

T was snowing still, sharp prickles of whiteness in the gloomy December ausk, when Ninette up to her cousin's house. The air was intensely cold, the houses on either aide of the street loomed up like huge phantoms, and the gas-

and shiver in the wind. And the welsome of Mrs. Berry, her cousin's houseteeper, was a dead match for the weather and the wind.

"I am expected, I suppose?" said. Ninette, wondering why the woman did not open the door a little wider. "What name?" cautiously inquired!

Mrs. Berry. "Miss Beauvoir, from Atlanta,

Georgia." "I have heard nothing of it," said Mrs. Berry, without opening the door

a fraction of an inch farther. F "Mr. Trebleton is at home, I suppose?" "No. Miss, he's not," still frigidly. will come in," said Ninette, trying to swallow the suffocating sensation in her throat. " "I will wait for him. It is to cold, and I-I am half frozen."

. Mrs. Berry hesitated a moment, then apened the door, ungraciously enough. "Well," she said, "I suppose you can wait in the study until he comes.'

She showed Ninette into the red-curtained, cozy little room, and with books, lighted by the soft ring of flame; that streamed from a shaded gas-jet, warmed with the glow of a coral-red fire upon the hearth. And here, surreptitiously turning the keys in the secretarydrawers and writing-table and taking them out, Mrs. Berry left her.

"There are the paper-weight," said Mrs. Berry to herself, "and the ivory paper-cutters and the inkstand with the etag's head in bronze; but I don't be-Lieve she'd take them I

While Ninette, left alone, crouched down in the low chair before the fire and burst into tears.

→Is all the North as cruel, as hard, as frozen cold as this?" she asked herself, with a convulsive shudder. "Oh, it would have been better to have died of starvation in my own sunny, golden. South! If a stray dog, there, had crept in out of the storm at night, they would, at least, have given him a bone and a kind word. But for me there is no such welcome!"

When Mr. Trebleton came in at nine o'clock, he found Ninette still looking at the fire through eyes that swan like

"I am Ninette Beauvoir, your cousin's child," said she, rising with varying

.- Happy to make your acquaintance, I am sure," said Mr. Trebleton, apparently so busy in removing his gloves that he never noticed her offered hand. "What can I do for you, Miss Beauvoir?"

Ninette looked at him with large, "Papa said, before he died," she faltered, "that you would give me a home with your daughters. I have no ness was expensive and took all our

··Quite out of the question; quite out of the question," said Mr. Trebleton, hurriedly, as he took up a poker and began beating the topmost lumps of coal on the fire. "Perhaps you are not aware Miss Beauvoir, that I have a large and expensive family of my own, and I couldn't think of undertaking any ad-

ditional expenses." Ninette listened, apparently incredulous of her own senses.

"But what am I to do?" she asked. ⇔What do other girls do who are thrown on their own resources?" rather curtly demanded Mr. Trebleton, secretly

wishing that the inter. . was over. "I don't know," said Ninette, simply. "I am only an ignorant Southern girl. No one every told me. I supposed, of course, that I could come and live with vou!

"Humph!" said Mr. Trebleton. "They teach; they take in sewing: they go into stores, shops, factories. They strive for independence.

womer like me; they-"

"I am very sorry," said Mr. Trebleton. stonily, "but they are out of town. tions. There, there; don't cry. If there's anything I hate, it is to see a woman make a night. My housekeeper, Mrs. Berry, will take care of you. In the morning you will be better able to look things in

the face." Mrs. Berry, still, stiff and silent, conflucted Ninette to an arctic-cold bedroom at the top of the house, where the very candle seemed to shiver.

what's the matter now?" said Mrs. Berry. "Why are you crying?"

"I am so hungry," sobbed Ninette, in whose nature starration had completely byercome the heroic element. "I have had nothing to eat since eight o'clock this

morning. Mrs. Berry bit her lip impatiently, "And the kitchen fire gone down," said she, "and not a drop of milk left! Well, I'll go down and see what I can

But when she came back, poor little Ninette, who had crept into bed to get warm, was sound asleep. And the niggardly sandwich and slice of withered

rake were too late. Mr. Trebleton took Ninette to a genteel intelligence bureau the next day.

"This lady," he said to her, indicating a stout female in black-silk behind a tall desk, "will procure decent lodgings for you, and put you in the way to employment. And, if I can be of any further service to you, pray let me

And he had given her hand a fish-like pressure and was gone, before she fairly comprehended that this was his way of

getting rid of her. Poor Ninette! Poor little tropical child of the South, how infinitely lonely she

ielt at that moment. But the stout female took up a pen, speared a big book and began to ask I saw it in the uncompromising light of questions with bewildering brusqueness

the infection of her energy. The rest of the week was like the thifting scenes which Ninette remem. Froebel, and practically carried out by pered to have seen at a pantomime, years Mr. and Mrs. Ronge in Germany, in and years ago. She was hurried from 1849.

place to place in the great, noisy bediam of a city. Nobody wanted a nursery governess; the school lists were crowded to overflowing; from the stores Ninette shrank with trembling horror, after she had seen the smooth, nice, oily-faced superintendents of one or two.

"I can do nothing more for you, said the stout female at length, "unless, dusk, when Ninette Beauvoir was driven at the Decoration Rooms. It won't cost anything for you to go and see!"

To the Rooms of Decorative Art Ninette accordingly went. The directress was engaged. She would see the young person presently. Let her be shown into the workroom. A great, bright, well-ventilated apart-

ment filled with busy workers, some at frames, some at tables, some standing before easels; and one pale, middle-aged women was drawing a design for wallpaper on a huge sheet of coarse paperdaisies, corn-flowers, trailing vines, all tangled together.

"That is not right!" exclaimed Ninette, involuntarily, as she watched the slow, uncertain progress of the pencil. "Let me show you how to bring that vine out!"

The woman stared, but Ninette had caught the pencil from her hand, and, with two or three bold strokes, altered the whole character of the design. From mediocre it became original; from stiffness it took on a wild, woodlaud grace.

"How did you do that?" asked the stupid, middle-aged woman in bewilderment. "I don't know," confessed Ninette, crimsoning. "But don't you see-can't

you comprehend? It couldn't be otherwise! It must come out so!" . .. A hand was laid lightly on her shoulder, and turning around she found her-

self looking into the calm, amused eyes of the directress. "You are right, my child," said she. it could not be otherwise. But it is not one in a thousand who would know Come here, I must talk with you!" That half-hour in the work-room of the Decoration Society was the turning-

point of Ninette Beauvoir's life. She had found her niche in life's temple. She could scarcely reckon up within her own mind the number of years that had passed when she sat alone in the little private parlor of the Decoration Rooms in the soft dusk of a March evening, with the red gleam of the fire filling the room with dreamy softness. She had grown from an impulsive child into a tall, beautiful, self-poised woman, who presided over the ramifications of the great society with queenly dignity and was happy now in having discovered her

The girl entered with lights. Miss Beauvoir glanced up. "I shall not need the light, Gretchen,"

true career.

the said. "I am going home as soon as the carriage comes for me." "There is an old gentleman, Miss hours, but he said he had walked a long

distance to see you, and seemed so old and feeble that I didn't like to refuse him. He has a portfolio under his arm." "Where is he, Gretchen? In the reception room?" interrupted Miss Beauvoir. "I will go to him."

A tall, stooping old man, with scanty locks, threadbare clothes and gloves This event has caused something like longer a home of my own. Papa's ill- mended until they resembled a piece of a panic in the place. About a year mosaic, turned as she entered. "Do I speak," he asked, "to the head

of the establishment?" Miss Beauvoir inclined her head. the dark silk dress and mantle edged with fur she looked even older, more

dignified than her years. "I am very poor," he said. "I have met with reverses in business and am quite dependent on the exertions of my daughters. They have been brought up ladies, and, consequently, are comparatively helpless; but they have done a little needlework, for which they would be glad to obtain a fair price, and _-" "Mr. Trebletoni" cried out Ninette.

holding out both her hands. . He flushed deeply.

"That is my name," he said," but I was not aware-"

"Have you forgotten me?" she interrupted. "Little Ninette Beauvoir! Don't you remember that we are cousins?
My circumstances are good," she added,
coloring a little. "I receive an excellent salary here and have money laid up. Do you think I can allow my father's cousin to want? I have a com-"Cousin Trebleton," said Ninette, fortable home; it shall be yours, and my with a quivering lip, "if I could see cousins also. My carriage is at the door your wife—your daughters—they are now. Let us go together to your home." cousins' also. My carriage is at the door

And Minette, in her enthusiasm, overruled poor Mr. Trebleton's feeble objec-

"A comfortable home" she nad called it, but to the poverty-stricken inhabiscene. Of course, you can stay here to- tants of a tenement-house on Grand street the little brown-stone dwelling seemed a palace, with its bright open fires, its sweetness of hot-house flowers, its moss-soft carpets, dark oiled bourds and walls tinted with the softest of

Mr. Trebleton sat feebly down in the big velvet arm-chair; his pale, sickly daughters stood beside him, embarrassed, vet happy in their young cousin's warm

Southern welcome.
"Do you meau," he faltered, "that we are to live here-always?" "What else could I possibly mean?" said Ninette, kneeling to arrange the coffee and fruit on the table at his side.

"Are you not my cousins? Where should your home be but with me?" Mr. Trebleton brushed something

from his eyelashes. "Ninette," said he, faintly, "I do not deserve this. I-I didn't treat you so, when you came a solitary orphan to my house!"

"Let all that be forgotten," said Ninette, gently. "Remember, only, that you are welcome, more than welcome to my hearth and home!"

So Stephens Trableton and his daughters stayed on, always, in the sunn; little brown-stone house. And Ninette tate to tell my experience. Rev. W. was happy, for she had it in her power H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N.J. &

to bestow happiness. "Of what use is money, if not to help others with?" said sweet Ninette. "And they are my cousins, too!"

But Mr. Trebleton had not argued thus on that snowy December night when Ninette Beauvoir came, homeless and solitary, to him.

"Lord be mercitul to me, a sinner, he breathed. "But I never knew, until the past, what a miserable, selfish brute and rapidity, and Ninette soon caught | I was."-The Ledger.

Kindergartens were devised by

1/AYS OF THE ASTORS.

eculiar Rules Laid Down for Their Tea-

ants by the Great Real-Estate Owners. Some of the rules by which the enants of the Astors are bound are curious. For instance, although they will make almost any repairs that a tenant suggests before the lease is signed, even though the repairs may cost more than the rental, they will not spend a cent on the property during the existence of the lease. A lady who rented a house in Forty-fifth street from the Astors was told that she could have any repairs or alterations she wished, but no chandeliers. She had the house decorated from top to bottom and many expensive repairs made and there was not a remonstrance, but she had to supply all the chandeliers, at . cost of \$1,600. herself. Of course they remain her property, and she can take them away when she moves.

A curious incident is related by another tenant in Forty-fourth street. She leased a house at a rental of \$2,000 for one year. When she came to renew the lease for another year she was informed that the rent would be only \$1,800. She was told by somebody who pretended to know that the reduction was due to a deterioration in the value of the property, and that the Astors did not want more than a certain interest on

it. That, however, was not true, as was learned upon inquiry at the office of the Astor estates. The clerks there said that the reduction was due simply to the fact that during the first year they had charged a percentage for repairs and changes. As none was required the second year the percentage was taken off. Nevertheless, it remains the fact that the reduction was voluntary and to the tenant unexpected.

A Leopard Scare.

Rampore Bauleah is suffering from something like a leopard scare, says the Indian News. "The night before last a leopard made a hole in the mat wall and entered a hut in a village a mile from the cutcherries. Inside the hut were sleeping a man, his wife, two or three women, a goat, and a girl 9 years of age. The leopard seized the girl by the throat and attempted to drag her through the hole. Being seized by the throat the girl could not scream. but was almost suffocated, but the hole was not big enough to allow the girl's body to pass out while the brute held her by well-balanced judgment. And Ninette the throat. The leopard thereupon let go his hold on her throat and seized her by the foot and dragged her through. But as soon as he had let go ais hold on her throat she screamed loudly, awakening the inmates of the hut. The man rushed out with a big stick, but the leopard had carried the girl off about a hun-Beauvoir, to see you," said the girl, dred yards before the man came up apologetically. "I told him it was past with her. He then belabored the animal with his stick, when the leopard let go his hold and ned into the jungle. The girl was brought to the medical missionary, Dr. Morrison, but though everything that surgical and medical skill could effect has been done she is not likely to suruive, as her wounds are of a terrible nature. twelve elephants and a party of Europeans, succeeded in killing a man-eating leopard that had killed about 150 people, some thirty miles from Rampore Bauleah. Wild animals are on the increase in this district, owing to the ruin of the silk and indigo trades. Last year one firm closed sixteen of its silk factories. These abandoned factories are the finest nurseries in the world for

cobras, tigers, and leopards." News and Impure Literature. A newspaper, as a faithful historian, must record the events of each day, the good and the bad; but it is guilty of a crime against society if it purveys "impure literature." Acting in its rightful function, the newspaper is a most powerful agency for the prevention of crime and impurity. The publicity it gives to offenders in the pursuit of its duty of chronicling the occurrences of the day, is a most efficient deterrent from crime and vice and impurity. Wickedness is afraid of the light of publicity which the newspaper casts upon it. In the performance of that duty, however, a newspaper is never justified in pandering to depraved tastes. It is not excusable in printing scandal simply because the people like scandal. It is morally culpable if it publishes "impure literature" of any kind or

Solon was the first to establish an xact amount of gold in the coinage. The Aztecs filled quills with gold just, sealed them and passed them from hand to hand as coin.

for any purpose.

My acquaintance with Boschee's German S rup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and ough which disabled me from fill ing my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesi-



Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands where all others failed; "ill cure you it taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee, For Lane Backor Chest, use SHILOH'S PLASTER, 25015. CHILOH'S ACATARRH REMEDY.

Hood's and Cures

in short, by attaining all we wish. IN OLDEN TIMES. People overlooked the importance of

TIRED AND NERVOUS.

I WAS HELPLESS for five weeks with missis and had catatrh of the stomach Had that tired feeling and was nervous. I took

Hood's Sarsaparilla and it his given me strength so that I can do my out, housework. My nerves also feel better and stronger. I have a good appetite, and the pain and trouble in my stomach have not annoyed me since. That awful tired feeling

Lezzie Smong, Kennett Square, Pa. Hood's PHIs care sick headache, biliousness

ludigestien, jaundice. Try a box, 25c. KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine As I went down the street-

A woman whose hair was silver, But whose face was blossom sweet-Making me think of a garden Where, in spite of frost and snow Of bleak November weather, Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me And a sound of a merry laugh. And I knew the heart it came from Would be like a comforting staff In the time and the hour of trouble, Hopeful, and brave, and strong; One of the hearts to lean on

When we think that things go wrong, I turned at the click of the gate latch And met his manly look; A facelike his gives me pleasure, Like the page of a pleasant book; It told of a steadfast purpose, Of a brave and daring will-A face with a promise in it That God grant the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing; I saw the woman's eyes Grow bright with a wordless welcom> As supshine warms the skies. "Back again, sweetheart mother." He criel and bent to kiss The loving face that was lifted For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on; I hold that this is true; From lais in love with their mothers Our bravest heroes grew. Earth's grandest hearts have been loving

hearts Since time and earth began, And the boy who kissed his mother Is every inch a man!
-Eben E. Rexford,

PITH AND POINT.

Opera bouffe-A French duel. A tramp steamer-Tue station-house lodging room.

A reformer is a man who is sure that

his interest is the public interest .-Puck. It is easier to restore a smashed egg-

shell than to bring back confidence once lost .- Truth. The milk of human kindness would be

a good deal richer if it wasn't skimmed to often .- Puck. When a ship begins to pitch the passengers all are anxious to make a

home run. - Chicago Inter-Ocean. "Why do you love me, Love, so much?" I passionately cried.
She pouted, mused, then said "Bacausal" And 1 was satisfied.

Mrs. Plume-"Don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream." Plume -"Yes; and a mighty bad one."-It is curious how much faster a street

after it than when you are riding on it. -Richmond Recorder. "Well," said the man who handed his last cent to the lawyer, "I suppose tura about is fair play. I broke the law and

car humps along when you are running

the law broke me."-Washington Star. How many sulden griefs would flit Far from this world of blues, If all umbrellas had to fit The same as overshoss!

- Washington Star. There are too many singers in the choir who do not know any more about the gospel they sing than the town pump does about the taste of water .- Ram's

Willie-"Papa, someone has invented a magazine gun. Wnat kind is that?" Papa (reflectively)-"It must be one that goes off once a month."-Pittsburg

One good way to discourage the man who thinks he has an aptitude for saying funny things is to call him back soberly and induce him to explain his jokes .-Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Youngwife-"Tom has a dreadful disposition I find." Mother-"What does he do?" Mrs. Youngwife-"Do, why he never gots mad when I do."-Curcago Inter Oceau.

"Where are you staying? I'll call and see you." "Don't. You'll only think the worse of me when you see my surroundings." "On, my dear fellow, that's impossible, you know."-Punch. A conflict is approaching, it comes nearer every day. The foe no longer seeks the aid of stealth

And we won ler waien will conquer in the world-important fray,

The ogniles or the officer of health. - Washington Star. Mr. Grigson-"I wonder what old

General Buile togge can see in that odiously made-up Blauche Dapuis?" Miss Golightly-"Oh, the old war horse likes the smell of powder, I guess."-Herbert-"If she loves him, why

doesn't she marry him in spite of her tuther's objection?" Stella - "Mercy? isu't it a good deal easier to give him up than to a limit she is of age?"-Cnicago later Occan.

White is the color of griefin China, Have you Catsirth? This remedy, is guarant White is the col-treatr cure you. Free 50cts. Injector Los. Japan and Siam.

Ambition is to the mind what the cap is to the falcon; it blinds us first, and then compels us to tower by reason of our blindness. But, alas, when we are at the summit of a vain ambition we are also at the depth of real misery. We are placed where time cannot improve, but must impair us; where chance and change cannot befriend, but may betray us; and gaining all we want, we have only reached a pinnacle where we have nothing to hope, but everything

permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generelly known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

The first purchase of copper for the United States Mint was on Sept. 11, 1792, and comprised six pounds of old copper utensils.

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

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

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Ha'l'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.

Gloria, which is now extensively used in the manufacture of umbrellas and dress pieces, is a product of silk and wool of fine quality, its high degree of lustre being due to the silk which it contains.

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Since the general wearing of Rubber Boots among farmers and other outdoor workers, rheumatism has very sensibly decreased. Keep your feet dry and you can expose the rest of your body with less danger. Among the various kinds of Rubber Boots, the "Colchester Spading Boot" has become the most popular of all. The great improvement of the Spading sole gives ease and comfort in walking, protects the sole from injury and adds to the general durability of the Boot. Be sure and see the "Colchester Spading Boot" before you purchase any other kind.

A continental note bearing the date of the year 1779 is claimed to be in the possession of J. N. Carter, of Athens, Ga. The bill has been in the Carter family for over a century. WANTED-A YOUNG MAN WHO IS MASTER

of the Slavish languages, acquainted with the surroundings and a good pennan. Send offers by letter to E. N. 100, OTTOMAR DIETZ, 23 Park Row, New York, N. Y The doors which from the entrance

to the houses in Lapland are never more than four and a half feet high. Yet the Lap does not have to stoop when he goes inside.

Washing powders are strong alkalles and ruin clother. The purest soap obtainable is the best and cheapest. Dobbins' Electric Soap has been acknowledged for 24 years to be the pures of all. Try it right away The first mention of a naval uniform

occured in 1748, when an order was issued by the British admiralty requiring a uniform and describing of what it No other satsaparilla has the merit to hold

the confidence of entire communities year after year, as has Hood's Saisaparilla. It possesses drative power peculiar to itself. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully

prepared from the best ingredients. Mic. Salt blown from the ocean during the recent hurricane has destroyed

plants and trees about Niantic, Conn. A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to pro gress often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble "Broans Bronchial Trockes" give in

Uncle Eph Plunkett, of Mirabella Falls, Texas, has taught a rattlesnake to shake his tail to music.

We Cure Rupture. No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.16.

A chestnut tree 212 feet through and 2,000 years old, stands at the foot of Mount Etna.

If affileted with soreeyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water, Druggists sell at 25c. pet bottle. National grants in aid of education

were first made in the United States in Beecham's Pills instead of sloshy mineral raters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts, a box.

Eton college, in England, was founded by Henry VI. about 1443. Giston college, England for the higher education of women, was opened in

dr. Kilmer:s

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Had Torpid Liver For 14 Years. Biliousness, Poor Digestion, Loss of Appetite. DEAR SIRS:-"I have been troubled with Torpid Liver for 14 years and gone through

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courses of billous fever; many times it has been im-possible for me to do any kind of labor. Dr. Eilmer's SWAMP-ROOT was first recommended to me by Holthouse, Blackburn & by Holthouse, Blackburn & Co., (Druggists) Decatur, Ind. After taking one bottle I was uncertain whether I was really deriving any benefit or not; after taking the second bottle, however, I found that my health was improving and I continued until I had taken t bottles. I can now cheerithir reconsidered

I can now cheerfully recommend SWAMP-ROUT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER and BLADDER Cure to every one who has torpid liver, for it has completely cured me." F. W. CHRISTIANER, At Bruggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size. "Invalids Guide to Beaith" tree-Consultation free.

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IT HAS NO EQUAL, NO SUPERIOR. ALONE THE BEST.

INFLUENCE OF BALMY AIRS. She Remembers Her Newsboy Friend. Are They Bostile to the Best Vigor of

Encouraging?

In the name of reason and veracity, out of what peoples have mainly come the art, the science, the power and the glory of the world? From what nations have we received the richest legacies of the human brain and soul? From the dwellers in harsh climates, or from those countries where, life being something beside a ceaseless struggle with the elements, the soul has had time to blossom? asks a writer in Kate Field's Washington. How about all those enervated and emasculated races.

anyway? How about Arabia, which preserved for ages the learning of the world? How about the entire Orient, "the originatress, the nest of languages, the bequeather of poems?" How about the Hebrews "ancient of ancients:" the old empires of Assyria and Persia and India, venerable mother and priestess? How about Egypt, builder of imperishable mona-

Did not Palestine send forth a prophet or two under her midsummer

Christmas stars? Were not a "flowing literature," a rather splendid chivalry, a Cid Campeadar, a Cervantes sent out of Spain, and a Columbus and a Galileo out of

The ancient Romans were a tolerable active and energeric body of men, considering the enervating climatea body with a good deal of mind to leaven it withal. Several more than average bright minds came out of other cities of the peninsula. Bay and laurel come near hiding the lilies of

Greece reared herself an immortal temple or two beneath her smiling

Art, science, philosophy, statecraft the matchless craft of war, power, knowledge, beauty, all the graces of living and the strength of life, the poet, the painter, the musician, the student, the philosopher, the hero, the saint, have all been cradled in the breast of the sacred south. The light of the world through a thousand windows has streamed from a south-

Against their glorious record what shall we set? Russia, Norway, Sweden, Great Britain-even Germany, the new home, but not the mother or the birthplace, of music? The sum of these and many more will not balance by a long count the splendid overweight of the other

By Any Other Name. The young man laid his cigarette down on the hall table while he went in to interview his father on the financial situation. After a few preliminaries he said:

"By the way, pop, can I have a few 'stamps' to-day?" "Postage stamps?" inquired father innocently.

"No, sir," was the impatient re ply; "I mean 'scads." "Scads, my son?" inquired the old gentleman, in mild astonishment.

"I mean the 'tin,' of course." "And what is the 'tiu,' may "Oh, the 'ready,' don't you know?"

"No, I don't know." "Don't you know, 'spondulix'?" "I can't say that I do. Who is

"Aw. come off, pop. What I'm out tor is the 'stuff'?" ··What stuff?" "Why the 'soap,' of course?"

"The soap? Are you in need of bath?" and the father looked over his specs inquiringly. "No, no," impatiently. "I mean

the sugar."

"Oh; sugar and soap? Going make a plaster are you?" "Plaster nothing. I want the 'chink.'" "Chink? What's chink, pray?"

"Why, it's 'dust.' Anybody knows that." "Oh, yes, excuse me. Get the brush over there.

"'Tisn't that kind I want. It's

'rocks?'" "Well, there's dust in rocks, isn't there?" "Won't you never catch on?" exclaimed the young man. "I wan't the 'duf,' the 'wherewithal' don't you know; the 'rhino,' the 'boodle,' plain.

ordinary every day cash, pop, that:

what I want." "Oh," exclaimed the father in a greatly relieved tone; "here's a quarter," and that's al. the young man got. - Free Press.

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the pound Troy weight, was introduced

into England as a gold measure in POSTAL GUIDE FOR 1893 Containing all the post offices arranged alphabetically in States and Counties, with all other matters relating to post office ritairs can be ordered from B SALINGER, P. O. Post. 1182, Philadelphia, Pa. No business man should be without it. Price \$2.0) paper cover with monthly; \$2.50 cloth cover with monthly.

A stranger in a New York restaurant the other day created excitement by ordering and eating five sirloin

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The first law degree is believed to have been conferred by the University

Winchester, Va., "who has cause to remember Amelie Rives, the writer, twice vear. When the now distinguished lady was a little girl and lived in that city, she became fondly attached to a newsboy who cried out his papers every morning in the neighborhood in which she lived. They met one day and a friendship sprang up between them that has lasted to the present time. After the boy's stock of papers were sold in the morning he would call for the pretty little blue-eyed miss and they would take long strolls down Froscute road, plucking the orange blossoms and the magnolia blooms. They soon got to be familiar figures on Government street, as they would walk along that busy thoroughfare with the young girl's head garlanded with wreaths of beautiful flowers and the little boy's arms filled with vines and evergreens. Then Miss Rives moved far away into Virginia, but she never forgon her newsboy friend, for it was her custom almost Jaily to write him, telling how sadly she missed the walks and strolls.

his joyous, sunny face and the music of

his boyish laughter. I doubt if Mrs.

Chanler, as she now is, ever wrote love

lier or more poetic or passionate sen

tences than those she used to send in her

letters to her newsboy sweetheart. The

boy met with a misfortune some yaars ago which crippled him for me. He is

poor, but his purse is twice a year re-

plenished by a postoffice order from Mrs.

Chanler. One of these arrives in Mobile

ou his birthday, which is in June, and

the other on Christmas Day."-St. Louis

"There is a young man in Mobile

Ala.," said Colonel Robert McEachin, of

Women to Work the Switches In Holland, where a good deal of

alcoholic liquor is taken-in conse quence perhaps of the temptation of there being always water at hand to mix with it-men can no longer trusted to work the switches on the railways, and women now fill their places. This is a slap in the face indeed to the male sex and a great triumph to the advocates of female labor. But we have yet to see how the thing works. The men say that there will be looking-glasses in the switch boxes and that the women will never leave them till they have smoothed their last hair and settled the bow of their last ribbon, and that in the meantime there will be collisions; that when left to themselves they never have been in time for the train as passengers, and will not be more punctual as pointswomen; and, finally, that if they hear their lover's whistle anywhere in the neighborhood they will pay very little attention to that of the locomotive. I these objections are not valid, conclude the men, "we are not Deton-



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