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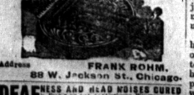

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INARI'S JOURNEY.

THE great fox-god Inari, once determined that he would make a journey about the city to find out where true honesty and goodness existed. It was a bad age of greed and corruption.

The first place that Inari visited was the counting-house of one of the great merchants of the city of Yedo. "At any rate," he said, "I shall find fair dealing and honesty here, for this man's banks dot our Japanese waters, his word is as good as a bond, and his name is a by-word for uprightness and integrity."

He took up his figure in the shape of a cobweb in a corner of the sample room. The tide of customers and merchants flowed in and out; the money rattled into the coffers; the clerks were busy with pen and scroll; but no one saw what Inari saw. His heart smote him to see the tricks of trade and the deceptions practiced; the chests of tea were filled with colored leaves and dust sweepings; the bales of silk were weighted with false materials, and their contents dyed with false colors; lacquer and bronze manufactured in the next street were sold as the veritable productions of old times; the very scales used were false; the entries in the scrolls were false; and the stories told to the customers were false. The next day the whole city was thrown into a sudden consternation at the news that the great firm had failed, and the head partner had gone away no one knew where.

The next journey of the god was to "yashiki," or palace of the great lord of Bizen, one of the haughtiest and proudest of the nobles of the empire. As he seated himself in the guise of a fly on the top of a sword-rack in the banqueting chamber, he said: "He is too great to be ambitious; he is too rich to be avaricious; he has too great expenses to be extravagant; his fame is too high for him to care to sully it by dishonesty; he is too familiar with pleasure to be vicious."

The banquet was spread, and the great lord entered in gorgeous apparel. The sweets with which the meal commenced were served in dishes of the purest Satsuma porcelain, the rice was in the finest of old gold lacquer, the wine—that prince of wines, the Flower of Full Bloom—hissed and bubbled in vases of the choicest Bizen ware, while the rarest of fish and fowl came up in quaint dishes brought from China. Merrily the feast proceeded, the wine-cup circled incessantly, cheeks grew flushed, eyes began to sparkle, and tongues wagged fast. There was nothing in this with which Inari could find fault, for the prince was wealthy, and it became a dignity to keep a sumptuous table, but he was annoyed and disgusted to observe with what brutality the prince treated his wife, a poor, modest retiring creature, whose only fault seemed to be that she brooked her husband's insolence too meekly. If she spoke Bizen answered her roughly, if she smiled he frowned and the poor woman knew not what way to look or how to behave. When the dancing girls were ushered in a retainer, humbly prostrating himself as he crawled along the floor, brought the prince a note; Inari, who of course could see through walls, doors, and everything espied a poor ragged man, evidently half dead with cold and want, sitting in the snow outside. "Now," said the god to himself, "I shall see the true nature of the prince." When Bizen opened the note, his face grew purple with passion, his brow was puckered into a network of frowns and his hand stretched out to his sword—an act at table which is only tolerated under the most exceptional circumstances. When Bizen had so far collected himself as to be able to speak, he roared, "What does the scamp mean by intruding upon my privacy with his beggarly petitions?"

"What is it?" asked his wife incautiously. The prince turned on her like a wild animal. "What is it, madam?" he hissed. "Why, it is a letter from an impostor, who declares that I have ruined him by forfeiting his tenure last summer; he says he is starving, and has the unheard-of insolence to ask me for the loan of 100 riyos!"

"You can afford to let him have them, can you not?" meekly asked his wife; "so I will go and give them to him." The prince raised his hand and struck the unhappy woman to the ground.

Inari could stay no longer. Outside, where cowered the beggar, he assumed the guise of a retainer. "Where do you live?" he asked the poor man. "At Kawasaki, your noble Honor," replied the man trembling with terror, "and I have walked here through the snow some fourteen miles to ask his Highness for a little help, for I am very poor and miserable, and through no fault of my own." "Are you honest?" asked Inari. "I try to be, your Honor," answered the poor fellow. "I can easily find out," said the god, "so do not deceive me." The beggar looked at him. Inari placed his hand in the poor man's sleeve and disappeared. The beggar, bewildered, looked round, then felt in his sleeve, and pulled out notes to the value of five hundred riyos. Then he fell on his knees and cried: "It is the worshipful Inari himself!" and went his way rejoicing.

The next day the Prince of Bizen was murdered and his palace burned to the ground by a mob of discontented tenants.

The next journey of Inari was to a hall of justice. "If I don't find honesty here," he said, "I don't know where to look for it."

The day's business began, and Inari took the form of a pen in the hand of one of the clerks. "Call the first case," said the judge, a big, heavy fellow, with a face which bespoke not constant acquaintance with the good things of this life. The first criminal was introduced; he was carried in, for he had lain five days in a dungeon cell, with weights upon his arms and legs, and could not move. "You are accused of robbery," said the judge. "Nay, your honor," whispered the poor wretch. "I was starving, I saw a rice cake on a shop shelf, and I could not resist the temptation to seize it." "Doesn't matter. It's robbery," said the judge. "People's property must be protected. Fifty stripes with the bamboo, a month's hard labor upon rice and water, and think yourself lucky to get off with your head! Next case."

A dissolute-looking young fellow, fashionably dressed, swaggered in between two jailers. "Sorry to see you here, Mr. Hanaski," said the judge, blandly. "Same as before, I suppose?" "Well, sir," replied the young man, with an air of careless effrontery, "I was at the 'Three Pine Trees,' I suppose I had been drinking a bit; the wench was impudent, and I cut her down. I can pay a couple of hundred riyos for the family; 'twill settle it?" "Oh, as it was just [illegible]," said the judge, "we will call it a hundred. Good morning." The young man paid the money and left the court.

Inari shuddered. "Here," thought he, "is a poor wretch who is convicted of having stolen a cake worth half a tempo to appease the cravings of his hunger, and is condemned to be crippled for life; and a young blackguard who kills a woman gets off with an easy fine." So he struck the judge with a dropsy, from which he never recovered; and the young murderer was waylaid by the friends of the girl and so maltreated that he died of his wounds.

Heart-sick and mortified, Inari said: "Now for Kawasaki. Possibly, but not probably, I shall find beneath the lowly peasant's roof what I have failed to discover in the gilded palaces of the mighty." To Kawasaki he went as a pilgrim. He soon espied a beggar cutting wood outside a poor but neat little hut hard by the ferry. Assuming an air of great weariness the god addressed him: "I am bound for the holy O Yama; to do my mid-winter penance beneath the cascade of Koyisa. I am very poor, and cannot afford to go to one of the great tea-houses; perhaps you will let me rest here a while and refresh myself, in return for what few tempos I can give." The peasant took Inari's arm gently and led him in. "Oh, Kiku!" he cried to his wife, "here, quick, bring some warm water and something to eat and drink; here is a poor old pilgrim, tired and hungry." A pleasant-looking old woman approached at the summons

"I ONLY WISH TO TEST YOUR HEART."

and saluted Inari. Then the warm water was brought and she bathed the feet of the god, while her husband scraped together what little food and wine there was in the house and set it before him. "I feel ashamed," said Inari, "at trespassing upon the good nature of those who are as poor as myself." "Do not mention it, sir," said the peasant. "We have to work hard for our living, but we have always something to spare for poor travelers."

"And how do you get your living, if it is not a rude question?" asked Inari. "I cut wood for the great tea-houses," replied the man, "and at busy times I help the ferryman. But I had such great good luck the other day that we are quite comfortable now." And he told Inari about his visit to the Bizen palace.

The god said nothing for a few minutes, and then he asked, "I shall be returning here in a fortnight's time; could you make it convenient to lend me fifty riyos?"

"Willingly, sir," said the peasant, and he counted out the sum from his bamboo stem and placed the paper in the hand of the god. In a fortnight Inari returned to the peasant's house and said, "Here are the fifty riyos you were kind enough to lend me—and," taking from his own pocket a roll of notes, "here are 500 more. I only borrowed from you to test your heart, and perhaps you can guess who I am." The astonished and delighted couple fell on their knees in an ecstasy of joy. Inari disappeared, and the poor peasant prospered ever after, until he became the owner of the largest tea-house in Kawasaki.

CHURCH FAIRS.

Extortion That Is Practiced in the Name of Charity.

To charge from fifty cents to $1 for a boutonniere which represented only the cost of picking the flowers out of the fields is robbery pure and simple, writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies Home Journal. On two different occasions that I distinctly remember where I was asked fifty cents for not five cents' actual worth of flowers I was laughingly told by the young lady who tendered a bank note that, "We never give change at this fair, and gentlemen like yourself won't insist upon it we know." It was not enough that I was overcharged, but I must be twice robbed, and this in each instance in a church and in the name of charity!

Is it any wonder, I ask, that it is so difficult to induce men to attend bazaars and fairs? They know what is in store for them if they attend. They know that the innocent "twenty-five cents admission" represents an exit of $10 to $25, in proportion to their good nature. I am calling this practice by its proper name, because I think it is time that the great and noble work done for honest charity in this country should not be caused to suffer, as many of them are undoubtedly suffering to-day, from this and other forms of abuse practiced in the name of charity. And I do not believe that the managers of charitable affairs really have an accurate realization of the rapidly growing aversion on the part of men for these events. If they had this knowledge I think they would apply the remedy without delay.

Not so Cool as They Look.

The loose white garments worn generally by the natives of the tropics look fitting enough for their climate, but the clinging swaths of cloth cannot be regarded as the conventional clothing of the civilized inhabitants of those foreign countries. It seems as if the first step out of barbarism is the adoption of a really unnecessary quantity of clothes, the idea being, no doubt, to show the wearer's wealth. The savage chief wears more scalps and feathers than his followers, the gentleman African negro loads his person with endless chains of shells, with ornaments of gold and silver, and the richer an Arab sheik grows the greater grows his costumes and the more beautiful the trappings of his horse, for this is the only sort of possessions which for him have any value. In the same idea must have been the origin of the voluminous turban in which the Hindoo wraps his head: nothing but a pride in the material itself could ever have made the enormous loads a distinctive part of the rich man's costume.

The Beginning of the Fan.

The origin of the fan in China is said to have sprung from the following incident: A royal princess, very beautiful, was assisting at the feast of lanterns, her face covered with a mask as was usual. The excessive heat compelled her to remove it, and in order to guard her features from the common gaze she moved it quickly to and fro in front of her face, thus simultaneously hiding her charms and cooling her brow. The idea was at once adopted throughout the kingdom. Catharine de Medici carried the first fan from Italy ever seen in France, and in the time of Louis XIV. the fan, covered with jewels, was worth a small fortune.

English Women Printers.

In England the number of women employed as printers increases every year, but they are still more numerous in America, where about 3,000 women are employed in printing offices. In London there are about 200 women compositors.

HUNTING WITH CANNON.

WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF GRIZZLY BEARS.

The Carcass of a Horse Formed the Bait With Which the Animals Were Attracted and Two Howitzers Formed the Weapons of Destruction.

Along in the early fifties the grizzly bears were so plentiful in the canyons near Fort Fillmore, N. M., that domestic animals were in constant peril from their nightly incursions. In fact, they were dreaded by lone travelers almost as much as the savage and hostile Apaches.

I had occasion during my sojourn in El Paso, Texas, at that early period of the history of that country to visit Fort Fillmore. I was detained there several days and made my headquarters at the post with the sutler.

The second day after my arrival one of the cavalry horses, while playing in a corral, received a vicious kick from another horse. On examination it was thought to be impossible for the poor brute ever to recover from the wound so as to be of any use, and so to put him out of his misery he was shot and hauled up the canyon, about a mile from the fort.

As it was well known that there would be a grand carnival of the grizzlies and other wild beasts over the carcass that night, the "boys," that is Lieutenant Cook and others, consisting of quite a respectable corporal's guard, concluded to witness the feast. The sky was clear and in that soft, transparent atmosphere the full moon lit up the canyon almost equal to midday.

We selected two small brass howitzers from the battery of six guns and loaded them almost to the muzzle with grape shot and cannister. We then hauled our ordnance to within convenient range of the carcass and secreted ourselves in ambush behind a clump of cacti.

We waited some three hours, which seemed almost an age to the eager watchers, and about 12 o'clock the first intimation of the approach of the carnival was made known by the distant howl of a pack of hungry coyotes. They were not long, however, in putting in an appearance, in such force that it was all we could do to prevent Sergeant McGilvey opening the battery on them. We reserved our charge for the larger game, as we knew the grizzly would not fail to attend the feast.

We had begun to despair of the coyotes leaving anything for the bear, when, fortunately, a monster spotted tiger appeared on the scene, putting the coyotes to flight and taking possession of the banquet, proceeded in the most ravenous manner to conduct the interesting ceremonies alone. He did not enjoy his monopoly long, however, for a few minutes later the awe inspiring growls of three large grizzlies were heard in chorus over the banquet table and in turn putting to flight that beautiful freckled but somewhat discomfitted jaguar.

By the time we had placed our guns in position two more monster grizzlies had arrived at the feast, making five of the huge beasts, that caused the ground to tremble by their roars and savage growling as they tore the carcass to pieces and fought each other like demons.

Suddenly the deafening roar of the two guns, almost simultaneously, awoke the echoes of the canyon, and also the fears of the two remaining grizzlies, leaving three of their number dead and wounded on the battle field.

The whole scene was intensely thrilling from my position, and I remained concealed under a cactus in a large variety of what is generally known as prickly pears until the guns had been heavily charged again, and I was fully satisfied that the bears were in no condition to give further trouble.

Two of the bears were killed outright, says the Philadelphia Times, being literally torn to pieces by the cannister, and the third was so badly mangled that he died perhaps half an hour in great agony.

By the time we had taken a topographical survey of the gory field it was past midnight and we concluded to make a night of it, hoping for a return of the coyotes.

About 4 o'clock in the morning the distant wail of a hungry coyote told us of the commencement of their march to a second banquet at the augmented table of good things. It seemed that the wail of that lone coyote was re-echoed by a thousand ravenous throats, and in less than thirty minutes a howling mob of them were tearing to pieces and fighting over the remains of both horse and bear.

When the guns again belched forth the deadly messages, the earth trembled, the carnival ceased and quiet once more reigned over the scene.

In looking over the field of destruction after the battle was over we did not find a whole coyote, and as to whole heads, but calculated the number slain by their tails, finding twenty-seven.

As the reveille sounded we wheeled our guns into line and started for the fort, fully satisfied with our night's sport, but tired out and as hungry as the most ravenous coyote.

They Earn Their Post.

The candidates for bailiff in the town of Alnwick, North England, just before the election, ride in procession to a horse pond near the town, dismount and struggle through the mud and water as best they can. They are accompanied by a brass band and all the population of the town and neighborhood. The custom dates from the time of King John, who visited the town in 1210. The king's horse was mired and some of his baggage wagons had to be left in the mire. On his arrival he inquired who was responsible for the condition of the roads, and learning that the bailiffs were to blame ordered them to be seized and dragged through the nearest pond.

Troubles of a Bishop.

Liberal thinkers in the churches are having a much pleasanter time now than in the time of Bishop Colenso thirty years ago. After the bishop published his book showing that certain statements and figures in the Pentateuch were untrue he found himself almost universally ostracized. Men and women whom he had known intimately from childhood refused to speak to him. Also so general was the detestation of him that his laundress in London refused any longer to wash his clothes, because she lost customers by coming into such close contact with him.

Carried His Diamonds in Battle.

Luwarow, the Russian general, was fond of jewelry and always carried about with him a bag of unset diamonds. At night when seated by his camp fire he would take them out and enjoy their brilliancy.

WHERE THE LORDS MEET.

A Splendid Chamber 100 Feet Long and Richly Decorated and Furnished.

What especially strikes a visitor on entering the house of lords for the first time is the rich splendor of the chamber, says the New York Herald. It is a noble apartment, 100 feet long by 45 broad and 45 high, splendidly adorned and carved, lighted by twelve richly decorated windows. All round run galleries, protected by handsome brass railings. The end gallery is that set apart for the use of strangers. It has the press gallery just in front. The galleries that run along the sides are for the use of distinguished personages. When the princess of Wales and other ladies of the royal family attend to hear the debates they invariably view the scene from the alcove of the gallery to the left of the throne. The throne itself is a richly gilt chair directly facing the strangers' gallery. It stands on a slightly raised dais and is divided off from the rest of the house by a hand rail. From this part of the chamber privy councilors and the sons of peers who have the entree usually watch the proceedings, and on the night of any great debate many members of the house of commons also may be seen here.

The seats in the house of lords are arranged much as in the lower house, except that rows of cross benches face the woolsack. It is there that the prince of Wales and the dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught and Cambridge ordinarily sit, this part of the house indicating independence of political allegiance to either of the great parties. Occasionally some noble lord who may have broken with his party finds a temporary seat here, too, as Lord Derby did in the session of 1879. The lord chancellor, who acts as speaker or chairman of the upper house, sits in front of the throne on the so-called woolsack. This is really a sort of ottoman, and a seat compared with which an armchair such as the speaker of the house of commons is allowed must be luxurious ease. The peers of the ministerial party sit to the lord chancellor's right, those in opposition to the left. By a curious custom in the procedure of the house, whenever the lord chancellor speaks in debate, he has to step two paces to the left of, and away from, the woolsack—an odd idea, for it places him a member of the party in power and a cabinet minister—on the opposition side of the house.

VARIED AND VERIFIED.

Chicago has at present 2,774 lawyers.

The world has about 7,000,000 Hebrews.

The death rate from apoplexy is highest at Turin, Italy—611 in 10,000.

Great Britain has but one medical journal, while this country has over 100.

No port of the world except Liverpool sends as many emigrants to America as does Bremen.

The railway which is to be built across Siberia will be 1,500 miles long. It is to be completed in 1901.

A Chambersburg (Pa.) merchant who paid his clerk seventy-five cents per week and who charged him for all the fruit, etc., he ate, settled with him the other Saturday night by giving him a two-cent stamp.

It has been figured that in the United States the average life of farmers is sixty-four years; for lawyers, fifty two; merchants, forty-eight; mechanics, forty-seven; seamen, forty-six; laborers, forty-four.

The ocean water north of Cape Cod is much cooler than the water south of it, for the cape seems to turn a branch of the warm gulf stream out to sea, leaving only the chilly arctic current to wash the Maine shore.

Twenty Chinamen were arrested a few nights ago at Atlanta, Ga., on a charge of gambling. At the hearing the next day they denied the charge and said that they were merely engaged in the worship of their gods. The policemen swore that they saw money on the table in the room at the time of the arrest, but that the game was not fantan or any game that they were familiar with, and as they could not swear positively whether the Chinamen were gambling or praying, the latter were released.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE.

Lightning is believed to be visible a distance of 150 miles.

France has the distinction of being the most carefully cultivated agricultural country in Europe.

R. D. Kathrens, secretary of a large oil company, says that the supply of petroleum in Wyoming is inexhaustible.

The proportion of the size of the skull of a male to that of a female is as 100 to 85, of body weight as 100 to 84.

The rainiest place in the United States is the shore of Neah bay, in Washington, where 129 inches of rain fell last year.

Quinine, the active principle of Peruvian bark, was discovered in 1820. In 1888 there were produced 12,000,000 pounds of bark and 260,000 pounds of quinine.

Coal oil was first used as an illuminant in 1826. The United States export of oil in 1890 exceeded in value $45,000,000. In the same year the world produced 34,820,306 barrels.

The slag that accumulates about iron furnaces, and that heretofore has been a great nuisance, has been discovered to contain valuable fertilizing qualities, and the German farmers are using it freely.

A method has been discovered by a French inventor for the preparation of iron so that it can be alloyed with other metals generally, and particularly with copper and zinc, to procure a white alloy, which the inventor terms "iron silver."

Naphthalene, which is a product of coal-tar distillation, in appearance something like paraffin, has been found useful in England for the preservation of timber. The wood is soaked for two to twelve hours in the melted naphthalene at a temperature of about 200 degrees Fahrenheit.

It is averred that bees can tell the time of day. A St. Louis gentleman made an experiment to test this instinct by placing a lump of sugar out of doors at noon for several successive days to attract the bees from a hive near by. He discovered that they were on hand punctually to meet him.

From the work of two French engineers, Messrs. Hugo and Lallemand, it is calculated that the ocean will reach Paris without artificial aid in somewhat less than 3,000 years. They find that the surface of Southern France, especially in the Pyrenees region, is steadily rising, but that North France, particularly in the vicinity of Lille, is slowly sinking. In Paris itself the subsidence is a third of an inch a year.

IN FOLLY'S WAKE.

Patient—Doctor, is there any sure cure for dandruff? Doctor—Yes, cultivate a bald head.

"Why did Wadkins break off his engagement to Miss Swizzles?" "He was afraid she would want to marry him."

Bridget—There's a man at the gate with pigs' feet, mum. Mistress—Gracious! Bridget, send him around to the dime museum.

She—You have brothers, Mr. —? He—Only one. She—It's curious. I was talking with your sister, and she said she had two brothers; how is that?

"Yes," said a Washington girl demurely, "I know that Jack likes me very much." "How?" "By the way he forgets his umbrella when he calls."

Reuben—May I bean you home, Susie? Susie—Don't talk ridiculous. I am going along with Jane. Reuben—But Jane's a girl. Susie—Well, so am I.

"Painter Schmierlein's representations of tropical life are so realistic that any critic who examines them too long is sure to be afflicted with sunstroke."

In a French school. Teacher—What is the matter, boys? You are all covered with mud? Pupils—Oh, sir, we've only been playing the Panama canal game.

"Ho! You say your prayers every night and morning, do you?" jeered the bad little boy. "Yes, and so would you if you had to do it or take a lickin'," replied the good little boy firmly.

Mrs. Rocksey—My Danny was agoin' to make a hothouse, and he went and asked Stubbs, the carpenter, the easiest way to do it. Mrs. Dibeen—Phwat did he say? Mrs. Rocksey—He told him to give the baby a box of matches to play with.

An Irish sergeant was drilling a squad of militia recruits, whose ideas of marching in line were altogether original. Getting utterly disgusted at their irregularity he bawled: "Halt! Just come out and look at yourselves. It's a foine line you're kaping, isn't it?"

Robert Louis Stevenson earns $20,000 a year by his pen. Yet he never knows a well day.

A new book of poems by Richard Watson Gilder is to be brought out in the early autumn.

The most active member of the Beecher family now living is Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, pastor of the Park church in Elmira. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man, 69 years old, with a plentiful brown beard, now tinged with white, and is fond of billiards, bowling and tricycling. He has been settled over the Elmira church since 1854.

Sculptor Franklin Simmons' model of General Logan has been approved by the Logan monument commission at the war department, in Washington, and by Mrs. Logan. The monument, which is to adorn the city of Washington, is of an equestrian figure, mounted on a granite pedestal, on one side of which in full relief is a scene from the civil career of Logan when he is taking the oath as a United States senator, and on the other side a similar panel representing one of the councils of war.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall'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.

Don't neglect an opportunity to perform a kind action.

A Wise Decision.

There are thousands of young men standing on the very threshold of life trying to make a wise decision as to what business or profession they will follow. To all such we would say, before deciding the question write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. They can be of service to you as they have been to others.

Youth looks at the possible, age at probable.

After having expended one thousand dollars for various medicines and with doctors and growing worse all the while, I considered my case incurable. I was induced to try Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills. After their use for 6 weeks I can eat meat without distress, a thing that has not occurred before for years. I believe I am nearly cured and yet it seems too good to be true. I have no doubt but that much of the sleeplessness people complain of is caused by indigestion. W. DRAKE, Central Market, Newark, N. J. Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N. Y.

People who borrow trouble never have to go far to find it.

"Sweet Charity."

In the Artists' Exhibition of 1893 at the New York Academy of Design, there was exhibited an oil painting by J. L. G. Ferris, entitled "Sweet Charity." Its richness of coloring commanded instant attention, while the lesson it taught was so impressive that one naturally returned to it for a second view.

Its subject is a young lady of colonial times who is on an errand to one of the poorer families of the town. She has a sensible, charming face, which expresses with remarkable fidelity the sentiment of her errand. There is not a home that this charming picture will not ornament. It must be seen to be appreciated.

"Sweet Charity" was purchased by the Publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION and has been reproduced in colors in large size, 14½x21.

It will be sent to all new subscribers to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION who send $1.75 for a year's subscription, and the paper will also be sent Free from the time the subscription is received, to January, 1894 and for a full year from that date to January, 1895. This offer includes the Double Souvenir Numbers published at Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years. Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Don't go where your would not have your children to follow you.

There is no bigger coward than the man who is afraid to do rightly.

Old Time Methods

of treating Colds and Coughs were based on the idea of suppression. We now know that "feeding a cold" is good doctrine.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites, a rich fat-food, cures the most stubborn cough when ordinary medicines have failed. Pleasant to take; easy to digest.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND for sale by the SAINT PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD COMPANY in Minnesota. Send for Maps and Circulars. They will be sent to you

FREE. Address HOPEWELL CLARKE, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

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Absolutely Pure.

SHOULD be used wherever yeast has served heretofore. Yeast acts by fermentation and the destruction of part of the gluten of the flour to produce the leavening gas. Royal Baking Powder, through the action of its ingredients upon each other in the loaf while baking, itself produces the necessary gas and leaves the wholesome properties of the flour unimpaired.

It is not possible with any other leavening agent to make such wholesome and delicious bread, biscuit, rolls, cake, pastry, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, etc.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

An armless boy of Middletown, Conn., named William Mylehreert, has completed the painting of a wagon. His feet did the work.

The pastor of a church in the state of Washington when a boy stole a ride on the cowcatcher of a locomotive on an Eastern railroad. His conscience recently pricked him and he has sent the company $3.45, the amount of the passage, with interest.

The Japanese tattooers not only picture dragons and flowers and mousmees on the bodies of their patrons, but to meet the artistic demands of Europeans they now produce in colors an exact photograph of any cherished friend whose image the tattooed person may desire to have constantly with him.

Anna M. Victor of Uniontown, Pa., sued the Pennsylvania railroad company for $50,000 damages. When the testimony was all in Judge [illegible] refused to allow the case to go to the jury and recorded a verdict for the company, the rule being that a person can not claim damages for injuries received in getting off a moving train.

The farmers in the vicinity of Raleigh, N. C., complain that the English sparrow, which has so long made himself a nuisance, has acquired another undesirable accomplishment, and is playing havoc with the cotton plant. The birds use the cotton, the Southern farmers think, for warmth in the winter. The sparrows pick out the cotton from the ripening bolls as fast as they open.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like a magic on the vital organs, restore lost complexion and bring back the keen edge of appetite.

Don't go to sleep until you can forgive everybody.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

When you try to be good try to be good for something.

Coe's Cough Balsam Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The United States has now fifteen crematories, and there were 868 incinerations between 1887 and 1892.

The holes often observed to appear in marble which has for a period remained in sea water are caused by an insect.

An evil thought is the mother of an evil act.

I Cure Dyspepsia and Constipation. Dr. Shoop's Restorative Nerve Pills sent free with Medical Book to prove merit, for 2c stamp. Druggists 25c. DR. SHOOP, Box W, Racine, Wis.

To hate is the same thing as to kill.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25cts, 50cts. & $1.00.

Condemning other people will not justify us.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't go where you would not be willing to die.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

"Sh-sh," she whispered, "burglars." "Where?" "On the house. I heard them walking over the roof. There, listen!" He listened and turned over. "Well, my dear," he said, yawning, "there's nothing on the house but the mortgage, and the Lord knows they can take that off if they want to."

"I don't think this lady would suit me, because I have made up my mind never to marry a woman who plays the piano." "Oh, if that's all you needn't worry yourself, because, though she plays the piano, she doesn't know one tune from another, and so she only goes strum, strum, strum all day long."

A WOMAN'S BURDENS

are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. The chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, are *cured* by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment it's a positive remedy.

MISS FUGATE.

Madisonville, Hopkins County, Ky.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Please accept my thanks for the good your medicines have done for me. I truly believe the "Favorite Prescription" saved my life; it is a sure and certain cure. I am having perfect health; I am stout and can do all my housework. Every invalid lady should take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery.

Yours, ROZZIE FUGATE.

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Sure Cure for Sprain, Bruise or Hurt!

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You'll Use it Always for a Like Mishap.

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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

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