HOPE.

Oh, weary hearts, and sad, who silent grope
Amid the shadows of some wintry night,
Whose depths, alas, obscure the spirit's light,
Wait thou and watch for the sweet angel hope!
Mayhap a strength is hers beyond thy scope,
And that gloriously winging her flight,
She soon may crown thee with her shining bright
And glad new vistas for thy vision ope.

'Tis hers to give the thought a golden wing,
The slumbering buds of promise to awake,
Till, like the wilding blossoms of the spring,
From wintry soil the flowers of joy shall break,
And most musically the soul shall sing,
Forgetting all its sadness and its ache!
—Lisa A. Fletcher in Woman's Home Companion.

THE LIE THAT WAS NOT TOLD

"Is it good to tell a lie?" Tony laughed. "Yes; sometimes, maybe. Listen."

He threw his head back and gazed at me through his half closed lids. I will not use his broken English, for it was not much broken, and he was a good story teller. Said Tony:

Her name was Marcia. She was blind. She lived here in this house, in Polk street. You know the little window high up near the top? It was there. The rent is cheap. From the window one can see St. Peter's and the lake—the lake where the sun shines all day long, like in a big, wide mirror. Only little Marcia, who could not see it, just sat quietly and dreamed of it or listened to the little birds, the sparrows, that fly around the edge of the roof, and the rattle from the street, the noise from the cars and wagons. Late at night her brother Luigi came home. He was a cook.

She was not always blind. And that was good. She could regret—it is better than nothing. Dust in her eyes did it. They got red and swelled up. They burned and festered, and before the priest was called the work was done—she was blind.

That was when she was 16 and pretty, with eyes that were blue and gray, blue that was soft, gray that glittered. As I said, she was pretty. Her lips—well, her lips were made to be kissed. Her hair was brown—that is, brown with gold. Ah, she was pretty! Well, when she was 20—that was a long time ago. How long? Well, a year, two years, I guess, but it seems longer. Luigi came home one night and brought Terese—Terese, who was dressed in black. And this is what Luigi said:

"Sister, carissima mia, here is Terese. She is poor and unfortunate like thyself. Thee must be good friends."

Now, Marcia could not see the black—the black of Terese's dress and the black of Terese's hat—the grim and somber black. Besides, when one is blind there is but one unfortune, and that is the greatest in the world. Therefore poor, blind Marcia caught but one idea in the jumble of her brother's words. And this is what she said as she smiled and held out her hands:

"Thou art blind. It is too bad. Hast thou always been blind?"

In the most simple way in the world she said it. And thus it happened that Terese became blind—Terese, whose eyes were the best in the world—for when Luigi, smiling, opened his mouth to speak and saw Terese place her finger to her lips and sign him to stop, he stopped, as you or I would have done, or any one else. (For a woman is always right; at least so any woman will say, and sometimes it is so.) Then Terese drew the blind girl in her arms and kissed her.

"No, little one," she said. "I have not always been blind. But, like thee, as Luigi has told me, I have been unfortunate, and I think we will be the greatest friends in the world."

And then she looked at Luigi, whose face was white, and smiled and whispered:

"Love is blind, foolish."

So that Luigi grew red again with the blood that came trooping into his face and tried to seize her hand. Only Terese drew it back and laughed.

And the poor little blind girl, who felt the movement and heard the laugh, but did not at all guess what it was about, smiled sadly and said in a way one could not exactly explain, "Ah, thou art happy!"

I might have said in the beginning that it commenced just that way.

Terese came to live in the house with Marcia and Luigi. Only she didn't have a room with a little window from which one could see the lake. And they were happy—all three. Terese worked. Every morning Luigi guided her down the stairs and to work, so he said, and every evening a little boy, for two pennies a day, brought her back, so she said. Then she and Marcia sat at the window and listened for Luigi. And this continued for awhile—until this thing happened, that Terese came home one evening with a lighter step than usual.

"Madre santissima!" she cried as she bent over Marcia and kissed her. "What thinkest thou, little one?"

The blind girl grew pale and her lips trembled as she turned her face upward wonderingly.

"Canst see?" she whispered.

Terese laughed.

"No, no, little one; not that," she said, "but I have something for thee." And she dropped a necklace of gold and blue beads about the little one's neck.

"I am glad," said the blind girl simply, but a tear glistened in her eye, and she drew her head it dropped upon Terese's hand. "I am glad"—she repeated.

"Ah, little one, art glad and yet weep?" cried Terese. "Is it the necklace?"

"No, no!" cried the little one. She dried her eyes and smiled as she fingered the necklace. "It is not that. Thy step was so light, I thought thee might have been cured of thy blindness, and I felt so lonely."

"Thou dearest little one," said Terese, and then clasped the blind girl in her arms and laughed gayly. Yet thus shone the woman—her face grew pale, for she began to see what was to come, and she feared the end.

Now, this is how the pit became deeper: When Beppo came, as he did one evening with Luigi, he brought his mandolin—which is to say, Marcia sang and Beppo cried: "Brava, signorina! Thou hast a wonderful voice," whereat the little blind girl was delighted, as were Luigi and Terese, which was sad—all very sad. If they could have known! But how could they have known unless they read the future, which is what few people can even guess? So that, not knowing, these things happened—that Beppo came again and again and for many weeks afterward.

In the evening they sat on the stairs and talked, or Beppo played his mandolin while Marcia sang while it was all dark and still, maybe a little noise from the street. And on one of these nights, which were dire nights, the little blind girl sat silent, as if unhappy, and sighed.

"What is it, little one?" asked Terese. "Art sad?" And the little one smiled.

"Nay," she said; "I am happy."

Beppo laughed. "One must not sigh when one is happy," he said. "I will play."

The moon was half way in the sky. The night was soft. The music rose softly and reached the heart. "It is a love song," said Beppo. And he reached out and caught Terese's hand. It was dark, and there was none to see except the blind girl, and Terese laughed and smiled in Beppo's face. "It is a love song," she repeated, and Marcia, too, laughed. "Yes," she said, it is a love song." And she began to sing.

And this was the pity of it—that they didn't guess, those two, Beppo and Terese. Nor did they seem likely to find out, for not alone are those blind who cannot see.

And when it was all finished—when Beppo had gone home—Marcia and Terese sat silent and held each other's hands.

"What is it, little bird?" asked Terese.

And Marcia sighed and held down her head and cast down her eyes, as though they feared to meet those of Terese. Terese kissed the blind girl. "What is it, Marcia?" she whispered.

"I am in love," said the blind girl. She hung her head on Terese's shoulder, and, though she had whispered, it sounded in the ears of the other like a thousand thunder claps. Terese grew white, and her eyes grew wide.

"Oh," she cried, "you are in love! You are in love!"

Then she grew whiter and held the little blind girl off and looked at her a long time silently and strangely.

"Yes," said Marcia simply. "Terese, thinkest thou Beppo likes me?"

Once there was a man who said: "Yes; it was I." And another was glad he lied. Once there was a woman who said: "Nay; I love not." And another was glad she lied. Once—but wait.

Luigi came, and he and the little blind girl went into their room, and Terese went to hers and threw herself upon her cot and cried almost all the night—at least during the time she was not busy packing up—for on the floor of her room she laid a big, stout cloth, and on this she piled all her things—her Sunday dresses and her trinkets—and the most of them were wet with her tears. Tightly she packed them and crept down stairs at 3 o'clock and disappeared in the gray of the morning.

It was three days before they found her—Beppo and Luigi—though they searched through the whole of each day. She had the most forlorn expression in the world and went with them quietly and meekly nor answered a word, walking between them with eyes downcast, as though she were dumb. Tears were in her eyes the whole way, but to everything she said, "I know nothing."

And they all lied, every one of them. But Marcia was happy. "Mia carissima," she cried, "I was so afraid! Thee said not a word. And thee was blind."

Terese laughed—that is, it sounded like a laugh. And she said:

"Yes. I was blind, little bird, but there are eyes in the heart, and they have brought me back to thee." Then she kissed the little blind girl and hugged her again and again and cried between times.

Thus it went on as before. Nor could any one of them have helped, though it was sad. And as the end drew near they all became happier and happier. "There will be a serenata tonight at the park," said Beppo one evening. "We will all go." And he laughed gayly, for he had something on his mind, and he intended to speak.

The serenata was like a fete. There were hundreds that sat beneath the trees and listened, as did Terese and Marcia. And Beppo sat between them. "It is grand," said Marcia. "Yes," said Beppo and Terese. "It is grand." And after it was all over they lingered, sitting beneath the trees for an hour or more, until the music of the night had crept into their hearts and made them happy.

"There is a song in the night," said Beppo, "and there is a song within my heart, but it is unsung."

"I will sing it for thee," said Marcia, and she smiled.

"Thou art good," said Beppo. "And, yes—thou shalt sing it for me and make me happy." And, though he spoke to Marcia, he looked at Terese, and Terese looked at him, and love shone in her eyes. But her face was white nevertheless, and her eyes were downcast. They remained downcast during the whole of Marcia's song, and when Beppo clasped her hand she did not smile. When he pillowed her head upon his breast, she did not look up—that is, until he strained her to his heart and held up her head until he looked into her eyes and asked, "Wilt thou be mine?" Then, though her face was drawn and haggard, she smiled. And when he pressed her lips to his own and asked again she smiled once more, though sadly, and threw her arms around his neck and answered, "Yes." But she choked as with a sob in her throat.

"Thou lovest me?" said Beppo. He looked at her drawn face and thin lips and read the love within her eyes, so that for a moment he was awed. "Thou lovest me," he said. And Terese hung limp within his arms and dropped her head.

"Yes," she said, "I love thee."

Then, just as poor blind Marcia's song came to an end, they kissed. And why the sound of it should have been so loud I do not know. Maybe it was not so loud after all, but it reached the ears of the little blind girl as the roar of a mountain torn asunder, though it was but the tearing apart of her own little heart she heard. The last faint chord quivered unheard in her throat and ended in a choke. She sat like one of stone peering at them as though listening, but there was nothing more to hear, for Terese's head was buried in Beppo's arms, while Beppo caressed her hair.

"Marcia," said Beppo at last. "Terese and I"—

"No, no!" cried Terese. She threw her head back and pressed her hand across his mouth. But the little blind girl understood and rose to her feet with her face all white, and as she spun round her hands were flung high above her head, so that they fell in Beppo's face as he caught her and laid her tenderly on the ground.

Terese cried as Beppo turned to her with his face all puzzled.

"She loves thee." She sobbed and kissed the poor white face of the little one. "She loves thee, and I must go away."

But Beppo did not understand this.

"Lovest thou me?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," answered Terese; "thou knowest that."

"Then," said Beppo—he smiled—"that is all."

When Marcia opened her eyes, her face was wet with tears, and the whole of the tale was being sobbed into her ears. But she only smiled, and when she rose she grasped the guiding fingers of the two with hands that shook no more than does yours or mine, and when she walked up the stairs to the little room with the window that overlooks the lake her steps were as firm as though nothing had happened at all, though Terese cried all the way down again despite the kisses and caresses of Beppo.

"Is it kind to tell a lie?" asked Tony. "Well, I don't know. Maybe, sometimes." Then he dropped into his broken English. "You got another cigar, yes?"—Exchange.

Digestive Powers of the Ostrich.

The digestive powers of the ostrich have long ago passed into a proverb. The birds will swallow almost anything that they can get into their beaks. They are amusingly greedy and will gulp down whole oranges more rapidly than they can take them into their stomachs, so that half a dozen may be seen passing down their long necks at the same time, each orange producing a queer looking protuberance.

When visitors stand near the fence of one of the inclosures, the birds will peck in a most persistent manner at any bright object, such as the head of an umbrella or a walking cane, a watch chain, locket, brooch or button.

It does not surprise us to be told by the attendant that indigestion is the prevalent malady among ostriches and usually is responsible for their death. It is said that an attempt is sometimes made to relieve their systems of an accumulation of indigestible matter by administering half a gallon of castor oil in one dose.—Good Words.

They Never Do.

"There is such a thing as somnambulism, of course?" queried the anxious looking young man as he appeared at the lawyer's office.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"But do somnambulists ever write letters?"

"Never heard of it."

"A somnambulist wouldn't write 250 love letters in a year, would he, and each and every one of them asking the girl to marry him and threatening suicide if he didn't?"

"Never!"

"Then there's no help for me, and you may see the girl and settle the breach of promise suit on the best terms you can."—Washington Post.

He Was Proud.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "did you remind me dat dere was some wood in yer yard ready to be chopped?"

"I said so."

"Lady, didn't you know dere wasn't any exercise in de world better dan choppin wood?"

"Yes."

"Well, lady, I needs de exercise, an I knows it 'ud do me good. But I'm too proud to come here an use yer back yard fur a gymnasium widout payin you a cent fur it."—Washington Star.

Better Than Nothing.

"Uncle Gabe Luukinhead of the Spreadeagle neighborhood," wrote the editor of The Bumbleton Bugle, "dropped in last Monday morning and paid us $1 on subscription. Come again, Uncle Gabe."

"P. S.—The dollar proves to be a counterfeit. We thought it was when we took it, but as it was the first one Uncle Gabe had paid us for seven years we concluded we would rather have that than nothing."—Chicago Tribune.

Hardly Needed the Pension.

The following instance of what may be called illegitimate thrift comes on good authority. An old woman whose mother had been a servant in a well known family and who had received a monthly pension for some years past from the same family appealed to the family for a large contribution to help her to enter a home, she claiming she had $70 toward the admission fee. It was given to her, and she entered the home. Some time after her priest called upon the family and asked if they were aware that the woman had deceived them about having saved up some money. "Oh, no," was the reply; "she told us she had saved up $70 to aid in paying for her admission." The priest responded, "She has saved not only $70, but $7,000, and I have made her send back to you $500 to repay the sums she has procured from you during all these years by her deceitful statements." The restitution was made.—Charities.

What She Wanted.

They are telling a story in Paris of an American woman who tried to make use of a rather doubtful grade of American Ollendorff French in the hotel, although all the employees spoke English. Finally one of the waiters asked the manager for a leave of absence, and the maître d'hotel himself went up to solve the mystery. After a violent tirade against the infirmity of the garçon she declared that his French was so frayed out at the edges that he did not understand what "a bottle of embonpoint" was. And it took the manager 20 minutes to discover that she had intended to ask for stout.

— This world is too small to afford a place of safety to the man who disobeys God.

THE HOT WATER BUTTON.

A Country Couple Which Accepted the Directions Literally.

This is a tale of pressing the button.

Blaine Viles of Skowhegan tells it to me. I don't know where he got the facts; couldn't have been in Skowhegan, of course.

But, wherever it was, a couple from the country came to the hotel of which the tale is told. Of course this may have happened in Bob Haines' hotel in Skowhegan, but I doubt it, for Bob has told me many times that it is a liberal education for man, woman or child to stop in his hotel five minutes.

Rural parties in question asked to be shown to a room; boy escorted them up; left them standing in the center of the room looking around.

Over the electric push button, of course, was the usual card directing a guest to ring once for ice water, twice for hot water, etc. It is evident that the first business of the new arrivals was to study the card.

In about five minutes the bell on the annunciator in the office commenced to ring—prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng, prin-n-ng!—giving the hot water call over and over. The number shown was the number of the room occupied by the rural parties.

The boy rushed into the washroom and drew a pitcher of hot water. Still the bell kept sounding steadily, two rings in quick succession.

"Git a move on!" shouted the clerk to the boy. "Them parties in slumteen must be considerably fussed up on the hot water question. They must have cold feet."

The boy was already half way up stairs, running like a deer. The bell still kept ringing.

The clerk, crazed by the noise of the bell, stood up in a chair, saying things in rapid succession, and held his hand on the gong, dulling its sound.

The boy tore into the room, with his pitcher of hot water slopping. The new arrivals, man and wife, were standing before the electric button. Their eyes were on the card. The man held a bowl carefully under the button, with his head turned away, so that the hot water wouldn't squirt in his eyes, and the woman was pressing the button with regular stroke. They were doing their best to get hot water strictly according to directions.

"Here, stop that!" yelled the boy to the woman. "Here's your hot water!"

The man with the bowl lowered that article and looked at the boy.

"What," says he—the man from the rural districts—"d'ye have to bring it in a pitcher in the old fashioned way? Wal, I snum! What's the trouble with yer waterworks here? I've been pressin this button accordin to the rewles here on the card, and there hain't a darned drop of hot water come out yit. When things ain't workin, ye ought to hang up a sign sayin 'Out of Order.' That's the way they do on the weighin machine up to Sile Cobb's grocery store."

And when the bellboy came out of his swoon he told the clerk, and the clerk went gravely up stairs with a tiny card on which he had written, "Not Working."

He carried a spike and a hammer, and after gaining admission to room slumteen he nailed up the card with the spike.

The guest surveyed his work with interest.

"There, that's business!" said the man from the rural districts. "Ef she ain't workin, say so, and ef it's goin to trouble ye any to fetch water up here me and the woman will come down ter the sink and wash up. Jest as soon dew it's not."—Lewiston Journal.

Legend of St. Winifred's Well.

The following legend is supposed to have given its name to St. Winifred's well, once the most celebrated holy well in Great Britain: Winifred, a noble British maiden of the seventh century, was beloved by a certain Prince Cradocus. She repulsed his suit, and he in revenge cut off her head. The prince was immediately struck dead, and the earth, opening, swallowed him. Winifred's head rolled down the hill, and from the spot where it rested a spring gushed forth. St. Bueno picked up the head and reunited it to the body, so that Winifred lived for many years a life of great sanctity, and the spring to which her name was given became famous for its curative powers.

The well was located in Holywell, County Flint, England, and was regarded with great veneration during the middle ages, being visited by thousands that believed implicitly in the healing virtues of the water. It is now in a state of neglect. A courthouse was constructed over the famous well by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.

What He Wished.

"I want some more chicken," said Bobbie at the dinner table.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," said Bobbie's mother.

"I want more," said Bobbie.

"You can't have any more now, but here is a wishbone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side and I'll pull the other, and whoever gets the longest end will have a wish come true. Why, Bobbie, you've got it. What was your wish?"

"I wished for some more chicken," said Bobbie promptly.—Boston Herald.

A Historic Cave.

After the execution of Charles I and the restoration of the Stuarts to royal power Edward Whalley and William Goffe, two of the judges that condemned the unhappy monarch to the scaffold, were compelled to flee from England. They came to America, and for a time they hid in a rock cavern near New Haven. This hiding place has since been known as the "Regicides' cave" and is one of the interesting spots in that locality.

— Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy; blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them.

— Herold—"If I should attempt to kiss you, do you think your dog would bite me?" Ethel—"Well—or—he has never bitten any of my other gentleman friends."

— The more faith men have in God, the more faith they will have in one another.

AN ORIENTAL TIDBIT.

GINSENG IS DEEMED A LUXURY BY CELESTIAL GRANDEES.

The Root In China Is Worth More Than Its Weight In Gold, and In Korea It Is Death to Export It Without Imperial Permission.

It is not a well known fact that a large percentage of the shipments of ginseng (Aralia ginseng) which go annually to China is contributed by the forests of northern Ohio. Nevertheless it is true. Large districts there were and still are comparatively well stocked with the herb, and many residents have made hundreds of dollars by gathering the roots in years gone by. The first sign of spring calls the ginseng diggers from their homes, and many of them are already af 3d, seeking probably the most precious plant that grows. A spade and bag over his shoulder identify the man who seeks ginseng from other men. He goes to rich woodlands and then singles out the butternut trees, under which the herb is most commonly found.

The roots of the plant, sometimes fleshy tubers the size of a forefinger, are of that shape and easily go to make up a pound of the matter desired. When dried, they bring from $3 to $10 a pound, according to their size, the older and larger the higher the price. Although gathering the roots is a profitable business, that of selling direct to the consumer is much more profitable. In China it is sold by the ounce and ofttimes brings as high as $200 an ounce, that weight in all cases bringing more than the pound upon the American market. With the Celestials it is a prize, and upon perfect specimens as high as $2,500 has been lavished. With them it is supposed to possess a supernatural power to strengthen and invigorate the weakening tissues, so that the eater will live to be 100 years old. And not only is the power thus ascribed, but to the poor mentally it imparts knowledge and, above all, prepares the olive eyed prince for a long and luxurious sojourn on earth.

In fact, the ginseng root is almost sacred to the Chinaman of the upper class, and to present it to one's friend is a homage difficult of appreciation by the sons of the west who gather it in the woods. The entire growth of the herb is protected by the government in the Chinese empire. At one time the emperor detailed 10,000 Tartars to gather all that could be found in his domain. Each man was obliged to give two pounds to his majesty, and for what he succeeded in gathering afterward he was repaid by its weight in silver. This, however, was no more than one-eighth of its value, and soon it was exchanged evenly for its weight in gold, as is often the case at the present time.

The American crop does not compare at all favorably with that of Korea. In that country, however, it is found practicable to raise it in gardens, and here it is impossible to produce good roots by so doing. It is a crime punishable by death for a Korean to sell ginseng outside of his own country without imperial permission. Thus protected it forms one of the staple products of Korea and is much appreciated by the Chinese owing to its superior flavor. There is naturally a prejudice on the part of the Chinese to receive from the west anything so highly regarded by them. Up to the dawn of the nineteenth century it was exported from America in small quantities, but as early as 1830 the shipments amounted to nearly $100,000 in one year.

There seems to be an idea prevalent in this country that the Chinese powder the roots and smoke them. This is an error. It is never used as a quietus. The commoner classes eat it much as we do the common licorice root, but those who employ it most are the grandees and even the royal households.

A truly oriental and luxurious manner of administering the powdered root obtains among the higher classes. By the highest caste the treatment is taken during a period of 40 days once in two years. The patient is taken to a beautiful garden where flowers are blooming, birds singing, water sparkling from a fountain and usually where music is to be heard through the hours of the day. In this retreat he is told nothing of the outside world and is allowed to receive no letters from friends for fear they might contain unpleasant news. Here he is fed the ginseng powder, a soft yellow stuff with a slightly aromatic flavor. As a natural consequence of his rest from trouble and worry the patient comes forth in brighter spirit, and in this way it is sounded abroad that it was the ginseng treatment which made him so.

It is a singular fact that the name given the plant by the Chinese and the North American Indian is strongly similar. Both names suggest the fancied resemblance of a root to the form of the human body, the tuber being ofttimes split into two divisions resembling the limbs of a man. On account of this similarity to a man's form the supernatural powers were ascribed to it, and there is much evidence to show that it was in high favor with the Indians on the same account.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Antiquity of "A Regular Shindy."

The antiquity of many familiar terms is surprising when it is known. Many people are not aware that "What the dickens!" occurs in Shakespeare, but fewer still will be prepared to hear that the phrase "A regular shindy" is found in an author's note to a poem called "The Popish Kingdom," published in 1570. A writer in The Athenæum quotes this note, which refers to the celebration of Maundy Thursday: "Midnight services are held in church, the lights are put out and a regular shindy follows, men being beaten and wounded."—London Globe.

— The heart which can carry the burdens and sorrows of even the most forsaken, which can make room for the griefs and toils and cares of the hapless multitude, is filled without measure with the life and love of God.

— Benham—"When I commenced courting you you said you could cook." Mrs. Benham—"I could then. You courted me ten years; how long do you suppose a woman is going to retain her faculties?"

Life Is Longer.

Within half a century the average length of life has been extended over ten years. For a long time it was at 33 years, and that is regarded as the length of a generation, but now it is close to 45. It is noticeable that with the lengthening of the average of life has come the lengthening of the age of mental and physical activity. The statistics prove that mental and physical vitality are not mere matters of years, but that they depend upon judicious conservation of the vital forces.

There can be traced in contemporaneous history a noticeable increase in the length of human vitality. In this day we find men undertaking great enterprises at an age when their forbears were in their dotage, and proving themselves capable of long and sustained effort equal to that of the most lusty youth. The number of graybeards on bicycles gives evidence that the age of full physical vitality has been advanced greatly. The age at which men in our day go into enterprises demanding concentration of thought, physical strength, buoyancy of spirits and the sustained courage that can come only from sound health proves that the man of mature age is able to do his full share of the world's work.

The Buglar's Terror.

A burglar, well known to the police of the larger cities, who was recently taken into custody, told a reporter that "a little dog" was more terrifying to the "profession" than any burglar alarm or detective.

"Guns be blowed!" said he. "I'm dead willin to take a chance wid a fly cop, too, and the tinklers and sich ain't troublin me a bit. But a bit of a dorg! Yessir, I hates them little 'purps' worse'n poison. The big fellers—St. Bernards and them—you kin make friends with. Give them a bit of meat and they're all right. But when one of them little dorgs comes at you, a-barkin and yelping, you got to skin out quick or you finds the hull house a-top of you.

"There ain't no makin friends with them. They know you don't b'long there, and they're just a-goin to git you out or know the reason why! The 'Come, Fido, nice doggy,' racket ain't a-goin to help you at all. There's only one thing to do when them little fellers gets to hollerin round your heels. Just git out as fast as you kin git! Nine times out of ten that ain't fast enuff, neither!"—*New York Mail and Express.*

— An incident occurred at the redemption bureau of the treasury which ought to be a warning to wives. A woman in New England placed $48 in bank bills in the oven of the kitchen stove in order to hide it from her husband. She forgot to take it out, and in the morning he kindled a hot fire and reduced the money to a crisp before his wife remembered where it was. She picked up the ashes, enough to half fill a wineglass, put them in a little box and sent them down to Washington to be redeemed. The experts, by the use of magnifying glasses, identified the bills to the amount of $36 and sent her that money, but it cost her $12 to fool her husband, and she will probably not try it again.

Every Month

there are thousands of women who nearly suffer death from irregular menses. Sometimes the "period" comes too often — sometimes not often enough—sometimes the flow is too scant, and again it is too profuse. Each symptom shows that Nature needs help, and that there is trouble in the organs concerned. Be careful when in any of the above conditions. Don't take any and every nostrum advertised to cure female troubles.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

is the one safe and sure medicine for irregular or painful menstruation. It cures all the ailments that are caused by irregularity, such as leucorrhœa, falling of the womb, nervousness, pains in the head, back, breasts, shoulders, sides, hips and limbs. By regulating the menses so that they occur every twenty-eighth day, all those aches disappear together. Just before your time comes, get a bottle and see how much good it will do you. Druggists sell it at $1.

Send for our free book, "Perfect Health for Women."

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the Stockholders of the Williamston Mills is hereby called for Saturday, June 30, 1900, at 12 o'clock m., at the office of the Williamston Female College, Williamston, S. C., for the purpose of considering the propriety of increasing the Capital Stock of the said Williamston Mills from One Hundred Thousand Dollars to Two Hundred Thousand Dollars. Let every stockholder be present either in person or by proxy. This is of the utmost importance.

By order of the Board of Directors.

G. W. SULLIVAN, Pres. and Treas.

May 30, 1900 49 4

Reduced Rates on the Southern.

The Southern Railway will sell side trip tickets from Charleston, S. C., at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip to St. Augustine, Fla., Pensacola, Fla., Mobile, Ala., New Orleans, La., Meridian, Miss., Birmingham, Ala., Chattanooga, Tenn., Bristol, Tenn., White Sulphur Springs, Va., Washington, D. C., Norfolk, Va., and intermediate points. Tickets will be sold July 21, 1900, with final limit July 29, 1900, to holders of return portions of round trip tickets sold to Charleston, account of Annual Meeting National Educational Association. Such return portions of round trip tickets to be deposited with agents from whom side trip tickets are purchased. Agents will issue receipts for tickets deposited and upon presentation of said receipts will return to original purchasers the return portions of round trip tickets deposited.

Persons residing at non-coupon stations desiring to avail themselves of these reduced rates and purchase coupon tickets will be required to give the agent at their station at least two or three days in advance of the proposed trip in order that he may be enabled to obtain through tickets, etc.

For detailed information apply to any Agent of the Southern Railway or its connections.

S. H. HARDWICK,
A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.

PROF. T. R. LANGSTON,

ANDERSON, S. C.,

CURES BY

VITAL MAGNETISM.

ALL classes of Diseases, acute and chronic, promptly, painlessly and permanently, and without the use of medicine or surgery.

Having just completed a thorough course of instruction, theoretical and clinical in the Science and Art of Healing by Vital Magnetism, (the Weltmer method,) I beg leave to offer my services to the sick and afflicted of Anderson and vicinity. I am thoroughly prepared to treat all classes of diseases, especially those affecting the nervous organism, by this new method.

ABSENT TREATMENT.

Persons living at remote distances may be successfully treated by this method by what is termed Absent Treatment, by correspondence.

All communications whatever, either personal or by letter, will be scrupulously treated as confidential.

Offices—Thompson Building, Southeast of Public Square.

Call on or address

PROF. T. R. LANGSTON, Anderson, S. C.

I have already a number of flattering testimonials of marvelous cures performed by me.

May 16, 1900 47

An All-around Satisfaction is assured to those who Patronize . . . . . .

The Anderson Steam Laundry.

OUR WORK is uniformly excellent, not merely occasionally good. What care and skill can do to give satisfaction is done. Fine work on goods of every description is done here. The Finish, either high gloss or domestic, on Shirts, Collars and Cuffs is especially meritorious.

ANDERSON STEAM LAUNDRY CO.

202 East Boundary St.

R. A. MAYFIELD, Supt. and Treas.

PHONE NO. 20.

Leave orders at D. C. Brown & Bro's, Store.

FARM LANDS

May just as well be sold during Spring and Summer as in Fall and Winter. No need to wait until crops are made and marketed to "look around." We have a large list of well-selected Farms, and likely have just what you want. We are also answering inquiries every day, and if you have Farm Lands to sell we would likely find the purchaser you are looking for. We can, in most cases, easily adjust any questions that may arise with reference to rent for the year, or interest on purchase money or date of taking possession, and like details. In some cases, if early sale is made, we can offer great inducements in releasing rents to purchaser.

128 acres, near Honea Path, up-to-date condition. Can be bought low now.

168 acres, Fork, bottom price. (40 to 50 acres bottom—good condition.)

190 acres, Fork.

125 acres, Fork.

2500 acres in Oconee. Eleven settlements. Already surveyed into six tracts. Timber valuable.

The above are only a few.

FRIERSON & SHIRLEY,
People's Bank Building, Anderson, S. C.

Winthrop College Scholarships And Entrance Examination.

THE Examination for the award of vacant Scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday, July 20th, at 9 a. m. Applicants must not be less than fifteen years of age. When Scholarships are vacated after July 20th they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination. The cost of attendance, including board, furnished room, heat, light and washing, is only $8.50 per month. For further information and a catalogue address Pres. D. B. Johnson, Rockhill, S. C.

May 23, 1900 48

PATENTS DESIGNS TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS OBTAINED

ADVICE AS TO PATENTABILITY FREE

Notice in "Inventive Age"

Book "How to obtain Patents"

Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address, E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.