

MAN'S FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Bobby loved me—Bobby's dead—
Who shall say no heaven holds him?
Who shall dare deny that God's
All-embracing love enfolds him?

While the memory of true love
Mortals still delight to cherish,
Who shall say that such a fond,
Faithful heart as his shall perish?

Who shall say no soul looked out
From those eyes that e'er seemed asking
Me to recognize somewhat
More than flesh and blood's mere mask-
ing?

Dear dumb Bobby, tried and true!
Faithful friend and staunch defender!
Heaven were nearer to us were all
Human hearts as true and tender.

Many a mighty word of earth
Might have gone and scarce have moved
me;
He was but a dog—and yet
Bobby's dead and Bobby loved me!
—Boston Post.

MR. BOFFIN AND THE BAILIFFS.

"Well! Of all the crookedest things as ever was!" ejaculated Mr. Boffin, the butler.

"It's a wicked stamp, that's not it is, Mr. Boffin," chimed in Mrs. Asprey, the housekeeper.

"Couldn't have believed it of the guv'nor. Never, till this mornin', know'd him to do anything but wot was pufkily genteel."

"Ah, Mr. Boffin! One don't know where to trust!"

"If he'd a told me I wouldn't have taken it so cool. But to let us in for the bailiffs like this, without a word of warning, and him a kicking up his heels on a holiday! Well, it's a dirtier trick than I know how to express, Mrs. Asprey. And him a served him faithful, too, for twenty years!"

"I hope that when you're writing to him, Mr. Boffin, you'll put it to him quite straight."

"You may trust me, mem. I shall be pufkily candid. Oh, yes! He'll fidget in his chair when he reads my letter to-morrow. If the postoffice wouldn't get there before a messenger could get there I'd send him a wire. But as it is there's no chance of his getting back ere till tomorrow night."

"If he comes at all, Mr. Boffin."

"Oh, I think he'll come, mem. He'll ave the proper feeling to come when he gets my letter, Mrs. Asprey."

"Don't you count upon his proper feeling, Mr. Boffin? If he'd have had much proper feeling he'd never have served us this nasty trick. Borrowing fifteen hundred from a Jew. I never! And him always pretended to be rollin' in money. Well! He don't owe us much wages, that's one comfort."

"No, mem! He've always paid our wages to the day. That we must allow."

"Just his artfulness, Mr. Boffin. A cheap way of keeping up his credit while he was running into debt. I can see through it now."

"And only last week, mem—if you'll believe me—I brought him in a wine bill for seventy-odd pounds, and he settled it as easy and casual as a lord."

"Ah, Mr. Boffin! Brawling it out to the last."

"If anyone," said the butler, oracularly, "had told me an hour ago that the guv'nor wasn't as safe as the Bank of England I'd have said to that man, 'You're a liar and you know it.' And now to have the bailiffs in!"

As Mr. Boffin spoke a footman popped his head into the housekeeper's room, where the above dialogue was taking place.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Boffin, sir; but one of them gent's asking for you."

"Thank you, William; you may tell the feller that I'll attend to him at my leisure," said Mr. Boffin, with extreme dignity.

"Very good, Mr. Boffin, sir."

And William departed with the message.

"To think of your being hordered about and 'lectored over by those low chaps!" exclaimed the housekeeper, with sympathetic indignation.

"Begg'n' your pardon, Mrs. Asprey, but I'm not being hordered about, nor yet 'lectored over, mem." (Mr. Boffin drew up his short obese person to its full height.) "And I sent 'em that message on purpose to let 'em see it. But I am going to see what their next move is, not becoss they horders me—for I knows better than to take horders from such vermin—but becoss I'm the guv'nor's representative; and, shabby as he has behaved to me after twenty years' service, I still considers myself the trustee, so to speak, of his interests and his property."

With this speech, delivered in his most impressive manner, Mr. Boffin quitted the housekeeper and went to join the sheriff's officers in the large front hall.

There were two of them. The one, a square-built, bow-legged, unwholesome-faced man, secdly dressed and of vulgar aspect; the other, a far smarter, more pleasant-looking and more presentable individual, who might easily have passed for a well-to-do clerk or collector. From the first he had taken the lead—indeed, the bow-legged man had scarcely opened his mouth—and was evidently the boss and spokesman of the pair.

"Sorry to trouble you," he said to Mr. Boffin, quite civilly, "but before I go, and leave my man here in possession, I shall have to take an inventory of your master's effects, and I thought that you might like to go round with me while I do so."

"Certainly, I shall wish to keep my eye on you, young man," retorted the butler, with distant frigidty.

"Yes, of course. Quite so," remarked the other, carelessly, as he produced a notebook from his pocket. "Now then. We may as well begin here—eh?"

Umph!" (writing) "Front hall—Turkey carpet, oak table, four oak chairs—ecclesiastical pattern, fancy harrack, case stuffed pheasants, oak stand for same," etc., until he had jotted down all the hall furniture in his notebook.

"Well, where next? Dining-room—eh? Very good. Umph! Turkey carpet No. 2. Two—four—six—eight—ten—twelve Chippendale chairs—red morocco; large mahogany table, antique sideboard—splendid piece, too; ten large portraits in oils—ancestors, I presume. Ah! fine painting that over the sideboard—a Romney? Thought so! Beautiful bea—tiful!"

"Thank you, young man. It's really very kind of you to commend it—most condescending, as I may say," remarked Mr. Boffin, the butler, with sarcasm.

"Eh? What?" laughed the annotator, good-temperedly. "Come, my dear sir, don't look so glum. You may as well put a cheerful face on it. It can't be helped, you know."

"When I want your advice in regard to my personal appearance I shall probably ask you for it, young man," retorted Mr. Boffin in a withering tone.

"All right. All right. It's no use getting shirty, my good fellow."

"And requesting you will not again apply that vulgar and beastly term to me, young man," gasped Mr. Boffin.

"No offense—no offense," said the other, indifferently, as he continued to look about him and scribble in his notebook. "Let me see. That's all here. Where now? Drawing-room. Ah! yes. Axminster carpet, etc."

And in an instant he was busy jotting down the contents of this apartment, also, Mr. Boffin looking on with a crushing and a stony stare, and the bow-legged individual whistling—or rather hissing—fragments of popular tunes through his set teeth.

They next went to the library. Here was a very fine collection of well-bound books—numbering some 2,000 or 3,000 volumes. The man with the notebook moved slowly round—inspecting the shelves.

"Ha!" he said, as he scribbled away rapidly. "I see your guv'nor's a bibliophile. He has some splendid old books here. I know collectors who would give their weight in gold for one or two of these."

"I'll tell my master what you say," observed Mr. Boffin, haughtily. "I am sure he will be gratified by your recommendations, young man."

"Ah, well, in spite of your sarcasms," said the other, not in the least put out or abashed, "I do happen to know a good deal about articles of virtue, and there are many good judges who set store by my opinion, I can tell you."

"Ho! indeed, young man?" was Mr. Boffin's comment.

"And now," said he of the notebook, as soon as the inventory of the library—a rather lengthy proceeding—was complete. "We had better finish off the rest of the ground floor before going upstairs. Will you show the way?"

"Very well, young man. But I do this same under protest, and that's the candid fact."

The inventory of the kitchen, pantries and other servants' offices was soon completed. That of the cellar was a longer process. Some of the wines were of fine brand and of great age and value, and the annotator was careful to jot these down accurately. They then went upstairs and worked off the bedrooms—followed by the inquisitive eyes of Hannah, the head housemaid, to whom the character of the visitors had not been communicated and who was very curious to learn what was in the wind. Nor should this have been difficult, for although the annotator himself was of no distinctive cut, the air, appearance and manner of his underlings simply gave him away. A more typical bailiff never trod in shoe leather.

When the inventory was at length finished it was nearly 9 o'clock. The young man shut up his notebook with a snap and thrust it into his breast pocket. He then said to Mr. Boffin, civilly—and indeed throughout he had evidently tried to discharge his unpleasant duty with as little offense as possible:

"I must be off now. Of course, I shall have to leave my man here in possession. Very sorry. But it is what I am forced to do. Just a word in private," drawing Mr. Boffin aside. "Make him comfortable and treat him decently and you'll find him a most civil and obliging fellow."

"If he is anything else he won't find it go down with me," replied Mr. Boffin, with dignity.

"No, perhaps not. But it's always wise policy to be on good terms with a man in, I can assure you. Our friend is used to genteel company. That is why I have brought him here. Good night."

"Good night, young man," said Mr. Boffin, rather mollified by his concluding speech.

"Now, then, my good feller," he remarked, turning to the bow-legged bailiff, after duly shutting and locking the outside door, "I should say as the servants' all, with the hunder-servants, is about your fit—eh?"

"Anywhere for me, guv'nor. I'm no ways pertikler," answered the man, with a befitting humility, which still further mollified the butler.

"They'll be having their supper now," continued Mr. Boffin. "You had better join them at once."

"Thank 'ee, guv'nor. I could do a bit of vittles," answered the bailiff. "This inventory business makes a bloke peckish."

"I can't say that it has had that effect on me," was Mr. Boffin's answer. "I feel as if I should never enjoy my food again."

"Ah, you ain't used to this sort of thing, guv'nor, and so it upsets yer," said the bailiff, with a sympathetic shake of his head.

"No, my man, I am not used to it," answered Mr. Boffin. "And the disgrace of it has nearly settled me."

"Disgrace!" ejaculated bowlegs. "Well, now—that is a funny way to look at it. Lord love yer! I was in at a heart's only last week, and at a dook's back in the summer. They didn't think it no disgrace. And why should they? It's downright fashionable—it is really."

"Which, in that case, heaven preserve me from wot is downright fashionable," rejoined Mr. Boffin, fervently. "But 'ere is the servants' all, my man. I'll take you in and interdooce you."

"Thank 'ee, guv'nor."

Mr. Boffin opened the door and ushered the bailiff in.

"Here's a guest," he explained, "as is going to join you, unexpected, at supper and I leave it to you to see that he's looked after and has his food prepared comfortable."

With that, and with a gracious wave of his hand, to signify that they might again be seated—for all the servants had arisen at the entrance of that great Mr. Boffin—he withdrew to take his own supper in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Asprey. The bailiff bowed very politely to the assembled menials and seated himself in a chair which Martha, the scullery maid, placed for him. The company eyed him curiously, but coldly, for the nature of his calling and the reason of his presence were now pretty clear to them all. But he was so civil and pleasant spoken and behaved so deferentially to Mrs. Holly, the cook, and to Miss Hannah, the head housemaid, and so affable to the Misses Sarah, Jane, Eliza and Martha, subordinate domestics, and so respectful to Mr. William, the footman, and so paternal to Walter, the buttons, that they were all on good terms with him almost before they knew where they were.

His conversation, too, was spicily without being improper, and amusing without being vulgar. Nor did he obtrude his remarks unduly. As Mrs. Holly whispered behind her hand to Hannah, "The man knows his place, and kept there," Mrs. Holly and Miss Hannah were pleased to smile at his funny anecdotes; Mr. William to snigger languidly; as for the four under-maids and the buttons they giggled without reserve. The servants' hall waxed altogether quite jovial. It was obvious that our bow-legged bailiff, in his social capacity, had scored a distinct success.

Supper concluded, he addressed himself to Mrs. Holly with an insinuating and a deferential air; at the same time producing from one of his capacious pockets a large, flat case bottle.

"You would be doing me a great honor, mem," he said, "if you would allow me—and hoping you don't think it a liberty—to brew the company a leetle bowl of something hot."

"Really, sir," replied cook, regarding the case bottle with a shocked, yet rather inquisitive, expression, "that is a kevwious request of yours, upon my word."

"The fact is, mem, I can't get on without my glass o' sperrits. And I orlways carries it about with me. But it seems selfish like to drink it orl by myself, especially when you've made me so comfortable with my vittles; and if you and the rest of the company would be so kind as to join me in a brew of punch you would oblige me extremely, mem."

Mrs. Holly hesitated and looked at Hannah. Hannah hesitated and looked at Mrs. Holly. The Misses Sarah, Jane, Eliza and Martha looked at each other and tittered. Mr. William looked at the ceiling. Master Walter at the wall opposite. The truth was this: Only beer, limited in amount and restricted in strength, was "allowed" to the servants' hall. And the prospect of a glass of something hot was attractive. But here, as at other polite boards, apparent eagerness for food or drink was out of the question. And so—from sheer good breeding—everyone hung back.

"Come now, mem," pressed the bailiff, insinuatingly.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Holly at last. "I won't say you mustn't, but I couldn't touch a drop."

Hannah couldn't touch a drop, either. Nor could Sarah, Jane, Eliza or Martha. William, however, was understood to say that he didn't mind if he did. While Walter, gathering courage from William's example, expressed an opinion in favor of nightcaps and volunteered to fetch the kettle.

So the kettle was fetched, and a bowl and glasses and a soup ladle. Also—at the bailiff's request—lemons and loaf sugar. Then he compounded a fragrant punch, with no unpracticed hand. And right insidiously delicious did that punch smell. But the bailiff and William and Walter were all too gallant to drink unless the ladies gave them a lead. So, not to disappoint them, Mrs. Holly tared a drop, Hannah a drop, and Sarah, Jane, Eliza and Martha a drop apiece. And then William and Walter and the bailiff several drops. And everyone became pleasant and affable and jocular; so that the servants' hall presented quite a rollicking scene.

While this jollity was in progress Mr. Boffin walked in. The mirth was instantly checked upon his entrance and everyone affected to be unconscious of the punch bowl. The bailiff, however, stood up, and addressing Mr. Boffin with great deference explained the circumstances under which he had taken upon himself to brew the punch, and ventured to hope that Mr. Boffin would condescend to pronounce an opinion upon it. Mr. Boffin did condescend, and was kind enough to say, as he set down his glass, that he had tasted worse.

"But wot I come in to speak about," the butler went on, "is about your sleeping accommodation to-night, my man. There ain't no bed aired ready, so you'll have to make shift downstairs on one of the sofas in the 'all. If we'd knowned that you was coming" (this with sarcasm) "we'd have got the best spare room ready for you, you may be sure."

"Oh, anything I'll do for me, guv'nor. I'll be quite satisfied to sleep on the floor, if you like."

"We won't ask you to do that," said Mr. Boffin, condescendingly. "Hannah—see that this good man is provided with a blanket and pillow, and show him the way to the front 'all."

And having wished the under-servants good-night, and suggested that it was time they were going to bed, he retired to his own apartment. "Which," he had previously said to the housekeeper, "it's the first time in my life, Mrs. Asprey, mem, that I shall have laid down under the same roof with a bumballiff. I know I shan't sleep a wink for thinking of it."

But the circumstances did not, after all, affect his repose. For he slept just as well, or better, than usual.

And when he awoke at a late hour next morning—ah! what an awakening that was! For first it was Hannah, then William, then Sarah, then Jane who rushed to him with such items of appalling news as made poor Mr. Boffin's gray hairs literally stand on end. He huddled on his clothes, in terrible agitation, and went downstairs to see for himself.

Alas! It was all too true. He now realized, with a dizzy sense of horror, how he had been imposed upon; how those two knaves had so artfully schemed it that they had made an inventory of all his master's most valuable curiosities under his (Mr. Boffin's) very nose; and how (for the fact that both he and all the other servants had slept so much longer than usual now had an obvious significance) the household had been inveigled into partaking of drugged punch.

The Romney had gone—cut out of its frame; some priceless curios from the drawing-room had gone; twelve rare volumes from the library had gone; ten dozen of the choicest wine in the cellar had gone; and—so had the bow-legged bailiff.—London Truth.

How Lover Worked.

Samuel Lover's daughter, Mrs. Fanny Schmid, writes her recollections of "The Author of 'Rory O'More'" for the Century. Mrs. Schmid says: His industry was such that in the busiest years of his life he did not even grant himself time to look at the daily papers, or to read any new book that was much talked of. His wife always read the papers and the new books for him, giving him in conversation a resume of the news of the day and the contents of the books, so that he was always well informed of everything that was going on. If anything exceedingly important was on hand in the political world, or if any part of a book was particularly interesting or well written, these she would read to him while he was painting.

Many artists are as dumb as fishes at their easels; but he could converse charmingly while he was painting, which was a particularly pleasant quality for his sitters. In painting or in writing he worked indefatigably, and seemed to be independent of the "moods" to which many artists appear to be victims. As to his songs, he used to say himself that he never wrote a song in his life except when he couldn't help it. The songs used to "come to him," generally words and melody simultaneously, so that he had only to write them down. Frequently the idea of a song would come when he was occupied with something quite different, as, for instance, while painting. He would then leave his easel, write down the idea, and return to his work. Afterward he would return to the idea, and work it out.

New York's Composite Personality.
Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer contributes to the Century a paper entitled "Places in New York," in which she gives a picture of interesting phases of life in the New World metropolis. Mrs. Van Rensselaer says: More than 76 per cent. of those who people New York to-day were born of foreign mothers; more than 40 per cent. were born on foreign soil themselves; and many of these aliens, brought from many different lands, continue here to live in clusters with their own kin after their own kind. Yet while each of these clusters, and each of their wandering offshoots, modifies the New World metropolis, all of them together do not destroy its cohesion, they simply intensify its curious composite sort of personality. They make it multifariously diverse, but they leave it an entity. They touch every portion of it with pungent exotic flavors, but as flavoring an American whole. They play their several parts in a civic life that is cosmopolitan beyond the belief of those who have not studied it well, but they do not turn New York into a cosmopolitan town; for this means a town which, overwhelmed by its strangers, has lost, or has never possessed, a character of its own.

Honesty Rebuked.
After a cable car conductor had passed me several times without asking for my fare I touched his arm and gave him a nickel. A few moments later as I left the car I found him on the rear platform alone. "Don't ever do that again," he said. "If a conductor misses you don't hunt him up. He doesn't want you to do it. If I miss a passenger the chances are about even that no one will notice it except the fellow himself. But when he rushes up to pay a fare I have missed everybody notices the fact that I have been negligent, and if there is a 'spotter' aboard I lose my job. The next time save your nickel; it may help me save my position."—Chicago Times-Herald.

All the Better.
He—We seem to have got here rather too soon, the house is quite empty.
She—All the better; every one will be able to get a good view of me as they come in.—Pick-Me-Up.

A VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

Laurence Hutton's Recollections of His First Trip to That Country.
Laurence Hutton's recollections of his boyhood are appearing in St. Nicholas under the title of "A Boy I Knew." He says: His earliest visit to Scotland was made when he was but four or five years of age, and long before he had assumed the dignity of trousers, or had been sent to school. His father had gone to the old home at St. Andrews hurriedly, upon the receipt of the news of the serious illness of The Boy's grandmother, who died before they reached her. Naturally, The Boy has little recollection of that sad month of December, spent in his grandmother's house, except that it was sad. The weather was cold and wet; the house, even under ordinary circumstances, could not have been a very cheerful one for a youngster who had no companions of his own age. It looked out upon the German Ocean—which at that time of the year was always in a rage, or in the sulks, and the house was called "Peep o' Day," because it received the very first rays of the sun as he rose upon the British Isles.

The Boy's chief amusement was the feeding of "four scones" and oat-cakes to an old goat that lived in the neighborhood, and the daily walks with his grandfather, who seemed to find some comfort and entertainment in his grandson's childish prattle. He was then almost the only grandchild, and the old man was very proud of his manner and appearance, and particularly amused at certain gigantic efforts on The Boy's part to adapt his own short legs to the strides of his senior's long ones.

After he had interviewed the goat, and had watched the wrecks with which the wild shore was strewn, and had inspected the castle in ruins, and the ruins of the cathedral, The Boy would gaze upon his grandmother's new-made grave, and his own name in full—a common name in the family—upon the family tomb in the old kirkyard; all of which must have been very cheering to The Boy, although he could not read it for himself. And then, which was better, they would stand hand in hand for a long time in front of a candy-shop window, in which was displayed a little regiment of lead soldiers, marching in double file toward an imposing and unconquerable lead fortress on the heights of barley-sugar. Of this spectacle they never tired; and they used to discuss how The Boy would arrange them if they belonged to him, with a sneaking hope on The Boy's part that, some day, they were to be his very own.

At the urgent request of the grandfather, the American contingent remained in St. Andrews until the end of the year; and The Boy still remembers vividly, and he will never forget, the dismal failure of "Auld Lang Syne" as sung by the family with clasped hands as the clock struck and the New Year began. He sat up for the occasion—or, rather, was waked up for the occasion; and of all that family group he has been, for a decade or more, the only survivor. The mother of the house was but lately dead, the eldest son and his son were going the next day to the other side of the world; and every voice broke before the familiar verse came to an end.

Friendly Mocking-Bird.
Who would not live in Florida, to have a dooryard neighbor such as is described in the following paragraph from the Savannah News:
A mocking-bird serves as a night-watchman at the residence of R. E. Bettes at Tampa, Florida, and notifies the family of the coming of dawn every morning by pecking on the window-pane. Often when the doors are left ajar the bird comes inside and perches on the chairs and about the room.
It will allow the family to come very close, and shows marked attention to Mrs. Bettes and her little daughter. When they start out for a visit it follows them some distance, and then returns to the yard. When they return it appears very glad and will fly all about them, and gives evidence of its joy in other ways.
The children feed it, and when the family meal is to be served, if the window is not raised it makes its presence known by pecking on the window. During the day it gets into a neighboring bush or tree and sings for hours at a time.

Chinese Divorce.
In Cochinchina, the parties desiring divorce break a pair of chopsticks in the presence of witnesses, and the thing is done. Two kinds of divorces are granted in Circassia. By the first, the parties can immediately marry again; by the second not for a year. In China, divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temperament, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. Among the Tartars, if the wife is ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house, and pronounces a divorce.

What He Had Heard Of.
"Do germs wear any garments?" asked Benny Bloomer.
"What are you driving at, Benny?" asked his papa.
"Well, I have heard of mic-ro-bes."—New York Tribune.

Willing to Accommodate Him.
Bounderberry—I am very sorry Miss Rosebud is out. You won't forget to mention that I called?
Inexperienced Housemaid—No, indeed, sir; I'll run straight upstairs now and tell her.—Tit-Bits.

A Regular Artist.
She—Why do you insist that Jenny See is particularly accomplished?
He—Because she can fry a doughnut so it will taste like angel cake.—Buffalo Times.

The Blue Danube.
It was the linen cuff and the quick thought of woman who wore it that gave us one of the prettiest of the tuncful Strauss waltzes, says the London Mail. Johann Strauss and his wife were one day enjoying a stroll in the park at Schonau, when suddenly the composer exclaimed, "My dear, I have a waltz in my head; quick, give me a scrap of paper or an envelope. I must write it down before I forget it." Alas! After much rummaging of pockets it was found that they had not a letter about them—not even a tradesman's bill.

Strauss music is considered light, but it weighed as heavy as lead on his brain until he could transfer it to paper. His despair was pathetic. At last a happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She held out a snowy cuff.

The composer clutched it eagerly, and in two minutes the cuff was manuscript. Its mate followed; still the inspiration was incomplete. Strauss was frantic, and was about to make a wild dash for home with the third part of the waltz ringing uncertainly in his head—his own linen was limp, cooled calico—when suddenly his frau be thought herself of her collar, and in an instant the remaining bar of "The Blue Danube" decorated its surface.

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Effects of Severe Cold.
Travelers in the Arctic regions say the physical effects of cold there are about as follows: Fifteen degrees above, unpleasantly warm; zero, mild; 10 degrees below, bracing; 20 degrees below, sharp, but not severely cold; 30 degrees below, very cold; 40 degrees below, intensely cold; 50 degrees below, a struggle for life

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New designs, weekly, 10c.

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Agatha—At 10:30 sharp papa comes into the room, lights four blazing gas jets and then raises all the window curtains. You don't suppose for a moment a fellow has any pluck after that, do you?—New York Journal.

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Soothing the gums, reducing inflammation, allaying pain, curing colic, etc. 25c a bottle.

When Ovid was in love with Nesbia he hoped that "this flesh would dissolve to dust" if he did not love her more than any man loved woman; which was a good deal to say.

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