope and was preparing for the forthcoming struggle when, on reaching a slight rise in the prairie, I beheld the most welcome sight I had ever seen.

"Approaching me was a small band of horsemen, clearly outlined against the western sky, and, as soon as I saw them, I gave a yell, that was answered by my friends, whom they proved to be, and they spurred forward to meet me. I fell rather than jumped, from my horse, and, now that help had arrived, gave a whinny and dropped over, thoroughly exhausted by his exciting ride. My friends took in the situation at a glance and began firing into the pack of wolves, who, now that the tables were turned, scooted away in an opposite direction and were soon out of sight. They left over half of their number on the field, however, thanks to my friends' good aim, but not even the whole pack, lying dead at my feet, could have recompensed me for the loss of my bound. But I was thankful to get off with my own life, and it was with a grateful spirit that I related my recent experiences to my companions, as we journeyed back to camp. They, it seems, had become anxious to my long absence, and decided to ride out and meet me, it being such a fine night, and I've been thankful ever since for that full moon, to whose welcome light I owe my life."—New York News.

## TWO WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

Why One Was Doleful and the Other Was Rebellious.

Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Deming are neighbors and visit each other quite frequently, and Mrs. Fuller has noticed with surprise that Mrs. Deming's husband never scolds when he comes home and finds no supper ready. She asked Mrs. D. about it, and was told it was as easy as rolling off a log.

"You have only to use a little tact," she said. "Why, any man can be managed by a tactful wife."

Just then Deming came in looking rather tired and cross, but his wife took his hat, whispered something in his ear, and asked him if he was very hungry.

He said he didn't mind waiting, and suggested he took his paper and went into the other room.

"There," she whispered, "I went to her room and told her how tact would work on her husband."

She found him with a thunder-cloud brow, and at once began the new treatment.

"Please go into the parlor and read the paper while I hurry the supper."

"Well, you have nerve! Do you suppose I can satisfy my appetite with news from China? I like that. A man might as well be a bachelor and done with it as have a wife who is forever gadding to the neighbors."

"I was over to Mrs. Deming's a few minutes and he wasn't a bit cross, and her supper is late too."

"Of course it is. Gossiping round and hindering each other. I wonder you ever get anything done."

Mrs. Fuller had tried tact, but it didn't seem to work. Her feelings were hurt and her temper was rising. She concluded to take heroic measures and see what would happen. She took off the white apron she had pinned on, and turned as only a woman can.

George Augustus Fuller, if you want any supper tonight you can get it for yourself. I'm going home to eat and will stay there until you know how to treat me. You should have married a cook."

"Maria," piped Fuller feebly, "don't go."

"Then will you be more reasonable?"

"Why, of course. I was only bluffing."

They made it up, and got supper together like two turtle doves. Mrs. Fuller thinks it takes different kinds of tact for different men, but she doesn't know yet what it was that Mrs. Deming whispered so sweetly to her husband. It was this:

"If you say one cross word while she is here I'll tell you how much money you lost on that last deal in wheat!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

## People Who Live on Nuts.

In Italy almonds are eaten while green or soft, as dessert by the well-to-do, but the poor cannot afford them. Chestnuts are the only nuts that enter into the regular diet of the people. Almonds, filberts and walnuts are more of a luxury and are served as dessert or with wine at social gatherings.

The chestnut almost takes the place in Korea that the potato occupies in the western world. It is used raw, boiled, roasted, cooked with meat and in other ways. In Syria nuts are not a part of the regular diet, but enter in the composition of some peculiar native dishes. "Nuts in this country," writes our consul at Alexandria, "may be classed as a luxury, for use as a dessert, or for consumption by the natives at night just before going to bed."

"Tuppenny Tube" is the name given by the Londoners to the new underground railroad, which seems to be very popular.

## CHINESE MUSIC.

The Gong and the Bell Always Play a Prominent Part.

Traditions without number are associated with the origin of nearly every musical instrument in use in China at the present day, says the Chicago Post. String and reed instruments, such as were used by the aboriginal tribes, were the first known. Next came the drums, which were first used to incite warriors on the battlefield to deeds of valor. There are many kinds of drums, distinguished by names indicating their size and use. Stone preceded metal as a musical substance. In the earliest classics musical stones are mentioned. Sixteen in number were hung by a cord and the performer pounded out the strains with a small mallet. The stones used by emperors were made of jade.

Though with most people the trumpet has been given first place among metal instruments, in China the bell takes precedence. The sound is made by striking the rim with a stick. The use of the bell as a musical instrument is, however, largely confined to religious services and processions. Not unusually it is concerted with other instruments.

The gong is even more popular than the bell. The Chinese gongs are of three kinds—the temple gong, the Soochow gong, which is shaped "like a boiler," and the watch gong, which is used to strike the watches, or divisions of time. The gong is probably the most conspicuous at a theatrical performance of any of the various instruments. It is supposed also to strike terror into evil spirits.

Flutes, fife, conch shells, clarinets, and the reed organ are the commonest wind instruments. The latter is made by inserting nineteen reed tubes into the upper surface of a gourd. The reeds are pierced near the base to prevent the emission of sound until stopped by the fingers of the performer. The mouthpiece resembles the spout of a kettle and is inserted in the side of the gourd. The favorite instruments among the more cultured Chinese are stringed. These include the she, the k'in, which is said to "restrain and check evil passions and correct the human heart," the p'ip'a, a four-stringed guitar; the yueh k'in, or "moon k'in," named from its moon-shaped soundboard, which has four strings standing in pairs, tuned as fifths to each other, and the Su-chun, or "standard lute," which has twelve strings, yielding exactly the notes of the twelve Luhn, or tubes, invented by Ling-lun.

From the beginning of the recorded history of China until the present day music has at all times had an important place in the political system of the Chinese. Its influence on the people and the forming of their character, either for good or evil, has never been underestimated. Confucius said: "It gives finish to a character first established by the rules of propriety. Since Confucius time has done so to lessen the Chinese belief in the estimable value of music. At the present day there exists an imperious desire to have the music of the West."

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## The Fringe in a New Guise.

A new use for silk fringe is made apparent in the trimming of a black silk grenadine, made up over orange tulle. The long overdress or tunic of grenadine is not out even about the hem, but deeply slashed in great triangular points, the apex pointing upward. The silk fringe is exactly the same depth as the height of the triangles, and it is set on beneath the hem, so only a part is visible over orange silk, which fills in the open triangles. The fringe is not cut out to fill in the spaces, but continues around the foot of the tunic, although only a little more than half of it shows. It would look thin and poor if strained across the triangle, so it falls loose. The black silk fringe looks like a lattice over the orange colored silk. The elbow sleeves of grenadine are continued to the wrist by an arrangement of the silk fringe over silk. This feature is rather a nuisance, since the fringe shows a disposition to catch and pull; but it looks stylish all the same.

Cartier's Ink is the best ink that can be made. It costs you no more than poor stuff, not fit to write with.

It isn't every telephone girl that can make the welkin ring.

The Best Prescription For Chills and Fever is a bottle of Carter's Tasteless Eucalypti. It is simple iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price 25c.

Stern Parent—"Explain to me why you're again behind at school. Did I tell you to get so late?" Bright Boy—"Yes, and doesn't a fellow have to be behind to push?"



Show us a fault in our business and we stop it at once, no matter how profitable. We don't believe a fault can ever be really profitable.

They said our Ague Cure was too bitter and powerful for the weak digestion of malarial illness.

We have corrected the fault. It's cost us thousands of dollars to do it, but we have corrected it.

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## CURES BLOOD POISON.

Permanent cure guaranteed by using 4 to 16 bottles of B. B. B. Have you Aches and Pains in the Bones and Joints, Ulcers, Offensive Eruptions, Boils, Scrofula, Sore Mouth, Gums or Throat, Falling Hair, Swellings, Cancer, Itching Skin, Copper Colored Sores, Catarrh, Rheumatism? Then B. B. B. heals every sore, makes the blood pure and rich and stops every ache and pain. Cures when all else fails. B. B. B. tested 30 years. Druggists, \$1. Trial treatment free, by writing Blood Balm Co., 3 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and medical advice free.

Retained All His Faculties. Tired of his parsimony and general meanness his neighbors turned out one night and tarred and feathered old Skimpplint.

"Save the tar," he said to the good Samaritan, who was scraping him off several hours afterward. "I can get five cents a pound for it."—Chicago Tribune.

Itching, Burning Eczema. Was troubled with a painful skin eruption, and after all other remedies failed, the father writes: "Send me four more boxes of Tetterine for my little daughter. It does her more good than anything we ever tried. Yours, etc., Jas S. Porter, Lynchburg, S.C." At druggists 50c. box, or postpaid by J. T. Shaptrine, Savannah, Ga.

## A New Field of Activity.

There are not many women detectives engaged in tracking criminals. Women are usually engaged in cases where a firm have reason to suspect that their patent has been infringed by another, or that their novelties are shown by rival houses by some employee. Bogus companies and swindling concerns, and any affair where a woman's wit is serviceable, are where the woman detective goes. Women have been more successful than men in cases where employers wished to discover the money spent and society kept by any employee.

## How's This?

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

W. E. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known E. 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 him by their firm.

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## WOMAN'S SKIDNEY TROUBLES

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Especially Successful in Curing this Fatal Woman's Disease.



Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless early and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave exhaustive study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for women's ailments—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—was careful to see that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was sure to control that fatal disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so-called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women.

The following letters will show how marvelously successful it is:

Aug. 6, 1899. "Dear Mrs. PINKHAM:—I am falling very fast, since January have lost thirty-five or forty pounds. I have a yellow, muddy complexion, feel tired, and have bearing down pains. Menstrues have not appeared for three months; sometimes I am troubled with a white discharge, and I also have kidney and bladder trouble. I have been this way for a long time, and feel so miserable I thought I would write to you, and see if you could do me any good."—Mrs. EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio.

Sept. 10, 1899. "Dear Mrs. PINKHAM:—I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound according to directions, and can say I have not felt so well for years as I do at present. Before taking your medicine a more miserable person you never saw. I could not eat or sleep, and did not care to talk with any one. I did not enjoy life at all. Now, I feel so well I can't say I have done for what you have done for me. You are surely a woman's friend. Thanking you a thousand times, I remain, Ever yours, Miss EDNA FREDERICK, Troy, Ohio."

"Dear Mrs. of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and cannot praise it enough. I had headaches, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, and kidney trouble. I also had a pain when standing or walking, and sometimes there seemed to be balls of fire in front of me, so that I could not see for about twenty minutes. Felt as tired in the morning when I got up as if I had had no sleep for two weeks. Had fainting spells, was down-hearted, and would cry."—Mrs. BERTHA ORR, Second and Clayton Sts., Chester Pa.

"Dear Mrs. PINKHAM:—I cannot find language to express the terrible suffering I have had to endure. I had female trouble, also liver, stomach, kidney, and bladder trouble. I tried several doctors, also quite a number of patent medicines, and had despaired of ever getting well. At last I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, thanks to your medicine, I am a well woman. I can't praise your medicine too highly, for I know it will do me good, and even more than it is worth. I need to do it every day. Your Vegetable Compound, and urge them to try it and see for themselves what it will do."—Mrs. MARY A. HIPLE, No. Manchester, Ind.