OLD TIME FAVORITES

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

By SAM WALTER FOSS.

The gret big church wuz crowded full of broadcloth an' uv silk,
An' satins rich as cream thet grows on our ol' brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys and stove-pipe hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserloons so tight they couldn't kneel in prayer.

The elder in his pulpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to hum, laid up 'ith roomatiz,
An' as we hev no substitoot, as Brother Moore ain't here,
Will some 'un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy style,
Give an' interduct'ry hiccup, an' then staggered up the aisle!
Then thro' the holy atmosphere there crep' a sense er sin,
An' thro' thet air er sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

Then Deacon Purin'ton he yelled, his teeth all sot on edge:
"This man purfanes the house of God! Why, this is sakerlege!"
The tramp didn't hear a word he said, but clouched 'ith stumblin' feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps, an' gained the organ seat.

He then went pawin' thro' the keys, an soon there riz a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart, an' 'lectrify the brain;
An' then he slapped down on the thing 'ith hands and 'head an' knees—
He slamdashed his hull body down kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweeping high an' dry,
It swelled into the rafters, an' bulged out into the sky;
The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain thet melted in our ears,
Thet brought up blessed memories an' drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed uv ol'-time kitchens, 'ith Taby on the mat,
Uv home an' luv an' baby days, an' mother, an' all that!

An' then he struck a streak uv hope—a song from souls forgiven—
Thet burst from prison-bars uv sin, an' stormed the gates uv heaven;
The mornin' stars they sung together—no soul was left alone—
We felt the universe wuz safe, an' God wuz on His throne!

An' then a wail uv deep despair an' darkness come again,
An' long black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs uv glad delight—
An' 'then the tramp he staggered down an' reeled into the night!

But we knew he'd tol' his story, though he never spoke a word,
An' it wuz the saddest story thet our ears hed ever heard;
He hed to' his own life history, an' no eye wuz dry thet day,
When the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray."

BY THE GREAT MYSTERIOUS LAKE.

"YOU had better come to the ball," said the Colonel, with a bluff, benevolent air. "I am a steward and can introduce you to all the pretty women. As a stranger, it will start you at once in the best set with very little trouble in the cheeriest way. What?"

The Colonel was unmarried, and did not even own nieces. Gerald Upcott had made his acquaintance originally at Homburg, where he passed as the young-elderly beau to his own great satisfaction and the high gratification of a circle of well-preserved ladies who played bridge, drank the waters and gossiped about everybody with equal fervor. The friendship had ripened in London, and Gerald had visited the Colonel's comfortable flat. Never was there a man more patently a bachelor without encumbrances. Gerald Upcott could not suspect any latent design beneath the festive suggestion about the ball.

An important point, however, which Gerald did not know, was that Lady Calthorp was one of the Colonel's dear, well-preserved friends. She had recently been obliged, after putting it off as long as possible, to bring out her second daughter. The eldest had been married off almost immediately, and, as there was a considerable difference between the two girls, Lady Calthorp had got out of the ways of chaperonage, and did not take kindly to that stony path again after the long interval of peace. If only Milly could be married off at once, how nice it would be! So delightful, you know, to feel that the dear girl was comfortably settled, and such a relief to be no longer obliged to drag her about to balls. The Colonel was Lady Calthorp's sworn ally, and was therefore bound to introduce to Milly all the "eligible" men whom he could catch hold of.

Gerald Upcott was a highly "eligible" man. Do you see the idea?

The Colonel was distinctly pleased with what he deemed his own success. In this mood he was quite ready to commit the folly of introducing the eligible man to any pretty face that might especially take his fancy. Lady Calthorp would not have done that. She would have prodded him off in dexterous and perfectly natural manner.

"Who is that lady over there?" Gerald said, after a brief inspection. "The one with the large tiara and the dark hair—standing near that block of ice—talking to the man with the heavy mustache?"

"She's Lady Felton. The Danesfields brought her over with them. I have just been introduced. A charming woman. But the fun of the thing is that she is a dowager. Look at her. Does she look like a dowager? I believe that the old man was about forty years older than she was. Naturally she drops the dowager and calls herself Louisa Lady Felton."

A sparkle of animation showed in Gerald's face. "Louisa Lady Felton! This is interesting," he said.

The Colonel growled under his mustache. It took some little time to effect the introduction. It was, however, eventually accomplished, and Gerald Upcott danced with Louisa Lady Felton. The intervals are usually long at Winterton—no doubt with some good, that is matrimonial, object. After the dance the couple adjourned to the long conservatory, where seats were judiciously arranged in pairs.

Gerald Upcott could talk brilliantly when he chose, and he amused Lady Felton. This, no doubt, is why she conceded a second dance. His original idea had been to let an acquaintance ature gradually and naturally. When heard she was staying four miles is views developed on different

It sat after the second dance. They on the ubdued light, gazing down wall, wit curve of the great sea-

"I will fe lowing points of fire. will interest a story that I think obscurity of it said Gerald. The companion seein ce prevented his pression which sh significant ex- "Once upon a time— on his face. fairy tale, and you nee a grown-up as real unless you like— regard it time there was a man upon a woman—" nd a

"Is this fairy-tale or real?" in ed the lady, suddenly.

"Both. The man, it seemed, was love. He was a big man, with a big mustache, tall, strong and absolutely straight. He fell in love, as such a man would—over head and ears—like a plunge in the mysterious lake, and all the world could hear the splash and see the circles.

"What was the girl like?"

"He told me that she was beautiful. He rhapsodized about flowers of heaven, angels come down on earth, and stars hanging somewhere midway. The girl encouraged him in every way, from what he told me as we smoked cigarettes in the face of the lake. If half he said was true, she showed her love in a hundred different ways. There was no impediment. He was rich and would be a great chief—what we might call a lord— one day. I said to him again and again in primitive language, 'Go in, and win.' He said, 'Not yet. I am not sure. I think she loves me, and yet I can hardly believe it. It seems so great a thing. And if she refused me I should kill myself.' Then one day this man came to me with a face as white as yonder electric globe, and eyes that glittered like the central light within. It was all over, he said. She had had a second string all the while—a great chief whom I will call the Sultan of Ool, because it was not his name. She had told him herself that she was engaged to the Sultan of Ool, and the man was raging mad. There were scenes, dreadful scenes. The lake was dangerously near—and he was killed—killed in an absolutely mad enterprise, which meant certain death to him and safety to his command——"

Louisa Felton turned on him suddenly, her face full of emotion. "What was this man's name?" she said, and her voice thrilled.

"Jack Marshman."

There was a silence between them. Neither could see the other's face very well. "Why did you tell me this horrible thing?" cried Louisa Felton, with sudden passion.

"Oh, it is an experience—far away from us—in the unknown and beautiful islands. Besides, have not you, too, had your previous states? May you not have met that divinely beautiful girl, floating perchance in a canoe on the great lake, bedecked with flowers and comraded by melody—and she confided in you?"

"What should she confide in me?"

"Why she preferred the Sultan of Ool—three times her age—to that other, whom I believe she really loved."

There was another silence. Then suddenly the lady spoke, and her voice was charged with intensity of feeling

"You have done a bold and dangerous thing, and one which you might regret if you had come to the wrong woman. As it happens, you have come to the right one. I will tell you. It matters nothing now. What he told you was untrue. I never refused him, for the good reason that he never proposed to me. I did not tell him that I was engaged to Lord——"

"The Sultan of Ool," interjected Gerald, gently.

"Because I was not engaged to him, and the engagement did not occur until after Jack had gone away in that wonderful fashion."

"Yet he threw away his life simply because he thought it true when the engagement was announced."

"I can't help that," she cried. "The fact is that he was a very odd man, and he behaved very cruelly and unkindly. He made love to me in every way that a man could without actually saying it. He made me love him, and he led me on to believe that he intended to propose; and then, when all the place was talking about us, he suddenly quarreled with me about a trifle, went straight out of the ball room, left the place the next day, and never came back or gave a sign."

"What was the quarrel about?"

"Absolutely nothing. But just think of the dreadful position that I was in—left the laughing-stock of the place, the subject of every unkind tongue. It was then that my dear old friend, Lord Felton, came to me, and asked me to marry him. He told me most delicately that he had always loved me, and that he knew that I could not love him, but that he asked me to be his wife in order that he might have the right to protect me. Well, he knew all, of course; but I told him all, and then I gladly accepted the refuge he offered. The dearest, kindest soul! There never was an unkind word between us to the day of his death."

"But would you mind endeavoring to recall what the quarrel was about?"

"I tell you it was the merest pretext. He came up to me, as I thought, to ask me for a dance. Instead of that he said to me suddenly and very oddly, 'Are you engaged to Lord Felton?' I said, 'Yes, for——' "

"There!" cried Gerald. "You did tell him, after all."

"But, of course, I meant for a dance," expostulated the lady in amazement. "Lord Felton always had a square with me for old friendship's sake, and I had just given it to him. Jack must have seen us talking. If he had come a minute earlier he would have He d me give Lord Felton his square. tion no business to ask such a ques- right to all, and he certainly had no square da off in a fury because of a was merely to an old man. No, it cruel, heartless pretext."

"But don't you see," cried Gerald, in despair at the p us nature of the revelation opened be e him, with the pendant of suffering s wholly undesigned, "he told me fa you had said that you were engaged to Lord Felton? You now tell me hat, whatever you may have meant by it, you did say you were engaged to Lord Felton. It seems to me perfectly dreadful that so small an error should have wrecked two lives."

"Yes, dreadful indeed," she began; but at that moment the music struck up in the ball room. Lady Felton literally sprang up. "Now, Mr. Upcott," she cried joyously, "you must kindly take me in as quickly as possible."

Gerald Upcott stared at her in frank amazement. This change of manner was perfectly inexplicable. It did not altogether fit in with the theory of a wrecked life. Even in the dim light he could see that her exquisite lips were curved in a happy smile which made her look lovelier than ever.

"Come, Mr. Upcott," she cried, impatiently. "You are not going to be so ungallant as to allow me to go in by myself?" And she moved a step forward.

With a quick apology, Gerald sprang up and escorted her to the ball-room. Immediately they were approached by the tall, dark man with the heavy mustache, with whom she had been talking before.

"I came as quickly as I could," she whispered, but Upcott's quick ears caught the words.

The next minute the pair whirled off in the waltz. Gerald had a glimpse of her face as they came round, and if ever a woman looked perfectly happy it was Louisa Lady Felton.

Somewhat mystified, Gerald made his way round to the Colonel. They stood and looked awhile at the dancers.

"Handsome woman, that Lady Felton," quoth the Colonel, as her face came round in the whirl. "I hear, by the bye," he added—not, perhaps, without some slight spice of malice—"that she is engaged to be married—very desperate love affair."

"Is the man here?" inquired Gerald, with the most imperturbable visage.

"Yes, I believe so," replied the Colonel, annoyed at the apparent ill-success of his shaft.

"Then I expect it is the man she is dancing with now," returned the other, with the memory of that radiant face on him. "What do you say to a little supper, Colonel?"

It is, of course, impossible for a man like Gerald Upcott to feel foolish.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

LAWS FOR MAD DOGS.

British Reduces Hydrophobia Cases by Legislating Against Canines.

It is still, we believe, an open question among people who don't know anything about it whether there is such a thing as rabies among human beings. But we are bound to say no doctor has any doubts on that score. Besides, it is useless to discuss the question since human beings who have been bitten by mad dogs do die of something extremely horrible, whether it is an actual fatal toxication or a form of acute mania induced by fear. We speak of this matter with some seriousness because of the alarming number of cases of hydrophobia reported in the papers in the last year. The blame must rest on local health and police authorities who do not insist upon the passage of laws that would prevent the infection of animals with rabies, or, if the laws exist, fail to enforce them. Whatever the disease may be, hydrophobia has been stamped out in Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland and Denmark.

In Great Britain a rigid quarantine against imported dogs and sharp laws on muzzling reduced the number of fatal cases from 123 in 1889 to three in 1892. Some such action is needed in this country. Every real lover of dogs—for we reverse the old cynical saying and put it that "the more one knows of dogs the more he thinks of men"—every real lover of dogs should be in favor of regulation that, while aiming at the protection of the human community, also saves the brute creation from disease. As for the people who "don't believe there is such a thing as rabies," and the folks who have more sympathy for dogs than for men, we shall not attempt to convince them. The present situation is, as a physician has said, "precisely the same as if a centre of smallpox were allowed to exist," because a few persons did not believe in vaccination.—Collier's Weekly.

Yellow a Shield Against Mosquitos.

Wear yellow if you would be free from the malaria-breeding mosquito. This startling discovery emanates from the War Department at Washington. When the khaki uniform was adopted for the use of the army in summer and in tropical countries the authorities were not aware they were on the verge of solving a problem interesting to soldiers and civilians alike. It was not long, however, before it was found that the anopheles mosquito, which causes malaria by its bite, avoided the men in yellow uniforms and swarmed about those attired in the old blue fabrics.

This led to investigation, and after a series of experiments, conducted at intervals for a period extending over six months, it was found the anopheles would not light upon a yellow substance. A man wearing thin yellow cotton gloves was not touched by the insects, while others with blue, black and white gloves were bitten repeatedly.—New York Press.

Nature's Weather Glasses.

Many anxious faces will to-day be turned skyward in search of portents for the week-end weather. Let holiday-makers regard nature's weather glasses.

When a cat sneezes it means rain. Distant sounds, such as bells and railway whistles, are usually distinct just before rain; and window blind cords become taut, and salt and black current lozenges moist.

Rain may also be expected when dogs grow restless and drowsy; asses hang down their ears and rub themselves against walls; sheep become frisky and bleat terribly at night; the pigs are disturbed and run about, and cocks crow early and flap their wings excessively.—London Express.

Street Dust.

There can be no doubt that the filling the air with clouds of fine street dust is in more ways than one injurious to the health. This dust cloud is especially harmful to persons with delicate throats and lungs, and it must be no inconsiderable factor in aggravating the all-prevalent catarrhal affections with which so many people are afflicted. Communities which permit this disgrace lack something of complete enlightenment and progressiveness. There ought to be genius to devise a remedy, and there ought to be public spirit and intelligence to carry it into operation.—New Bedford Standard.

The Vicious Device.

The vicar of Barton-on-Humber, England, has adopted a device to shame certain members of the congregation who placed old and battered coins in the collection bags. These coins he hung up in the church, with the request that the donors should replace them with good money. This has now been done in one case, but four others await like repentance on the part of the givers.

TESTED BY TIME.

Mrs. Robert Broderick, who resides at 1915 Virginia St., in San Antonio, Texas, tells an experience that will interest every reader; it shows as well that Doan's cures are lasting cures. She says: "Up to the early part of the year 1902 I had been a sufferer from kidney troubles for many years. The pain in my back became worse and worse until it was a daily burden that interfered with every duty. I was much afflicted with headaches and dizzy spells and was unable to rest well nights. In May, 1902, after using Doan's Kidney Pills I made a statement for publication declaring that they had entirely relieved me of the pain in my back. I have since then had a year's time in which to study the effects of the medicine, and while I have had slight touches of the trouble since, the use of the pills has always driven away all signs of the disorder, and I have become convinced of the fact that the first treatment was practically permanent in its effects, and I know that a box of Doan's Kidney Pills kept on hand is a sufficient guarantee against any suffering from the kidneys or back. I should advise every sufferer to take Doan's Kidney Pills, and I know that they will be surprised and pleased with the result."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Broderick will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Good Roads Information.

People of the Southern States who desire information on the modern science of road building can obtain it free of charge by applying to the office of public road inquiries, which is a division of the United States department of agriculture at Washington.

There are in use today many inventions and powerful machines that make road building easier and less expensive than it has ever been before. Portable stone crushers, graders, ditchers, stone spreaders, wagon loaders and combination machines that will save labor in striking ways are doing good work in various parts of the country. It is to the interest of those intending to build roads to find out all about these machines.

There is a general awakening in regard the improvement of good roads, especially as it is understood that the extension of rural free delivery is conditional on the success of this movement. The Department of Agriculture is anxious to extend all the aid in its power. The people are entitled to such aid and should avail themselves of it.

Knew What He Needed.

The doctor's wife went to the door. The doctor's wife and the woman next door were not on friendly terms, but the tramp didn't know that.

"De lady next door," he said, "gave me a piece of her home made pie, a' I t'ought"—

"I'm sorry," interrupted the doctor's wife, "but the doctor isn't at home just now. However, there's a physician in the next block, and if you hurry he may be able to give you relief before much harm is done."—Chicago Post.

Black Hair

"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it. It certainly restores the original color to gray hair. It keeps my hair soft."—Mrs. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either.

You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling, for keeping your scalp clean, and for making your hair grow.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

U.M.C.

Stands for Union Metallic Cartridges. It also stands for uniform shooting and satisfactory results.

Ask your dealer for U.M.C. ARROW and NITRO CLUB Smokeless Shot Shells.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

R·I·P·A·N·S

R·I·P·A·N·S Tabules Doctors find A good prescription For mankind.

The 5-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle (price 60 cents) contains a supply for a year.

CANCER CURED WITHOUT CUTTING, A New Vegetable Remedy. Cure Guaranteed in Every Case Treated. Also Piles, Fistula and Sores. NATIONAL CANCER MEDICINE COMPANY, Austell Building, Atlanta, Ga

Children's Column

"I WON'T, I WILL, I DID."

I know a little lad—
With his mother and his dad,
He lives within a rose-embowered haunt,
And this little lad at times
Makes the queerest little rhymes,
Singing frowningly,
"I won't, I won't, I won't."

But again his eyes of blue
Glisten as he looks at you,
And he tries your empty heart with love to fill,
As he laughs in rosy glee,
Your surprise and joy to see,
When he merry shouts,
"I will, I will, I will."

But I like this rogue the best,
When the sun is in the west,
And to bed he goes, the tired little kid,
And he holds himself awake,
The glorious news to break,
As sleepily he sings,
"I did, I did, I did."

—Washington Star.

A LITTLE PIONEER'S RIDE.

"Whoa, Buck! Whoa, Bright!" called out Stephen Harris, pioneer; and the glossy red oxen halted in the forest opening. "This shall be out dinner camp today, boys," said he. "See what a fine spot!"

The pair of stalwart lads, with rifles on their shoulders, who had been walking all the forenoon beside the big covered wagon, thought it was truly a fine spot, and began to make camp for dinner, unyoking the oxen and turning them out to graze, kindling a fire with dry twigs and moss and fetching water from the clear brook that rippled by.

Meanwhile children of all ages began to climb down from the wagon. There were ten of them, fine healthy children. The youngest, Martha, was a little yellow-haired girl of three, the pet and pride of them all. They were overjoyed at the prospect of running about and stretching their cramped limbs, and the forest echoed to their joyful voices. Last alighted the mother, a brisk, cheerful woman, under whose good management a dinner was soon ready. Every day the camp dinner was like a picnic to this family who had been thirty days on their way from Connecticut to "the Ohio," where they hoped to find a fine farm and a good home.

The wagon, which had been their traveling house for a month, was well fitted up for comfort. The seats were built along the sides, and so contrived as to hook back at night. Then the bedding, tightly rolled up by day, was spread out on the wagon bottom. The cooking utensils were hung up on the sides, and a roomy box nailed at the end held the other useful articles. All of the cups, plates, and spoons were of bright unbreakable tin. Under the wagon swung the large copper kettle, the most important of all things in the households of those early times.

After dinner the bright tin dishes were washed in the brook, and the fire very carefully "put out." But the travelers still lingered under the trees, so restful and lovely seemed the cool green spot. At length Mr. Harris said that the sun was fast travelling westward, and that they must be doing the same.

So the oxen were yoked up, and in great spirits the pioneers scrambled to their places in the wagon, and the oxen started on at a good pace; and they had gone a mile or two before the fearful discovery was made that little Martha was missing! It seems impossible that they should not have known at once that she was not with them; but so it was,—not one of them had missed her!

The patient oxen were turned about, and as fast as possible the distracted family travelled back to the dinner camp, Mr. Harris and the big brothers calling, as they went, the name of the darling child.

The camp was finally reached; but little Martha was not there, and no trace of her could be found.

The forest had seemed so peaceful an hour before, but now it was filled with terrors. What wild animals might not lurk in the thickets! The very brook seemed to murmur of dangers,—quicksands and treacherous water-holes.

"Baby! O baby!" called Mrs. Harris, suddenly, breaking into a sharp cry; and this time, in the anxious waiting pause of silence, a shrill little voice from right under the wagon piped out, "Here I is!" and over the rim of the great copper kettle popped Martha's golden head. Scrambling out, "head-over-heels," she rushed into her mother's arms, as fresh and rosy from her sound after-dinner nap as though she had been rocked in the downiest cradle in the land.

There was praise and thanksgiving, there was laughter and tears, and the forest echoed to the glad shouts of the boys, who could not otherwise express the joy and relief of their hearts. Then they climbed into the big wagon again, and this time each one made sure that little Martha was not missing.

In after years the energy and thrift of the Harris family brought them great prosperity. Broad acres and fruitful orchards and a beautiful home became theirs, but their most prized possession was the big copper kettle in which little pioneer Martha took her afterdinner ride.—Anna E. Treat, in Little Folks.

A FUNNY MISTAKE.

Grandpa sat by the table, his razor in his hand and his looking-glass popped up in front of him. Little Polly was watching him, half afraid, but wholly fascinated by the sharp, shining blade.

"Grandpa," she said at last, "where are you going when you are through shaving?"

"I'm going to marry Mrs. Jaynor," answered grandpa, with a frown on his face, for he was hurried. He never thought that Polly might not understand. He was a justice of the peace and often married people. He had been hindered in getting ready, and now he rushed so fast to get off that he never looked at Polly's face. Half an hour after grandma came in from the kitchen with a dear little cake.

"Here, Polly," she said, but Polly was not there.

"Polly, Polly," she called, but no little feet came running. She looked in the parlor and the bedroom and upstairs. No Polly.

"Where can she be?" she asked in alarm. "She could not have gone out of doors this cold day. I believe some one has kidnapped her."

"Nonsense!" said Uncle Ned, but he, too, joined in the search. Upstairs and downstairs they went again in vain. At last grandma heard a muffled sobbing under the stairs. She threw open the low door of the "cubby hole." There was poor Polly huddled up in a miserable little heap and crying as if her heart would break.

"Why, Polly, what is it?" cried grandma, her alarm of one kind yielding to another.

"I—don't—want—grandpa—to—to—marry—Mrs.—Jaynor," sobbed Polly. "I want him to stay here and be my grandpa."

Uncle Ned laughed. But grandma glanced at the little tear-stained face and did not laugh. She took Polly in her lap in the big rocking chair and explained all about it, how grandpa only performed the service that married Mrs. Jaynor to Mr. Brown, and how he would come home again as soon as the ceremony was through. So Polly dried her tears and ate her cake, but she never felt quite comfortable afterward when Mrs. Brown was near.—Chicago Record-Herald.

LIFE OF THE WHALERS.

We have raised a race of men who have gone down to the sea in ships on the most hazardous of enterprises. No men have hourly for a lifetime taken such disastrous chances as our whalemen, and their voyages have been frequently crowded with moving accidents, hair-breadth escapes and distressful strokes. And we go to these men, like Desdemona, "with a greedy ear to devour up their discourse." The records of the thrilling voyages of our whalemen are kept in log books, and in the hundreds of volumes stored in old sail lofts. How many of us have pored over them to have our nerves played upon after the manner of the fictionists, but it is not there. And we seek out the man whose ship is struck and sunk by a whale in midocean, and who takes to the boats and reaches land after weeks of buffeting, and the men whose ships are crushed in the ice, and their story is as prosaic as the story of the man who goes to the day's work in an electric car. We are thrilled by the boat journey of Dr. Kane, of a tramp in the Arctic by Nansen. Last week a man arrived here who had made a boat journney in Hudson Bay as remarkable as that of Dr. Kane, and he had nothing to say excepting that it was four weeks and five days from the time he left his ship in a whaleboat with two comrades until he reached a fur station. In answer to persistent questioning a reporter dragged from him that it was "hard work," and a shipmate spoke up for the adventurer and explained to a reporter that there was not a minute of those five weeks, night or day, when the little boat was not menaced by the floating ice which piled up about them, on occasions as high as the church steeples. And against Nansen's performance can we produce a whaleman who put a half dozen pieces of hard bread in his pocket and, in midwinter, left his ship in the Arctic, in latitude 75 or thereabouts, and walked 1,500 miles back to civilization. And, to save him, he couldn't understand why the reporters wanted to talk with him. Hence it is our habit to say, often in the spirit of criticism or at least regret, that our whaleman is not "imaginative."—New Bedford Mercury.

KRUGER'S FIRST LION.

Mr. Kruger tells this story of his "first lion" in his memoirs. A rumor had reached his father that their herds had been attacked on the banks of the Rhenoster River, in what is now Orange River Colony. The lion, it seems, sighted the party that went out in search of him before they were quite face to face with him, and came on them with a rush.

"The three adults with whom I had come," says Mr. Kruger, "my father, my uncle, and my brother, quickly tied the horses together and turned them round with their heads in the opposite direction from which the lion was bearing down upon us. This is the regular procedure at a lion hunt, for if the horses catch sight of a lion there is always a danger that they may get frightened and bolt.

"My father placed us. I was told to sit behind, or from the lion's point of view, in front of the horses, with my rifle covering him. His last bound brought him close to me; then he couched, with the intention, it seemed to me, of jumping right over me on to the horses.

"And as he rose I fired. And so fortunate was my aim that I killed him outright—and he nearly killed me in his turn, for he almost crushed me as he fell."

NOT IN KINGLY GARB.

A recently returned traveler who was received by Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia describes his majesty as seated in a small state chair, with gayly colored carpet at his feet. He wore white trousers, brown checked socks and very large patent leather shoes without lacings. A long flowing coat of yellow striped green silk enveloped his body, and over this was a black satin, gold embroidered burnous, with a pink lined hood. His head was bound with fine white muslin, above which towered a broad brimmed straw hat, overlaid with gold leaf and trimmed with sapphires and rubies. In his left ear sparkled a rose cut diamond stud. A red silk umbrella, heavily embroidered and fringed with gold, protected the royal head from the rays of the sun.

Trade Slang Wanted.

Dr. Hubert Jansen, the editor of the Trilingual Technical Dictionary which is being published by the Society of German Engineers, has sent out a batch of circulars relating to the publication. The object is to bring out a thoroughly comprehensive vocabulary of technical terms in German, English and French. Mathematical, physical and chemical words are to be included, as if not now of technical importance they may become so at any time. Special effort is to be made to include all "trade" expressions used in particular industries, local dialetical terms and even workmen's "slang" names for machines, etc., as these often pass in time into general use. In order to make the dictionary as complete as possible, collaboration is asked from technical men, institutions or works. The publishers will supply note books for jotting down technical expressions (with or without their foreign equivalent) to anyone who is willing to collaborate and these will be collected some time next year, and collated by the editor. The editors also ask that circulars, price lists, etc., may be sent to them, as these are a fruitful source of technical expressions.

TO WORKING GIRLS

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

Every working girl who is not well is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice; it is freely given, and has restored thousands to health.

Miss Paine's Experience.

"I want to thank you for what you have done for me, and recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all girls whose work keeps them standing on their feet in the store. The doctor said I must stop work; he did not seem to realize that a girl cannot afford to stop working. My back ached, my appetite was poor, I could not sleep, and menstruation was scanty and very painful. One day when suffering I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found that it helped me. I continued its use, and soon found that my menstrual periods were free from pain and natural; everyone is surprised at the change in me, and I am well, and cannot be too grateful for what you have done for me."—MISS JANET PAINE, 530 West 125th St., New York City.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

Take no substitute, for it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that cures.

Capudine

Cures Nervousness AND NERVOUS HEADACHE. 10, 25 and 50c. at Druggistes.

CUTICURA SOAP

The World's Greatest Skin Soap.

The World's Sweetest Toilet Soap.

Sale Greater Than the World's Product of Other Skin Soaps.

Sold Wherever Civilization Has Penetrated.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, for annoying irritations, or too free or offensive perspiration, for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

Cuticura Soap combines delicate emollient properties derived from Cuticura, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odours. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Thus it combines in one soap at one price the most effective skin and complexion soap, and the purest and sweetest toilet, bath and nursery soap ever compounded.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, $1. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60). Ointment, 50c., Soap, 25c. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Boston, 137 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. Send for "All About the Skin, Scalp and Hair."

WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLES

No matter what your preferences are about a rifle, some one of the eight different Winchester models will suit you. Winchester Rifles are made in calibers suitable for shooting any game, from rabbits to grizzly bears, and in many styles and weights. Whichever model you select, you can count on its being well made and finished reliable in action and a strong, accurate shooter.

FREE: Our 160-page illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Cotton Gins and Presses

MADE BY

CONTINENTAL GIN CO.

Birmingham, Ala.,

ENGINES and BOILERS

Send for new catalogue just issued.

"But Yet a Woman."

"John," she said, as they strolled through the brilliantly lighted rooms of the Casino, "Monte Carlo isn't at all as I had imagined it. Every one of these people we see gambling seems so nice and respectable! Now, dear, do you think it would be very wicked if I bet just once?"

"Of course not, love; and, even if you lose, it won't cripple us financially. Here's a louis. Play that, and see what luck you have. You know, if one bets on one's age, they say one is apt to win."

There is a moment of deep thought. Then, with a smile of gladness, the tiny piece of gold is placed on figure 24.

The wheel spins, and the discontented little piece of marble, after dancing all about, finally drops with a click into—22.

"There!" cries the excited John; "if you had been honest you would have won."—Walter Burbank, in June Smart Set.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa

Birmingham's sewage works are the largest in the world, after those of Paris and Berlin.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

At Canterbury Cathedral there are always about forty workmen engaged in the structure.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Japan's shipyards turned out forty-one steamers last year.

Old Sofas, Backs of Chairs, etc., can be dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Twelve hotels in New York City have more than 300 telephones each.

FREE STUART'S GIN and BUCHU

To all who suffer, or to the friends of those who suffer with Kidney, Liver, Heart, Bladder or Blood Disease, a sample bottle of Stuart's Gin and Buchu, the great southern Kidney and Liver Medicine, will be sent absolutely free of cost. Mention this paper. Address STUART DRUG M'FG CO., 28 Wall St., Atlanta, Ga.

When the sun gets big and round, **Hires Rootbeer** should be around.

A package makes five gallons. CHARLES E. HIRES CO. Malvern, Pa.

AFCO Female Pills make WEAK WOMEN strong and delayed periods easy. Every package guaranteed. By mail for 25 two-cent stamps, plain wrapper. Write for book of valuable information for both sexes. Address Afco Chemical Company, P. O. Box 673, Jacksonville, Fla.

Best **SAW MILLS** Small Mills for Farmers, Larger Mills for Lumbermen. All our mills are fitted with the famous Hencock-King Pat. Variable Feed Works; the simplest, most durable and best feed on the market. —MANUFACTURED BY THE— SALEM IRON WORKS, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Avery & Company

SUCCESSORS TO AVERY & McMILLAN, 51-53 South Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga

—ALL KINDS OF—

MACHINERY

Reliable Frick Engines. Boilers, all Sizes. Wheat Separators.

BEST IMPROVED SAW MILL ON EARTH.

Large Engines and Boilers supplied promptly. Shingle Mills, Corn Mills, Circular Saws, Saw Teeth, Patent Dogs, Steam Governors. Full line Engines & Mill Supplies. Send for free Catalogue.

PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O.

Best for The Bowels **Cascarets** CANDY CATHARTIC THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 308

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

Dropsy CURED Gives Quick Relief. Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box B Atlanta, Ga.

☞ Give the name of this paper when writing to advertisers—(At. 24, '03)

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