AFRAID OF PARALYSIS

A NERVOUS SUFFERER CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

The Medicine That Makes Rich, Red Blood and Performs Wonders as a Tonic for the Nerves.

Why are nervous people invariably pale people?

The answer to that question explains

why a remedy that acts on the blood can cure nervous troubles. It explains why Dr. Williams' Pink

Pills for Pale People are also for nervous

It is because of the intimate relation between the red corpuscles in the blood and the health of the nerves. The nervous system receives its nourishment through the blood. Let the blood become thin, weak and colorless and the nerves are starved-the victim is started on the road that leads to nervous wreck. Nervous people are pale people—but the pallor comes first. Enrich the blood and the nerves are stimulated and toned up to do their part of the work of the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make red blood and transform nervous, irritble, ailing people into strong, energetic, forceful men and women.

Mrs. Harriet E. Porter, of 20 Liberty avenue, South Medford, Mass., says: "I had never been well from childhood and a few years ago I began to have dizzy spells. At such times I could not walk straight. I was afraid of paralysis and was on the verge of nervous prostration. Then neuralgia set in and affected the side of my face. The pains in my forehead were excru-ciating and my heart pained me so that my doctor feared neuralgia of the heart. I tried several different kinds of treatment but they did me no good.

"One day my son brought me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I found that they strengthened my nerves. I took several boxes and felt better in every way. There were no more dizzy attacks, the neuralgia left me and I have been a well woman ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable in angemia, rheumatism, after-effects of the grip and fevers and in sick headaches, nervousness, neuralgia, and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. Our booklet "Nervous Disorders, a Method of Home Treatment" will be sent free on request to anyone interested.
Write for it today.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by

all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



Canadian Government FARMS

acco American farmers who have settled is during the past lew years testify to the Canada is, beyond question, the greatest land in the world. Over Ninety Million Bushels of wheat from the harvest of 1926, means good money to the farmers of Western Canada when the world has to be fed. Cattle raising, Dairying, Mixed Farming are also probable callings. Coal, wood, water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access. Taxes low. For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 33.5 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn, and J. M. MacLachlan, Box and, Watertown, So. Dakota. Authorized Government Agents.

He Could Fill the Bill. A day or two after George B. Cortelyou assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, he was visited by an elderly man who wanted an appointment as confidential clerk to one of the assistant secretaries.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was very busy at the time, Mr. Cortelyou gave the elderly person a hearing. On account of his age, Mr. Cortelyou said, he felt that he could not comply with the request. So, gently but firmly, he Intimated to the old man that it was about time for him to go. This, however, did not dampen the latter's spirit in the least.

"Now, sir," said he, "as I feel myself peculiarly competent to fill one of these confidential clerkships, I hope that you will further consider my application." Then, wagging his head most impressively, he added:

"Oh, Mr. Cortelyou, I could be so confidential!"-"Success Magazine."

Living Up to His Name.

A teacher in a mission school in Boston had among her pupils a colored boy named Ralph Waldo Emerson Longfellow. As he was absent one Sunday, she asked the class if any one knew the reason for his absence.

"I reckon I do," said one small serious-looking boy.

"What is the reason, Johnnie?" "I guess he's home writing poetry,"

responded the boy, with a delighted chuckle.

Necessary. "I am afraid you are becoming a practical politician," said the sincere

friend. "I am," answered the eminent personage. "A statesmanmust be a mighty good politician if he wants to stay in public life long enough to put his theories into actual operation."-Washington Star.

AN OLD EDITOR

Found \$2,000 Worth of Food. The editor of a paper out in Okla

said: "Yes, it is true when I got hold of Grape-Nuts food, it was worth more than a \$2000 doctor bill to me, for it made me a well man. I have gained 25 pounds in weight, my strength has returned tenfold, my brain power has en given back to me, and that is an solute essential, for I am an editor and have been for 35 years. "My pen shall always be ready to

speak a good word for this powerful stritive food. I had of course often read the advertisements regarding Grape-Nuts, but never thought to apply the food to my own use, until, in my extremity and sickness the thought The statements in regard to the food olutely correct, as I have proven n my own case. One very fortunate thing about the food is that while it is he most scientifically made and highly ishing, concentrated food I have nown, it has so delicious a taste set it wins and holds friends." re's a Reason." Read. "The Road liville," in pkga

THE CHARITY GIRL By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

and came up to her at once. At the first surprise and delight as Bir-ham lighted glimpse of her sweet, motherly face Au- the pink-globed lamps and stirred the fire drey's nervousness went. The vicar's into a blaze. wife spoke cheerfully and kindly to the girl, and as they walked out of the heaven-sent dream, and that presently station together her thoughts were very she should wake and find herself in her

"What could George have been think- clanging the time to rise. ing about when he spoke of this child as 'nice looking?' Why, the words are and, as the young lady entered, she seembeauty in her station of life does not

mean happiness." tions Mrs. Thorngate put to ber in her told her everything?" fresh, clear voice and refined tones.

But whatever the vicar's wife was turning over in her mind it was never to-night." permitted to ripen, for just as they were road. She drew rein as she saw Mrs. her hair dressed.

"Good morning," she cried, in a clear, as he had lamed old Hector. You have how tiresome! The day is quite hot, and around her white throz; the girl and we shaped the have such a rattling was quite dazed. good run."

"It is a pity," Mrs. Thorngate assented heartily, for in her youth she had been experiences. a first rate sportswoman, and she sympathized with the girl's disappointment warmly; "but can't you earth them up somewhere, Miss Fraser? Where was the meet?'

CHAPTER III. Shella Fraser explained everything in her sharp way, and Audrey, standing modestly in the background, looked in admiration and surprise at the neat, well turned figure sitting easily in the saddle, at the small, oval face under the straight hat brim, and the coil of red gold hair

at the nape of the neck. How pretty this Miss Fraser was! Her teeth were so even and so white, her cheeks so rosy warm in color; only her eyes seemed cold and hard. They moved about quickly, and to Audrey were just like sharp needles.

"I rode back to inquire after Lord John at his mother's request, because some one said he was really hurt. Now, wish I had not been so quixotic. I really don't quite know what I shall do." Miss Fraser tapped her small foot with her whip impatiently, and then frowned. servants' quarters and reconnoiter. The wind had blown the veil over Audrev's face again, but she could see through it easily, and she did not like that frown, it made the eyes more sharp

said, turning to Miss Fraser, "your new maid has arrived. This is she."

Sheila Fraser looked carelessly at the moment, and then addressing Andrey,

"Maxse-Audrey Maxse," Mrs. Thorngate replied, quickly. "Well-er-Maxse, you must alter your dress. That funeral cloak and veil are simply absurd. Please see to that at

Miss Fraser bent from her saddle to the vicar's wife, and then her face flushed, and she uttered an exclamation of pleas-

"Here he is, after all!" as a horseman came fleetly toward them. Jack Glendurwood pulled up with

"Halloo, Sheila, you here? Why.

thought you would have been at Sherwood Downs, at least, by this time." He was thoroughly well cleansed of all mud, and looked as speck and span as she said. Miss Fraser herself, as he removed his use," pointing to her right. hat and greeted Mrs. Thorngate.

to Welland! The hounds went through there a few minutes ago, I heard; I thought I might eatch them up here, but as they have not come this way, we are pretty sure of tumbling in with them in

He looked eager to be off, and his eyes never went toward the gate where Andrey stood, shrinking back shyly, in her black garments. A few more words exchanged and the two young people rode off, and Mrs. Therngate came up to Audrey.

"Well, hew do you like your young mistress' looks?" she asked, kindly. Audrey paused for a moment, then in numb sort of way she answered:

"She is very pretty, I think." "Miss Frase is the acknowledged beauty of these parts—she is an beiress. Dinglewood is a lovely place. I hope you will get on well with her, my dear, and

be happy in your new home," Miss Fraser came home very tired about 6 o'clock, and found Bircham, her first maid, carefully instructing the newcomer in the various duties expected of her. Audrey, mindful of her mistress' commands, had put on her only other gown, a thick gray one of rough material, with neat collar and cuffs, and a blackribbed apren. Her hair was brushed straight off her face, and rolled is a huge knot at the back of her exquisitely shaped head. She was pale, but her eyes were shining with admiration and surprise and some excitement. Never, in her wildest dreams, had she conjured up so many lovely things as were massed together in Shella Fraser's apartments, with their silken hangings, their dainty furniture. costly ornaments, and the hundred and

one appointments which Snished every "It is like fairyland," Andrey said over and over again in her bewilderment. She hardly liked to tread on the Perdan rage and furs thrown on the loor, and she held her breath as she stood be side the lvory toilet table, and gazed at the brushes and array of bottles and oth-

"If Jean could but see them!" was

er knickknacks in old Dutch silver.

Mrs. Thorngate was waiting for her, | liness about her, and gave little cries of

She felt it must be some delicious, cold, hard bed at the home, the bell

heresy when used to describe her face! es to bring a rush of cold air with her Poor soul! I am sorry for her! Such that destroyed the illusion of fairyland. "My bath at once !" she ordered, sharply; and then, looking across at Audrey, Andrey found herself speaking quite she added: "You must remember to have naturally and easily to this kind man- it always rendy for me when I have been pered woman, and answered all the quest out hunting. Maxse. Birchain, you have

> "Yes, miss, everything." "Let her remain here and watch you

Andrey stood in a dusky corner with passing in at the rectory garden-a pret- her hands folded, as Miss Fraser, having ty place even in the chill February weath- plunged into her bath and thus refreshed er-a young lady, mounted on a bay and invigorated herself, sat before the by a smart groom, rode swiftly along the put herself into Bircham's hands to have

Audrey thought she had never seen anything so beautiful as Shella Fraser's rather hard voice. "Have you seen any hair; every thread seemed of burnished thing of Lord John? They tell me he gold as the brush went through it, and came a cropper just by Delf Woods, and the lamp light shone on it, and when by went back by train to get quother mount, and by her young mistress stood adorned for dinner in a black crepe gown, with not seen him, Mrs. Thorngate? Dear me, diamonds glittering in her wayy tresses

It had been such a long, wooderful day, full of such agitation and so many new

CHAPTER IV. Audrey woke with a start the next morning, and her first thought was how angry Miss Irons would be that she was late. The faint, golden rays of the February sun were streaming in through the and Porto Rico. With the forcing from sides of the blind; the bell was not ringing. She looked about her in a dazed, mechanical fashion, sitting up ... bed, mand for molasses in large quantities with her mass of black hair tessed loosely on her shoulders.

Where was she? Surely that was not Jean's bed in the other corner? Jean never snored like that. She rubbed her eyes, shivered a little with the cold, and then was wide awake. She was not in her old bedroom, but in her new, and that sleeping form across in the other corner was not Jean's small, thin one, but the large-boned, heavy frame of Bircham, her fellow-servant.

She shut the door quietly and went down stairs, and brushed away briskly at the riding habit and other garments for a good half hour; then, with a shy laugh, she determined to go on to the "I must meet the others sooner or

later," she thought. A rosy cheeked housemaid was bosy with her brasm and stopped to courtesy as she saw what she took to be a guest "I suppose it is no use asking you to coming down the wide oaken staircasehave some luncheon with me, Mrs. Thorn. there were always two or three strangers rels cover a little more than an acre. gate said, and then, all at once, she re- at Dinglewood. Audrey was gazing out This molasses, a great percentage of membered Audrey, and attered an ex- of her lovely dark blue eyes with deep which is alcohol, is now used by two very nearly forgot," she pleasure and interest at the fresh wonders that met her gaze at every turn; her young, buoyant, nervously excitable heart thrilled as with delight at the carvslender form in its black cloak and ail. ed oaken panels, the full-length costume "Oh!" she said shortly; she paused a portraits, the figures in armor that stood in recent years that blackstrap momoment, and then addressing Andrey, old house as their dead and gone wearers well-known wholesale grocers are auonce; ask Bircham; she will tell you did in the days of yore. The bousemaid's what your duties are, and-er-what is respectful courtesy first procoked a smile and then a little sigh.

"I want to find the kitchen: am I going wrong?" she said, and then she put out her hand. "I am the new maid, Audrey Maxse! Shall we be friends? What News. is your name? If it is like your face is sure to be nice."

The housemaid stared at her in amaz ment; but when she saw that Audres ask one or two questions conndentially of still held out her hand, she put her own rough palm into it, while she grinned

good naturedly. "I baint bad frens with no one, I baint, and I likes you! Why, I took you

for a lady. There! My name's 'Lisa. What's yourn, did you say?" Audrey explained all that was necesto the housekeeper's room, the servants'

hall and the kitchen. "You come down the wrong stales." "Them's the ones you must kitching. My! Don't the brekkus smell "Heard you had a cropper, and, as nice? Ain't you 'ungry? You must eat your mother was anxious, I rode back a lot, and then you'll get red checks. to see what was left of you," Sheila re- Here's Mr. Downs!" and Eliza broke off plied in a curt, somewhat masculine man- to giggle, as a young man-a very good imitation of a gentleman-sauntered in "Poor mother," he said, lightly. "Well, through the open doorway that led to the best thing we can do is to tear down the courtyard, thence to the stables and the kitchen garden beyond. "He's Lord John's valley," she whispered in a loud

voice to Audrey, "and such a swell!" Mr. Downs smiled with much superiority as he caught Eliza's ingenuous tone of admiration. He was soon chaffing and joking with her, while Audrey, who felt an indescribable vexation and dislike arising within her at the man's presence, went to the doorway and walked out into the courtyard. It was so clear and fresh in the cold morning air that she soon lost her vague discomfort, and began to make friends with the half dozen dogs of every sort and description, who came from the stables to inquire into the new arrival. A voice from behind broke her silence, and, turning, with a frown, she saw that Downs and followed

her. "You'll get cold out here, miss," the young man said, fixing his eyes on her exquisite face with astonished admiration; "and you're much too pretty---Audrey drew herself up. She was very young, and she had never had occasion to feel the sort of angry resentment that this man's bold stare awakened in her breast. She was too nervous to make any reply, but she turned round quickly and went indoors before he knew what

she was doing. "Oh! That's her sort, is it?" observed Mr. Henry Downs to himself. "Who's she, I'd like to know, though she is so pretty, to give herself airs ('ke a queen? Well, we'll soon take that out of her, or my name ain't Downs."

And, dispensing a few kicks to the dogs, the man walked away down the courtyard to give his master's order to the head groom.

Audrey, to her great relief, found that message had come for her to go to Miss Fraser's room at once. Phella Fraser was lying in her luxuriant ted, her redgold hair thrown over the pillows in pieturesque confusion as Audrey entered.

"Light my fire at once," she ordered, sharply; "then pull up the blind, and give se papers and letters, Maroe. Andrey stirred the smoltering embers isto a blaze, threw some wood on to it.

and then drew back the silken curtains. Miss Frager took the letters and stared at

'I don't think I shall "ke this girl," she said to herself. "She is evidently stupid, and stares at one in an uncanny fashion. Go to Mrs. Fraser's roomyou know where it is give her my love, and ask how she is this morning." she said, shortly,

She lay quite still as audrey went s ny, then, with a sudden movement, she slipped from the bed, went across the rich carpet to the mirror, and goved silently at her own image. Never before, in the whole of her life, had she ever viewed her own reflection with anything but pleasure. What was it that jarred her now? Not only the lack of symmetry in feature, the difference in coloringwas it not a certain air of unaccounta ble refinement-a something that bespoke the patrician in Audrey's face, and that was wanting in her own?

She was not patrician born-she was of the people. Her father had been a hard-headed Scotch merchant, born of respectable Scotch tradesfolk; her mother. rich and only daughter of a Cumberland brewer. They were wealthy they had land, they had retinues of servants, but still they were beyond the sacred luner social round. Shella could remember distinctly the days before her mother's death; she was only a girl of eight, but she was wonderfully sharp and precoclous for her years. Mrs. Fraser had no other children. She was an unloved wife, her ambitions did not keep pace with those of her husband, and the rift, begun almost immediately after the marriage, widened and widened until they were virtually separated altogether. George Fraser neither felt nor pretended to feel any sorrow when his wife died. He was considerably enriched by her fortune.

(To be continued.)

HELPS TRADE IN MOLASSES.

Making of Vinegar Out of Blackstrap Now a Thriving Industry. Baltimore is getting back a small portion of her molasses trade, which a quarter of a century ago was a large item in the commerce of the city. In those good old days before the trusts molasses laden schooners were always to be seen in the harbor, having brought their cargoes from Louisiana business of the small bakery by the big biscuit and cake companies the dedropped off until it became a unique event when a molasses-laden schooner

made port. While this bakery trade has never returned, the use of the ordinary Porto Rico blackstrap molasses for other purposes has within the last year brought about a resumption of the trade, and during the last season no fewer than five large cargoes of molasses have come to port, with more to

follow. The large four-masted schooner Robert H. McCurdy has lately been in port unloading a big cargo from San Juan. Porto Rico. Her cargo consists of 3,008 barrels of blackstrap. As is the custom, the barrels are rolled to Bowley's wharf and placed on their sides. With her cargo almost completely discharged the McCurdy's molasses bar-

Baltimore firms for the manufacture of vinegar. It is not generally known that the best table vinegar is not made any more from hard cider. It is only in their niches, as though guarding the lasses has been used for this purpose. thority for the statement that this vinegar is of the best quality. It is likely that from now on the molasses schooners will be making port every three weeks during the season.-Baltimore

All Honor to the Apple.

The apple is a splendid fruit, arthough particular specimens of it are bum. The different varieties have a pronounced individuality. The personal equation is prominent. The difference between the Porter and the Baldwineach a pomological star of the first magnitude-is as marked as the difference between a Connecticut bank clerk sary, and then Eliza showed her the way and a Kentucky colonel. The man who invented or discovered the Baldwin returns' for me." He paused a second, did more to tickle the palate than has the end." ever been realized.

Of many uses is the apple capable. Whether it is eaten raw or converted into sauce or made the basic element of ple or subjected to other forms of housewife it serves a useful and im-

portant purpose. History has never done adequate justice to the apple. Poets have never adequately celebrated in song the virtues of the fruit. Political economists have sentence. never fully recognized the full part that the apple plays in the affairs of men .- Hartford Times.

His Mistake. Fred-The ways of women are past

all understanding. Jack-What's the trouble new? Fred-While I was in the parlot alone with Miss Pinkleigh, she lowered the gas, and, thinking it was a hint for me to propose, I did to but she refused

Jack-Huh! You ought to have known that agatives are always developed in dark rooms.

Courage Promoters. "Women," remarked Wedderly, "are great incentive to manly courage." "What's the explanation?" queried his

friend Singleton, "Well," replied Wedderly, "since I're been up against the matrimonial game and had a few little tilts with my wife, the prospect of a scrap with the toughinsufficient powers of endurance, inabilest citizen in town seems like mere ity to stand a prolonged fast. They child's play to me."

Slow March of Music.

comes down flying.-Puck.

It takes time for some operas to end." come to England, but Gluck's "Armide," beloved of Marie Antoinette, probably establishes a record in this respect. To be exact, "Armide"-produced at Covent Garden last night-has taken 120 years to reach our shores since its inthy-that's unnatural. I've suffered luting by his side, production in Paris,-London itial Daily Mall.

The Usual Variety. Jaggles-Is his flying machine a su Waggles-Half way so. It always BREEZES OF THE PRAIRIE.

Oh, the scent of the sage comes drifting down on the breath of a prairie breeze.

From the plains where the bunch-grass ripples brown, like the waves of the summer seas.

And the dear, sweet smell of the hillside pines and the cotton woods that grow

In canyons deep comes home to me when the west winds gently blow.

I can see the bulk of a milling herd in the rain clouds massing black (By the angry breath of the storm wind stirred) and riders on its track; I can hear the rush of a mad stampede when the lightnings flash and glow, And wild hoofs beating the prairie sod when the stirring west winds blow.

Oh, for the feel of a braided rein and the plunge of a prairie steed, And the brave, true hearts that the open plain and the wind-swept mountains

Oh, for the days on the long divides and nights by the camp fire's glow, Hard on the trail of the herds that roam where the prairie breezes blow. -Bohemian.

Beeceeceeceece ANOTHER CHANCE **Resessassassassassassas**

The man's whole attitude was indi-| "He fights wars. He's seen lots of men rative of tiredness. The decoping die in battles. That's how I'm going curves of his mouth, the baggard lines to die when I grow up." on his not unhandsome face, the list- The man laughed quietly to less hands and unseeing eyes, all be- self. spoke one who has fought and failed, one tired of the world, tired of himself, in vain," he murmured sadly. "They

and weary of life. For some considerable time he had now," and again his hand wandered to been seated on one of the park seats his breast pocket. apparently heedless of the curtous glances with which several passers-by of satisfaction, swinging his legs to regarded him. Occasionally his hand and fro, "that's what I am going to would wander to his coat pocket, where be-a soldier. I am practicing now." his fingers closed round the butt of a He glanced affectionately at the toy small revolver, which once or twice he sword which lay across his knees. "I had drawn out and then put back with am sconting in advance."

h faint sigh. At last he became aware of some one staring fixedly at him. He looked up, your men, aren't you?" queried the and beheld a boy of about 8 years old, man, pretending to fall in with the with sturdy legs planted firmly and lad's enthusiasm. widely apart and bands clasped behind him. Seen by a third party, the man and the boy formed a strange contrast body. But," he added exultingly, "I've -the one who had lived his life and the other before whom the wondrous

Book lay open at the first page. He was a thoroughly English boy, who seemed to move almost in an atmosphere of virile activity and strength. evidently the idol of well-to-do parents, to judge by the cut of his clothes and the cost of the war-like playthings with which he was decorated. On his head he wore a miniature soldier's helmet, and strapped around his waist he had a gleaming toy sword.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the boy in a manly little voice, when he found that the man was returning his gaze with interest, "I did not mean to be rude; I thought that you were asleep. Would you mind telling me the time?"

The man's hand instintively went to his waistcoat pocket; then he paused, and smiling grimly, slowly withdrew the chain and showed a watchkey and a pawnticket dancling at the end "What does that mean?" asked the boy, drawing nearer.

"It means," said the man, "it means that I am unable to tell you the time with any degree of certainty. But, judging by the sun, young sir, I should say that it is hightime that you were seeking your nurse and getting to

"No, I'm privileged to-day," said the youngster. "This is my birthday," and with something of a swagger he came up and leaned against the arm of the

"Indeed!" said the man with some degree of interest. "Well, I suppose I ought to wish you many happy returns of the day, ch?"

"Why, of course," cried the boy, "and then I say the same to you, and many of them-that's the rule."

"Thank you, my lad," said the man "But I fear there are no more happy conferred on humanity a boon and he and then added: "No, I have arrived at

"Do you mean that you are dying?"

asked the lad. The man gazed at his questioner for a minute, smiling whimsically the while, and then replied, "Yes, I'm dyartistic treatment by the American ing fast. Just use that sun sinking behind the trees over there. When that goes down I shall be dead, only that's going down in a blaze of glory, whilst I--" A wave of the hand and a shrug of the shoulders completed the

> The youngster's blue eyes opened wider as he listened, and he sidled up closer to the man, who appeared to be only occasionally conscious of his

> presence. "I've never seen a dying man," ...e said presently, and there was a certain amount of awe in his tone. "I've heard and read about them, but I've never

seen one. May I stay?" Receiving no reply, he took the con sent for granted, and hoisted himself on to the seat beside the man, who now seemed lost in thought.

"Maybe they'll read about me to-morrow," murmured the man. "Six lines or so, no more, and no one will care." The boy had been looking up quaintly into the man's face for a while, and

"You don't look as though you were dying. What are you dying of?" The man laughed bitterly. "General failure, my lad," he said. "Failure of purpose, failure of means

then he sald:

of the game, enmediately ranged himcan put all those down on my death certificate, with a comma between each self alongside his newly found friend in exact imitation of his attitude, and and a bullet for a full-stop at the for a few seconds there they stood-the elderly war-worn General, dapper and "Are you hungry?" "There are several forms of hunger," smart in his well-cut clothes; the middie-aged, world-worn man, pitiable but the man continued, speaking almost to himself. "The hunger for food-that's smart in his well-brushed rags; and the natural: the hunger for human sympayoungster in his martial trappings, sa-

"I-I know you," said the General from both, and I know which is the presently, looking keenly at the man worst." from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. "I Evidently the boy could not quite grasp the drift of this part of his comknow you-why, bless my soul! Serpanion's speech, and his mind reverted geant Collins?"

to the beginning. "My father is a general," he said. maining at the salute.

A second's pause, during which the General's keen eves took in every detall of the man's appearance; then he briskly returned the salute, and the

man's hand dropped to his side. "What are you doing now, eh, Collins?" asked the General.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply, "Been doing that for some time."

"Father," the lad's voice remonstra-

"Well, you young ruffian?"

"You didn't return my salute." The General laughingly carried out the military formulae, and dismissed his junior in due form. "His mind is full of soldiering." ex-

ambition. "A good thing, sir," said the man. "The great pity is that with most of

plained the General. "He is full of

as ambition dies so young." "Oh! tut, tut!" the General exclaimed. "That's absurd. When ambition

dies-well, then you had better-" "Yes, sir," interrupted the man quietly. "That is just what I was

about to do." The General looked up sharply. There was a dead pause; then, as if suddenly determined, he said, "Erwell, Collins, I-I am very pleased that I met you. I owe you something for what you did in that little affair at Tel-Eb-remember that, eh? Just you come along now. I think you are the very man I want. Stanley"-this to his son-"bring Mr. Collins along." After they had walked a few paces the boy, looking up in the man's face,

said, "I didn't know that you had been a real soldier." "Oh, yes," replied the man. "Yes; I've fought some tough fights, too, but I've won my hardest battle to-day. I was nearly losing it, but you came to my ald. You brought up re-enforcements; came to the rescue with Generals Hope and Ambition, and now---There was a startled cry, a patter of bare feet along the gravelled path, and two ragged forms dived behind some

bushes. "The enemy has run away again," remarked the boy.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

OUR NATIVE TONGUE.

European Peoples Have Little Love

for English Language. The people of Continental Europe who are under the necessity of learning the English language have little affection for it. Its complicate. origin has laden it with an immense number of inconsistencies, contradictions and duplications, and above all with an irregular and inexplicable system of spelling-a system that is just now receiving the attention of our own reformers. Germans are accustomed to speak of the English language as "a monster having two mouths, with one of which

it speaks German and with the other Latin." The Slavonic peoples of central and western Europe, who by reason of the fact that they have been compelled to learn many languages, and are therefore great linguists, have a legend to account for the inconsistencies of English which is yet more uncomplimentary than the German animadversion

against our mother tongue. This legend is to the effect that when the Almighty created the nations he gave men no tongues at all. When they came and dumbly begged for them, he compassionately took a piece of meat and cut it into slices, giving each

one a slice to serve as a tongue. This arrangement served well enough; but, when the Englishman, who had either lazily or contemptuously failed to arrive sooner, came and demanded his piece, there was none left. Accordingly the Diety called back the men of other nations, and slicing from each of their tongues a little bit. he put them all together to make a tongue for the Englishman. And this is why the English continue to the present day to speak in such a jumble. them throwing stones at a dog in the Students have averred that this pond; the dog was their 'cattle,' you know-at least, I pretended it was, So story, originally heard in Croatia, is so close a representation in allegory of I-I' surrounded them, and then I the actual facts in the origin of the English language, that it has a "made-And, as if inspired by the remem-

up" air. It is, nevertheless, picturesque

'onsul Is Unclaimed at Appraiser's

When his owner took Consul away from New York, where he had been born and reared, it broke the animal's heart. After going all over Europe and attracting the attention not only of the curious but of the learned as well, Consul became ill of pneumonia at the close of an entertainment given before Kalser William in Berlin, Three days later he died, having shown, so it

His owner decided to have him stuffed by the best taxidermist in Berlin. and forwarded to Dr. E. L. Buckey, 53 Cranberry street, Brooklyn, with instructions to the physician to present the specimen to the natural history mu-

When the body arrived here a year ago the United States authorities notified Dr. Buckey that he would have to pay a 20 per cent duty, but this he declined to do. As a result the stuffed figure was put in the office of the collector to stand guard over the other

Readily Explained.

"You are well preserved for your "Yes; I was 'canned' at college."-

Every woman who owns a sewing

machine has a number of "attach-"Yes, sir," said the man, still rements" that go with it which she never



WEARY OF LIFE.

charged. Oh! my eye, they did run."

brance of his former bloodless victory,

he drew the sword from its scabbard

with a flourish and half descended

from the seat, whereat the two urchins

"That's the worst of the enemy," he

said, getting back to his seat with an

air of disappointment. "They always

"Not always," said the man. "There

are enemies and enemies, you know,

'That's just what Mr. Parsons says.

exclaimed the boy. "He is our clergy-

man. He says that drink is an enemy,

and despair, and that we must fight

"Ah!" he said. "I have fought them

"Not yet, surely!" cried the boy

They haven't killed you yet. Let us

fight them together. Come along, I'll

And a new light suddenly gleamed in

the man's eyes, almost as though he

fighting spirit, and fust as he was

about to reply a quick, firm step was

heard coming along the gravel path.

and a tall, bronzed, gray-haired man

of soldierly appearance swung round

"You young rascal," began the new

comer; but he was interrupted by a

slight cry from the man on the seat,

who instantly sprang to his feet, and,

bringing his heels together with a

sharp click, came mechanically to the

The boy thinking that this was part

the bend and stopped before them.

had caught the contagion of the boy's

The man shook his head sadly.

and some are always with us."

promptly disappeared.

run away."

them."

and I have lost."

regulation salute.

help you."

"An honor for which I have striven

say that every bullet has its billet

"Yes," the boy went on with an air

"If your nurse forms the main body

I am afraid you are rather far from

"Yes," replied the embryo warrior

"That's the fun. I've lost the main

found the enemy. See those two boys

over there?" and he pointed towards

two ragged urchins who were curiously

watching them at a safe distance. The

man nodded. "They are part of the

enemy," the boy went on. "I found

and interesting. STUFFED APE TO BE SOLD.

Office Because of Import Tax. Within a few days a vigil of more than a year will have ended, and the last engagement of Consul, once a famous chimpanzee, will have come to a close, says the New York Herald.

Governmental red tape has for the last twelve months kept Consul or all that remains of him, a close prisoner In the office of J. H. Storey, deputy collector of the port of New York, During that time the stuffed figure of the monkey has become so familiar to the clerks of the office that they stopped staring at the sight of him standing there, looking like a dwarfed human.

is said, no desire to recover.

selzures.