Where Woman's Time Goes.

"Please state to the court exactly what you did between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning," said a lawyer to a delicate-looking woman on the witness stand.

"Well," she said, after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school and sewed a button on Johnny's coat, and mended a rent in Nellie's dress. Then I tidied up my sitting room and made two beds and watered my house plants, and glanced over the morning paper. Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it, and washed some lamp chimneys and combed my baby's hair, and sewed a button on one of her little shoes, and then I swept out my front entry and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes, and wrote a note to Jimmy's teacher asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday. Then I fed my canary bird and gave the grocery man an order, and swept off the back porch, and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck 9. That's all."

"All!" said the dazed lawyer. "Excuse me, judge; I must get my breath before I call the next witness."

HEEDLESS WOMEN.

They Pay a Sad Penalty for Their Neglect.

If women only heeded first symptoms—nervousness, backache, headache, lassitude, loss of appetite and sleep; palpitation, melancholy, "blues," etc., and at once removed the cause with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, there would be much less suffering. But they are careless, or their physician is to blame, and they drift into some distressing female disease. The Vegetable Compound at once removes all irregularities of the monthly period: inflammation, ulceration and displacement of the womb, and all female troubles. All druggists have it. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., if you wish for advice, which she will give you free.

"I should not be alive to-day, if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was suffering greatly from an attack of female weakness, and nothing I had tried could give me relief; when by the advice of a friend I began the Compound. After using it two months I was a different girl, and now at the end of six I am entirely cured"—MRS. ANNIE KIRKLAND, Patchogue, L. I.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

OBSERVE

the following symptoms resulting from Disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dizziness on rising suddenly, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

RADWAY & CO., New York.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 47 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canadas and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.

Sparkling with life—rich with delicious flavor, HIRES Rootbeer stands first as nature's purest and most refreshing drink. *Best by any test.*

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

This Cowboy Is a Girl.

Jessie Findley is the champion girl cowboy of the West. She is only 17 years old, but as a horse-breaker she has no rivals among her own sex, and but few among the sterner sex. She is a product of Oklahoma. She has lived an outdoor life always, and the broncho does not buck that she fears to tackle.

On one occasion she rode 250 miles in five days, and wore out the men who accompanied her. At another time she

rode her pony into the North Canadian River when it was bank full, and swam across. Not one of her male companions dared to follow her lead. She has great success in taming bucking ponies which male riders can do nothing with. She seems to have a hypnotic influence over them they can not resist.

Although possessing all the reckless daring of the cowboy, Miss Findley takes delight in the feminine fancies natural to a girl of her age, dresses tastily, and is not averse to frills and pretty ribbons.

May Prove Interesting.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.—Thackeray.

In law nothing is certain but the expense.—S. Butler.

The envious man grows lean at the excess of his neighbor.—Horace.

Angling is somewhat like poetry; men are to be born so.—Izaak Walton.

The devil owes much of his success to the fact that he is always on hand.

Who plays for more than he can lose with pleasure stakes his heart.—Herbert.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.—Mme. de Stael.

Some who affect to dislike flattery may yet be flattered indirectly by a well-seasoned abuse and ridicule of their rivals.—Colton.

Those who make us happy are always thankful to us for being so; their gratitude is the reward of their benefits.—Mme. Swetchine.

The spirit of a person's life is ever shedding some power, just as a flower is steadily bestowing fragrance upon the air.—T. Starr King.

Time's gradual touch has moldered into beauty many a tower, which, when it frowned with all its battlements, was only terrible.—Mason.

Of what use is genius, if the organ is too convex or concave, and can not find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life.—Emerson.

The angels may have wider spheres of action, may have nobler forms of duty, but right with them and with us is one and the same thing.—Chapin.

Some decent, regulated pre-eminence, some preference (not exclusive appropriation) given to birth, is neither unnatural nor unjust nor impolitic.—Burke.

Nothing more powerfully argues a life beyond this than the failure of ideals here. Each gives us only fragments of humanity, of heart, of mind, of charity, of love and of virtue.—Anon.

The Towns Were Rivals.

"Interested in a trolley company?" asked a stranger in a little interior town of a man who had been expatiating upon its merits.

"Not a cent's worth," replied the advocate of the overhead wire.

"Live here?" asked the stranger next.

"Not on your life. I wouldn't live here if you would give me the whole town."

"But you're working mighty hard for something. What is it?"

The trolley advocate looked around to see that no one was in hearing distance, and then drew the stranger up in the shadow of a building.

"I'll tell you how it is if you'll keep mum," he said.

The stranger promiseded.

"I'm employed by a rival town to get the trolley here. The other town has been trying for three years to get the lead in population, and has made up its mind that the only hope is in killing off some of the people here. That's why I'm trying to introduce the trolley. See?"—Chicago Post.

Pueblo Chieftain: The meter, if not the alliteration, of Cripple Creek's "million a month" of output has been spoiled. The work done in this month of January already shows that "million" has been changed to "million and a half."

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is **any reason** why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is **every reason** why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

CHAPTER I.

A steep gray wall of limestone, polished like marble in some parts by the wash of the waves; a smooth pavement of sea-sand forming the floor of the irregular horseshoe of the bay; to the north a jutting rocky headland, weed-draped and wild; to the south a caverned cliff, scooped into fantastic grottoes by the impact of many thousand tides; in front a dark blue line, where the summer sea seemed to lie asleep. Such was the scene.

It was a pretty spot enough. The Norsemen who had drawn up their pirate galleys there of old had called the place Odin's Horseshoe. It lay convenient for the purpose of their forays, since there was a gentle slope at one point, leading to a cleft in the towering cliff wall, up which a broad path, almost a road, gave easy access to the fertile country inland.

Just above high-water mark, seated on a fragment of rock, reading, was a young woman, neatly attired, an empty child's carriage beside her, and a child's form discernible at some little distance, playing among the loose sand-heaps and shallow pools haunted by tiny crabs and starfish left behind by the ebb-tide, that lay between her and the black promontory that stretched grimly out to seaward.

The novel which the girl was reading was to all appearance a deeply interesting one, since she seldom found time to throw a cursory glance at her charge, now straying and playing afar off among the pools and the rocks, while as regarded the signs of the weather she was utterly blind and heedless. The day was fine. Yet the wind had freshened. There was a darkling line to seaward, that, to experienced eyes, boded mischief.

But sometimes such warnings are thrown away. The wind gained strength; so did the tide. The cloud-bank crept stealthily on. Hoarser and louder grew the noise of the waves; the great sea was coming in with swifter, longer strides than were common. Little of all this recked the girl, too much absorbed in the sorrows of an imaginary heroine to heed the anger of the coming storm. Higher and higher, like a wrathful snake upreared, rose the foamy crests of each pellucid wave. Louder grew the moan of the breeze, hoarser the sullen splash of the breakers. Yet she read on complacently.

Further and further yet, the tiny figure had strayed away from the side of the careless attendant. Still unobserved, unnoticed, the richly-dressed child strayed on, nearer, ever nearer to the tumultuous sea. The distance rapidly lessened. The tide came on, swift and strong, like an attacking army flushed with success.

At last the girl who had been reading so long upon the solitary shore lifted her head, and let the book she had been holding drop upon her knee. What had scared her was a sound, terrible and sudden almost as the trumpet-call of an avenging angel. The noise came from the right hand, where the cliffs approached most closely to the sea. Those who have heard the tide break into St. Guthlac's Cave seldom forget the hoarse, hollow roar with which, through fissure and cranny high above, the tortured air is forced out of the grotto by the rush of hurrying water. The waves had reached it now, and hence the clamor and confused medley of sound, as if of human voices crying aloud in due extremity of terror or of pain.

For an instant or two the girl stared stupidly at the sudden turmoil of sea and storm, but then a thought occurred to her that stung her to the quick, and in a moment she was on her feet.

"The child! the child!" she exclaimed, with white lips, as she darted forward. The footprints guided her to a broad and shallow pool. Beyond there was a belt of small pebbles that bore no mark, but far away the traces were again dimly visible, half effaced by the water that had oozed through the low-lying sand. Hurrying forward in breathless haste, as if to meet the fast-advancing sea, she reached the place where yet the footmarks could be seen, and with haggard eyes gazed around. But she could see nothing but the white waves rolling in, leaping hungrily around, as if intent on prey. The child? where, where was the child?

The girl was not brave beyond the average of her sex and her class, but now her nerves were strung to an unusual tension, and she pressed on where many a stout-hearted man would have quailed. Behind lay safety; in front was the terrible sea. On she went.

There were the tiny footsteps ever and anon as a guide, straying, wandering, devious, but always trending toward the bleak, storm-swept headland that jutted forth to sea. There, in front, was the promontory, like a great black wall, shutting out all view of the coast toward the north—hard to be climbed by a bold and strong man; inaccessible, no doubt, to a woman or a child. A giant now could not have rounded the point. But there had been a tongue of dry sand long ago visible beyond the black stones, and even the tottering steps of heedless infancy might then have achieved what was beyond the compass of earthly strength and daring.

All unconscious of the imminence of danger, the seeker pressed on. There was something touching in the girl's utter abnegation of fear, as, with the splashing water bathing her feet, and the shrill cry of the wild sea-mews ringing in her ears, she tracked the little footprints of her lost charge. She was knee-deep in the rush of frothy, bubbling whiteness, and struggled hard to make her way toward where, on a dry patch of high-lying sand slope, the little footmarks might yet be seen.

In came the tide like a mill race. The water deepened rapidly, and the girl reeled, threw up her arms, and made a despairing effort to scramble up the sand bank. A great wave came rolling in, and she was torn away from her foothold, and washed, helpless as a dead leaf upon a river's current, into the foamy reflux of the billow. No doubt she cried aloud, but the harsh, complaining shriek of the hovering sea-gull, the howl of the gale, and the roar of the waves drowned her feeble voice as she was swept away amid the breakers.

CHAPTER II.

"Northward ho! Hurrah! Drink about, mates! Here's luck!" bawled out a rough voice, as a rough man half rose to his sea-booted feet, and flourished aloft a tin pannikin. "And here's to the captain, with three times three and a cheer over!"

"Hark to Lincolnshire Bill!" echoed half a dozen more. "Captain Obadiah Jedson and his luck!"

And up went six, or more than six, mugs and tin pannikins to the lips of their respective owners; but there was no cheering, perhaps because in deeper and more ringing tones, a powerful voice struck in:

"Drink my health, lads and lasses, if ye think fit; only be sober and sparing in your cups, since we have a long march before us, and work on the morrow. But drink not to luck, if you love me, as coupled with my name. How often am I to tell you that luck, as you ignorantly call it, is of another world, not this?—that it is lent as a loan, not given as a gift—and that, if rashly boasted of or unthankfully taken, it is as the fairy gold we've most of us heard tell of when we were bairns in the ingle-nook, and, like fairy gold, will turn to dust and withered ivy leaves on our hands?"

The speaker—a man of almost gigantic height, but gaunt and lean—was standing erect beside the crackling fire of thorns and wreck-wood, and thus formed the central figure of as strange a group as ever Salvator Rosa drew. There were sixteen or seventeen of them in all, men and women, scattered in attitudes more or less picturesque among a cluster of dry sand hills, overgrown with reeds, just above high-water mark, and a little to the northward of the headland of weed-draped rocks that thrust itself boldly forward into the sea, quite intercepting any prospect of the shore that lay beyond.

In some parts of England such a set of wayfarers would have been a living puzzle, liable to the gravest suspicions; but from Tweed to Lowestoft, coast-guardsmen and police knew them for nothing worse than Obadiah Jedson's gang of jet-hunters.

No gang on the Yorkshire coast was quite so famous or so prosperous as that which hailed Obadiah Jedson as its captain; and, indeed, its prosperity was largely due to his extraordinary skill, or, as was generally averred, to his remarkable good fortune.

"Why, whatever now!" "How came it here, mates?" "And all alone, too!" "Just as if dropped frae the moon!"

The object of these comments was a tiny, a very tiny boy, richly dressed, who stood at the edge of the natural circle, or hollow, within which the jet hunters held their wild bivouac, and gazed with great solemn eyes at the strange group below. Seldom, perhaps, has there been a more beautiful child than this, as he stood wonderingly, with his dark brown hair falling in heavy curls, and with such a face as is more often seen on a painter's canvas than in real life.

"It's just a fairy elf!" muttered a Northumbrian, who had not shaken off the Border superstitions of his infancy.

"More like one of the angels out of heaven!" indignantly rejoined the woman with the yellow turban knotted around her sleek dark hair. "Saw ever any one a fairer bit of a bairn thing? and what brings the pretty darling here alone, so near the cruel sea, and a storm coming on, too?"

"Peace all!" said the captain of the gang, and, stalking slowly to the highest part of the ridge, shaded his keen eyes and took a long survey of the sands, and of a narrow and difficult path that led in zigzag fashion up to the cliff. No signs of human presence could be detected anywhere.

Nothing could be more utterly piteously alone than the child seemed to be. Yet he showed no sign of fear. High above him stood the towering form of the captain of the jet hunters, looking down, with unusual softness in his dark eyes, at the little intruder on his bivouac. Unusually soft, too, was Obadiah Jedson's deep voice as he said gently, "Young master—my dear—will you come with me—away out of the rain?"

The child looked up doubtfully, and for a moment seemed about to cry. But Obadiah, gaunt and wild to look upon, had yet one of those faces that children instinctively confide in, so the boy clasped his tiny white fingers around the lean brown one and permitted himself to be led unresisting to the neighborhood of the fire, where all the members of the band gathered round him in a ring.

"Belongs to gentlefolks if ever a bairn did!" "More like a lord, wi' his fine clothes, an' those fearless eyes of his, like a lion's."

"How came he here, though, on the sands, by himself?" was a very general question, and the query was one which was easier to ask than to reply to.

"What is your name, little master?" asked the tall captain.

"Don," answered the boy readily, but with a grave sort of wonder, as if it were surprising that a man of Obadiah Jedson's stature should be ignorant of so rudimentary a fact.

"Do they call you nothing but Don, my dear?" inquired the captain, softly and patiently—"no other name, I mean," he explained.

The child shook his beautiful head, on which the brown curls glistened silken. "Always Don," he made answer.

"But is it a Christian name, or else a surname?" asked the woman with the yellow kerchief twisted round her sleek head.

"Sometimes Master Don," he answered, half petulantly. "Nurse says that; papa never. I want to go home." And then he began to sob, and it was necessary to soothe and comfort him.

Then he seemed to be tired, and hungry, perhaps; and Keziah, the woman with the yellow handkerchief tied turban-wise around her head, drew him underneath the rough screen of tarpaulin, and brought on a platter some of the steaming food from the gypsy caldron, and, with some trouble, coaxed him to eat; after which he grew drowsy, and lay on the rush-covered side of the sand-hill asleep, while a council was held to deliberate about his fate.

Many and wild were the guesses that were hazarded as to the manner in which this little waif of the Yorkshire sea beach had come to be in the neighborhood of the bivouac. Shipwreck was more than once suggested; but this was laughed to scorn.

"The boy hadn't a wet thread upon him," said one of the most experienced of the gang. "No, no; there's been guilery here."

"Guilery!" echoed the woman, horrified, but with a pleasant sort of horror. "What sort of guilery, when it's about a lad bairn like this, Measter Saunders?"

Measter Saunders, who was esteemed among the hunters of jet as an oracle second only to the captain, nodded his head solemnly. "There's cheatery o' more sorts than one," was his mysterious verdict; "and it's not the first time babies have got smothered in Towers o' London; nor yet young innocents that stood between somebody and broad lands and gold guineas been put out o' the way like this, comrades."

After this oracular remark the sleeping child was eyed, especially by the women, with even more of wondering interest and of respectful curiosity than before. But still no progress was made toward solving the knotty point of his immediate disposal. At last Obadiah Jedson knocked out the ashes of his pipe, rose to his feet, and stretched out his lengthy arm, with much the air and bearing of some grim, preaching corporal of Cromwell's scarlet-coated cuirassiers.

"Lads and lassies," commenced the captain, "many's the time and oft that it has been borne in upon me to chide the speaker of idle words concerning the thing that ye, in your simplicity, call luck; and mainly when, in your good will toward your old leader, you linked it with mention of me—of me! as if a poor, miserable, blinded worm, that is less than the least, had power to heal or hurt, or could insure good seasons and a well-stocked cupboard. But one thing I do know, that when what you call luck, and what the Romans of old time knew by the grander name of the Diva Fortuna, knocks at the door, it bodes ill for those who linger to lift the latch and fling open the house to the guest. We will take this child with us; he shall eat of our bread and drink of our cup; and so, with heaven's help, shall never the meal of meat nor the horn of ale fail us. Here's my niece, Kezia, that's a widow, as you know, and has had bairns of her own, and knows the ways of children, to care for the lost little one when these hands are busy with pick and shovel; and in the long winter evenings I can teach him a bit of the bookcraft that helps a lad far on the up-hill road of life. So now, mates, get ready, and northward ho!"

They set forth on their northward march, climbing in Indian file the steep and difficult path which ascended the cliff, with the sureness of foot which practice affords. Obadiah, their captain, brought up the rear, heedfully carrying the boy in his huge arms, half sheltered from the rain by the loose jacket of coarse blue Guernsey cloth that the jet hunter wore. Little Don was still slumbering. Once he had awakened from his sleep, but seeing Obadiah looking smilingly down upon him, he had yielded again to lassitude, and was soon trustfully unconscious whither his new and strange protector was bearing him along the storm-lashed shore.

(To be continued.)

Absorbed.

The bibliophile's passion for rare books has always been a fruitful theme for the humorist, but the engrossing charms of the chase were never more amusingly set forth than in the following anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Brand, one of the most noted book-hunters in England:

One Friday afternoon, while Mr. Brand was roaming in the neighborhood of his church in the East End of London, his eye fell on the shop of a Jew bookseller which he had not before noticed, and he was astonished to see there a number of black-letter volumes exposed for sale. But the sun was rapidly going down, and the Jew, loath to be stoned by his neighbors for breaking the Sabbath, was hastily interposing the shutters between the eyes of the clergyman and the coveted books.

"Let me look at them inside," said Mr. Brand. "I will not keep you long."

"Impossible," replied the Jew. "Sabbath will begin in five minutes, and I absolutely cannot be drawn into such a breach of divine law. But if you choose to come early on Sunday morning I will reserve them for you, and you may see them at your leisure."

The reverend gentleman accordingly turned up at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, intending to remain until church time, as he had to do duty that day. The literary treasures were more numerous than he expected, and he examined the rare productions of celebrated presses and purchased so freely that his treasures soon began to assume considerable proportions. He was interrupted, however, by the Jewess calling out to her husband, "Dinner is ready!"

"Dinner!" exclaimed the parson, with a start. "At what hour do you dine?"

"At 1 o'clock," she replied.

He looked at his watch. It was too true. He hastened to his church. The congregation had dispersed, much concerned at the absence of their worthy pastor, who, according to his biographer, atoned in the evening by unwonted eloquence for his unpremeditated prank of the morning.

The Inventor of the Safety Wheel.

The stupendous growth of bicycling since the "safety" and the pneumatic tire were invented is illustrated by a statement which comes from London, where an international exhibition of horseless carriages, motors and motor industries is to be held, beginning and continuing during May, June, July and August. The Queen and the Prince of Wales are the patrons of the exhibition, and the chairman is H. J. Lawson, who twenty years ago originated the bicycle, which is now in almost universal use, and known as the "safety." Last year a banquet was given to Mr. Lawson by the mayor of Coventry and by the chief firms of cycle manufacturers of the country, at which he was presented a testimonial congratulating him upon being the original inventor of the chain-driving safety, and a magnificent gold watch was left with him as a souvenir. The Bicycling News says that, thanks to Mr. Lawson's invention, over 500,000 machines are turned out annually by British manufacturers, and an equal number or more in the United States, France and Germany, and it can be justly claimed that Mr. Lawson has placed something like $50,000,000 in the pockets of cycle manufacturers, steel merchants, iron founders, wire drawers, rubber works and the leather trades. Mr. Lawson was asked how he came to patent the safety, and he laughingly pointed to himself and said: "I am a very little man and I wanted to ride a bicycle as well as the rest, and so I had one cut down to suit me. I may say that my short legs have made my fortune." So the popular safety is the outcome of one small man to construct, not "a bicycle built for two," but a machine to accommodate his own diminutive proportions.—New York Press.

A Byzantine Princess.

An interesting ceremony took place recently in the Greek Church at Bayswater (London). The Princess Cristofero, a lady who claims descent from the last Byzantine emperor, and who is consequently heiress to his throne and honors, was received into the orthodox religion with considerable state.

It never hurts truth any to be slapped in the face.

Humbert's Generosity.

King Humbert, in the name of himself, or Queen Margherita, and of the princes of the royal family of Italy, has given to the government for the families of the dead and wounded soldiers in Africa the sum of 4,000,000 francs. This sum is to be distributed without distinction between the Italian and native soldiers, who fought side by side against the Abyssinians. King Humbert has also expressed his intention of furnishing, if necessary, another sum of 1,000,000 francs, in his name and that of the Queen, to be divided among the wounded.

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the glands that secrete his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use, if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

Concerning the Summer Girl.

"It was the pleasantest summer I ever spent."

"And you didn't marry her after all?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I had had such a pleasant summer."

Homeseekers' Excursions South.

On the 15th and 16th of June, also July 6, 7, 20 and 21, and several dates during August, September and October, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad will sell first-class round-trip tickets, good 31 days from date of sale, for one fare, plus $2.00, for the round trip, to all points in Florida and the South. Tracks, trains, time all the best. For further information address C. W. Humphrey, N. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. City ticket office, 182 Clark street, or C. L. Stone, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

It takes some men a long time to find out that they can never get rich by keeping all they get.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

The richest man is the one who can give away the most and regret it the least.

The best way to avoid scalp diseases, hair falling out and premature baldness is to use the best preventive known for that purpose—Hall's Hair Renewer.

It takes a warm prayer to bring down fire from heaven.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d ave., Chicago, Ill.

There is as much kill in selfishness as there is in poison.

You

Will realize the greatest amount of good in the shortest time and at the least expense by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

Sala to His "Uncle."

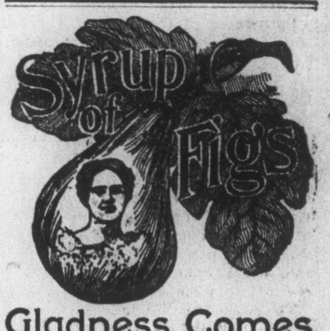
A good story is told of the late George Augustus Sala in his early and impecunious days. At some festive gathering where Mr. Sala was present, Mr. Attemborough, the famous pawnbroker, was also a guest. They recognized each other, and shook hands.

"How do you do, Mr. Attemborough?" said the journalist. "We have met often before, but I think this is the first time I have ever seen your legs."

He is a fool that praises himself, and he a madman that speaks ill of himself.

Buy $1 worth Dobbins Floating Borax Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you, free of charge, postpaid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 298 pages, cloth bound; profusely illustrated. Offer good till Aug. 1 only.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.



Gladness Comes

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