

An Innocent Drummer.

He bade his wife a tearful good-by. "My love, my only one! The time will soon be here when I shall be in a position to map my fingers at fate and set up as my own boss. Then we shall have no more of these cruel partings. And you will be true to me?"

"As I always am," she responded.

"You did not forget to put that photo you had especially taken for me in my gripsack, did you?"

"Oh, dear no! Are you sure you will look at it sometimes, love?"

"You wicked little doubter; you know I should be wretched without at least such a precious remembrance of my pet to look at daily, nightly."

Draw the veil of charity over his grief and the treachery of one in whom he had unbounded confidence.

In brief, she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him "wretched." She had taken that photograph from his gripsack and was gloating over his misery when he should discover that only memory remained to him, for the time being of his darling's looks.

"The dear fellow, how he will scold me for the trick," she thought, "but I will send him the photo in the very first letter." Thus appeasing her conscience she waited for his first letter. It came from Chicago.

"My heart's delight," it began. "Got here O. K. this a. m. Have been wrestling with the trade all day, and a tough time I've had of it. Weary and fagged, I have retired to my room, shut the gilded atmosphere of sin that envelopes this terrible city and taken from my satchel your sweet picture. It is before me as I write. I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayers. It will rest under my pillow. It is my own solace until I hold you, my sweet wife, in these faithful arms again."

Thus far had she read when she topped over on the floor.

What comfort she found there is hard to say; but a great determination rose with the stricken wife, who went out an hour later and sought a telegraph office.

Her husband had been saying his prayers abroad that evening, and when he got to his hotel about midnight his spiritual emotions received a rude shock by a telegram from his "only love." It was elaborate for a dispatch, but under the circumstances one could not expect the outraged wife to transmit her feelings by the slow mail. The dispatch read:

"You are no longer the only drummer who is not a liar, as you have always claimed. Let the fraternity make you their chief in the art. Had you taken the pains even to look for the photo you say your prayers to, you would have discovered that I had—to tease you—removed it. My faith in you is dead, dead!"

The husband clutched his hair.

"What the devil did I write to her, anyway?" he muttered.

After awhile his face cleared.

"By Jove! I must have been pling on taffy. That's what a man gets for trying to make a woman feel good!"

WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

Poor little dear, what a fume she must be in! Lucky for me she gave her grievance away. What geese woman are! Bless her little noodle, her faith shall be resurrected."

Forthwith he telegraphed to a knowing friend:

"Send me, first mail, photo of my wife. Beg, borrow, steal it somehow. Mum's the word. Will write particulars."

About a week later a drummer, in dignified martyrdom, stood face to face with a stern, but very wept-out wife.

She expected to see him meek and humble but he gazed upon her with scorn, and then passed into his room in crushing silence.

She was amazed. With quick impulse she followed, thanking heaven he had not locked her out.

"Well!" she began, with wavering courage. "What have you to say for yourself?"

Coldly, cruelly, he looked at her.

"It's you," he queried.

"Yes, you."

"Woman, if it were not for the overwhelming love I bear you, I should never, never look upon you more!"

His face was convulsed with tragic suffering that was balm to her heart to witness, but she only sneered.

"Can you explain the deception you tried to practice on me?"

"Can you obliterate the insult put upon your husband in that unwomanly dispatch? A woman with so little confidence in her husband had better live alone. For my part I am not only disgusted, but disenchanted."

He turned sorrowfully away and bowed his face in his hands. She ap-



proached him and laid the letter which had caused her such grief, right under his eyes.

"Read that. Knowing you had no picture of mine, what was I to think?"

"What any intelligent, right-minded wife should have thought; you would have said to yourself: 'He is incapable of deceit; he has my picture anyhow.'"

"But you did not have it."

He looked at her with said, resigned sorrow.

"Oh, woman! without an atom of faith!" Then he put his hand in his pocket and produced the photograph.

"Oh! Darling! Forgive me! You had my picture. The old thing taken before we were engaged! Why, I didn't know you ever had one of these?"

The restored confidence made her pretty blue eyes swim in tearful joy. She put her arms around him, asking his pardon, caressing even his coat collar.

"My dear," said he, looking into her face with grave, but loving reproach, "let this be a warning. Never doubt me again, no matter what appearances may be. I can always look you squarely in the eyes and say, 'I am innocent.'"

And she believed him.

ARCTIC DISCOMFORTS.

According to Dr. Nansen Thirst Is the Leading One.

Dr. Nansen, who has just returned from an arctic journey, says that the thirst induced by the irksome labor of sledge-hauling is the severest discomfort to the explorer, says an exchange. Though the polar world is covered with frozen water there is none for drinking purposes save that which is thawed and on the march it is almost impossible to thaw it. Other explorers complain bitterly of the effects of the wind and sun. It is well known that a very low degree of cold can be borne without discomfort so long as the air is still, but the moment it gets into motion it strikes the skin like the blast of a furnace. Its effects have often been described as precisely similar to those of a burn. The sun, when it is visible, is hot, and peels and blisters the skin, making it infinitely more sensitive to the attack of the wind. Others, again, say that the warm, relaxing damp of the polar summer, with all the diseases that it brings, is infinitely worse than the intense cold of winter; but, perhaps, after all, the greatest evil and misery which confront the polar explorer spring from the fearful depression, mental and physical, of the long nights of 2,000 and 3,000 hours of gloom and semi-darkness. Under its influence men seem to suffer like plants deprived of sunlight. A week or so will often completely change their characters, and the enforced idleness universal gloom and bitter cold combined reduce life to its lowest terms and make it so miserable that many have found refuge from it in insanity or suicide.

Birmingham's Gas-Lighting.

In order to facilitate lighting in courts, the corporation undertakes to treat such lamps as public, on the principle that a light is almost as valuable as a policeman. In 1880 the number of court lamps was 4, consuming 60,000 cubic feet of gas, at an annual cost of \$10; in 1894 the number of lamps had increased to 1784, burning more than 25,000,000 cubic feet, and the cost to \$1,866 per annum. Of the 160,000 houses in the district of supply, only 60,000 have meters, and of these not more than three-fourths are dwelling-houses. In England gas fixtures are individual property, furnished by the tenant, and removable when he goes into another house, the landlord supplying only the connection with the street mains. The department now encourages landlords to connect their houses, to supply tenants with fixtures, and to put in prepayment, or penny-in-the-slot, meters, like those in the artisans' houses belonging to the corporation, all to be covered by the gross cost of the gas furnished at a rate of 3s. 4d. per thousand.—"An Object Lesson in Municipal Government," by George F. Parker, in the November Century.

No Chinese Concert-Gardens in New York.

There is one feature of New York amusements that is wholly unknown to the Chinaman, and that is the concert-garden. To congregate in a public place to drink intoxicating beverages, listen to sensuous music, and watch vulgar displays of the human figure; to be waited upon by young women of more than questionable character; to take part in profane and obscene talk; all this is beneath the dignity of a Chinaman, and nowhere in the Chinese quarter, from beginning to end, can such a place be found. But they are found on the Bowery, and Germans, Irishmen, Italians, and Jews fill the places to the doors.—"The Chinese of New York," by Helen F. Clark, in the November Century.

Joan of Arc's Devotion to the King.

For her king, who so cowardly abandoned her, she retained a passionate worship. He was the personification of France; he was her banner. One day during the trial Guillaume Everard accused the king of France of heresy, whereat, trembling with indignation, Joan cried out "By my faith, sire, with all reverence due to you, I dare say and swear, under peril of my life, that he is the most Christian of all Christians, he who best loves the law and the church; he is not what you say," in such a cry we feel that she uttered all her heroic soul.—"The National Hero of France," by Maurice Boutet de Monvel, in the November Century.

Mexico has expended over \$200,000,000 in public improvements within the last fifteen years, besides meeting other obligations.

ARMLESS ARTISTS.

Painters Without Hands Who Have Done Excellent Work With Their Feet.

A reporter was strolling along a prominent thoroughfare on Walnut Hills the other day when he came upon a business room that was being remodeled and improved preparatory to occupancy. The carpenter who was doing the work was a one-armed man, and not only managed his hatchet and saw skillfully, but was quite intelligent in conversation. He did not appear to bemoan the fate that had deprived him of a good strong arm, but regarded it with the air of a philosopher. He said that he was not the only one-armed carpenter in Cincinnati—that he knew of four or five others.

Another one-armed man familiar to residents of the Hill whose misfortune would seem to interfere with his vocation, but does not, is the driver of one of the big oil tank wagons. He does everything required of a man with two arms in such a position, from driving the team to measuring out the oil and delivering it to his customers.

Judging from the following instances published in an English journal, it would seem that the absence of one, or even both arms, need not interfere with one earning one's bread and butting.

"One of the leading Belgian artists of the present day is a gentleman who, in default of arms, paints with his foot. His name is Fehu. He lives at Antwerp, where he has a spacious atelier in the market place.

"He uses his supple feet without any apparent effort to open his color box, clean his brushes, set his palette and arrange his writing materials. He paints with surprising swiftness and delicacy of touch. It may be said of him, too, that he writes an excellent foot. One of his friends says his writing is so bold, free and flowing as any handwriting with which he is acquainted. He is, moreover, a man of gentle nature, courteous in manners, of highly cultivated intelligence and no less elegant in speech than in appearance.

"Earlier in the present century there flourished another armless artist, a lady named Hawlin, who, besides painting very tolerable pictures, learned to do with her toes a variety of interesting and ingenious things—cut watch papers and the like. She grasped and worked her scissors in some way that has never been explained.

"Miss Billin was only a trifle less unfortunate. She was born without toes or hands and without any more arm than was represented by a stump cut short above the elbow. Yet she managed to make for herself a comfortable living in the artistic way.

"She painted miniatures with exquisite neatness and accuracy, and added to this by cutting out paper profiles with the aid of her mouth, a pair of scissors and her two little stumps. The coat of arms painted here to paint some portraits for him, and introduced her to the notice of royalty, who also patronized her and put her in the way of obtaining advanced lessons in painting from one of the foremost men of the day. He also gave her a small pension, with the aid of which she set up as a regular professional. She fell in love and married, but carried on her work, and was always known under her maiden name."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PICKING CHICKENS TO MUSIC.

Customs of the Italian Poultry Dealers of San Francisco.

The sailor has his musical shanty, to which he keeps time as he trots about the capstan until the trecher is hoisted to the peak; the farmer trills a lay to lighten his labors as he pitches hay into a wagon; and those songs are familiar to many; but whoever heard or saw a gang of Italian chicken-pickers sing and denude crows to the time of the music?

Such a scene can be witnessed any Friday evening at the Clay Street market, while the employes of the big poultry houses that have their places of business there are separating for sale the chickens that the housewife buys for the Sunday dinner.

The men seat themselves in a half-circle and each takes a fowl. One stroke of a sharp knife across the throat puts the unfortunate squawking broiler out of its misery, and then the foreman of the gang starts the song. As they catch the air and the time the others chime in, and in an instant the plucking begins. With rhythmic motion the nimble fingers grasp the feathers and pull them out during all the time of the song.

Feathers fly in all directions, but the song goes on until the last pin-feathers are removed and the carcasses are tossed into a pile, ready for the man who puts on the finishing touches and prepares them for the inspection of prospective purchasers.

The rapidity with which a chicken is stripped of its feathers is astonishing to the uninitiated who has tried it but a few times, and so adept have these men become that they finish their fowls almost simultaneously, and the process is repeated in unison. Three dozen birds is not considered a heavy night's work for one man, and when pressed for time they manage to compass even more than that.

The song they sing is remarkably lively and sweet, and much resembles the song of the fishermen as they row their boats, though the time is much faster.—San Francisco Call.

Fall and Winter Pastures.

Wheat, rye, barley and winter oats have been sown repeatedly for winter grazing, and of these the Mississippi experiment station says the winter turf cut has given decidedly the best results. When sown in September it has given fair grazing in December, and when not grazed too closely has improved from that time onward until other grazing became good. It bears tramping better than do most other grains, and if stock are taken off by March it will make a good crop of seed. Other varieties of oats which have been tested in the same way have been killed by heavy frozes, but in January, 1895, this variety bore a cold of 2 degrees Fahrenheit without injury, and in June made a yield of thirty-nine bushels per acre. It stands with unusual vigor, 100 stalks from a single plant not being uncommon, and as many as 140 stalks have been grown from a single seed.

An Impossible Operation.

"I have nothing against the Populists."

"If you had you couldn't collect it."—Judge.

SHORT SKIRTS DECREED.

Health-Culture Club of Brooklyn Will Have Its Way.

Women's skirts are to be shortened surely this time and the Health-Culture club of Brooklyn is to lead the way, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. The decree has been promulgated and within thirty days the trimming must be done. Three inches from the ground is the prescribed limit for fair weather and six inches for stormy weather. Members of the club who do not comply with the law within the time allotted by the club's decree must pay a fine of 10 cents into the coffers of the club. In order not to make the law too onerous, dresses for evening wear, receptions and the church have been exempted from its enforcement. Mrs. E. Christine Lumdon is president of the Health-Culture club. Its members have given much attention to matters of dress pertaining to their health and it has entered their heads to banish the corset. In this, however, they meet the opposition of Dr. Robert E. Dickinson, who is a specialist on health culture and considers the corset highly beneficial for delicate women and some others. The bustle, however, has been excommunicated, more because it is a nuisance in crowded street cars than for any other reason, and it will be parted with without a pang. Next month the club will give an outing in Prospect park, when its members will appear on parade, so to speak, and undergo an inspection by their officers to determine whether the uniformity required in their skirts has been complied with. The committee appointed to arrange for the first outing consists of Mrs. James Brand, Mrs. Virgil Parker, Mrs. Paine and Mrs. Schenck. The ladies say that previous efforts to shorten skirts have failed because beauty in effect was lost sight of. They do not propose to make the same mistake.

HOW FAR A MAN TRAVELS.

By the Aid of the Earth's Rotation He Covers Many Miles an Hour.

An ordinary walk of an hour is equivalent to a journey of 1,000 miles, just as a beginning, says the New York Journal. The average person walks three miles an hour, according to reckoning, but when it is considered that the world is constantly turning on its axis it is apparent where the 1,000 miles comes in. This is by no means all. The earth makes a journey around the sun every year, and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun is put in round numbers at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit, half the diameter of the circle, as it is called. The whole diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference, being the diameter multiplied by 3.1416, is about 578,000,000. This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and, dividing it by 365, we find the daily speed about 1,584,000 miles. Then, to get the distance you rode around the sun by your hour's walk, divide again by 24, and the result is about 65,900 miles. This is not the end of the hour's trip, however. The sun, with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 166,000,000 miles in a year. That is at the rate of a little more than 454,000 miles a day, or 18,900 miles an hour. So, adding the three miles of the leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey, and this again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you find you have traveled in the hour 85,903 miles.

STOPPING A TRAIN.

Important Discovery That Has Just Been Made in Europe.

Some important discoveries have just been made in Europe, says the New York Herald. How to stop a train when an accident is impending has long been a problem. Many plans have been suggested, but almost all have been considered faulty for the reason that they call for a quick stoppage. In such a case the shock would be so great that the carriages between the engine and the rear of the train would be smashed to atoms and their occupants crushed to death. Evidently therefore a gradual stoppage is imperative. An admirable plan, which enables a train to slow down gradually, has recently been tested at the railroad station in Dresden. It is extremely simple and has been found to work well. No intricate machinery is required, and the cost must be small. A track is laid, the rails of which sink or slope gradually into a bed of sand. As the train passes over this sand its wheels meet with an ever increasing resistance, which soon becomes so great that they are obliged to stop. The stoppage, however, is so gradual that there is no rough shock. The greater the swiftness of the train and the heavier the load the more immediate is the stoppage. No damage then is possible either as regards the train or the passengers. An experiment which was recently tried with a freight train showed clearly the usefulness of this very practical and simple plan.

Look to Your Shoes.

Why will women wear handsome gowns, beautiful hats, neat new gloves, and neglect their shoes as completely as if their feet were invisible? Can anything be uglier than unblackened boots, buttons off or laces ragged or untied? If Americans would learn the lesson that French women set them, they would not be under the suspicion of "washing the outside of the platter."—New York Evening Telegram.

His Grip on Fame.

The Chap Book tells a story of a well known business in London who in her own drawing room introduced John Drew to a gentleman named Montefiore. She enlarged Mr. Drew's abilities and the genius of his acting, the Drew family's talent, and after she had said all that was possible about him she thought it was necessary to say something nice about Mr. Montefiore. She hesitated a moment, and then, turning to Mr. Drew, remarked, "You may remember that his favorite uncle was frantically mangled on the underground last year."

Two bottles of Fiso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind. March 20, 1895.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the Christmas Century, deals with General Grant's demeanor during the battle of the wilderness. General Porter says that even during the most critical moments, General Grant manifested no perceptible anxiety, but that he was visibly affected by the sight of blood. During the second day of the battle Grant smoked about twenty strong cigars, his highest record in the use of tobacco.

When bilious or constive, eat a casenart candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

How to Use For.

If any one happens to have on hand some short, broad pieces of fur which are not heavy in appearance, she may utilize them, especially if they should be ermine, for the bolero fronts of an evening waist. One of the loveliest frocks I have seen this winter was trimmed in that way.

HIS IS THE TIME

of year .. . when men .. and women .. become weakened by .. the weather .. down generally. . . . The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY

known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of

Warranted Safe Cure

It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made women brighter and happier. . . . It stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one at your druggist.



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It is a positive cure for the worst cases of dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney diseases and all nervous or blood diseases. At this time of year it is invaluable as it renovates and invigorates the whole system and purifies and enriches the blood. The very best home-remedy known. It has two to four times as many doses as liquid medicines selling for same price. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, 5c and \$1. Send for our booklet. It treats all diseases; sent free from our Western Office. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.

Rev. J. C. Necke of Carroll, Iowa, writes on Nov. 11, 1896: "Let me acknowledge the receipt of your enquiry regarding your medicines: I find your Dr. Kay's Renovator and Dr. Kay's Lung Balm excellent articles. I should judge it a rather lucky proviso to have these remedies constantly on hand."

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

Alligator Fashion.

"I like the look of the high standing collar," said Cholly. "The only objection I've against it is that when you chew gum you have to hold your jaw still and move the whole top of your head, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

Che's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

To give and grudge is no letter than not to give at all.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 15 cents a bottle.

There are 1,000 women postal clerks in England.

"It will go away after awhile."

That's what people say when advised to take something to cure that cough.

Have you ever noticed that the cough that goes away after awhile takes the cougher along? And he doesn't come back!

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

Comfort to California.

Every Thursday morning a tourist sleeping car for Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and Los Angeles leaves Omaha and Lincoln via the Burlington Route.

It is carpeted, upholstered in rubber, has spring seats and back and is provided with curtains, bedding, towels and soap. An experienced excursion conductor and a uniformed ulman porter accompany it through to the Pacific Coast.

While neither as expensively finished nor as fine to look at as a palace sleeper, it is just as good to ride in. Second class tickets are honored and the price of a berth wide enough and big enough for two, is only \$5.

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