PADH MULLEN'S NANCY

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

"Who was Padh Mullen? How was it? What happened to him?" we all inquired.

"What!" exclaimed the Bummadier, "do ye mane to tell me wan o' ye never heerd tell of Padh Mullen's Nancy?"

"Och! the sorra syllable."

"Well, ye see, Padh, he lived all alone with his oul' mother an' his wan sister. A brave, comfortable farm, an' a warm house, an' a full wan, in throth they had. An' small wondher! for ould Sheelah Mullen, Padh's mother, was the woman knew how, when she got her fist on a penny to houl' it; an', moreover, then to make that penny go as far as another woman's thrupence. As regards their eatin' and drinkin', it was Lent all the year round with them. An' she brought up her son and daughter to the pattherns of herself. Naither of them iver joined in a divarsion, or cborted like youngsters will. The oul' mother was partikerly casious of Padh in this regards, for she thought every girl squinted at her doore had designs on him.

"'Poor Padh! poor caddy!' she would say—an' the 'poor caddy' had turned the corner of 40. 'Poor Padh! poor caddy! watch yerself a mhic, an' don't let the oul'-fashion,' good-for-nothin' shreels o' girls that's goin' get the blind side of ye; for I'm watchin' an' there isn't wan o' them from the top of the parish to the tail iv it, but's doin' her dead best to throp ye.'

"An' then Padh would wink like a fox, an' shake the head, an' say, 'Niver fear for Padh Mullen! mother niver fear for Padh Mullen! The sthreel of a girl takes in Padh 'till get up mornin' early—she'll have to get up afore she goes to bed, mother.'

"But lo an' behould ye! wasn't there a poor thravellin' woman goin' about an doesn't she pitch her camp of a night in Padh's. An' sittin' be the fire she rises the question of why Padh didn't marry, an' Padh's mother argued the queskin with her, an' showed her she wouldn't let Padh marry knowin' the sort of halverils (halt-wits) of girls was goin', that would only take id the poor boy an' make him live the remainder of his life to repent the unlucky day their shadow first fell on him—girls that was good for nothin' but aitin' and drinkin,' and wearin' out cloes. 'No,' she sayed, 'her boy would nivir throw himself away on the likes of them.' The poor thravellin' woman—for she was a match-maker—naither more nor less—she sayed that she approved of every word of it, an' she styled Padh's mother a good, farseein', sensible woman, that knew the value of a good son. But then, she sayed, she knew a girl in the parish she came from—the Killybegs' parish—she knew in it a girl, a wan Nancy McBrearty that her bate wasn't to be foun', nor yet her like again, an' screen yez all Ireland' with a herrin' net. She was the very girl, she sayed, that Padh's mother wanted for her son, wan that would be a help an' a comfort to her in her oul' an' stiff days, an' a pattern to her two children, an' wan, besides, that would bring with her both money an' money's worth, an' farm stock, moreover. She then pictured to them what Nancy McBrearty was like, an' accordin' to her varsion there wasn't a vartuey in the catechism wasn't undher Nancy McBrearty's cloak. But the shoe an' the long an' the tall end of all was that she talked over Padh's mother, till she come to confess that if Padh could only come to get Nancy McBrearty—her money, an' money's worth, an' farm stock, moreover, he'd be a made man an' settled for life, an' she'd be as contented as a queen on her throne—ar' no more heart-burns, too, about the sthreels of the parish thryin' to turn the poor boy Padh's head, an' to coax him away from his mother. Wan other thing only Padh's mother wanted to know consarnin' Nancy. Was she any sort of a moderate aiter? bekase, if her appetite wasn't within bounds, it would be as bad as ruination to fetch her about the house. But the thravellin' woman soon set her at rest on this point, for Nancy, she sayed, didn't ate at all; her appetite was so delicate that she just picked lake a chicken. But with all that, curious to say, she was as strong an' wholesome as a well-fed year oul'.

"So the thravellin' woman was sent away back down to Killybegs parish to smooth the way with Nancy; an' a week afterwards, on word comin' up, Padh's mother packed off Padh away down—for, owin' to the oul' age and the rheumatism, she didn't feel fit to travel so far herself.

"An' Padh himself was back inside three days with a gran' account of Nancy, her money an' money's worth, an' farm stock; an' by no manes the least welcome intelligence he had with him was that, 'thrue enough, though Nancy was as strong an' wholesome as a ploughman she ate like a canary in the consumption. That was iv a Chewsday. The nixt Sunday Padh Mullen married Nancy McBrearty an' brang her home—herself, her money an' money's worth, an' farm stock, moreover. An' the whole fortune come after them in an ass's cart. It was—wan pour' wan an' tenpence—ha penny in dhry money; a hundher of oatmail, a poun' an' a half of tay, twe stone of sugar, five pecks o' praties, a penny'orth iv tibacky, an' a ha'porth of shuff in mopey's worth; and the farm stock was a weanlin' calve always lookin' for something to lean against, an' a he-goat that rid the house for them in five minutes, broke Padh's mother's best milk crock, an' made short work an a scatthermint o' the oul' lady herself when she went to put corraction on him.

"Nixt day, for it was in the May time, all hands wor goin' out to foist turf; but Nancy, she plaided she was too tired afther the journey the day afore, an' she sayed she'd stay in the house an' make ready the pick o' dinner. They didn't care for raisin' ructions with her so early, so they sayed little; no more did they say much when she went out an' caught the biggest an' finest dhrake they owned—wan big enough for a goose—an' kilt him for the dinner. They didn't say much but like Paul Tinney's parrot, they thought enough to make a history-book.

"An' lo an' behoud'! when they comes in an' sits down to the dinner, there was no signs of the dhrake forthcomin'. Padh' looked roun' the table.

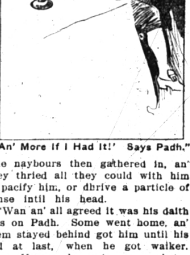
"'Nancy,' says he, 'where's the dhrake?'

"'Where's the dhrake!' says she; 'where would ye think him to be? I ate him. Didn't ye see the boges of hih on the dn'ghill as ye come in?'

"'What?' says Padh, says he, jiped out of his sate with consternation; 'ate the dhrake. Ye don't mane to say ye ate the whole dhrake?'

"'Och, ye gommerlin, ye!' says she, 'great faits it was, wasn't it, to ate a weesh bit of a dhrake? I did ate him, in throth, an' would ate more if I had it.'

"An' och, lawhendie see! that was the play. The oul' mother an' the daughter as good as fainted; an' Padh, poor boy, he got his two han's, was to ivery side of his head, to thry to keep it from burstin', and wandered through the house, up the house, an' down the house, an' round' the house, his throat nivir closin', but ding-ding in' away at the rhyme 'An more if I had it!—An' more if I had it!—Och, och, anee oh!—An' more if I had it!—An 'more if I had it!—An' more if I had it!' An' there he got on like a ravin' lunatic, naither stoppin' nor coasin', barrin' to let a heart-breakin' sigh out of him for hours by the clock.



"'An' More if I Had It!' Says Padh."

The naybours then gathered in, an' they thried all they could with him to pacify him, or dhrive a particle of sense intil his head.

"Wan an' all agreed it was his dath was on Padh. Some went home, an' them stayed behind got him intil his bed at last, when he got walker. Then Nancy she got a youngster who could write, to draft out Padh's will. They tried to insinse her, she might as well be talkin' Jarmin to a turkey-cock as thinkin' to get that man to make a will. But Nancy, she got the will an' the paper, an' sets the young fellow down with the pen in his fist, an' she says to Padh, says she:

"'Me poor Padh, it's yer daith right enough is on ye, me poor man, an' ye'll need to divide yer lan' an' belongin's—for it was Padh's name was in the rent-book—'to divide,' says she, 'yer bit of lan' an' belongin's so as not to have squabblin' about it when yer no more. Now, Padh', says she, 'I know ye'll lay me the Lang Park, for who has a bether right to it nor your wife?'

"'An' more if I had it!' says Padh—'An' more if I had it!'

"'Put that down,' says Nancy to the youngster.

"'An' Padh,' says she, 'I know ye'll not begrudge yer own Nancy the Rishy fel' b'sides?'

"'An' more if I had it!' Padh says. 'An' more if I had it!'

"'An' the Calves park, an' the Whinny hill, Padh, a mhic,' says she.

"'An' more if I had it! An' more if I had it!'

"'Put it all down, youghster. An' I daresay, Padh, ye'll be for throwin' in to me, lakewise, the Pratie fel' an' the Black bottoms?'

"'An' more if I had it! An' more if I had it!'

"'An' as she went till she finished, when she put the poor man's hand to the pen till he made his mark, an' when Padh give up the ghost—which wasn't many hours afther—there wasn't cow, kine, stick, stave, cross or crown about the house or place she hadn't made herself heir to.

"'An' that was Padh Mullen's Nancy."

In the Garden.

The roses blushed a deeper red,
The lilies looked more saintly.
The great sycamore bared its head
And smiled and frowned most quaintly;
The daisies even at my feet
Were strangely knowing, strangely sweet.

The hollyhocks against the wall,
So serious and old fashioned,
Were all astir, the larkspur tall
Seemed really quite impassioned.
I watched them all, but could not guess
What made their sudden consciousness.

Where e'er I looked their little eyes
Were eager, wise, and tender.
As if they had some new surprise
Or sympathy to render—
But turning around, all unaware,
I saw that She was standing there!
—Helen A. Sawin, in Metropolitan.

Strange Beast in Pennsylvania.

Residents of Georgetown and Laurel Run, on the mountain near here, have been frightened by some strange animal during the last few days, which they say has appeared from the brush along the mountain road between the two places. Opinion as to what it is differs.

Some say that it is an enormous ape, and others that it is a bear which has wandered down from the Bear creek district, where they are plentiful. Those who have seen it have not waited to make any investigation, but have fled as fast as they could.—Wilkesbarre Cor. Philadelphia Press.

POULTRY AND BEES

NEW ZEALAND CANDIED HONEY.

A New Machine For Cutting the Cakes Into Small Bricks.

The illustration accompanying this article shows a honey-cutter that does its work well. The box of the cutter is made of wood, and large enough to hold a block of honey that has candied in a 60-pound can. The tin has first to be cut off; then strong

Machine for Cutting Candied Honey.

piano wires are led around the block three inches apart, through slits left in the inside box. These are fastened to the drum of the windlass on top, and after a few turns of the crank, the wires have done their work straight and neat. These large blocks are then put in the little wooden apparatus to the right, and cut into slices 1.8 inches square. This gives you a block of honey 3x1.8x1.8, exactly one-half pound. The blocks are then covered with two papers, the outside one printed with the name and address of the producer. These small honey blocks have taken immensely here, writes a correspondent of Bee Culture, the grocers preferring to sell it all ready in paper, and the housewife also preferring it in paper to digging it out of a bottle.

One great feature of honey cut into blocks is that it looks clean and attractive, and the wrapper costs next to nothing—hence a greater demand for honey. The inventor of the honey-cutter is Mr. James Allan, of Wyndham, Otago, New Zealand, president of the most southern bee-keepers' association in the world.

A GOOD POULTRY HOUSE.

It Is the One That Will Best Meet the Needs of the Flock.

The best poultry house is the poultry house that will give the best conditions for the care of the poultry in winter. There are several things that must be considered in any model poultry house. The first of these is light. There should be an abundance of light; for it is probably true that health is not possible in a dark poultry house with one little window to let in light perhaps from the north side. The windows should be on three sides of the house if possible, on every side except the north. There should be a window in the east and west ends of the building and a big one or several small ones on the south side. Whether there should be a big one or several small ones depends on the conditions to be met with in the poultry house.

The really good poultry house, says Farmers' Review, will be so located and so built that it will be kept dry throughout the winter. This matter of dryness is of such importance that it may well be doubted if success is possible without it. The location of the house on land that is well drained is essential, and if there is not a natural location near the barns one can be made by piling coal ashes or cinders around the house to keep the level above the water line.

The good poultry house will have inside of it all movable fixtures to facilitate the cleaning and to make it possible to sterilize the roosts, nests and other furniture.

POULTRY NOTES.

Variety of food is better for poultry than any one food.

Do not feed turkeys for 24 hours before killing for market.

Dry quarters for ducks at night—wet quarters for daytime.

When the cockerels become attentive to the pullets, separate them.

If a hen begins to get very fat, it is fair to suppose that she has stopped laying.

New corn is likely to sour in the fowls' crops and cause inflammation and indigestion.

Every keeper of poultry should lay in a large supply of grit before the ground freezes.

It is easier to keep eggs from becoming dirty than it is to clean them when they have become dirty.

A Small Begipning.

The wise man will begin the culture of poultry on a small scale when he intends making that a business and investing much money in it. It is not an easy thing to begin large with poultry and succeed. The man that wants to start out right will consider that he himself needs information and that he must get much of this information by experience. The experience will be costly if he has a large flock of birds and less costly with a small flock. There are many men who have been too sure of themselves to begin small and they have ultimately made a failure of the business on account of meeting heavy losses after getting started.

Effective Scarecrow.

An effective "scarecrow" may be made by setting a long pole in the ground, at an angle of 45 degrees, and tying a piece of bright tin at the end in a manner that will allow it to be turned around by the wind. The reflection of the sun from the tin, it is said, will frighten hawks and crows and they will not get used to it.

SOME WINTER BEE HINTS.

Snow Is a Good Thing on the Hives That Are Out Doors.

Since our fields have put on their warm, white winter clothing, it is well for us to consider what is best to be done for the colonies that are wintering under this white blanket in the apiary.

Is it necessary to remove the snow from the hives, or should it be left there for protection to the bees?

Snow is a protection to our fields and meadows; it seems to be a non-conductor of heat and cold alike, and the ground under it retains its natural warmth.

When the snow melts, the wheat and grasses show by their green blades that this mantle has been beneficial.

The hives, likewise, if partly or entirely buried in the snow, will retain the warmth of the bees, and many of our farmers purposely pile up the snow over their hives.

In the north the bees live well through the winter, and come out strong and healthy, if a sufficient shelter of snow has protected them.

The conditions in those states, however, are somewhat different from what they are in our latitude. The sun there has but little strength during the winter months, and when the hives are entirely buried, the natural heat of the bees has only a slight effect upon the snow, causing it slowly to melt away from the wood, thus the openings of the hives are liberated and ventilation secured.

In our latitude of northern New Jersey, writes a correspondent in Farm Journal, there are but few days when the sun does not, more or less, cause a thaw; the snow on the south side of the hive changes to ice, and an additional freeze-up, or a sudden chance of wind, sometimes completely closes up the entrances and air passages.

This condition, if protracted beyound a few days, would lead to suffocation of the bees so confined, unless some aperture or crevice at the upper part can give a chance for the ingress of pure air.

So there is a danger against which we must guard; and a little snow, enough to close the air holes with ice, is much more dangerous than a drift in which the hives are entirely buried.

Hives should never be faced toward the north. In northern latitudes, a northern exposure in winter is almost sure to result in the loss of the colony from the rigorous north wind blowing in at the entrance, and the confinement of the bees, prevented by the entrances being shaded on mild, sunny days when the bees in hives facing southward fly freely.

So the snow is not to be trusted too far, and the south side of the hives is in danger of being quickly uncovered of its shelter when it is of this flimsy material.

Acting upon this experience we have been in the habit of banking up the snow, when there is plenty of it, on the north and west sides only, and carefully cleaning the alighting board on the first warm day after a snowfall.

If the weather gets mild enough for a bee flight, the bees then find themselves dry footed in front of their hives.

We have seen some farmers close their hives on a warm day in snow time, to keep the bees from flying and getting lost on their trip. We have never found any benefit in this method.

If the bees are confined when the weather is warm enough for them to fly, they will get wet and worry, and if their abdomen is loaded with fecal matter, they may be compelled to discharge it in the hives to their own discomfort.

A moderate ration of beets, four to five pounds per head, daily, is conducive to the healthfulness of the flock and improves the quality of the mutton.

We have invariably noticed that the colonies which take the freest flight on warm days and consequently seem to lose the greatest number of bees on the snow, prove to be the best colonies in the spring.

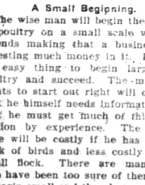
It is much better to let them fly and run the risk of their not returning.

All things considered, a heavy snow is to be taken as beneficial rather than as injurious to the interest of the bee-keeper; for if it is a sign of protracted cold, it is also an indication of prosperity, since it shelters the land and promises a healthy growth of grass, clover and other plants, and adds moisture to the ground, which slowly penetrates to the roots.

ACETYLENE TESTER FOR EGGS.

Bicycle Lantern May Be Utilized For This Purpose.

An acetylene lantern has been discovered by a poultry dealer to be ideal for egg testing purposes. The lantern,



Testing Eggs.

which gives a clear white flame of great brilliancy, was first used on an incubator full of eggs by a correspondent of the Poultry Journal as an experiment. A piece of black enamel cloth with a hole in it was fitted over the lens and the eggs in turn held before the lens in the manner illustrated. The intense white light rendered the eggs nearly transparent, so that at the end of the third day of incubation the fertile ones were easily detected, the minute blood vessels showing distinctly.

It Pays.

Five dollars for a rooster was once considered extravagant, but experience has taught that keeping up or improving the standard of the flock is cheap even at higher figures.

YOUTH ASSUMES THE ROLE OF HERO.

PLACES TIES ON TRACK, THEN FLAGS TRAIN.

TELLS TALE OF BANDITS

Chicago Boy's Scheme to Get Free Ride and Reward Fails to End According to Programme—Wreck Narrowly Averted.

Indianapolis, Ind.—There was a temporary feeling of gratitude in the hearts of a Big Four train crew on the Cincinnati division of the road the other day, when the train was flagged at the Tannes creek bridge by the wild waving of a youth. The big engine and heavy freight train came to a stop near the bridge, and before the eyes of the crew were four heavy ties piled on the rails on the bridge. A serious wreck and, perhaps, death to the men on the train had been narrowly averted.

The youth who gave his name as Chris Daus, 18 years old, of Chicago, came in for his share of praise. The trainmen pressed around him and he told a lurid story that would rival in sensationalism any tale of train-wreckers found in yellow back novels. The boy said he was walking along the track when he saw two roughly attired and low browed men piling the ties on the rails. When they saw him, Daus said, the men ran behind a section toolhouse near the bridge.

Realizing the danger of a serious wreck, Daus said, he caught hold of the ties to drag them from the track, when the alleged train wreckers sprang from their hiding place and pointed revolvers at him. They threatened to blow his head off and Daus said he turned and ran south along the tracks. In Dearborn county, south of the bridge, is a cut through which the trains approach the bridge on an up grade. The boy said he took his stand at the head of the cut and when he saw the train coming he flagged it.

The trainmen were loud in their praise of the boy's alleged heroism, and after dividing the contents of their lunch buckets with him they took him on the train to Sunman, in Ripley county. Here the authorities were notified that a desperate attempt had been made to wreck the train, and Daus promised to give the authorities all possible assistance. He was to be rewarded for his alleged bravery.

The sheriffs of both Ripley and Dearborn counties were notified, and a search for the train wreckers was begun. News of the matter was telegraphed to Indianapolis, and Lawrence P. Grady, chief of the Big Four detectives, went to the place. He talked with Daus, and the boy told him all the details as he had given them to the trainmen. Grady was suspicious that all was not right, and he continued to question the boy on all points. Finally Daus became confused and his descriptions of the alleged train wreckers varied considerably.

The alleged robbers had 44-caliber Colt's revolvers, Daus asserted.

"How did you know they were forty-fours?" demanded Grady.

"Well, they looked big enough to be forty-fours," the youth replied, sullenly.

Grady then accused the boy outright of placing the ties on the tracks. Daus denied this at first, but after

A Serious Wreck Was Narrowly Averted.

becoming hopelessly confused in relating the details, he finally confessed that the work at the bridge was done by him.

When closely questioned as to his reason, the boy said he was on his way back to Chicago and wished to ride. He said he had seen a moving picture exhibit of train wreckers, and the idea came to him to flag a train and maybe get a ride to Chicago and some money as his reward.

Daus admitted that he did not know the time of the trains and merely took a chance that the first train along would come from the south.

"What if a passenger train had come from the north?" Grady asked. "The whole train would have been wrecked and gone down the creek."

"Say! They would have been up against it, wouldn't they?" said Daus in an interested manner.

TEXAN'S TUSSLE WITH A MADDENED BLACK BEAR

Range Rider Shut Off Animal's Wind with Lariat, Then Cuts Its Throat.

Kansas City.—Jim Gordon, a range rider for W. W. Wilkins, whose big ranch is over near Howard Wells, in

He Deftly Circled the Noose Over Bruin's Head.

western Texas, was much surprised the other morning to see a large black bear lumbering along ahead of him. It was in a rough locality, and the bear was evidently out to get its morning meal of sotol roots.

Gordon stuck his rails into his horse and took after the bear. The chase did not last long. Gordon unloosened his rope, which was coiled over the pommel of his saddle, and when he got within throwing distance of the fleeing bear he deftly circled the noose over the animal's head. The cow pony sat back upon its haunches and drew the rope taut. The bear got one of its paws underneath the noose and prevented the rope from choking it. Then began a struggle that lasted for more than an hour.

Ordinarily a horse is desperately afraid of a bear, but the cow pony which Gordon was riding stood the ordeal fearlessly. It maintained its position while Gordon dismounted with a view of attacking the bear at close quarters with his knife. He had no other weapon. The bear put up a hard fight the moment it saw Gordon on the ground. It rushed at him and struck him a terrific blow on the shoulder which sent him sprawling several feet away and out of reach of the maddened animal, which was confined to a prescribed circle of the rope.

Strange to say, the bear made no attack upon the horse. It seemed to consider Gordon responsible for the whole trouble. Gordon determined to kill the animal before he left the spot. He made several ineffectual efforts to dash in on the bear and give it a blow with his knife, but each time he was struck by the animal's paw. Finally he got hold of the rope and by a sudden pull managed to tighten the noose so that the bear's wind was temporarily shut off.

Taking advantage of the moment, Gordon rushed in and cut the jugular vein of the animal with his knife. He loaded the bear upon his horse and brought it to the ranch house.

Barnardo Boys Do Well.

Recently 300 Barnardo charity school children left London for Canada in a body. In reporting the event the London Standard remarks: "Ninety-eight per cent. of the Barnardo children do well. Eighty per cent. of the old Barnardo boys of the necessary age in Canada are now land owners."

A Missouri Hobo.

"Are you willing to chop some wood for me," said the kind lady, "if I will give you a good dinner when you've done?"

"But depends," replied the hobo.

"Depends on what?"

"On whether yer'd let me look over de menu card before I starts in workin'."—Cleveland Leader.

Diagnosed.

"Henry," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what is the conscience?"

"The conscience," answered little Henry, "is what you have after you have been eating cake and jam and things out of the pantry, and then you have to take castor oil, and that cures the conscience."—Judge.

He Knew Her.

"What seats have you?" asked the man at the box office.

"How many?" asked the attendant.

"Two, my wife and myself."

"Last row; all I've got."

"Won't do. There's no gun living could make my wife take a back seat."—Yonkers Statesman.

Why He Married Her.

"Yes," said William, the coster, "it were superstition as made me marry my missus."

"How's that?" inquired his friend.

"Why, it were a toss-up 'tween her an' Mary Jane. One day Aw were thinkin' which of 'em to have—Mary Janes or Anna—when Aw saw a cigar lyin' on th' ground. So Aw picked it up, and blowed if it didn't say on it 'Ave Anna,' so I had 'er."—Tit-Bits.

Big Rooster Kills Him.

Lockport, N. Y.—Frederick Bolton, 65 years old, came to his death in a peculiar manner. Recently he went to his barn to secure a chicken which he intended to kill for dinner. A large Plymouth Rock rooster jumped at him and struck the man in the arm with its spur. Blood poison set in and two days afterward he died.

Vanitas.

"I suppose they are proud of their Mayflower descent?"

"Proud! Why, they're as proud as if their ancestors came over in an automobile and were fined for speeding."

TORTURED WITH GRAVEL.

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills Not a Single Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adjt. Wm. Watts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says: "I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt dragzy and listless and tired all the time. I lost from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I have had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells also, but my worst suffering was from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a bean. Since then I have never had an attack of gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man, and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ODELL OBEYED HIS FATHER.

Emphatic Message That Broke Up Conference of Politicians.

Four years ago, when ex-Gov. Odell, of New York, was coming up for a renomination at the convention in Saratoga, there was a plan to put a candidate for the ticket with him for lieutenant governor to whom Odell objected strongly.

The governor's father, 88 years old, a deacon in the church and very strict in religious matters, was in Saratoga. There was a conference at one of the hotel cottages that lasted until late in the morning. The other leaders were trying to force Odell to take the obnoxious man.

About two o'clock Odell's father, who had heard what was going on, stalked angrily over to the cottage and rapped on the door. Frank Platt, son of Senator Platt, came to the door.

"Well?" said Platt sharply.

"I want to see my son," demanded Odell.

The governor came to the door.

"What is it, father?" he asked.

"Ben," said the old deacon, "tell them to go to ——!"

"Yes, father," replied the governor obediently, and he went back and did just that.—Saturday Evening Post.

Keep Your Blood Pure.

No one can be happy, light-hearted and healthy with a body full of blood that cannot do its duty to every part because of its impurity; therefore, the first and most important work in hand is to purify the blood so that every organ will get the full benefit of a healthy circulation. There is no remedy so good as that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills. Each pill contains one grain of the solid extract of sarsaparilla blended with two grains of a combination of pure and mild vegetable products, making it a blood purifier unexcelled in character. One or two taken every night for awhile will produce surprising results.

Brandreth's Pills have been in use for over a century, and are for sale everywhere, plain or sugar-coated.

Rothschilds Never Prosecute.

While the Bank of England makes it a point never under any circumstances to relinquish the prosecution of those who have defrauded it in the slightest degree, being willing, if need be, to spend thousands of pounds to capture and prosecute people who have robbed it of even a few shillings, the Rothschilds make it a rule never to appeal to the courts or to the police in such matters. Of course, they are, like every other banker, occasionally the victims of dishonesty, but neither the police nor the public ever hear about the matter. This has always been a principle of the heads of the house, who take the ground that it is better to bear the loss in silence than to disturb popular confidence in the safety of the concern by allowing it to be seen that its treasures are not adequately safeguarded.

Father's Good Advice.

A young man from Pittsburg went to New York to "make good" in his chosen profession, says a New York letter. The other night he stood in the lobby of a hotel and a friend asked him what he thought of New York. "I have only been here two days," he replied, "so I have not seen the city very thoroughly. My father's parting words to me when I left home were: 'My son, you are going to a great city. There is much good and much evil to be found in New York. Keep to the straight and narrow path as closely as possible, avoid Wall street and, above all, beware of the monkey house.'"

CRIED EASILY.

Nervous Woman Stopped Coffee and Quit Other Things.

No better practical proof that coffee is a drug can be required than to note how the nerves become unstrung in women who habitually drink it.

The stomach, too, rebels at being continually drugged with coffee and tea—they both contain the drug—caffeine. Ask your doctor.

An Ia. woman tells the old story thus:

"I had used coffee for six years and was troubled with headaches, nervousness and dizziness. In the morning upon rising I used to belch up a sour fluid regularly.

"Often I got so nervous and miserable I would cry without the least reason, and I noticed my eyesight was getting poor.

"After using Postum a while, I observed the headaches left me and soon the belching of sour fluid stopped (water brash from dyspepsia). I feel decidedly different now, and I am convinced that it is because I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I can see better now, my eyes are stronger.

"A friend of mine did not like Postum but when I told her to make it like it said on the package, she liked it all right." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Always boil Postum well and it will surprise you.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."