SUNSET IN THE REDWOODS

The sky is lilac, the sky is rose,
Fainter and fainter the redwood glows;
The winds would be still;
The ring-doves is calling,
The fond dusk falling
On the yellow hill.

Lullaby, lullaby, clucks the quail,
Faster and faster, the colors fail;
The winds grow still,
Is the ring-dove calling?
'Tis the love-dusk falling
On the purple hill.

Lost is the lilac, lost the rose,
In the shadow the rabbit knows;
The winds are still,
The ring-dove is dreaming,
The first star gleaming
Over the darkened hill.
—John Vance Cheney in the Century.

The Saving of Collie.

BY HOWARD DEVINE.

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"Dollie!" cried Madam, sharply. "Did you hear? Miss Hayes is waiting to have her wedding dress fitted. Didn't I tell you to watch for her and attend to it. Are you asleep?"

"Yes, mam—no, mam, I mean. I will attend to it. I—I did not hear, Madam, I—I beg pardon," and the girl sprang to her feet, flushed and trembling, gathered into her arms the priceless gown of the heiress and vanished through the door leading into the dressing rooms.

There was a snicker from the other girls and an angry snort from Madam.

"I don't know what's coming over Miss Culver," she exclaimed. "She seems to be in a trance."

In the meantime the pretty blue-eyed girl with the pink cheeks that were the envy of all the great dressmaking shop of Madam Gervais, had disappeared through the door of the work room and emerged into a dainty dressing room, where awaited a haughty damsel with flashing orbs of the deepest brown and the regal figure of a born queen. This was Florence Graves, easily the belle of all the city and the greatest heiress as well—a superb young woman, with all the haughtiness of the born aristocrat added to features and form and carriage of a beauty of nature. She had reigned long and with a high hand, but at last had succumbed to the ardent court of Howard Dunton and the wedding day had been set and preparations were in progress for the ceremony which was to be by far the most pretentious affair the town had ever seen.

Dunton was young, ardent, and of acknowledged ability, already a power at the bar and in politics; not of known family nor fortune but distinctly one of the coming men of the place and recognized as one of the most desirable catches. It was, in sooth, a model match, and society reveled in it.

The work of fitting the wedding garment was soon in full operation.

There was all the pulling and hauling, ripping and pinning and smoothing and tucking so necessary to a successful gown and finally all was as it should be and the two women—the heiress with her cold and classical face traced with lines of pride and hauteur, and the round-faced little dressmaker with her voluptuous figure and her simple, trusting countenance—faced each other, the task finished.

And then a strange thing occurred. Without the sign of a warning the little dressmaker stepped forward, the last color blazing in her cheek and grasping both hands in the filmy laces in the front of the priceless gown tore out two great handfuls full.

"Your wedding gown," she screamed hysterically. "Your wedding gown. You shall not wear it. Do you hear, you shall not wear it. You have no right—in the sight of God, you have no right. The law and the priest may give you the legal right, but in the sight of God he belongs to me and I to him. Of course he cannot marry me—I am not of his world—all I can do is to love him and be loved—some doll born with a gold spoon in her mouth must bear his name," and then the girl laughed a long and ghastly laugh. Then clenching her hands: "Yes, you can bear his name, but you can never have his heart and always you must know that you are second—that I was first—yes, and am first now and will be. He is mine and I am his. All you can do is to ride in his carriages and live in his house and bear his name. Much joy

The little dressmaker tore out two great handfuls.

to you," and the girl laughed and cried hysterically as she stamped her pretty feet on the carpet.

The face of the other woman was a drama during this tirade. With the self-possession of the born aristocrat she maintained her entire dignity and self-possession; but it was evident from the first how strongly she was moved and how deeply she was shocked. When the dressmaker paused for breath she stepped forward and laid her hand imperiously upon Dollie's shoulder.

"In this truce" she demanded in a voice so intense as to awe the girl, "I must know the truth. Do not trifle with me. If you tell the truth I will be the best friend you ever had. If you are merely after money you can have all you want only if you tell me the truth. But do not attempt to trifle with me. I will not stand it and I warn you for your own good."

She paused, and the other woman met her eyes without flinching.

"I tell you the truth," she said simply. "I want no money. All I want is him—Howard. I do not here testifying to my shame for money. I do not need money; why, he gives me enough money to keep me from that. But it is not his money that I want—it is him. I love him—yes, I do. I love him a thousand times better than you or any other woman knows how—and you are going to steal him from me." She sank on her knees and buried her face in

"My God, Florence, what does this mean?" exclaimed the groom aghast.

a sofa—then rose suddenly and fiercely and went on: "No, you are not. You cannot. I will watt and watch—yes, and pray, and I will keep him. I know I will. You will have all the honor and the name and pride, but I will have him—see it I don't—him and his love. You will have the husks and I the kernel."

"Wait, girl," cried the other fiercely, forgetting her position, her dignity—everything but the words of the woman before her. "Listen to me." And she grasped her arm so fiercely that Dollie winced. "Prove to me what you say and I will do for you what you never can do for yourself. I will be the best friend you ever had."

A few moments later the two women left the place together and rode away in the magnificent equipage of Miss Hayes.

* * *

Never had there been such a gorgeous wedding scene in the social annals of the city. The church was crowded with the fashion, beauty and chivalry of the most exclusive circles. The floral decorations were something marvellous; the costumes beyond even the female society reporter. At the appointed hour the groom stepped from the room assigned to him, accompanied by his best man, and moved toward the altar, just as the bride, arrayed only as wealth can array its favorites, moved up the aisle preceded by a pretty flower girl and followed by a splendid array of bridesmaids, all veiled. They met at the altar and the ceremony began. The great audience craned its collective neck to hear the responses.

"Do you, Florence, take this man to be your wedded husband, to cleave unto him, forsaking all others, to love, honor and obey him until death you do part?" read the clergyman solemnly in his most sonorous voice. He paused and comfortably awaited the response.

Then came the crash from the clear sky.

"No, I do not," replied the woman at the altar in a clear, tense tone, throwing aside her veil and disclosing a face of ashen color strangely set. "God help me, I cannot. I——"

"My God; Florence, what does this mean?" exclaimed the groom aghast.

"Silence," commanded the woman, turning upon him with flashing eye. "I will not because I cannot in the sight of God and man. I will not and cannot because this man belongs to another—to a girl whom he has deceived and intended to betray. But, good friends, you will not be cheated of the wedding you came to see. The bride—the real bride—is here, and the ceremony will go on," and with an imperious gesture she motioned forward Dollie Culver from her bridesmaids, lifted the veil from her frightened face and, turning to the clergyman, said:

"Proceed, sir, the bride and the bridegroom are ready."

The reverend father caught the poetic justice of the occasion and sternly began the service over again. The startled groom, unable to gather together his scattered senses, mumbled along the responses and in a trice the closing words were spoken and the Four Hundred were making their way to the door amid a rattle of tongues that would have put the tower of Babel to sleep in a cradle.

FIND FEW WOMEN STOWAWAYS.

Rare Cases Involving Members of the Gentler Sex.

Women stowaways are very rare. On Sept. 8, 1901, one was found on the Neptune line steamer Ohio, which sailed that day from Baltimore for Rotterdam, Capt. Samuel Wilson, who commanded the Ohio, intended sending her back on the pilot boat with Pilot William Carroll, but as it might have cost the woman her life if she had been forced to take to the boats, the weather being so severe at the time, he put her under his charge.

A woman disguised as a man shipped as a "cattleman" on the Johnston liner, Velambre several years ago, when the late Robert Bartlett was in command. Her sex was discovered before the ship reached the English channel, and Capt. Bartlett had her placed in security until Liverpool was reached. She smoked cigarettes, played cards and had the record before he ing discovered of attending to the cattle better than any one of the men who had shipped to perform the same duty.

Recently in New York Louisa Shalber was found among the steerage passengers of the North German Lloyd steamer Auguste Victoria, of Hamburg. She was not a stowaway, but mixed up with the immigrants before the ship left Bremen and reached New York. She said her son was a passenger on the steamer, and she could not bear to be without him. She had no money for her passage. She was allowed to land by the immigrant officials.

PRISONER IN BEAR PIT.

Indian Policeman Makes Sure of Detention of Suspected Man.

All night in the bear pit at Silver Lake and handcuffed, while two bears poked their noses through the wide bars of the grating at him was the trying experience of Johann Vaclinski of Kent last night.

Peter Pan, a full-blood Indian who recently came from Canada, is doing special police duty at the Silver Lake resort and his opinion of the law's majesty is very elevated. When he found Vaclinski and two other men loafing around the cottages inside the grounds late last night he gave a whoop and caught two of the fellows before they could start to run. The third escaped. Another got away while Peter was putting the cuffs on Vaclinski. Where to put the prisoner bothered the Indian for a while, but at last he thought of the bear pit. There is an entrance to the pit three by four feet, and with wide barred gates on each side. Into this the prisoner was pushed and though he yelled with fear as the bears came trotting toward him it did no good. By putting their feet through the grating the bears could come within an inch of touching their visitor and they made things interesting for him for seven hours.

After an investigation this morning Vaclinski was released, it being found that he and the man with him had become lost in going from Cuyahoga Falls to Kent.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BEECHER CHANGED HIS MIND

Hurriedly Withdrew Request for Cremation of Letter.

Gen. James McLeer, a while postmaster of Brooklyn in 1880, has received $100 for a letter from Henry Ward Beecher, which he never even published until recently. A note of Mr. Beecher's containing a check for $150 was returned from the dead letter office in Washington, and when he received the usual notice he sent this to the postmaster:

"Oct. 28, 1880. Colonel McLeer, Dear Sir:—Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me.

"It must all die! And, though the premature decease of my poor letter should excite a proper sympathy (and I hope it does), yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction.

"What was the date of its death? Of what did it die? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as befits the melancholy occasion? Did it save any effects?

"Will you kindly see to its funeral? I am strongly inclined to cremation.

"May I ask if any other letters of mine are sick—dangerously sick? If any departs this life hereafter don't notify me until after the funeral. Affectionately,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

On learning that the letter contained a check Mr. Beecher called at the office and withdrew the request for its cremation.

Had Him Either Way.

Some time ago Mr. Coleman, Republican candidate for attorney general in Kansas, was counsel in a law case where Mr. Garver, formerly judge of the appellate court, was on the other side. In arguing a point Mr. Coleman said: "I desire to read a decision of the appellate court. It is a decision for which my friend Mr. Garver helped to elect." Judge Garver interposed: "That decision was rendered after I quit the bench." "Then, your honor," continued Coleman with deliberation, "it is a decision for which I have great respect."

Cornell Gets Valuable University.

Abraham Abraham, the well-known merchant of Brooklyn, has through his generosity enabled Cornell university to purchase the Egyptological and Assyriological library of the late Professor August Eisenlohr of Heidelberg university. The Eisenlohr library contains more than 1,000 volumes, comprising all the important publications on Egyptology down to 1891. Hy Mr. Abraham's gift Cornell has acquired the most important Egyptological collection which has come into the market since the death of Lepsius.

HEARTH AND BOUDOIR

NOTES ON TOPICS OF INTERSST TO THE FAIR SEX.

Two-Piece Gown with Princess Effect, Meant for Slim Women—Newest Recipe for Chicken Salad—Petticoats of Silk Gowns.

Silk Gowns for Petticoats.

Old silk gowns may be utilized for petticoats. The petticoat is to-day a very important part of the costume. The smartest gown may be spoiled by an ill-fitting petticoat. The best fitting is made with the habit back and the opening at the side. It has a broad circular flounce and is trimmed with ruffles or lace or silk and chiffon.

Pleated flounces are always in fashion, but if made with taffeta do not wear as well as the gathered ones.

White muslin skirts with embroidered or lace flounces are very fashionable. The Valenciennes lace is used for petticoats, the finest gown and lace finish instead of a silk skirt.

A serviceable skirt is of dotted Swiss with a ruffle or flounce trimmed with rows of lace put on over a deep flounce of taffeta so that it can be taken off and washed.

Seen in the Streets.

A very pretty toilette seen on the streets consists of a checked silk skirt and a white piqué shirt waist. The skirt, which was black and white check, has a circular flounce trimmed top and bottom with blue bands of the silk, lace being piped in black.

The shirt waist was made with a broad stitched band down the front. On this band were pearl buttons with tiny centers of gold. A linen collar with a piece of satin ribbon drawn around it and tied into a tight knot in front finished the look.

The belt was white silk with a gold buckle. The hat was white, dark with the edge having a dip of about two inches. Around this edge, which was double, were embroidered deep-red green polka dots. A fold of soft deep green silk was drawn about the crown and carried up on the bloused basque.

PAQUIN AND DOUCET GOWNS.

The first gown, designed by Paquin, is of white silk voiles. The skirt is plaited all round and the only trimming is a hip yoke of points embroidered with pastilles of black chenille. The bodice is also plaited, and the collar and revers are of green velvet trimmed with embroidered points.

The other is a Doucet gown of cuprigreen taffeta. The skirt, plaited Tam O'Shanter crown and ended in broad streamers reaching below the shoulders. On the left side was a bunch of green quills tipped with white.

Tailor-Made Gown of Cheviot.

What is more fetching than a woman of perfect figure and distinguished bearing clad in a severely plain tailor-made gown? The very fact that these gowns are more rarely seen than formerly gives them a greater distinction of appearance. As they depend entirely upon cut, material and finish for effect, everything for such

a gown must be carefully chosen and of the best quality. The suit illustrated was of cheviot of a very light grey, the gored skirt being of the most approved cut, close fitting in the upper portion, flaring below the knees, and finished merely by several rows of stitching of Corticelli silk in self color. The single breasted close fitting body coat had a tiny added basque, mounted at the sides with a curving hip seam. The coat collar and sleeve finish hardly to be called cuffs, showed a novel touch in a facing of smooth finished cloth exactly matching the cheviot and pierced in a Persian pattern, this being overlaid over the hips, is finished at the bottom with five double folds, or shaped ruffles, headed by medallions of yellow Irish lace around which twine tuches of green taffeta. The plaited bodice is elaborately trimmed with the lace and ruching, and opens over a full front of white mousseline de soie, with jabot of the same incrusted with the yellow Irish lace.

Two-Piece Gown with Princess Effect.

For slender women, gowns of voile, canvas, and foulard are made up with various kinds. We illustrate a frock with the fullness at the sides and back arranged in side pleats, forming a panel effect in front, and a box pleat at the back. The lower portion fullness at the hips and back, pro-

duced in various ways, whether by shirrings, shirred tucks, or pleats of each pleat is ornamented with an elaborate applique of white cloth, stitched with pale blue Corticelli silk, the material of the frock being blue cuit colored canvas. Upon the upper part of each pleat is stitched a strap of taffetas of a peculiarly soft shade of blue the stitching of this being in bi-colored Corticelli sewing silk. True to the prevailing idea, by which this princess piece idea, by which so many two-piece gowns carry out the Princess style, the same trimming is carried up on the bloused basque, only the order here is reversed, the white cloth applique forming the yoke, and the stitched straps the lower portion of the blouse, as well as the basque. A great Louis XV knot of pale blue panne is placed at the left side of the vest, which is overlaid with the white cloth applique.

Chicken Salad.

To make chicken salad after an Englishwoman's rule, a plump, nicely boiled chicken is required. Cut off the choice portions of the meat, and set them aside. Fill a border or ring mold with tomato aspic jelly made by adding strained tomato pulp to the aspic, decorating the sides with fancifully cut bits of tomato. When set, unmold and fill the center with shredded celery and the best portion of the chicken cut in cubes. Chop and pound the inferior portion of the chicken with two tablespoonfuls of blanched almonds or of pine nuts. Add to them an ounce of bread crumbs, season with pepper and salt, and moisten with two eggs. Decorate some little buttered shell thus with bits of truffle, and press the mixture into them. Poach gently half an hour, and when cold place them round the salad. Garnish the mold with olives, and serve with mayonnaise sauce.

Keeping Cut Flowers.

I have had success in keeping cut flowers, especially hothouse roses and carnations, since I learned how much they like an all-over bath. Every night I clip the ends of the stems, and put the flowers into a pail of water deep enough to let the blossoms float on the surface. In the morning they are as fresh as when first cut, and I have always had hothouse roses last a week by this method, when usually a day and night in vase withers them.

Pretty Neck Chains.

Neck chains of small oblong Australian sea shells are novel and pretty. Various beautiful colors are seen in the shells, a chain, however, being all in one color. Most familiar are those in a deep pearl, but the dark green and red shells tinted with pearl are rather more beautiful.

The Latest Footgear.

Colonial ties seems to have come to stay. Those in patent leather set off with a buckle of dull gilt are pretty; and for warm weather wear these ties are also seen in russets and tans. The buckles in these, usually of bright silver, are also popular for this mod ish footgear.

HORTICULTURE

The Pear Orchard.

Among many of our western farmers growing pears is considered in the light of speculation. Pear blight is the deadly enemy that has set at naught the efforts of our orchardists, especially when they try to grow most of the old standard varieties. Recently, that is, within a few years, new varieties have been brought forward that are more or less blight proof. Some of these are inferior in quality, but may prove to be a valuable foundation for hybridizing with the other varieties, thus producing a good quality, that is, one that will not blight may yet be produced. If a man wants to grow pears, about the only thing he can do is to keep on trying. His soil should be heavy, quite rich, and the trees should have a good start. When he comes to the question of cultivation he will receive a good many different kinds of advice. Here and there are men that declare that trees will not blight if kept in sod. They think this because they have not traveled far enough to find the orchards that have blighted to death on sod land.

But what is true of sod land is also true of cultivated land, so far as the blight is concerned. Evidence points to the fact that cultivation and non-cultivation have little effect on the blight. The cultivation of pear orchards is followed by some of the most successful growers of pears in the East. Other things being the same, the orchard that is cultivated has the best chance to resist the attacks of blight, just as a well-fed person has the best chance of escaping disease. The poorly fed tree, and the tree that has its nourishment stolen away from it by the roots of grasses, has not the thrift to resist attack.

As to varieties, the man that attempts to grow new and untried ones in large quantities is very certain to make a failure, because among a certain number of new varieties only an occasional one proves to be as good as the standard varieties. It has been found that hardiness and high quality of pears do not go together. This is true also of other fruits. It is a fact that the pears of medium and poor quality are more often successfully raised than are those of high quality. Thus Keiffer is not a very excellent pear, but it is more successfully raised than any other.

Our Friends the Birds.

Another bird most friendly to man is the jolly, lively little house wren, whose song bubbles and tumbles all over itself in its haste to get out. He will appreciate a box for a home also, but make the hole only an inch wide. Ninety-eight per cent of the wren's food is insects. The barn swallow, a most useful bird, can also be persuaded to live near us if we will encourage him a little; sometimes a small hole cut in the gable of the barn is all the invitation he needs.

In the lilac bushes in your yard you may find nests of the yellow warbler, the cat bird and the brown thrasher, that long cinnamon-brown bird with the glorious voice, and in your maples and elms the tanagers, orioles, and vireos, the rose-breasted grosbeak and the cedar birds may build, or perhaps the wood thrush, our finest singer. All of these birds are invaluable, even though some of them may eat a few of our cherries, they all prefer wild fruit, if they can find it, and it is a good plan to plant some of our wild fruit trees near our cherry orchards. The beautiful rose breasted grosbeak is one of the few birds that will eat potato bugs in quantities. The oriole eats the grub of the click beetle, one of the most destructive worms known.

In the fields you will hear the sweet, loud whistle of the meadow lark. There are also the red-winged blackbird and the gay bobolink. The latter is a destructive bird in the rice fields of the South, where it is called the reed bird, but here it lives mostly on weed seeds, and is beneficial. The red-winged blackbird destroys weevils, one of our worst insects. The stomach of one meadow lark contained thirty-seven grasshoppers. This bird is, unfortunately, sometimes shot as a game bird, but he is too valuable to be spared. Out in the wood lot we find the chickadee, that friendly little gray and white fellow, with a black cap. In the stomachs of four chickadees were found moths of the cankerworm containing 1,026 eggs. From which it has been estimated that during the twenty-five days in which these female moths crawl up trees each chickadee would destroy 125,750 eggs.—Ellen Drummond Farwell.

Beet Pulp Cause of Poisoning.

We recently heard of case where a farmer had several cows made sick by eating beet pulp. On killing the animals their stomachs were found in very bad shape and nearly punctured. He could give no reason for it, but charged it to the eating of sugar beet pulp. We doubt if this was the cause. Not long ago one of the stations in the West investigated a similar trouble and found it due to the presence of lead dust. The lead dust had become mixed with the beet pulp by the pulp being transported in cars in which lead ore had been hauled. This is a factor that must be looked out for, as the railroad men probably do not know that they are endangering the lives of cattle when they use a dirty ore car for hauling food for farm animals.

Irrigation in Wisconsin.

For some years irrigation has been carried on experimentally in Wisconsin under the direction of the state university. Some of these experiments have been conducted at Madison and some at Stevens Point. Last year the drouth in Wisconsin being very severe, the results in favor of irrigation were very marked. In the potato fields alone the yield was 160 bushels of potatoes in favor of those irrigated. This difference does not exist in most years, but irrigation is always an insurance against loss from drouth.

LOGIC OF THE SABBATH.

Writer in Ainslee's Pleads for One Day of Rest.

As a psychologist, I believe in the Sabbath day. One day in seven should be kept holy from work and sacred to man's primitive paradise of leisure. I am no Puritan pietist or even Sabbatharian in any severe sense, but hold that this is one of the greatest of all human institutions and that the command to keep it as a day of rest is written in our physiological constitutions. If need be, it may be kept in sleep, man's great restorer. Monday our nerves and brain must be refreshed, and we must start a new weekly rhythm on a higher plane than we closed the old ones. The mental scenery must be changed. The broadener's overthought must have enlarged our plans and given us both momentum and direction. What form the rest cure should take differs perhaps for each person. I go to church, but my neighbor should perhaps spend the day in the fields, with children, in music, in books, but for all there should be peace, tranquility, repose, surcease of worry and relaxation. In no land should the Sabbath be so hallowed as in this land of hustle, tension and Americanitis."—G. Stanley Hall, in Ainslee's.

DYING IN AN ALMSHOUSE.

Pathetic Fate of a Grandson of Robert Fulton, the Inventor.

Rich in ancestry and poor in the world's goods is the condition of Robert Fulton, a grandson of Robert Fulton, who launched the first steamboat on the Hudson river in 1807. A few days since this unfortunate descendant of the great inventor was found dying from starvation in a hovel in Shelby, a small village near Bucyrus, O., and was at once taken to the Richland county almshouse. Fulton is a quiet, unassuming middle-aged man, having been employed at the Shelby tube factory for the last seven years, but constant illness has left him penniless. His uncle, Joseph, died recently in New York, and he has been investigating the disposition of the fortune, but his efforts only met with failure.

He has a brother residing at West Salem, each forwarding reveiling to him his miserable condition, and will allow the almshouse to hide his misfortunes.—Utica Globe.

"Lincoln's Prescription."

Abraham Lincoln and an Illinois farmer had long been friends; and the latter had written an everyday sort of letter in which he said, among other things, that he had been in poor health, and in Illinois they be able to this day to quote what is called "Lincoln's prescription," sent to the farmer in reply by the president.

"Do not worry," it read. "Eat three square meals a day. Say your prayers. Think of your wife. Be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good. Steer clear of billiousness. Exercise. Go slow and easy. Maybe there are other things that your especial case requires to make you happy; but, my dear friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift."—Pajadelphia Times.

Undisputed for Half a Century.

It is a remarkable fact, which for half a century has not once been disputed, that St. Jacob's Oil never fails to cure shooting pains in the arms, legs, sides, back or breast, or soreness in any part of the body.

It has for fifty years been guaranteed by the proprietors, St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, Md., to promptly cure lameness, sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, stiff and swollen joints, stiff back, and all pains in the hips and loins, strains, bruises, burns, scalds, toothache, chilblains, and all aches and pains.

St. Jacobs Oil costs 25 cts and 50 cts., sold wherever a druggist is found.

NOT A SUCCESSFUL DIP.

Bald-Headed Man Did Not Appreciate Barber's Offer.

A droll incident occurred at a recent church bazaar. The vicar of a certain parish invited each of his parishioners to contribute something for a monster "lucky tub," and, as may be surmised, the prizes unearthed by the enthusiastic "dippers" were of a distinctly unique order.

On one evening of the festival a pompous old gentleman—his cranium was as destitute of hair as a billiard ball—strutted up, paid his three pence, and, after carefully adjusting his eyeglass, plunged his hand down to the bottom of the tub.

A large crowd assembled round him, all very anxious to get a peep at his prize.

His chagrin may be easily imagined when he found he had drawn an envelope containing a local hairdresser's business card, upon which was inscribed:

"One free hair-cut and shampoo.

"Good faith by an impecunious, albeit witty, wielder of the razor."

A Faithful Friend.

Lehor, Mo., Sept. 1st.—Mr. W. H. Brown of this place has reason to be thankful that he has at least one friend, by whose good advice he has been spared much pain and trouble. He says:

"I have had backache for over twelve months. Sometimes I could hardly get up when I was down the pain in my back was so great.

"I tried many things but could not get anything to help me or give me relief till a good friend of mine advised me to try Doddi's Kidney Pills.

"After I had used two boxes the pain in my back had all left me and I was as well as ever I was.

"I am very thankful to Dodd's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me and I will never forget my friend for having suggested this remedy."

A sailor always likes to see a lighthouse, but it's different with a theatrical manager.

"How good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both."

If it doesn't, try Burdock Blood Bitters.

Jean Beethoven, the father of Ludwig von Beethoven, was a chorus singer.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.