Is Sald to Promptly Relieve Backache and Overcome Kidney Trouble and Bladder Weakness Though Barmless and Pleasant to Take.

What will appear very interesting to many reople here is the article Saken from a New York dally paper, officing a simple prescription, as formuofated by a noted authority, who claims Sthat he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of bachache or kidney or bindder derangement, in the toflowing simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's dis-

Fluid Extract Dandellon, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three oupces. Shake well in a bottle and take in tenspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known authority, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleausing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

The Trapper's Deduction.

The professor had complained that the world in general still looks on science in a slighting way, and that reminded one of his companions, the Washington Siar says, of a story of a Western trapper.

The trapper, noticing a place where roots had been dug up, examined the spot carefully. Then, as he rose and brushed the earth from his knees, he said with cafm couviction :

"This was done either by a wild hog or by a botanist."

## Mrs. Winslew's Soothing Syrup for Children technique softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, curse wine colle, see a bottle.

Food Supply of London Zoo. Catering for the fumates of the London "Zbo" is a formidable work, and the food bill for the last year gives a remarkable basight into the variety of the diefferic requirements of the society's menagerie. Altogether, the total cost of the menn was \$19,000, and the items include 2,224 pounds of beef, 38.800 pounds of discuits, 28,603 eggs, 743 gallons of milt, 28,000 tins of preserved milk, 4,015 flounders, 12,189 philee, 7,000 herrings, 90,254 whiting, 2.555 pints of shrimms and 34,282 parts of fewl. In addition, there were 524 ounds of sugar, 76 jars of meat ex- dragoon looked at him for a moment with tract, 612 leagns, 3,500 pounds of monker nuts, 320 bushels of greens, 11,000 pounds of pointoes, 4,580 dozens of banauas, 6,436 oranges, 2,414 pounds of grapes and 5,040 quarter loaves of bread. It is interesting to note that the rice and preserved milk, of which much larger quantities were used in the last year than in 1905, were required mainly for the young elephant, the young Indian and African chinoceroses and the young hippopotamus.

Early Baseball Teams.

Baseball trams existed as early at 1845, but the first league was formed in 1857, when the National Association of Baseball Players was organized. This, as the title implies, was an organization of players-in fact, of amateur players. They did not remain true amateurs for long however and in 1871 all was placed squarely on a professional basis when there came into existence the National Association of Professional Baseball Players. It will be colled that the players still governed the sport and they continued to do so until 1876. It was in this period that there grew up the great abuses which menaçed the very life of baseball. namely, gambling and the buying and selling of games. In 1876 the players were deposed from the government of professional baseball, and they have never since controlled the game .- Henry Beach Needham, In Success Maga-

Crnel Grade. "Mx! My!" exclaimed the good old "These colleges are just breeding regular criminals."

"What's the matter now?" asked he

"Hern's a report in this paper about s Harvard man beating all his rivals with the hammer."-Philadelphia Press.

Impossible. "Percy, papa says you mustn't come to

"Why, Aggie, how could I? I'm al ready coming seven times a week!"

## TRANSFORMATIONS

Curious Results When Coffee Drinklog Is Abandoned.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whisky or tobacco flend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum without any feeling of a loss of the morning hever age, for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flaver than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connolsseur it is like the

flavor of fine, mild Java, A great transformation takes place In the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum used, for the reason that the polson to the nerves -enffeine-has been discontinued and in its place is taken a liquid food that contains the most

powerful elements of nourishment. It is easy to make this test and prove intements by changing from cofto Postum. Read "The Road to due," in pkgs, "There's a Rea-



ing the lawn, in carnest conversation with

his two subalterns. In a few moments

orders were given to some of the troop,

and lorsemen left the valley, at full

announced his second approach. He bow-

ed again politely as he re-entered the

room, and walking up to Captain Whar-

done, may I beg to examine the quality of

The British officer imitated the manner

'NOW, SIR, MAY I EXAMINE THAT WIG?"

fer your chony hair. But that must have

been a sad hurt you have received under

things, I should like your opinion of it,

"You appear so close an observer of

ling the check free from blemish.

"Upon my word, you improve most rap

ness a more agreeable metamorphosis.

Is usual, you know, for strangers to be in-

troduced; I am Captain Lawton, of the

instantly, and his assumed quaintness

vanished. He viewed the figure of Cap-

and exclaimed, with great earnestness:

"Oh, then," cried the father in agony

"All this may be very true; but the

affair of Andre has made us on the alert.

When treason reaches the grade of gen-

hooves the friends of liberty to be vigi-

Henry bowed to this remark in distant

dence, but Sarah ventured to urge some-

hing in achalf of her brother. The dra-

coon heard her, apparently with commis

eration; but, willing to avoid useless and

"I am not the commander of the party,

"Durwoodie!" exclaimed Frances, with

face in which the roses contended for

the mastery with the paleness of appre-

hension; "thank God! then Henry is

Lawton regarded her with a mingled

expression of pity and admiration; then

shaking his head doubtingly, he contin-

"I hope so; and, with your permission

"Then, sir, we may expect the pleasure

"Immediately, madam," answered the

dragoon; "expresses are already on the

road to autounce to him our situation.

"We shall always be happy to see Major Danwoodle."

Captala Lawton inquired if there was

"As sinces only, I believe, sir," replied

Mr. Wharron, enutionaly; "he is seidom

"That is strange, too," said the trooper

looking at the disconcerted host intently.

"consilering he is your next neighbor;

and to the ladies it must be somewhat in-

convenient. I doubt not that that moslin

window sent cost twice as much as

here: I may say I never see him."

he would have asked them for it."

scattered about the room.

peddler of the name of Birch who

we will leave the matter for his decision.

ly?" naked Miss Peyton.

lived in the valley at times.

nadam; Major Dunwoodie will decide

what must be done with your brother."

ernt officers, Captain Wharton, it

\*his coormous black patch."

ner, and then continued:

turned Henry, bowing stiffly.

Virginia Horse,"

cheerfully pay.'

tured."

ant.

"Now, sir, my principal business being

The heavy tread of the dragoon soon

speed, by various roads.

ton, said, with comic gravity:

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) of his unsocial habits, and gave him a call-You have but little to apprehend from this morning, and had I found him within, his character," answered the dragoon dry- I should have placed him where he would enjoy life in the midst of society, for a ly; "but he is gone-how-when and short time at least."

'He departed as he arrived," said Mr. "And where might that be, sir?" asked Whatton, "on horseback, last evening, and he took the northern road," Mr. Wharton. "The guard room," said the trooper

The officer listened to him with intense dryly. "What is the offense of poor Birch?" interest, his countenance gradually lighting into a smile of pleasure; and the

asked Mis Peyton instant Mr. Wharton concluded, he turned "Poor!" cried the captain; "if he is on his heel and left the apartment. The poor, King George is a bad paymaster. If I catch him be will dangle from the Whartons observed the dragoon, on gain-

limbs of one of his namesakes."

It was no new intelligence to any of the family that Harvey Birch was distrusted, and greatly harassed by the American army. His escapes from their hands, no less than his imprisonments. had been the conversation of the country in too many instances, and under circum stauces of too great mystery to be easily forgotten. In fact no small part of the bitterness expressed by Captain Lawton against the peddler arose from the unaccountable disappearance of the latter when intrusted to the custody of two of

of the other, as he deliberately uncovhis most faithful dragoons. He sat in portentous silence brooding ered his head and, handing him the wig. observed, "I hope, sir, it is to your likover the exploit of his prisoner until a trumpet suddenly broke on the ears of the "I cannot, without violating the truth, party sending its martial tones up the may it is," returned the dragoon; "I prevalley in startling melody. The trooper ose instantly from the table exclaiming:

"Quick gentlemen to your horses; there

mes Dunwoodie," and, followed by his officers, he precipitately left the room. With the exception of the sentinels left to guard Captain Wharton, the dragoons nounted, and marched out to meet their omrades. On getting sufficiently near, owever, to a body of herse of more than louble his own number, to distinguish ounterances, Lawton plunged his rowels into his charger, and in a moment he was by the side of his commander.

CHAPTER V.

The ladies of the Wharton family had ollected about a window. Frances gazed with a singleness of interest that absorbed all other considerations. The two parties had not yet joined, before her quick eye distinguished one horseman in particular from those around him. The dragoon sat in the saddle with a firmness and ease that showed him master of himself and horse- his figure uniting the just proporions of strength and activity, being tall, cound, and muscular. To his officer Lawhey rode into the field opposite to the

The heart of Frances beat with a pulsaion nearly stilling as he paused for a nomest and took a survey of the buildng, with sparkling glauce; her color sir," said Henry, removing the silk, and hang-d and as she saw the youth throw imse f from the saddle, she was compelled to seek relief for her trembling limbs n a chair.

idly in externals," added the trooper; "if I could but persuade you to exchange this The officer gave a few hasty orders to old surfout for that handsome blue coat ais second in command and approached by your side, I think I never could witthe cottage. Frances rose from her sent. and vanished from the apartment. The Young Wharton very composedly did as dragoen ascended the steps of the piazza. was required; and stood an extremely and Lad burely time to touch the outer handsome, well-dressed young man. The door, when it opened to his admission. rances silently led the way into a vacant the drollery that characterized his man earlor, and, turning to the soldier, frankly placing both her hands in his own, ex-"This is a newcomer in the scene; it

"Alt. Dunwoodie! how happy, on many secounts, I am to see you! I have brought you in here to prepare you to "And I, sir, am Captain Wharton, of meet an unexpected friend in the opposite his majosty's 60th regiment of foot," re-

"To whatever cause it may be owing." The countenance of Lawton changed cried the youth, pressing her hands to his lips, "I, too, am lappy in being able to see you alone. Frances, the probation tain Wharton, proudly swelling with a you have decreed is cruel; war and dispride that disdained further concealment, tance may shortly separate us forever." "We caust submit to the necessity "Captain Wharton, from my soul I pity which governs us. But it is not love



speeches I would hear now; I have other and more important matters for your at tention. Dear Dunwoodie, you know my sentiments-this war once ended, and yo may take that hand forever-but I can closer union than already exists, so long as you are arrayed in arms against my only brother. Even now, that brother is awaiting your decision to restore him to embarrassing petitions, he answered mildliberty, or to conduct him to a probable

death. "Your brother?" cried Dunwoodle starting and turning pale; "your brother explain yourself-what dreadful meaning is concealed in your words?"

"Has not Captain Lawton told you of the arrest of Henry?" continued Frances, in a voice barely audible.

"He told me of arresting a captain of the 60th in disgnise, but without mentioning where or whom," replied the ma-

"Dunwoodie! Dunwoodie!" exclaimed Frances, in the most fearful apprehen sions, "what means this ngitation?" of Major Donwoodie's company shortthe major slowly raised his face she coninced, "Surely, surely, you will not be tray your friend, my brother-your brothr-to an ignominious death?"

"Frances!" exclaimed the young ma n agony, "what can I do? I would this noment die for you-for Henry-but I annot forget my duty-cannot forfeit my onor; you yourself would be the first to espire me if I did."

"Peyton Dunwoodle!" said Frances. ofemuly, and with a face of ashy nate ess, "you have told me-you have sworn hat you loved me. Do you think I can throw myself into the arms of a man whose bands are stained with the blood

of my only brother?" "Frances! you wring my very heart;" then pausing, to struggle with his feelings he endeavored to force a smile, as he add Mr. Wharton turned in consternation, led, "but after all, we may be torturing and sow some of the recent purchases ourselves with unnecessary fears, and Henry, when I know the circumstances, "I had a wish to break this Mr. Birch may be nothing more than a prisoner of Record.

war; in which case, I can liberate him

"Oh! there can be no just grounds to doubt it; I knew-I knew-Dunwoodle, you would never desert us in the hour of our greatest need!" The violence of her feelings prevailed, and the agitated girl found relief in a flood of tears.

Frances having sufficiently recovered her recollection to command herself, now engerly led the way into the opposite room. The salutations of the young men were cordial and frank, and, on the part of Henry Wharton, as collected as if nothing had occurred to disturb his self-pos-

After exchanging greetings with every ember of the family, Major Dunwoodie beckoned to the sentinel, whom Captain Lawton had left in charge of the prisoner, leave the room. Turning to Captain Wharton, he inquired, mildly:

"Tell me, Henry, the circumstances of this disguise, in which Captain Lawton reports you to have been found."

"The disguise was used by me to enle me to visit my friends." "But you did not wear it until you

saw the troop of Lawton approaching?"
"Oh! no," interrupted Frances, eagerly, forgetting all the circumstances in her anxiety for her brother; "Sarah and myself placed them on him when the draroons appeared; it was our awkwardness

that led to the discovery. The countenance of Dunwoodie brightened, as, turning his eyes in fondness on the speaker, he listened to her explana-

"Probably some articles of your own," he continued, "which were at hand, and ere used on the spur of the moment.' "No," said Wharton, with dignity; the clothes were worn by me from the city, they were procured for the purposa to which they were applied, and I intended to use them in my return this very

(To be continued.)

BOASTS OF OLDEST PULPIT.

Church in Albany, N. Y., Has a Desk

Imported in 1650. Albany, N. Y., has the honor of ownng the oldest pulpit on the continent, along with that of being the oldest chartered city in the United States. The pulpit stands in the First Reformed church, which was built in the year of the building of the old California missions, 1793, but, unlike them, it is as strong and in as good repair as it was when the builders left it.

The pulpit was brought over from Holland by the Dutch in 1656 to stand in their new church, which was just building. Twenty-five beaver skins were sent to Holland as part payment, but they became damaged in transit, so the pulpit was donated by the Dutch West India Company. The building served as a fort as well as a church, cannon being mounted upon the roof, and while on made his report, and, side by side. the service was going on within sentinels watched for signs of a foe.

To-day the old hour glass and ancient Dutch Bible are still in their accustomed places, while in the olden time the pews in front of it were occupled by Col. Peter Schuyler, Albany's first Mayor; the patrons of the Van Rensselaers, who owned land along both shores of the Hudson river for twenty-four miles, and Gen. Philip Schuyler, one of the first three major menerals in the Revolutionary army. also first United States Senator from New York.

Within its shadow the famous Iromols chieftaln, king Hendrick, who with Sir William Johnson defeated the French and Indians in the battle of Lake George, was converted to Christianity and Col. Agron Burr, United States Senator from New York and Vice President under Thomas Jefferson, vas married to Theodosia Provost.

President Roosevelt sat before it and stened to the preacher's words as a nember of this church when Governor of New York State.

The old pulpit is rich in years and honors; its history is Albany's history, the church's members having taken part in all the events of interest that have happened in "ye olde towne" since its founding.

Defrauded.

That this is a world of disappointments, Mrs. Green had long ago learned; but she found one more disappointment to add to her list during her visit to her daughter-in-law.

"I declare, you never can count on what folks will do, and you might just as well give up first as last,' she said, dejectedly, to Mr. Green on her return.

"There I counseled them to name that boby Emma Louisa, for aunt; and what do you suppose aunt has done ready?"

Mr. Green professed himself unable to conjecture.

"She's willed away the Bunker Hill teapot and the Paul Revere sugar tongs to the Historical folks," said Mrs. Green, bitterly. "And I expect nothing but what the blue and white counterpane will go next, and there'll be never consent to tie myself to you by any | that poor, helpless baby without a single inheritance to her name!"

"With His Wife's Money." Once upon a time a man married a woman who had inherited \$560 from a grancfather. This was all she ever received, but the man never got credit for his efforts the rest of his life. He built a new store. "Did it with his wife's money," the neighbors said. The home was made over and enlarged. 'His wife's money did it," was the only comment. The little measly \$500 she Inherited was given the credit for everything he did during life, and when he died and his widow put up a monument with his life insurance, "Her money paid for that," was said again. But this is what her money really went for: During her engagement she bought herself a \$350 plane and a \$150 diamond ring, andin a few weeks lost the ring and there was always some regret that she didn't also lose the plano,-Atchison (Kan.) Globe,

Correspondence School of Love. Gussle-Do you think she'll marry

ways come out in the recitation .- Yabs

Jack-Im afraid not. I proposed by mail, you know, and although she wrote two letters in reply there was no encouragement in them.

"Yes; the letters were 'N-o." Most people are "with" you as long as they are talking to you. What's read in the Bohn won't al-

"His eyes seemed glued to my every

movement." "Yes? That's a sign that he's stuck on you." "Are you married?" "Yep." "Are you happy?" "Didn't I just tell you I

was married?"-Houston Post. "Papa, is a frog fish or an animal?" "Yes! Now run out and play and give

me a chance to read my paper." "I was one of those saved in that terrible wreck." "How did you escape?" "I changed my mind at the

last minute and took another train." "Yes; it was hard luck. He fell in love with her at first sight, bought a fifty-trip ticket and was refused on las second visit."-Browning's Magazine.

Little Willie-What is joy, pa? Pa -Joy, my son, is the peculiar feeling experienced by the man who counts his money and finds more than he expected.-Chicago News. Mother-What's the matter, Joseph-

ine? Josephine-Lolo hurt me, Mother -How? Jesephine-I went to hit him on the head and he dodged me and I banged my hand against the wall.

"Did you get home before the storm broke last night?" asked the first clubman. "Of course," replied the other. "The storm never breaks at my house until I get home."-Philadelphia Press. Dicky-Your dad always goes to sleep in church. Georgey-My dad has

a right to go to sleep in church, if he

wants to. He gives more to the preacher than any other man in the congre Examiner (to medical student)-Now let us take appendicitis. On what grounds should you decide that an immediate operation was necessary. Med-

ical Student-On the financial condition of the patient. Towne-I understood you to call Mrs. Rownder a widow, but her husband is living. Browne-Oh, yes; she's what you might call a "club widow;" she's a woman who has a late hus-

band.-Philadelphia Press. Inquisitive Acquaintance-Have you ever shought what you would do if your gas bag should collapse while you were half a mile or more up in the air? Daring Aeronaut-Often, I should start at once for terra firma by the shortest possible route.

"From the grammatical standpoint," sald the fair maid with the lofty forehead, "which do you consider correct, 'I had rather go home' or 'I would rather go home?" "Neither," promptly responded the young man, "I'd much rather stay here,"-Answers.

"So you quit smoking because she asked you to?" said the youth with the clamshell cap: "Yes," answered the lad with the turned up trousers." "And then?" "Then she went walking with a man who smoked a pipe, because she said it kept away mosquitoes."-Wash-

A prominent society women told her butler to tell all visitors that she was didn't explain him," was the smiling not at home. At night, when enumerating the persons who had called during the day, he mentioned the indy's sister, when his mistress exclaimed; "I told you, man, that I was always at home for my sister! You ought to have shown her in." Next day the lady went out to make a few calls and during her absence her sister came to the house. "Is your mistress at home?" she asked the butler. "Yes, madam," was the reply. The lady looked everywhere for her sister. She said to the butler: "My sister must have gone out, for I cannot find her;" "Yes, madam, she has gone out, but she told me last night that she was always at home to you."-Philadelphia Record.

AN UNEXPECTED INSPIRATION.

How a Watter and a Mustard Jan Suggested a Song Refrain. Alfred G. Bobyn, who composed the

music for the lyries in "A Yankee Tourist," confesses that the refrains of his songs come to him sometimes in the least expected way, says the New York Telegraph.

"For instance," he said, "Wallace Irwin and I turned up last season at Elyria, Ohio, for the first night of 'A Yankee Tourist.' We had traveled all night through rain, lying under blankets that possessed the peculiar quality of cold flap jacks, and we were auxious for something hot. So we hustled to the nearest hotel, seated ourselves at the brenkfast table, hailed the sleepy waiter and demanded lamp chops and

"'Wouldn't you like to have a little mustard?" asked the walter.

"Loud unison chorus, 'No!" "In the course of a long hour the waiter returned with the fodder. I did not order chicory,' said I, after sipping the cup. "I did not order sheep,' said Mr.

Irwin, after tasting a chop. "'Wouldn't you like to have a little mustard?" asked the waiter.

"I will take some Worcestershire sauce,' sald Irwin, 'to disguise the sheep. "In quest of the sauce the waiter re

mained ten minutes. He returned with a jar of mustard. We got no Worcestershire,' he said, apologetically, 'but wouldn't you like to have a little mustard? "I think that scans,' said Irwin,

Repeat It slowly." " Weuldn't you like to have e Ht-tle now tord? "'Why, that's good meter for mu-

sic!" I said and bumused a tune which fitted the words. eWe drove the waiter away, and,

with the mustard pot set in the table's center as a fount of inspiration, Irwin began to kulche and I to compose on the table cioth. "We'll charge the word 'mustard'

to 'sweetheart,' said trwin, and with that as a refrain we had worked out one of the principal songs in the opera in a half hour."

of me. Good-by!" Some men would rather take a whipopened the package. It contained a closed. ping than take a dare.

AMERICAN WINS HONOB AS GREATEST BEAUTY.



Mrs. Burckhardt, of New York, is hailed by her friends as the most beautiful woman in the world, following her victory in winning the beauty prize at Franzensbad, a German watering place near Baden-Baden. Mrs. Burcknardt competed with famous beauties of Germany, France and other countries.

The "beauty competition" is an annual event in Franzensbad. It was organized by the town council, and any woman who is not a professional beauty is eligible to compete for first honors. Professional beauties, however, are barred from the contest.

By winning first honors this year Mrs. Burckhardt added to the American woman's general reputation throughout the world of being the most beautiful

## CARRYING OUT THE BARGAIN

It was Mr. Sedgwick's first visit to the new country home of his brotherin-law. Mr. Drake, and he was much interested in the place. As he and his host were strolling round the grounds after dinner, he asked, "Who was your brawny friend who are with us?"

"Oh, didn't I introduce you to Ole?" "Yes, you introduced him, but you But I must say it harts."

reply. He is an old Norwegian wood-chopper, and he has two more of my dinners coming to him." Mr. Drake chuckled. "The fact is, I'm not used to dealing with these rural workmen, and Ole got rather the best of me, I think.

"You see that great pile of stove wood ranked up by the barn? Well, I engaged him to split it, and when I was trying to get him to name his price for the work he said it depended on how hard it was to split-that some wood was much easier than other wood. "'Can't you tell how much it would be worth a cord to do it? I asked.

"'No,' he answered, 'for maybe It would be hard and maybe it would be

"'Will you take ten dollars for the job?' He looked at the cord-wood meditatively, and after a moment, said, 'Yes, if you'll give me my dinners.'

"'But how many dinners will there be? How long will it take you?" "'Can't tell how long, wood's so different,' he said. But we needed the wood for immediate use, and laborers are scarce in the neighborhood, so I

said, 'I'll give you your dinners for two weeks, but after that you'll have to bring your lunch.' I didn't intend to have him dawdling over the job for the sake of the dinners. "He accepted the offer, and he didn't dawdle. He completed the work in eight days, but he's faithful to his din-

ner engagements. He comes regularly every noon and eats a hearty meal, and I half believe, from the twinkle in those blue eyes of his, that the old man enjoys the joke on me as well as he does the dinners."

MISS WAYLAND'S CONTRIBUTION.

She Thought the Missionary's Wife Might Be Human, Too.

Before the ladies in the vestry parlor, engaged in packing the box for the family of the Rev. Joseph Gordon, who, in a far-away western field, performed the duties of missionary, teacher, lawyer and patriot for the salary of five hundred dollars a year, there appeared a sudden vision. The vision was in the most stylish of new spring fashlons, from the top of her exceedingly expensive hat to the tips of her handsome shoes. Beneath the hat her eyes were half-apologetic and half-daring,

"I've brought my contribution," she sald, putting a package down before Mrs. Henry Thorpe. "I didn't ask you this time what was needed becausewell, because I struck. It came to me suddenly how, if I were a missionary's wife, I should loathe the sight of cotton cloth and second-hand clothes-yes, and new ones, too, when they're all so dreadfully sensible and bought to last seat away."-Yonkers Statesman, and bow I'd long with all my soul for something frivolous. Of course," with a sudden dimple, "I'm not claiming that I know anything about how missionaries' wives really feel. I suppose they are all dreadfully good, and don't hanker at all after worldly vanities; but still. I don't believe it will hurt. I'm going now, so that you can disapprove

In dead silence Mrs. Henry Thorpe

two-pound box of the best benbons three of the latest novels, and a bit of green pottery. The ladies looked at each other in dismay.

"It seems wicked." Mrs. Henry Thorpe said, in honest distress. "Novels-when the missionary must so need new books!" Mrs. Harper la-

mented. "I can stand the books better than the vase," Miss Ambrose declared. "Well," Mrs. Thorpe said, with a

sigh, "I suppose they'll have to go. So the things-Eleanor Wayland's idle, useless things-were packed and sent in the box, and in due time a let ter of thanks reached the church, Mrs. Thorpe rend it aloud in the missionary meeting. At the close came a peculiar

paragraph. "And now, dear friends, I'm going to make a confession. I suppose you'll think me terribly frivolous and unfit for a missionary's wife, but there were three things that I just cried overthe candy, the new stories, and that

lovely, lovely vase. "I don't believe you can imagine how. starved one gets out here for something that isn't desperately earnest, I haven't seen a bonbon since I was married, two years ago, and, oh, how hungry I've got for a new book once in a while! And the vase-well, I shan't care if we do have nothing but potatoes for breakfast if I have that vase full of flowers on the table. Thank you all a thousand times; but thank especially the dear friend who remembered that missionaries' wives are terribly human, af-

ter all." A girl in the back of the church slipped out softly. "Oh, I'm so glad!" she said to the

November sky .-- Youth's Companion.

The Manchester Martyrs.

Along in '67 or thereabouts some Irishmen tried to rescue a bunch of Fenian prisoners in Manchester, and a police seregant was shot and killed, The prisoners got away, which may have had something to do with the upshot, too. The government was naturally sore, and they managed to hang three of the rescue party without too much fine haired fuss as to whether they had anything to do with the shooting or not. At that time Fenlans and Nationalists were at daggers drawn, and the church was heavy against the Fenlans, of course, but they were all one, one in agony and shame over those Irish boys strung up in an English town. All their helplessness, all the bitterness of England's might, England managed with those halters to drive festering deep afresh. Think of a town the size of Dublin turning out a funeral procession of 60,000 people, and think of bow those 60.000 Irish were feeling when I tell you they were quiet -quiet in those streets where the lowest hovels had bung out their bits of green-twined black,-McClure's Maga

Tried Every Other Way. Church-"I see the custom of stand-

ing up when a patriotic song is announced is becoming popular." Gotham-"Yes; I think some day I'll start a patriotle song in a crowded street car and see if I can steal that

New Route late Spriety. Pater Americanus-So that was the great Mrs. Rolladust, was it? Lat's see; she married into society, didn't

she? The Innocent Abroad-Oh, father! No! She divorced into it .- Puck.

Open a door in summer, and thes slip in; in winter, it's cats. Always some reason for boys to keep the door