

Pity and Beauty

The most beautiful thing in the world is the baby, all dimples and joy. The most pitiful thing is that same baby, thin and in pain. And the mother does not know that a little fat makes all the difference.

Dimples and joy have gone, and left hollows and fear; the fat, that was comfort and color and curve-all but pity and love--is gone.

The little one gets no fat from her food. There is something wrong; it is either her food or food-mill. She has had no fat for weeks; is living on what she had stored in that plump little body of hers; and that is gone. She is starving for fat; it is death, be quick!

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the fat she can take; it will save her.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c. and \$1.00 all druggists.

How He Earned Breakfast.

I must have walked the streets (of Richmond) till after midnight. At last I became so exhausted that I could walk no longer. I was tired, I was hungry, I was everything but discouraged. Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion I came upon a portion of a street where the board sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes till I was sure that no passersby could see me and then crept under the sidewalk and lay for the night upon the ground, with my satchel of clothing for a pillow. Nearly all night I could hear the tramp of feet over my head.

The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed, but I was extremely hungry, because it had been a long time since I had had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.

Get No Autograph.

To an applicant for his autograph Mark Twain on one occasion sent a letter the substance of which was as follows:

"To ask a doctor or builder or sculptor for his autograph would be in no way rude. To ask one of these for a specimen of his work, however, is quite another thing, and the request might be justifiably refused. It would never be fair to ask a doctor for one of his corpses to remember him by."

There was no autograph to the letter, which was typewritten throughout.

Don't get the notion in helping the poor that you can do more with a "cheerful word" than you can with a dollar.—Atchison Globe.

Little Harry's Diplomacy.

Little Harry was very fond of sweet things to eat and especially of puddings, which were his favorite dessert. Accordingly his dinners were made a burden to him, since his parents persisted that he must make his meals off the substantials and leave what Harry called the good things until last. One day while Harry's nostrils were tickled with the tantalizing odors of his most favored pudding a scheme was born in his brain that points his way to future greatness. When his mother put before him a plate of meat and potatoes he eyed it a moment in apparent ecstasy; then, shoving it reluctantly away, he said:

"I declare that looks no good I guess I'll leave it till the very last thing and get rid of that pudding first!"

A KANSAS CRUSADE

Mrs. Carrie Nation Makes Determined War on the Liquor Traffic.

BIG BAND OF WOMEN ORGANIZED

Reporters of Armed Resistance to the Onslaught of the Fiery Crusader Are Heard and the Interest in the Situation Daily Grows More Acute.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 4.—Policeman Luster has reported to City Marshal Stahl plot on the part of the liquor men to tar and feather Mrs. Carrie Nation, the "joint smasher." Luster says that a negro tough whom he once befriended gave him the tip. Marshal Stahl is making an investigation. The report has frightened Mrs. Nation and her sister crusaders, but they declare that they will continue the work of destroying "murder shops."

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 5.—Mrs. Carrie Nation last evening met the first defeat in her saloon smashing career. Later at the police station she laughingly declared that it was by no means her Waterloo, and she would soon again be at her chosen work.

With six women, each armed with bright new hatchets, she had started out to wreck a restaurant in East Sixth street that also dispensed liquors. Before she could wield her hatchet Mrs. Nation was disarmed and a free-for-all struggle between restaurant people and her wreckers began. The greatest excitement prevailed for a time, during which numerous eyes were blackened and many noses made to bleed.

Mrs. Nation, herself unable to accomplish anything, shouted orders to her followers to re-begin the onslaught. But the hatchet brigade had become stampeded and not another hand was raised against the obnoxious restaurant. Mrs. Nation was led away to the station on a charge of disturbing the peace, and was followed by a jeering crowd.

At the police station Mrs. Nation was formally charged with disturbing the peace, and her name was entered on the docket. The police judge was at the station. Mrs. Nation refused to go to his room to see him regarding her offense, but insisted that he come to her, which he did. Mrs. Nation was informed that she would have to report for trial at the police court and was then released on her own recognizance. She declares that she will smash all the joints of the city, and she will stay here long enough to accomplish this purpose if it takes months.

Others Take It Up.

Pittsburg, Kan., Feb. 5.—A number of women, wives of prominent citizens, attacked the two saloons running at McCune, a small town 15 miles west of here, yesterday, and destroyed the furniture and fixtures at both places and a large quantity of liquor. The women held a short prayer service first and then after arming themselves with hatchets and ball bats began their work. The saloon keepers fled after a short parley with the crusaders. The damage done will amount to \$400. Feeling runs high, but none of the wreckers have been arrested.

No Joint Left.

St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 4.—The wrecking of joints at Hiawatha, Kan., which began Saturday under the leadership of the temperance people, was completed Sunday and the work was thorough, not a joint in the town remaining.

A CHARGE OF TREASON

Delegate Wilcox, of Hawaii Has Things Said About Him.

Washington, Feb. 2.—A petition containing charges has been submitted to the house committee on elections No. 1 against Delegate Robert W. Wilcox, the Hawaiian representative in the house. The charges are made in writing by George D. Gear of Hawaii, who submitted letters purporting to be copies of letters written by Wilcox to Filipino officials. The alleged letters are of a highly sensational character. One of the letters said to have been written by Wilcox is given in duplicate, bearing the alleged signature of Wilcox. Another letter dated Honolulu March 8, 1889, says: "I am thinking to go to the Philippine Islands and give my assistance to Aguinaldo against the invaders—the hypocritical Yankees—the carpetbag politician Otis."

"All Right."

Mrs. Thurrow says that Cardinal Wiseman went to dine with some friends of hers. It was Friday, but they had quite forgotten to provide a fast day dinner. However, he was quite equal to the occasion, for he stretched out his hands in benediction over the table, and said, "I pronounced all that to be fish," and forthwith enjoyed all the good things heartily.—"The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare.

USEFUL SNOW.

But For It Much of the Earth Would Be Little Better Than a Desert.

If all the condensed moisture of the atmosphere were to fall as rain and none of it as snow, hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface now yielding bountiful crops would be little better than a desert. The tremendous economic gain for the world at large which results from the difference between snow and rain is seldom realized by the inhabitants of fertile and well watered lowlands.

It is in the extensive regions where irrigation is a prime necessity in agriculture that the special uses of the snow come chiefly into view. All through the winter the snow is falling upon the high mountains and packing itself firmly into the ravines. Thus in nature's great icehouse a supply of moisture is stored up for the following summer.

All through the warm months the hardened snowbanks are melting gradually. In trickling streams they steadily feed the rivers, which as they flow through the valleys are utilized for irrigation. If this moisture fell as rain, it would almost immediately wash down through the rivers, which would hardly be fed at all in the summer, when the crops most needed water.

These facts are so well known as to be commonplace in the Salt Lake valley and in the suburban regions of the west generally. They are not so well understood in New Jersey or Ohio, where snow is sometimes a picturesque, sometimes a disagreeable, feature of winter.

In all parts of the country the notion prevails that the snow is of great value as a fertilizer. Scientists, however, are inclined to attach less importance to its service in soil nutrition—for some regions which have no snow are exceedingly fertile than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a very great loss.

In nature's every form there is meaning.—Youth's Companion.

Dr. Fenner's KIDNEY and Backache Cure.

For all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Lame Back, Heart Disease, Skin Disease, Rheumatism, Bed Wetting, etc.

Unfailingly in Female Weakness.

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