Campfire Tales

The Heart of the Hills.

There's a wonderful country, lying
Far off from the noise of town,
Where the wind-flower swings,
And the veery sings,
And the tumbling brooks come down;—
'Tis a land of light and of laughter,
Where peace all the woodland fills'
'Tis the land that lies
'Neath the summer skies,
In the heart of the happy hills.

The road to that wonderful country
Leads out from the gates of cars;
And the tired feet
In the dusty street
Are longing to enter there;
And a voice from that land is calling,
In the rush of a thousand rills,—
"Come away, away,
To the woods to-day;
To the heart of the happy hills."

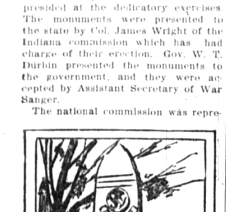
Far away in that wonderful country,
Where the skies are always blue,
In the shadows cool,
By the foaming pool,
We may put on strength anew;
We may drink from the magic fountains
Where the wine of life distills;
And never a care
Shall find us there,
In the heart of the happy hills.
—J. S. Cutler, in Boston Transcript.

Indiana Monuments Dedicated.

The twenty-two monuments erected on the field of Shiloh by the state of Indiana in honor of the twenty-two regiments that state had in the battle were dedicated April 6. A notable eulogy of the Indiana soldiers who fell in the famous battle was delivered by United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge, William Carey Sangeri Assistant Secretary of War, also delivered an address.

Two special trains and a fleet of passenger boats brought 600 persons from Indianapolis. Gen. Lew Wallace presided at the dedicatory exercises. The monuments were presented to the state by Col. James Wright of the Indiana commission which has had charge of their erection. Gov. W. T. Durbin presented the monuments to the government, and they were accepted by Assistant Secretary of War Sanger.

The national commission was represented by Col. Josiah Patterson of Memphis, Tenn.; Gov. Frazier of Tennessee was represented by Gen. Gordon of Memphis.



TYPE OF THE INDIANA BATTERY MONUMENTS AT SHILOH.

Work of War Correspondents.

"I wonder," said the Major, "how many of the old war correspondents of forty years ago are living now. I remember as among the living only Townsend, Reid, Furay, and a few others. The most of them have crossed the line with the great soldiers whose campaigns they followed and whose battles they described. I have often wondered if the nerve tension that told so heavily against the men who strove in battle and shortened their lives did not also shorten the lives of the men who wrote of battles under the stress of the conditions that prevailed at the front or in the rear of an army. Certainly, the service was a strain on the nerves, whether the correspondent wrote of a battle in progress or in the midst of the distressing confusion that followed a battle.

"Here at home a man cannot write a business letter or a short article for a newspaper if he is subjected to ordinary interruptions. I saw the Colonel in a frenzy the other day because three ladies came in, one after another, while he was preparing an argument. And yet he had all his materials at hand, and the interruptions were not of a trying character. Think of the strain under which an army correspondent wrote, with the uproar and confusion of battle pressing on his nerves. Seeing only a part of the field, he must write of it the whole. Dimly comprehending the maneuvers based on strategy or exigency, he must describe all in their relations to defeat or victory. When commanders were beside themselves with excitement he must in some way get information from them.

"The correspondent was compelled not only to get information, but to measure its value, and, dazed or excited, he was compelled to write with the calmness of a war historian and at the same time to portray graphically the battle scenes. After bending all his energies to composition he was often compelled to ride as wildly as a charging trooper to start his dispatch or letter northward. The service was very trying, and little wonder that so many of the old war correspondents died in what the world called their prime. There were men, of course, who wrote of battles without seeing them, but I have in mind the men who rode with generals in battle and who shared the privations and dangers of army life. There were many such, but not many of them are alive."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A War Time Romance.

The death of John H. Dillow at Pottsville, Pa., removes an eccentric character and recalls a romance of the Civil War.

Dillow was one of Louden's Virginia Rangers, serving in Company B. He fell in love with a pretty little Southern girl, and they decided they should be married right soon. With a parson the pair broke for over the war line, intending to be married in a Union camp.

The end of the journey was near and the Maryland bridge had been reached, when the wedding party was held up by a detachment of Confederate soldiers. The parson explained the predicament, the bride-to-be pleaded and wept and it looked for a time as though the way through the bridge would by gallantry be opened.

But a consultation of the Confederates resulted in a stern demand that the parson proceed with his marrying contract.

Each of the beleaguered trio protested, but guns are eloquent things, and a wedding is a wedding, even though it may happen under stress and in a dark old covered bridge.

The knot was promptly tied.

In later years, after Dillow became a resident of Pottsville, he developed marked eccentricities. Among these was an aversion to railway or wagon travel. Walking was good enough for Dillow and all the little Dillows.

They made journeys afoot. On one occasion the entire family visited relatives in Harper's Ferry, Va., and the entire distance to and fro was covered afoot.

Knew How to Forage.

During the Spanish-American war some of the young soldiers in camp at Camp Alger made a march from that point to Thoroughfare Gap, in Virginia. The way those youthful recruits acted reminds the veterans of the days from '61 to '65. If there were hen roosts that were not raided it was because they were already bare. If the melon patches escaped them it was because the fruit was too green to eat. Mindful of the fact that war claims are often left till too late, the citizens of Prince William and Fairfax counties who considered themselves damaged by the passage through the counties of these soldiers, have already brought in a bill of specific injuries as to dollars and cents. The bill is not itemized as it appears in public. The injuries run from $3, suffered by Elvira C. Finn of Fairfax county, to $427, in which sum William H. Wrenn of Fairfax county considers himself damaged. Most of the claims amount to about $15 each, and there are eighty-three in all.

Lost Five Brothers in the War.

With the death of Mrs. S. S. Bacon, in Ware, Mass., March 20 last, there passed away a daughter of Mrs. Cromwell Bixby, formerly of Boston, to whom President Lincoln wrote the famous and historic letter on the death of her five sons fighting in the Civil War, which has been described by critics as the most perfect letter in the English language.

Recently Benjamin Chapin received a letter from Mrs. Bacon explaining who she was and how she had helped in bringing up the five brothers whose lives went to their country.

Mr. Chapin called on Mrs. Bacon and found her living in two stuffy rooms in a basement. He employed a local attorney to collect the necessary data to enable him to secure a pension for her. She was 70 years old. He was going to take the papers to Washington himself and urge the granting of the pension when he learned of Mrs. Bacon's death.

Women Do Good Work.

Alexander Hamilton Corps, No. 162 of New York city, is one of the most flourishing organizations in the Women's Relief Corps of New York State. They number 125 members. In point of relief and patriotic work they stand second to none in the order, having presented more than forty-five flags to the various public schools and sent 10,000 flags to the Philippines. They have offered as an incentive to patriotism a handsome bunting flag of the regulation size to the public school in Manila making the greatest progress in patriotic education. Hundreds of dollars are being spent annually by this corps in the relief of the veterans and their dependent ones. Competent committees and perfect harmony existing throughout the entire corps is the keynote of their great success.

Old Soldiers Still Strong in Congress.

Although it is thirty-eight years since Lee surrendered, the old soldier still has the call in politics for upward of 16 per cent of the members of the next Congress.

Twenty-nine per cent of the Senate and 13 per cent of the House fought on one side or the other in the Civil War, though twenty-eight members of the House were not born when Lee surrendered, and several were little children.

Of the seventy-seven ex-soldiers of the House forty-seven were in the Union army and thirty in the Confederate. In the Senate there is a tie of thirteen ex-Confederates and thirteen Union soldiers.

Boston Wants Encampment.

The Department of Massachusetts, Grand Army of the Republic, has passed a resolution unanimously inviting the National Encampment to come to Boston next year. The invitation meets with the heartiest commendation of the comrades and people of Boston. The people remember with great pleasure the visit of the comrades to their city in 1889, and the comrades also recollect with equal happiness the magnificent entertainment the people of the "Hub" gave them.

Height of Indiana Soldiers.

A civil-war record of the height of Indiana soldiers shows that out of 118,254 there were 15,047 5 feet 10 inches tall; 8,706 5 feet 11 inches; 6,679 6 feet tall; 2,614 6 feet 1 inch; 1,357 6 feet 2 inches; 406 6 feet 3 inches, and 330 over 6 feet 3 inches. Commenting on these statistics, Dr. Gould, actuary of the United States sanitary commission, writes: "It is evident from our statistics that Indiana men are the tallest of the natives of the United States and these latter the tallest of all civilized countries."

ALL DIED OUT OF BED.

Curse on Zborowski Family Finds Another Victim.

That Elliot Zborowski, who was killed on Tuesday in an auto accident at Nice, died as he did, will be no surprise to those in this city who remember him as the greatest daredevil New York and Newport society ever had. Even Foxhall Keene, who has had half the bones in his body broken, was not the equal to this American count for his wild, reckless disregard for life. He was born in this city of a long line of Zborowskis.

Strangely enough, his death is in keeping with the traditions of his family, for none of the male members ever died in bed. Back of this remarkable circumstance is tale of a curse four generations ago launched at the head of the great-grandfather of Elliot Zborowski by an Irish lord, who, in his anger, called upon heaven to prevent any male Zborowski from ever dying in his bed.

None has since. Elliot's father was stricken with paralysis and died in his chair before the son could ride for a physician. One of his uncles, Elliot, was killed by a New York, New Haven & Hartford train. Another, Francis, was drowned in a Williamsbridge pond. Still another member of the family was killed by being thrown from a horse, and so the story has gone. Now comes the crushing of this generation's representative in a twentieth century accident.—New York World.

RAVENS 300 YEARS OLD.

Writer in the Nineteenth Century Believes They Live to Great Age.

Is it true or not true—another curious and current belief—that the raven lives to an immense age, some say to 100 or even to 300 years?

Old Hesiod is the father of the belief, and he is supported, more or less, by a host of ancient writers, the chief Pliny, Cicero, Aristophanes, Horace, Ovid and Ausonius.

Popular opinion in modern times quite agrees with them, as expressed in the Highland proverb, somewhat modified from Hesiod:

Thrice the life of a dog is the life of a horse.
Thrice the life of a horse is the life of a man.
Thrice the life of a man is the life of a stag.
Thrice the life of a stag is the life of a raven.

There cannot be so much smoke without some fire behind it, and I am inclined to think that a raven does live to a great age for a bird, and that Horace's epithet for the raven, annosus, and Tennyson's "many wintered crow" are justified by facts.

But the belief in its extreme age rests, I suspect, on one of its most touching characteristics, its intense hereditary attachment to the spot, a particular cliff, a particular grove, a particular tree, where its ancestors where itself, and where its young have been born and bred.—Nineteenth Century.

Frederick or Frederic.

Some names are so cosmopolitan that it makes no difference how they are spelled, but just anybody ring a few unauthorized changes on the name of Frederick and the man who owns it will have something to say. They will not be pleasant things to listen to, either. As Frederick was christened, so does he insist upon being spelled. If at the baptismal font he was invested with the dignity of a "k" he staggers under its weight to the end of the chapter. The only person on earth whose indignation can equal Frederick's when somebody leaves off the "k" is Frederic when somebody else puts it on. Family ties have been several and irreparable social eruptions have been brought about by the unfortunate omission or addition of that final letter. To untutored ears Frederick with or without the "k" sounds just as musical, but to Frederick himself that alphabetical error is worse than a whole orchestra out of tune, and it behooves the person who would keep on the good side of him to learn his preference in the matter.

Sticks and Sticks.

"Man is a peculiar animal," began Mrs. Farrant, as she squatted herself in one of the easy chairs that stood about the heavily carpeted assembly room of the Woman's Husband Reform Association of America.

"What's the trouble now?" asked Mrs. Preisse.

"Why," replied Mrs. F., "before I was married my husband would carry my golf sticks for me willingly miles and miles——"

"Yes."

"And now he grumbles unmercifully when I ask him to go into the cellar and carry a few sticks of firewood up stairs for me."

Dodging Bazaar Terrors.

At the recent charity fancy fair at Nice none of the men were worried to buy, as they had all purchased a badge, price 20fr. (16s), which exempted them from all importunities from saleswomen. These badges purported to be those of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Men." Most of the gentlemen spent a good deal, but it was at their own pleasure Bazaar promoters might make a profit out of this way of buying immunity.

Risk Too Great.

Charlie—"So you told your father that I would jump in the reservoir if he did not accept me as a son-in-law. What did he say?"

Ernie—"Gave his consent at once."

Charlie—"Ah, such desperate means brought him to terms."

Ernie—"Yes, he said he couldn't think of having the community poisoned with Egyptian cigarettes and other contents of your pockets."

President Eliot in Fine Health.

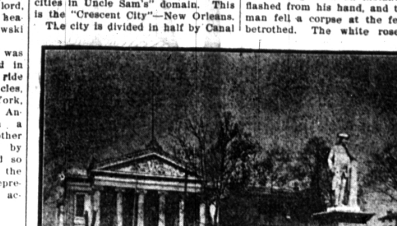
President Eliot of Harvard university, in sixty-nine years of age, but every fine morning takes a spin on his bicycle. Mrs. Eliot, a few years his junior, usually accompanies him the pair looking fresh, happy and hearty. Dr. Eliot is a splendid example of an athlete who still keeps himself in good physical trim. He has been president at Harvard for thirty-four years.

NEW ORLEANS A JEWEL IN A RARE SETTING

Charms of the Quaint Louisiana Metropolis Are Many and Varied—Unnumbered Legends and Traditions Connected With It's Long History.

(Special Correspondence.)

Within these United States of ours, in one of its fairest southern states, fanned by the breath of the Mexican gulf, lies a city teeming with romance, legends and history; old enough to have its legends and traditions handed down from generation to generation; quaint and picturesque enough to satisfy the most skeptical artist or poet, and large enough to boast thirteenth place in population among the many cities in Uncle Sam's" domain. This is the "Crescent City"—New Orleans. The city is divided in half by Canal

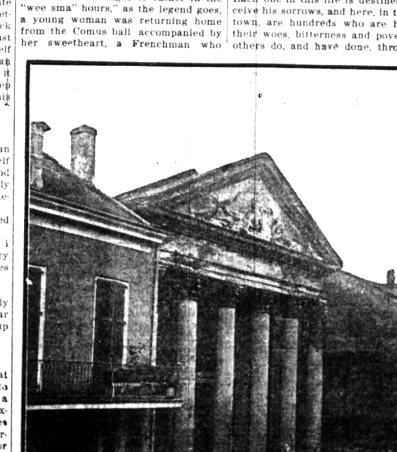

New City Hall and Franklin Statue.

street, the "Broadway" of New Orleans. The French or Creoles make up the lower half of the town, and the Americans the upper. On the lower side beyond Canal street one finds himself distinctly in a French town, breathing a French atmosphere, being confronted by French signs, numbers and cafes, and hearing the French language spoken almost exclusively. The houses are quaint and old, showing a peculiar and ancient style of architecture. Queer little balconies protrude right out over the heads of pedestrians truly representing the one upon which the fair Juliet reclined as she whispered tender words and tossed her love-kissed roses to Romeo.

One can stand on Canal street and observe the Creole women as they pass, and from their faces discern whether they be of French or Spanish parentage. The majority have jet black hair and eyes, though there are blonde Creole maidens, too. Those with the sparkling hazel eyes and a saucy "chic" style of dress are almost invariably French, while the woman with soft liquid black eyes, crimson lips and general air of graceful elegance is a true daughter of Spain. The French are known to be the most polite and hospitable people in the world, and in this the Creoles are not lacking. Indeed it is a peculiar charm of the whole race.

The Creole home, like many of the "old south," is set far back in the center of a large yard or rose garden, and surrounded by a high brick ivy-covered wall that Chang, the Chinese giant, could not have over-peered.

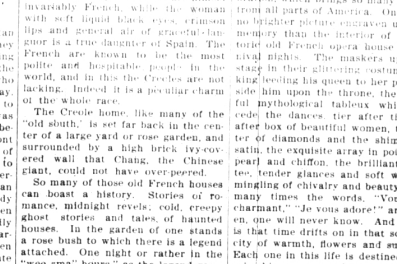
So many of those old French houses can boast a history. Stories of romance, midnight revels, cold, creepy ghost stories and tales of haunted houses. In the garden of one stands a rose bush to which there is a legend attached. One night or rather in the "wee sma' hours," as the legend goes, a young woman was returning home from the Comus ball accompanied by her sweetheart, a Frenchman who


Old City Hall.

(Where the officers of the fleet came to had just reached home from Paris, after completing his education. He had been absent five years, but in that lapse of time these young lovers had been faithful to their troth. The maiden's father, aristocratic, stern and unrelenting, hated bitterly the young fellow, though with no better cause than an old family feud of the dead past, in which the young man bore no part. But, ah! How often do the sins of the father rest upon the son, even unto the third and fourth generation! As the carriage bearing the couple rolled up the avenue, the old father sat in his study, dreaming over all the bitterness, strife and hatred of his past life. All the old wounds had been torn open afresh by the homecoming of this man—his daughter's lover. He realized that in spite of his protestations they would be married. Hearing carriage wheels on the gravel driveway, he sprang up, his heart filled with rage—and rushing out upon the lawn, encountered his daughter and the Frenchman as they alighted from the carriage. In an instant a pistol flashed from his hand, and the young man fell a corpse at the feet of his betrothed. The white roses waved over the dead man's face, and his lifeblood flowed around their roots. The torture-stricken girl fell across his body insensible, and from the grief and horror of that night became hopelessly insane. Now, each year, it is said, on the night of the Comus ball, that old white rose bush bursts into bloom but bears only two roses, one white and the other deep crimson. This is only one of the many, many legends connected with the old mansions of New Orleans.

The cemeteries of New Orleans are veritable cities of the dead, inasmuch as they are laid off in streets and avenues, named and well kept. The dead are buried almost exclusively in mausoleums, some of them handsome in the extreme. In the old cemeteries upon these mausoleums one may read the names of marquis, baron and chevalier.

The grandest event during the year to the visitor and to the inhabitants is the great carnival or Mardi Gras celebration, which brings so many visitors from all parts of America. One wants no brighter picture engraven upon the memory than the interior of the historic old French opera house on carnival nights. The maskers upon the stage in their glittering costumes thronging leading his queen to her place beside him upon the throne, the beautiful mythological tableux which precede the dances, tier after tier, box after box of beautiful women, the glitter of diamonds and the shimmer of satin, the exquisite array in point lace, pearl and chiffon, the brilliant repartee, tender glances and soft words a mingling of chivalry and beauty. How many times the words, "Vous etes charmant," "Je vous adore!" are spoken, one will never know. And thus it is that time drifts on in that southern city of warmth, flowers and sunshine. Each one in this life is destined to receive his sorrows, and here, in this gay town, are hundreds who are hugging their woes, bitterness and poverty as others do, and have done, throughout



Miss Stone's Companion to Lecture.

Mme. Katerina Tsilka, the native missionary of Albania, who was captured by brigands in company with Miss Ellen M. Stone will shortly come to this country on a lecturing tour.

NOTHING TOO SMALL TO STEAL

City Merchant Complains of the Prevalence of Dishonesty.

"The old saying that nothing is too small to steal is exemplified in our business," said a manufacturer of custom-made clothing. "Our thread gives us lots of trouble. We have to keep a watchful eye upon it. The case in which it is kept is under the supervision of our most trusted employe. If he chose to be dishonest he could rob us of $5,000 a year and we would be none the wiser. We would, perhaps, notice that we were using more thread than usual, but the excess might be attributed to other causes.

"We have to check out every spool we give to our tailors. Even at this we are in danger of having a cheaper grade substituted. The difference in the price of the spools may be only one or two cents; but it offers a temptation if the scheme can be worked on a large scale. Some years ago we were forced to the conclusion that a 'fence' was being operated to dispose of stolen thread. The spools were sold by peddlers from house to house. This suspicion caused large establishments to have each spool stamped with dyes which cut into the wood, stating that the thread was stolen from such and such a shop, the name of which was stamped on the spool."

LAWYERS WITH ONE CLIENT.

They Are the Fortunate Ones of the Profession.

The poverty of briefless barristers is as proverbial as that of the church mouse. It would not be an unnatural mistake to consider a barrister with only one client hardly better off than one with none. But the modern "one-client lawyer" is usually a prosperous individual. Said a man well known in the business world some years ago to a friend: "I want a young lawyer to put down at a desk beside mine. I'll familiarize him with my affairs, and then I want him to keep me out of trouble." The counterpart of this lawyer, whose duty it is to act as his own client's ounce of prevention, may be found in the office of many large concerns. He is often connected with trust companies, banks, banking houses, railroad and other transportation companies and large wholesale mercantile houses. When a merchant found himself in a tangle, it was once the custom for him to go to his lawyer for advice. The results were a written "opinion" and a fee. The business man today obtains a lawyer who shall work for him alone. Again the field of the general practitioner is narrowed.—The World's Work.

WATER THAT IS HIGH-PRICED.

New Yorkers Very Fond of the Bottled Beverage.

New York is the world's greatest market for mineral waters. It is estimated more than 20,000,000 gallons a year are consumed in this city. Since the bacteria scares of recent years the trade has shown a marked increase, and the persons who are afraid of typhoid fever and other ills resultant from impure drinking water have barred the output of the Croton reservoir from the table.

Most of the table water retails at about twenty cents a gallon. Some of it, however, costs as much as wine, and one brand cannot be obtained for less than fifty cents a pint. This is not an imported mineral water. It comes from a little spring down in Virginia, whose flow is limited to about a barrel a day. It contains medicinal properties of especial value to persons afflicted with kidney trouble, and is not recommended for general use. The largest purchasers of mineral waters are the high-class cafes and hotels. One hostelry alone is credited with using 300 gallons daily, despite the fact that vinous and spirituous liquids are supposed to play a far more important part in the menage.—New York Press.

Needed Something Stronger.

Bishop Potter is an enthusiastic golf player. Some time ago he was on the links at Saranac, accompanied by a caddie who was himself a golfer of acknowledged skill. The bishop made ready for a mighty drive, and, with one tremendous swing, he topped the ball. Of course, he was deprived of the consolation which in such cases serves to soothe the temper of the layman. All he said was, "Sh-sh-sh sh-sh-sh!"

It was his way of relieving his feelings. Then he tried again. This time he scooped up some cubic feet of sod, and once more the sibilant but inoffensive and ineffective protest escaped his lips. For the third time the bishop teed the ball, for the third time his driver missed the mark and for the third time he unburdened his oppressed soul as above. The caddie could stand it no longer.

"Hang it, man!" he exclaimed, "sh-sh-sh-sh won't make that ball where you want it to go!"—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The Brindle Steer.

Oh, what has become of the brindle steer
Who hardly knew how to go—
And the yoke he wore, with its wooden pins—
Are these, and the wagon forgot?
Are all the old things of the other time
Engulfed in the shams of to-day?
Has the wind also, in its shifting course
Blown these old ideas away?

Oh, what has become of the brindle steer
Who toiled away in the fog?
Whose muscles were taut, and swollen with
The weight of the cart and the log?
But he chewed his cud, nor grumbled,
Nor faltered once in the day—
Alas for the wind, in its shifting course,
Has it blown all these away?

Oh, what has become of the brindle steer,
And the big, tall man with the whip
Swapped, alas! for a puff of steam,
The sail and the shriek of the ship!
And the old yoke rots out under the shed,
The wagon has gone to decay,
For the wind also, in its shifting course,
Has blown these things away.

Pertinent Inquiry.

Biggs (smoking)—"This is something like a cigar, old man."

Diggs (getting a whiff)—"Yes—er—something like—— What is it, anyway?"

DR. COFFEE

Discovers Remedies That Restore Sight to Blind People.

Dr. W. O. Coffee, a note worthy man of Good Block, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered remedies that restore sight to people can use at home and cure Cataracts, Scums, Granulated Lids, Ulcers or Blindness and restore sight.

Dr. Coffee has published an 80-page book on Eye Diseases and Blindness and will send it free to every reader of this paper. This book tells how you can cure yourself at home and make weak eyes strong. Write Dr. Coffee today for his book.

What the World Owes Every Man.

The world owes to every man a living, says Chauncey M. Depew, provided he has the industry and determination to collect it. The world owes to every man more pleasure than pain; more good than bad; more gain than loss; more happiness than sorrow; more success than failure; more love than hate; more friends than enemies, but it rests with the man himself whether he collects that debt, for the world holds fast to the good things which it possesses and lets free the bad; and it is only by labor and energy, only by determination and character that the debt which the world owes to every one is collected.

To Improve American Cattle.

Henry C. Moore of Sioux City, believes that it is possible to interbreed the Arctic musk ox with cattle of the temperate zone, and that stock so produced would be able to withstand the severe winters of the United States. He has been in communication on the subject with Peary, the Arctic explorer, who is favorably impressed with the idea. "The vast loss of the present season among herds of the Western ranges," said Mr. Moore, "emphasizes the necessity of trying to infuse hardier blood into American cattle."

Feels Younger and Stronger.

Festus, Mo., May 4th—Mr. January S. Lilly, a highly respected old gentleman, aged 76, and whose home is in Festus, says:

"For many years I was failing in health. My kidneys were weak and gave me no end of trouble. I had pains in my back and hips so bad that I could not sit up straight without bracing my back, and could not sit only a few minutes in any one position.

"I had to get up during every night very frequently to relieve myself.

"Our doctor said I had Kidney and Bladder Inflammation. I have suffered for over five years in this way, always worse at night.

"I could get no relief, and was getting worse till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"After I had used a few boxes of this remedy I felt stronger and better than I have for years and years. My pains all left me and I can rest and sleep.

"Every old man or woman who feels as I felt should use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am sure they will not be disappointed. They brought me out wonderfully."

Oklahoma's Only Battlefield.

The only battle ever fought on what is now Oklahoma soil took place on the Washita river near the Antelope hills. Here in 1868 Gen. Custer, with 900 cavalry, engaged in a deadly combat with Black Kettle, a Cheyenne chief, with an unknown number of warriors. Custer lost nineteen soldiers and one officer; won the fight, killing Chief Black Kettle, with 103 braves, and taking fifty-three prisoners.—Kansas City Journal.

The loving judgments of friends are harder to bear than the harsh ones of foes.

With Christ in the vessel I smile at the storm.—John Newton.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Swollen, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Poverty of possessions need not be discreditable; poverty of life always is.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

In crying over spilt milk, a man stops long enough to claim it was cream.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.
Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 5c. a package.

A square meal at a swell restaurant costs a round sum.

To Cure a Cold in One day.
Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The lance is to be done away with in the Russian army.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

As our inclinations, so our opinions.—Goethe.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

One active virtue is worth 10 abstract vices.

The old, invariable virtue of

St. Jacobs Oil

makes it the king cure for

Sprains and Bruises

Price, 25c. and 50c.