"OVER THE LONG DIVIDE."

"Over the Long Divide!" With anxious thought
Man has an answer to this question sought.
What lies beyond? The entire human race,
Chaldea, Syria, Egypt, Greece and Rome,
Have crossed the crest to an unfathomed home,
Nor knew the semblance of that dwelling place
That walled them; with portals dark and wide
Beyond the summit of the Long Divide.

Over the Long Divide! the endless streams
Of passing mortals leave us but their dreams.
The Hindoo of Nirvana, while on fields Elysian
The Greek and Roman sported, and the souls
Of Odin's warriors drained their wassail bowls;
Saint John, in his Apocalyptic vision
Bland choral symphonies, resounding wide
From golden harps, beyond the Long Divide.

Beyond the Long Divide, the Indian found
Wide prairie spread, a happy hunting ground;
No dreams agreed, Hope colored every thought,
Eternal Hope! the only gift of heaven
Left in the casket by Pandora riven,
Although no answering message she has brought,
Illumed by Faith, she's yet the only guide
To light the traveler o'er the Long Divide!

—Von W., in Forest and Stream.

The Gambler's Revenge

"There's a heap o' talk sometimes about the bad men that cavorts round some parts o' the country where 'tain't settled up much, an' does gun plan for fun, shootin' up bar-rooms an' killin' tenderfoots now an' then, while they're workin' off the red liquor they've took," said Caleb Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi river packet, City of Natchez.

"But I reckon that they ain't none on 'em any more ornery nor the bad men that uster travel the Mississip' afore the war.

"There was one feller that come from New Orleans, so they said, tha' traveled the boats a good deal, just afore the war, that come as near bein' a sure-enough devil as anybody I ever seen. I never hear none o' these stories about bad men 'thout thinkin' o' him, an' a thing I seen him do in a poker game one night.

"He called hisself Harry Simmons, an' mebbe that might ha' been his reel name. I don't know. But there was them 't said his old man made him take another name when he paid him fifty thousand dollars to get out an' never have nothin' more to do with his own folks.

"He were a tall, slender, wiry devil, with jet black hair an' one blue eye an' one that was a sort o' gray-green. You couldn't never forget his face if you seen it once. He were a dandy, like most o' the top-notch river gamblers was them days, an' were as p'ticler as a woman about his clo'es.

"An' he wore jewelry, like the rest on 'em did, that was more like a woman's than a man's. But you didn't want to make no mistake about him bein' womanish when it came to a fight or a game o' draw.

"When it was card playin' he were as steady as a clock an' took chances tha'd make a tight-rope walker gray-headed. An' when it was fight, he were a bundle o' wildcats, with about as much pity in him as a game cock.

"They was playin' a hard game one night when the boat come up toward Vicksburg, an' it were a sure case o' 'dog eat dog,' for there wa'n't a sucker on the boat that any of 'em thought was worth the trouble o' catchin', an' three on 'em was playin' together—all professionals, an' all three bad men.

"Simmons was the worst o' the lot, but George Masters, a Vicksburg man, and Billy Eaton, a feller f'm Texas, was both ugly customers for any man to run up against 'thouten he had his gun in his hand full cocked.

"They was playin' a heavy game, for they was all well fixed, an' any one on 'em stood to lose eight or ten thousand afore goin' broke. Luck run against Simmons for the first hour or so, an' it were easy to see that he were gettin' ugly, not that he said anything, for they didn't none on 'em do no talkin' to speak of, but his eyes looked wickeder'n usual, an' his jaw was sot like a steel trap. He were playin' monstrous cautious, though, an' hadn't lost more'n three or four thousand when he seen, or thought he seen, a chanst o' gettin' back a good part of it.

"It were Masters' deal an' a jack pot, with $30 in it. Simmons had first say an' he opened it for the size of it. Eatons in an' Masters raised it thirty. Evidently that were just what Simmons was lookin' for, for he raised it fifty more, an' then Eaton took a whack at it.

"I reekon he had'nt raised on the first round, for fear o' scarin' Masters fours, an' both reckonin' on foolin' the other.

"It bein' Simmons' bet he put a thousand dollars in the pot, an' Masters says:

"'I'll see your thousand an' bet you as much more as you've got.'

"I stood near Simmons, an' I c'd hear a sort o' click that I thought first was the click of a gun, but I seen he had both hands on the table, so I reckoned it must ha' been his jaws. Anyway they was clinched when he answered, an' he spoke through his teeth, sayin':

"'Make your bet.'

"Well, o' course Masters couldn't make him tell the size of his pile afore hand, so he shoved his own pile forward, him havin' considerable more in sight than Simmons.

"'Well, how much is that?' says Simmons, an' Masters had to stop an' count it. It took a minute or so, an' when he was done, he says:

"'There's sixty-five hundred an' forty dollars.'

"Then Simmons began to unbutton his clothes, there bein' no women 'round, an' reachin' his money belt he

He Jumped at Simmons.

pulled out a wad o' big bills as big as your fist.

"'I'll see that,' he says, countin' out the money, 'an' go you ten thousand more.'

"That was puttin' the boot on the other leg, for all 't Masters c'd dig up was about twenty-five hundred, but he was game an' he called for a show for his pile. An' on the show down he flashed four kings against Simmons' four tens.

"Well, there wa'n't no disputin' the cards, but I moved away a little, kind o' lookin' for a disturbance, 'specially as I heer'd that click o' Simmons' jaws again, but he didn't say nothin' an' 'twould ha' been a good thing for a young feller that stood by if he'd showed the same sense.

"But he wa'n't hardly more'n a boy, though he were a big, husky chap that were travelin', so I heer'd, f'm somewheres up North, an' I reckon he didn't know the customs o' the river, for he spoke right out in a good-natured, fool way, sayin':

"Well, that was the most extraordinay play I ever saw.'

"There was two or three other men standin' by, too, lookin' on at the game, an' they sort o' sidestepped; same as I had, but the young feller stood there just as if he hadn't said nothin', only lookin' kind o' 'stonished, same as he said he was, an' Simmons turned 'round to him.

"'And what did you find remarkable in the play, sir?' he said as polite as if he'd been askin' the stranger to have a drink.

"'Why,' says the boy, 'I don't see why you didn't draw a card. You could have—'

"He never finished that sentence, for as quick as a flash Simmons grabbed a glass half full of whisky that stood on the table, an' threw the liquor square in the boy's face.

"'That's what we do with fools down this way when they criticise a gentleman's play at poker,' he says, just as cool as before, but not so polite.

"Well, the boy was good grit, even if he was a fool, an' he jumped at Simmons an' the next minute they was rollin' on the floor. I seen Simmons pull his knife as they went down an' I reckoned to see the other feller killed, but that wa'n't Simmons' idea, it appears.

"They struggled for a little bit. It didn't seem ten seconds, an' Simmons jumped up, laughing. He had cut both the boy's ears an' his nose plumb off.

"You'd ha' thought Simmons'd ha' been lynched, but there wa'n't nobody in the saloon that felt like tacklin' him, specially as he still had the knife in his hand an' was wipin' it, careful, on his handkerchief.

"The boat was just tyin' up at the Vicksburg levee, an' we took the boy ashore an' put him in the hospital. Simmons went ashore, too, an' the cap'n was glad enough to get rid of him; so he didn't do nothin' but tell the chief o' police all about it, an' the boat went on, as usual, up the river.

"I don't know what the police might ha' done about it when the young feller got well enough to get out, but he didn't wait to get well. 'Pears he got up that same night, all bandaged up as he was, an' got out on the street somehow an' found Simmons in the hotel where he was stoppin', an' killed him dead in the bar room."—New York Sun.

He was a wiry devil.

"HE NEVER BLAMED THE BOOZE"

Tramp Peddles Merry Jingles That Contain a Moral.

An old tramp, tousled and grimy, peddles this every day on the Bowery, always with these words in husky tones: "Not copyrighted—no owner—but the Truth."

He took a bottle up to bed,
Drank whisky hot each night,
Drank cocktails in the morning,
But never could get tight.
He shivered in the evening,
And always had the blues,
Until he took a bowl or so—
But he never blamed the booze.

His joints were full of rheumatis,
His appetite was slack,
He had pains between his shoulders,
And chills ran down his back,
He suffered from insomnia,
At night he couldn't snooze;
He said it was the climate—
But he never blamed the booze.

His constitution was run down—
At least, that's what he said—
His legs were swelled each morning,
And he often had swelled head.
He tackled beer, wine, whisky,
And if they didn't fuse—
He blamed it to dyspepsia—
But he never blamed the booze.

He said he couldn't sleep at nights,
And he always had bad dreams,
He claimed he always laid awake
Till early sunrise beams.
He thought it was malaria—
Alas, 'twas but a ruse—
He blamed it onto everything—
But he never blamed the booze.

His liver needed scraping,
And his kidneys had the gout;
He swallowed lots of bitters,
Till at last he cleaned them out
His legs were swelled with dropsy,
Till he had to cut his shoes,
He blamed it to the tobacco—
But he never blamed the booze.

Then he had the tremens,
And he tackled rats and snakes;
First he had the fever,
And then he had the shakes.
At last he had a funeral
And the mourners had the blues,
And the epitaph they carved for him
was—
"He never blamed the booze."

Every night the same old tramp keeps a dime for a bed and that is all he saves from the sales of his jingles. The remainder goes for the "booze."—New York Sun.

HEALTH LAWS IN ENGLAND.

Physician Satisfied They Have Been Productive of Good.

Everybody by this time is familiar with the pronouncement of science that spitting is a habit, which, apart from its unpleasant nature, is fraught, in the case of consumptive persons, with great danger to the nation at large. Something must have been accomplished in the way of lessening the practice from the advice to refrain from it legibly displayed in public "places," from tramcars to postoffices. Local laws are also in operation for the punishment of those who offend. A Liverpool investigation showed that of 105 "samples" of expectoration examined five contained virulent, that is, active bacilli of tuberculosis. I am at least glad to see the condition of railway carriages is beginning to receive attention. They are "places" much requiring attention in this respect. A fine of 15s. each was inflicted on two men at Porth the other day for spitting in a railway carriage. The prosecution was undertaken by the county council of Glamorgan. All such legislation is not only needed, but its beneficial effect will not be limited to suppressing a nuisance. Through the operation of the law the thoughts of the nation will be directed toward the prevention of disease, and this alone must be regarded as an eminently desirable result.—Dr. Andrew Wilson in the London Chronicle.

Prince Bismarck's Patriotism.

No even casual mention of Bismarck which omits eating and drinking is complete. Hear him, then, on the limits of convivial patriotism, says the New York Evening Post.

"On one occasion I was dining with his gracious majesty (the present emperor). I had some champagne in my glass, the taste of which made me suspicious. When the butler again passed the table I tried to get a look at the label on the bottle, but this was impossible, for a napkins was wrapped around it. I then turned to the emperor to inquire the name of the particular brand, when his majesty blurted out that it was indeed German champagne—Deutscher Schaumwein. 'Yes,' the emperor said, 'I drink it from motives of economy, as I have a large family, and I have strongly recommended it to my officers for the same reason. Then, again, I also drink it from patriotic motives.' Thereupon I said to the emperor: 'With me, your majesty, patriotism stops short at the region of my stomach.'"

One of Ochiltree's Stories.

Col. James E. Jones considers that the late Thomas P. Ochiltree was one of the bravest men that ever trod in shoe leather. "Why," said Col. Jones, "I remember that in one battle the colonel's cavalry regiment was directed to assault a battery that was causing much trouble. Ochiltree ordered an advance, and when he found himself at the mouth of the bristling cannon he looked around and saw his men were not following. He galloped back and denounced them.

"'Were you not afraid?' he was asked.

"'Afraid? Thunder! No,' was his reply, 'but fifteen minutes after I returned to our camp my horse dropped dead of heart disease.'"—New York Times.

Crœje's Flag of Truce.

In Lord Roberts' town house in Portland place, London, is an interesting relic which never fails to attract attention. It is a small and not over clean "white" piece of linen of irregular shape, and is placed in a conspicuous position. Very few visitors fail to notice it, none can even guess what it is until they are told.

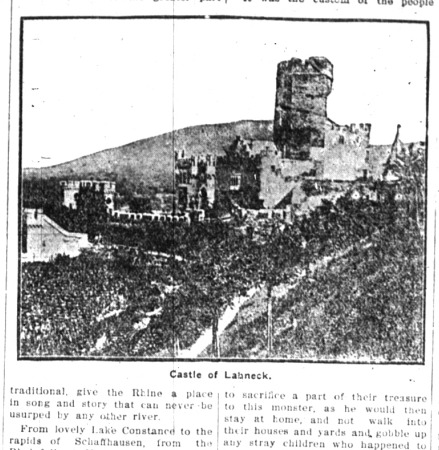
Then they learn that it is Crœje' "flag of truce" which he sent in preparatory to his surrender at Paardeberg, now nearly three years ago.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE

Noble River Has Always First Place in Song and Story—Every Mile of Its Banks Rich in Historic Interest and Folklore—The Best Known.

(Special Correspondence.)

THERE is no other river in all Europe with the varied beauty of scenery and such romantic associations as the Rhine. The very name conjures up visions of vineyard covered banks, impregnable fortresses, ruined castles and quaint old villages. The legends about them, in some cases authentic, but for the greater part traditional, give the Rhine a place in song and story that can never be usurped by any other river.



Castle of Labneck.

From lovely Lake Constanced to the rapids of Schaffhausen, from the Rheinfall at Neuhausen on through the wild ravines of the Schwarzwald, the famous slopes of the Wiesenthal and Lelb, through the fertile valleys and narrow chasms and cattle-crowned heights past the frowning fortresses of Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein and the lacy spires of Cologne, to the flat shores of Holland, where it merges with the Zuyder Zee, every mile of this wonderful river is rich in historic interest and folklore.

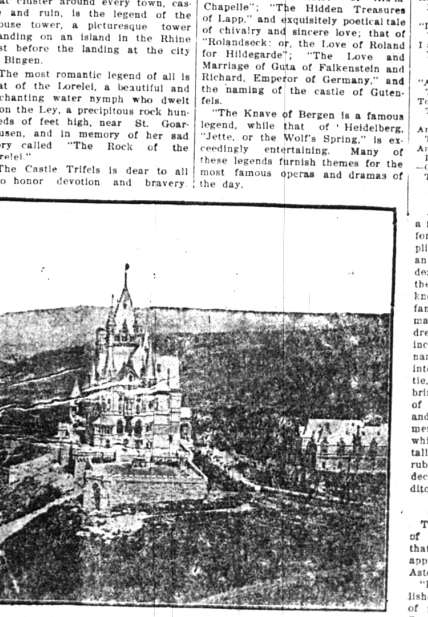
Centuries ago many of the Rhenish castles were occupied by bands of lawless knights called Raubritter, or robber knights, who levied blackmail on boats going up and down the river, abducted beautiful maidens and despoiled not only every one who came their way, but one another as well, if possible.

So dissolute and bold had they become that, at the end of the 12th century the Diet of the empire condemned their castles to destruction. The knights themselves were too much taken up with their own quarrels and jealousies to hold together and protect their fortresses, so most of the castles were stormed and laid in ruins by the forces of the League and of the Rhine.

But the Raubritter have left behind them a legacy of legends that makes of the river a rich fund for literature. Among the most charming of these that cluster around every town, castle and ruin, is the legend of the Mouse tower, a picturesque tower standing on an island in the Rhine just before the landing at the city of Bingen.

The most romantic legend of all is that of the Lorelei, a beautiful and enchanting water nymph who dwelt upon the Ley, a precipitous rock hundreds of feet high, near St. Goarhausen, and in memory of her sad story called "The Rock of the Lorelei."

The Castle Trifels is dear to all who honor devotion and bravery. Here it was, in 1193, that Blondel, the faithful, sang his home song under the window of Richard Coeur de Lion, who was imprisoned by Emperor Henry VI., and thereby brought to his king the welcome message of deliverance. Through the love of Mathilde, the beautiful daughter of the gaoler, he opened the dungeon doors, and his king was free. All escaped together to England, where Mathilde became the honored wife of Blondel, and upon them the king showered his royal favors.



Drachenberg Castl

The Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, commands one of the most superb views on the Rhine. It is now one of the most famous of the many ruined castles, and the wine from the vineyards on its slopes is called "Drachenblut." There is a cavern among the vineyards, about half-way up the hill, which is said to have been the lair of the dragon slain by Siegfried, who bathed himself in its blood and became invulnerable.

But another legend, very similar to that of Perseus, is also connected with the spot. The people of the country of the Sebengebirge lived in a constant state of terror from the dreadful dragon, than which a more hideous shape could not be conceived.

It was the custom of the people to sacrifice a part of their treasure to this monster, as he would then stay at home, and not walk into their houses and yards and gobble up any stray children who happened to be about.

Among the most attractive of the ruins of old-time castles that still entice the traveler from every land are the castles of Drachenberg and Lahneck, which also have their legends, as ttraditions of interest.

There is a familiar legend of the "Foot on the Wall," connected with the castle of Stanfenburg, which was founded in the 11th century by Otto of Hohenstaufen, bishop of Strasburg. There is that of Genovefa, connected with the Frauenkirche, near Laach, which is said to have been founded by Genovefa, the beautiful wife of Palatinate Count Siegfried. Another still is that of the castle of Torche, near Assmanhausen, which dates back to the time of the crusades, for Gilgen, who lived in the castle, had fought with Bromser of Rudesheim in the Holy Land.

There is also the beautiful legend of St. Gertrude, who built the convent of Gertrudesberg and vowed her life to charity and delivered the soul of him who loved her from the snares of the devil. There are, too, the stories of "The Swords of Solinger," "The Oak Trees of Dinwald," the apparitions that appeared to the architect of the great Dom or Cologne cathedral; the fascinating tale of "Hermann Josef and the Christ Child"; "Ursula and the 11,000 Virgins"; "Frei del and Meunz; or the Hunchbacked Violinist of Aix-la-Chapelle"; "The Hidden Treasures of Lapp," and exquisitely poetical tale of chivalry and sincere love, that of "Rolandseck or, the Love of Roland for Hildegarde"; "The Love and Marriage of Guta of Falkenstein and Richard, Emperor of Germany," and the naming of the castle of Gutenfels.

"The Knave of Bergen is a famous legend, while that of "Heidelberg, Jette, or the Wolf's Spring," is exceedingly entertaining. Many of these legends furnish themes for the most famous operas and dramas of the day.

The "Nibelungenlied," the Rhine's greatest legend, Wagner has immortalized, and in the original German it is contained in twenty manuscripts.

How He Got His Title.

Someone asked Edward Elgar, the English composer, why he is so often called "Sir Edward." "That is a joke on me," answered Elgar. "It dates back to the time when I was an ignorant little country lad, and went up to the school at Worcester. When I came into the classroom the teacher asked me: "What is your name?" 'Edward Elgar,' I replied. 'Add the sir,' reprimanded the teacher, sharply. 'Sir Edward Elgar,' I corrected. Ever since that day all my old school friends call me 'sir.'"

Electric Plant for Mexico.

It is reported that the English contractors, Sir Weetman, Pearson & Son who have large investments in Mexico, have obtained concessions from the Mexican government for the establishment of an extensive system of electrical energy. They announce that they have the necessary plans completed for expending $12,000,000 gol in constructing an electric generating plant in the mountains of the state of Puebla, where there is an abundance of water power.

EFFECT OF THE OPERATION.

Part of Nature of Sheep Grafted on Farmer.

An operation was performed recently by a local surgeon on a farmer living near Norristown, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, and the peculiar methods pursued will go down on record as a marvel of science, if the tiller of the soil should get perfectly hale again.

The man had been suffering from cancer of the stomach for many years, and considered his case hopeless, until he conferred with the surgeon, who promised that an operation might cure him. Accordingly it was agreed to perform it at the farmer's home the next day.

The sufferer was laid upon a table side by side with a healthy sheep. The stomach of each was cut open, and the part affected by cancer was transferred to the sheep in exchange for a good slice of its intestines. Both patients were sewed up and soon revived from the effects of the anerthetic used during the extraordinary operation. The sheep was turned loose and its master put to bed. For a week the farmer was nourished on goat's milk, and after ten days was allowed to sit up in a chair, as everything was progressing favorably.

To-day the proud surgeon received a letter from his patient stating that the sheep was still alive and feeding as usual, and that the only ill effects produced upon himself by the exchange is an insatiable hankering after grass."

A TALKING ALARM CLOCK.

It Is Guaranteed to Get Any Man Out of Bed.

"Ring-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding! Get up, you lazy loafer! It's 7 o'clock!" Those strenuous words, preceded by the tinkle of a brisk little bell, caused a visitor in a West Philadelphia house to jump out of bed the other morning with immense suddenness. The words were so authoritative that he had the same feeling of submission he had had when a schoolboy and his father called him. So he jumped up now without question.

What had awakened him was a phonographic clock, an ingenious arrangement devised by his host, which was so set that the same spring which started the alarm started, a moment later, a phonographic attachment. The maker of the phonographic clock said he thought of patenting it. "You see," he said, "the phonograph, speaking to you after the alarm awakes you can be made to say different things—can be made, for instance, if you have an important engagement, to tell you of it—can be made to state emphatically to you, don't you know, the reason why you should arise. Usually my phonograph says to me: 'Get up. It's 7 o'clock. Get up, or the boss will dock you for being late.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Haunted.

There came a whisper in the night,
A little cry across the years,
And I who heard, in deep affright,
Awakened with unnumbered fears.

"It is some dead that I have done,
Some sin I wrought long, long ago;
But hush! am I the only one?
Then wherefore am I troubled so?

"For all men do some evil deed,
And all men falter—some may fall;
Do ghosts of sleep-time haunt me?
Come back, O God! to haunt them all?

"Mayhap some waywardness was mine
In vanished days; mayhap I fell,
Must I now drink the bitter brine—
Must I see eyes that gleam from hell?"

Then came a whisper through the night,
A little cry across the years,
And I who heard, in deep affright,
Listened with wild, unnumbered fears.

"I am the ghost of that pure deed
You might have done, but did not do;
I am the ghost of that good seed
You might have sown when Life was new.

"And this it is that haunts you now—
That deed undone, that seed unsown;
Too late, too late, to take the plow,
The Spring is past, the May is flown!"

And this I heard amid the night—
This voice that called across the years;
And when the dawn came, silver white,
I was companioned with my tears.
—Charles H. Towne in Sunday School Times.

A Remarkable Statue.

An Italian sculptor finished for a family in Logansport, Ind., a statue for the local cemetery which exemplifies the longing of the bereaved for an exact literal reproduction of the dead, and at the same time affords the most complete bit of realism known. In order to get the statue the family had a photograph taken of a man exactly the size of the deceased, dressed in the latter's clothes. These include a mackintosh over an ordinary business suit, trousers crammed into the tops of rubber boots, loose tie, turn-down collar, and soft, broad brim hat. The photograph and a head of the deceased were sent to Italy, and the result is a counterfeit presentment of the father of the family in white Carrara marble standing on a tall pedestal in the cemetery. The rubber boots recall the business of the deceased; he was a contractor of ditches.—New York Times.

Good Reason for Not Trading.

Those who know Dr. Wilder, father of Marshall P. Wilder, appreciate that humor is hereditary. The doctor approached a friend in the Waldorf-Astoria last Saturday and asked:

"Did you know that the Times publishes every day a list of the names of people who will never trade at So-and-So's (naming a prominent department store) again?"

"No, you don't say. Why, I should think that would be ground for a damage suit."

"Well, you see," replied the doctor "the names are under the heading 'Died Yesterday.'"—New York Time

Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and dropsy continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse.

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can go thoroughly say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

My father was a Baptegationalist; so am I. Perhaps this indicates that my father had a definite hold on the only genuine truth, but perhaps, too, it merely demonstrates that I am too mentally inert to find the truth for myself.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Lightning clouds are seldom more than 700 yards from the earth.

Beauty is often one woman's thorn in another woman's flesh.

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, Ohio; 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. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

First of Rhodes' Scholarships.

The Tablet announces that the first two scholarships at Oxford granted under the terms of Mr. Rhodes' will have just been awarded by the government of Rhodesia. Both of the Jew scholars are Roman Catholics and students of the Jesuit college at Buluwayo. In a letter announcing the nominations Lord Grey pays a high tribute to the importance of the work which the Jesuit fathers have done in Rhodesia among both whites and blacks.

MACCABEES, ATTENTION!

Commander of Garnet Hive, East Toledo, Ohio, of some benefit to suffering humanity. In speaking of the affair, said: "I was saved from Consumption after my case had been pronounced incurable and hopeless by eminent physicians; if any one is suffering from this dread disease and will write me I will gladly tell without cost how it was done at home, if my sole object is to be of some benefit to humanity." Address Mrs. M. A. Knowles, 321 Moore St., Toledo, Ohio.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindoo.

After people pass 50, when they laugh, it sounds as if it were coming out of the cellar.

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.

If a man is satisfied with himself he is usually disappointed in other people.

That half the world are fools is only the opinion of the other half.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS

Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

A lie is a loan on which you will never cease to pay manifold interest.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color Silk, Wool and Cotton at one boiling.

It sometimes takes a long time to make up a little mind.

Tonsiline Cures Sore Throat.

The sense of guilt adds stings to our griefs.

TRADE MARK.

How?

By soothing and subduing the pain, that's the way

St. Jacobs Oil

Cures

Neuralgia

Price, 25c. and 50c.