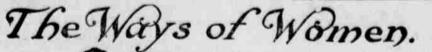
I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie Sleepiess; and soon the small birds' melodies Must hear, first otter'd from my orchard trees, And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night and two nights more I lay, And could not win thee, Sleep, by any stealth; So do not let me wear to-night away: Without thee, what is all the morning's wealth? Come, blessed between day and day,

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!





They sat on the bench at sunset, and gazed pensively at the soft April sky, nd ever-changing, opal-hued water. "There are so many things I can't understand," he said, musingly.

"What puzzles you?" She turned her face sympathetically toward her combanion.

"Strange yearnings for a fuller life and the ability to attain it. But most of all-girls."

"Any one girl in particular?" "Yes."

"Ah, I see! You're in love! It's Allie Graham, and you are missing her while she is visiting in the north." "You women jump at conclusions."

"It's a woman's prerogative! You men spend days and weeks reasoning things out and then don't understand any better than a woman does in five seconds." "But I've spent years in trying to

understand woman and she's still a Madle." "You mean one woman is! Win and

marry her and you have your solu-"It's how to win the girl I love that's my trouble."

"Such a confession from a society man and reputed heart-smasher. If you'll make me your confidant I'll teach you to win the girl. I can read girls like books."

"That's an enticing offer. I'll return the favor by helping you out in your case with Tom Dace."

"How do you know I have a case with Tom Dace?" "I heard it long before you came to

the coast to visit your aunt.' "Your little city is so gossipy! But

since I'm to be your confident you can ship?" be mine and we'll help each other in Cupid's court." "Agreed! What's the forecast for

Tom at present?" "Cool and cloudy, with threatened

"Which upon interpretation means that he has discovered another Creole

benuty in Mobile." "That's the indications."

"Try indifference. Keep too busy for anything but a short, hurried letter once a week." "I'll try it. And you? How does the

fair Allie head?" "Sails set to popular breezes, with steady steering away from the shore of

matrimony." "Flirting with a dozen at once, ac cording to custom! Try a gust of indifference yourself. Write newsy letters with accounts of your doings and goings with another girl, and whatever you do, don't write the word love from

start to finish!" "Good! I'll let you read the letters and you must furnish material for Russia," is, properly speaking, comfacts."

"When will Allie return?" "In June."

"I'll prophesy you'll be married in

three months." "Provided I can win the girl. I a ready have my own consent."

the right way." "I'll be most fortunate to have such

lessons?"

ing. We must not keep auntle waiting be useful to them. the soft spring twillight and discussed sian boy knows more about English

their jesting compact. As he turned to history than the average English boy, go he said: "I'll be around Tuesday evening early, and we will go out to the pavi- saturated with John Stuart Mill.

Hon. It is so much easier to find ex- Ruskin. Morley and Carlyle, and pression for thought with music and Shakespeare, Milton and Shelby are moonlight and water breathing the very essence of romance. Be ready early and we will take supper at The

Tuesday evening was as beautiful as a poet's dream. The man and woman est on a balcony overlooking the sparkflag water, and each thrilled with the joy of youth and the loveliness of their surroundings. The wind whistled weirdly through the rigging of the anchored ships. Occasionally a satior burst into some love song, and his mates joined lustily in the chorus. The moonlight, the flashing lights and music wove a charm which it seemed criminal to break by prosy commonplaces. A distant clock chimed 11 and they have no time to do anything.

the watchman announced the last car

for the city. "There! It's time to go home, and you haven't shown me that letter." Slowly he drew it from his pocket. She glanced at the heading and raised her eyebrows in mock horror.

"'My darling!" You surely-" hesitated. "If that's too strong-too declara-

tive we might say I'll change it." "I would certainly do so! You see, it is like this: When a woman has such an avowal as that to begin a letter, no matter what follows, she'll feel as if she has clinched her catch. Uncertainty as to the state of affections goes hand in glove with indifference in winning a girl. Write another beginning-'Dear friend,' or don't put any heading at all. Just wade into the general news, or locals, and close with friendly good wishes."

"I see. I'll write another letter ac cording to your prescription as soon as I find time. What do you say to a drive down the beach to-morrow afternoon."

"A splendid idea!"

"I'll come at 4 o'clock." The week sped by and the letter was still unwritten. The man found press ing business engagements when not in actual training for winning the absent Allie

It was after another twilight row on the gulf that the announcement was made that the letter had been rewrit-"Let me see it," she commanded

with a serious purse of her red lips "I forgot to bring it. You can read it after we return from the opera to morrow evening." "All right."

But again the letter was forgotten and at the end of another week still lay on the writer's desk.

Late one May afternoon, by chance or-or instinct, they met on the beach. at the spot where they had formed their compact to aid each other in love affairs. They looked into each other's eyes with silent questioning. "I saw you with Tom yesterday,

he said in a strained voice. "Did you find him manageable?"

"Yes, indeed." "Have you set the day?"

"Day for what?" "Your wedding."

"Not with Tom. "Didn't my advice prove helpful?" "Very! Tom and I don't speak. But how have you succeeded with the charming Allie? I heard she had returned. Have my instructions proved me to be an efficient trainer in court-

"Not for winning Allie." "Then I'm a miserable failure in

eaching the art of love-making!" "That doesn't necessarily follow. Perhaps I wasn't trying to win Allic after all."

"You dreadful man! How could you deceive her so?"

"She wasn't deceived. She knows. as does everybody else, that the one woman in the world for me is the one who has been teaching me the wave of woman."

"To think auntle wasn't a bit surprised when I told her that I was going to marry you, and not Tom! How could she have guessed I had changed?" "From taking note of the ways

woman, I suppose." And she smiled happily.-Jennie Standifer in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Russian Education.

"Intelligenzia" of Russia, writes the Hon. Maurice Baring in "A Year in posed of every one who can read and write. But the term is generally used to designate those members of the middle class who belong to the professional classes-doctors, professors, teachers and literary men. The average man or woman of the Russian "You can win if you will let me teach middle class is better educated than you. Any girl can be won if sought in the average English man or woman of the same class.

They are saturated with the foreign teacher. How often will you give classics. They often speak two languages besides Russian, and they are "Two or three times a week. Or, conversant with modern thought in if advice is needed between times, the various European countries, so far phone me or drop in when convenient. as it is allowed to reach them. They But there—the church bells are ring- are taught at school things which will

Every one receives a general found-They stood a moment at the gate in ation of knowledge. The average Ruslet alone European history. A cultivated Russian of the middle class is treated as Russian classics.

It was a wise young man who paused sefore he answered the widow who asked how to guess her age. "You must have some idea of it," she said. with what was intended for an arch sidewise glance. "I have several ideas, he admitted, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you 10 years younger on account of your looks or 10 years older on account of your brains." Then, while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave.

Some people become so busy that



WANTS DOOR KEPT OPEN.

By Rev. Guy Arthur Jamieson. And the door was shut.-Matthew

The foolish virgins did not expect to find the door closed upon them. It was their own foolishness that resulted in this keen disappointment and in the story of their humiliation is suggested to us as a sad truth-that we may unconsciously, unwittingly have the door to all that is best and worthlest closed

I think very few people purposely refuse to seek the best things of life. But indifference and neglect may be come a sin, and close the door to life's best blessings. But these same persons may close the door on Christ, but there are lines of conduct that we may follow, and we never dream that we are raising barriers between ourselves and the best. There are certain things that we may do until we will no longer respond to the best thoughts and feelings.

Darwin tells us that in early life he was fond of music; found great pleas ure in reading Shakespeare. But in after years he so concentrated his mind and soul on the investigation and study of nature that he lost his taste for music, no longer cared for Shakespeare. The great poet no longer made an appeal; the faculty of music became atrophied. He had no quarrel with Shakespeare or music; they had not changed. He still knew the one to be the greatest poetical genius of the centuries; the other one of God's avenues of speaking to man some of his best emotions and aspirations, and yet there was no longer anything in the soul of Darwin that responded to their appeal. Unwittingly he had closed the door on Shakespeare and music.

It may not be a serious matter to close the door for a time on music and poetry, but there are things which we dare not shut out of our lives even for a day. Every influence that makes for development, the uplifting, the noble, the Christ-like, the ideal, we must be careful that we do not intentionally or thoughtlessly shut out. And every day as we go forth to meet life we are consciously or unconsciously opening or shutting the door to life's best things -in our thought, in our emotions, in our acts, in our friends, in our amuse ments, in all our habits.

We may think lightly of these things until some day when we have an important choice to make, a critical temptation to face, an undertaking to carry through, that may affect our whole destiny. And if we have not been living in the way that will enable us to make the right choice, meet the temptation or succeed in the undertaking, we, like the foolish virgins, will find the door shut.

Our whole life is concerned in every choice we make, in every temptation we master, in every undertaking we accomplish. Perhaps we never meant to shut the door on purity and power, on character and success, but somehow they have escaped into the dim distance. We never meant to grow indifferent to the appeals made upon the soul by higher things, nor to grow hard toward our fellow, nor to let life's best opportunities slip, but suddenly our eyes are open and we find that the door is shut. Like the foolish virgins, thoughtlessly we have shut the door on the Master.

## A SINFUL UNSELFISHNESS.

By Henry F. Cope.

"Be strong,"-Eph. vi., 10. There is such a thing as a sinful type of unselfishness; really, it is the most refined and elusive form of selflove. In days not altogether past if made a certain caricature of religion popular with many. It held up the plous ideal of seif-abnegation and cultivated the clothful pleasures of nonen tity and vacuity.

Many felt that they were plons be cause they purchased a future heaven at the bargain price of foregoing some present grosser pleasures. Unselfishness came to mean the emptying of the life of all its powers and present val ues, perhaps because an empty life

would more readily float to the skies. Manhood protested against such piety and a virile selfishness asserted itself. We asked could it be that our faculties are ours only to suppress them, that all life is but the long mockery of a struggle with its own forces? So far as we could see, might not red blooded sinners be better for this world

than anemic saints? Yet to-day many good and hones people are greatly worried over their irrepressible desire to make the most of their lives. They never rejoice in life in its richness and fullness, in reaching out into further powers, with out some qualms of conscience lest they are sacrificing the spiritual to the

flesh and the future to the present. Modern life has swung far away from the mystic religious ideals; it has rather become an onsurging rush for the best, richest, deepest that life seems to afford. In its search pleasure, knowledge, and power it is but seeking to make more of the self to make each life fuller and more con plete, and to satisfy in some measur our common passion for more life.

Does this eager search for more life mean that we are becoming a grossly selfish people? Does it lay on each a compulsion to live for his own life alone? To some it seems to signify the full life for the strong at any cost to the weak; living becomes a great battle and every man's business con-

Is the only alternative to such a bloodthirsty philosophy the one of the life of renunciation, separation, and voluntary atrophy of all one's powers? Is there any way of satisfying the dual demands felt at least by the best natures, that the fuliness of life shall be

found for the self, and that somehow

one may serve and help others? If we put those two motives together do we not have the highest and richest life the world has yet conceived? The life lived out to its own fullness, yet so lived only with the motive of leading all lives out to their fullness, is saved both from the paralysis of renunciation and the grossness of greed.

We ought to be the best we know; there is a moral and spiritual obligation on every one of us to find the furthest reaches of life, to bring personallty and powers to their perfection. Life is ours only to make it larger. These years are our opportunity to enrich all the years. No power, faculty, or possibility is ours for which we shall not have to render account at the great assize of the universe and by its laws of life's obligations.

Then comes the saving motive in this process of seeking the full life; it is desired not for itself but for its service. We would make the most of ourselves that we may have the more to give to the friend, the neighbor, the city, the times, our world.

In the exercise of our powers for others we secure their fullness for ourselves. No life finds its fullness until it finds the work it can do. No powers remain ours save those we apply in service. That selfishness which grasps at power only for purposes of personal profit brings upon itself the deepest

The good life is the one that is great with goodness, enriched with every resource, daily growing, becoming more, enjoying more, and finding such completion in the attempt to awaken dormant lives, to lift lagging lives, and to lead its fellows into the life that is life indeed.

SERMONETTES.

No man ever was convicted by scold-

Daily bread is not sweet without daily duty. You cannot work for God without

ove for men. There is nothing resistless in

restless life. He only always is wise who ever is gaining wisdom.

The good we do is the best antidote o the ill we rue. You cannot lift the world by pulling

down your face. An honest smile is worth ten million

Sighing for a lost Eden will not make a new earth.

The double-faced man always is convincing-to himself. Days are sacred in proportion as they serve high ends.

If your faith possesses your heart it will propel your feet. Many an alliance with sin is hidden

by a defiance of the devil. The heart is dead when the smile a child cannot stir its depths.

People with putty heads usually like to think they have brittle hearts. The best way to worship the heavenly child is to give every child some

heaven. Whether earth shall be like heaven hearts.

preserve the landmarks is to sit on Folks who take their time from every clock are always sure the sun is off

Many are soured on life because they have been trying to make its spice de for the bread of life.

You can teach a congregation to enjoy sermons of nothing but wind, but they will die of their education. When a man steals the honey frem

sin he always tells himself that he will pay for it with the coin of repentance.

DON'TS FOR CHURCHMEN. Don't fail to learn that singing cures more sorrow than sighing.

Don't expect to open the doors of paradise by knocking the saints. Don't expect to become wedded to truth by eloping with a single idea. Don't forget that character is the only

absolutely indispensable capital. Don't hesitate to fight your appetite if you would realize from your aspira-Don't forget that only wings of pride

imagine themselves rising on the breath of applause. Don't make the mistake of substituting the church as an institution for the

church as an aspiration. Don't fail to observe that the valleys of service everywhere outnumber the mountains of transfiguration

Electric Surgery.

Surgery by electricity is what is all leged to be possible with a remarkable electric knife just devised by a Berliu firm of medical instrument manufactur ers. The knife is now undergoing ex haustive trials at the hands of Prof. Bier, the head of the Berlin University Surgical Clinic, with the view of demonstrating its efficiency.

It is declared that operations can b performed more quickly and that the healing process is more rapid than in the case where the ordinary scalpel has been used. To one end of a six or eight-inch glass rod, through the cer ter of which passes a conducting wire, is fastened the blade without a cutting edge, of a form similar to that of the commonly used surgical knives, or or the simple probe. A high frequence current is employed and when this is turned on a noiseless spark half au inch long appears from the point of the knife or probe. The spark incises the soft tissues with the same case as hot knife goes through butter, without any apparent cauterization, but Prof. Bler's experiments have so far shows that a more profuse hemorrhage cosucs than by the use of the common

It is further claimed for the fr ru ment that it sterilizes as it cu.s. re quires no sharpening and can be easily deaned.

Many a man gives himself away who isn't an advocate of free speech.



Little Potter. Have any of our veteran readers read the exquisite story "Little Petter?" We do not know who wrote it, but it has a pathos worthy of Dickens himself.

A short, little square-built, darkskinned, twinkling-eyed young fellow was known the regiment over as "Little Potter." The name came from his trade before war times and from the fact that he was always talking shop.

Standing near the picket fire, though ancomfortable himself, he could always suggest a way in which to make coffee boll, and would gather up little splinters and pile under or about the kettle with the keenest enjoyment, al though the coffee belonged to the most taciturn man in the company.

At Shiloh, in the midst of the second day's battle. Little Potter left the company to get water for himself and several of his companions. A quick change of position, a new line of battle formation took place after his departure, and Little Potter was seen no more for several days.

After the rebels retreated, he was acting as nurse at the brigade bospital. He couldn't find his regiment on his return, but found the hospital, and the division superintendent ordered him on duty, and discovering his excellence as a nurse, would not let him return to the company. There was a quarrel between the captain and the surgeon, the former seeing Little Potter as a skulker, and the latter seeing him as a useful man who had made a mistake through no fault of his own.

The captain reported Potter absent without leave, and he was court-martialed. The sentence was that he should forfelt six months' pay. The stoppage of six months' pay told sorely on him, but he weathered the storm and came out as serene as though he had never been court-mar tialed

When the men gathered about the fires, talked of Shiloh, and compared notes about their losses there on the first day, Little Potter would say, in a droll way: "I lost six months' pay there."

On the morning of the terrible December 31, at Stone River, Little Potter was the first man in place, after the orderly, and though the shortest man in the company, he held his place there. There was a sweeping charge. The company left their dead further to the front than any other regiment in action that day. Little Potter was a glant in doing

He kept his place next to the orderly when the company was broken and scattered. With a precision that would under other circumstances have been droll, he formed on the orderly whenever a charge was made, at while it was every man for himself. As he was ramming home a load, Some men think the only way to ball struck him in the fleshy part of

the leg, cutting a great gash and tear-

ing his clothes. He was advised to go

to the rear. The reply was: "I will show them who is a cow A shot struck him in the left shoul der, and he became deadly pale. Still with teeth and right hand he managed to load his gun and fire. Another shot struck him in the thigh and he fell. He was dragged to a stump and placed so that the raking fire would not touch him. He deliberately crawled round and placed himself so as to face the rebels, and as the com-

hand-to-hand fights, little Potter kissed his hand to the men nearest him and nestled down with a sigh of relief. Days afterwards the sergeant found a pair of black eyes glistening from the festoons of white sheets, in a hospital in Murfreesboro. They belonged to Little Potter, broken-legged, broken-armed and bandaged. He could not move and could hardly speak. But as the tearful men bent over him, he lisped: "We wakthed them, didn't

pany gave back in one of those almost

He was taken to the hospital, and here, day after day, went his old

comrades to see him. They did more; they wrote to Gen. Rosecrans, telling the simple story. They carried the letter along the red tape line, from brigade headquarters to division, from division to corps, from corps to army headquarters, and returned with an order from Rosecrans himself, directing that the sixmonths' pay be returned to Little Potter, that all charges on record be erased, and that an order complimenting his gallantry be read on dress parade, and that a copy be sent to the

man who behaved so nobly. The order was read on dress pa rade, and the document, with all its array of indorsements and old Rosy's letter was carried to Little Potter, by men who could scarcely speak.

He seemed like one transfigured as one of his old-time friends read and re-read the order and letter. He had it held down to his eyes so he could see the red lines and official signatures. Then came his first tears:

"Now, boys, I don't care to get well.

It's all wiped out, ain't it? I was de-

termined to get well to wipe it out, you know. But now, torn up as I am. it is better to die." And the next morning, with the or der on his breast. Little Potter died. And still can we hear the grizzly

old surgeon's words, as he came to the "Dead! Why-God bless the boy."

Amid the smoke and carnage of the

battle field it is good to catch .a glimpse of the sunshine which proceeds from good will and ready, active sympathy. As the sublime can quickly cheerful incident of the Civil War is pant as the cradle is rocked.

told in "Mission Ridge and Lockon Mountain." The Third Ohlo, mader Streight's command, was en route for

Richmond, prisoners of war. One night they camped, worn, famished, with hearts heavy and homesick, near the place where a Confederate regiment, the Fifty-fourth Virginia, was stationed. Many of the Southerners strolled over to the prison camp to see the sorry show of the poor, supperless Yankees.

They did not stay long. Back to their own camp they hurried, and soon returned with kettles of coffee, corn bread, bacon-the best they had and all they had. Presently little fires began to twinkle in the prison camp, and the aroma of coffee rose like a fragrant cloud of thank-offering. Union guests and Confederate hosts mingled. The next morning the prisoners departed. Now comes a happy sequel which well balances the affair. Later, when the prisoners were exchanged, the Third Ohio was encamped near Kelly's Ferry, on the banks of the Tennessee. On the day of the storming of Mission-

ginia. Some of the Third Ohio were on duty at the ferry when the prison detachments arrived.

ary Ridge, among the prisoners taken

were numbered the Fifty-fourth Vir-

"What regiment is that?" they nsked

When told, they started on the run shouting as they went: "The Fiftyfourth Virginia's at the ferry!"

They dashed into their camp with the news. The place was astir instantly. Treasures of coffee, bacon, sugar, beef, preserved peaches, everything, were turned out and carried, double-quick, to the ferry. The circum stances were the same, with the difference that guests and hosts had changed places.

Capture of the Spanish Fort. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. My regiment lay directly in front of Spanish Fort during the slege, and on the night of the evacuation, I was in the trenches. Four of us were occupying a hole, probably a half mile to the right of the fort in front of where our regiment lay. I do not remember the time of night, but probably it was about the hour of midnight, when all of a sudden there began tremendous cheering away to the right along our line. The cheering was grand, indeed, and, as we knew, began in old A. J. Smith's Corps, which was taken up seemingly by each successive regiment until it reached our position and was still carried along the line to our left. I admit that none in our little hole-at the time-knew what the cheering meant, but remarked to each other that there was something up. There was but little if any firing month Mrs. Dexter will settle along the line at this time, so we conthem. cluded the most dangerous part was over and the Johnnies had pulled their holes in and old A. J.'s boys were look ing after them. We soon found out there was no need of staying in our hole longer. I then said to the boys, let us go over to the rebs' works; one fellow agreed to it and we started for the works in front of us which was but a short distance. Nothing of importance was to be seen at this point, we then struck for the big fort to our left. We stumbled along in that direction until quite there, when a thought suddenly came to our minds that the Johnnies were not very particular where they planted their pedoes about a fort, so long as they knew where they were themselves. We concluded to return to camp and look after the fort when it would be more house." light. Up to this time we had seen none of Smith's guerrillas or any rebe

But it was not of long duration, the roll was being beat in the camps, and as the comrade remarked : "There was a little hustling did." We were soon on the move for Blukely, but luckily for the Twenty-eighth, as we had faculty of geiting into scrapes of that kind. Steel and his niggers had the Johnnies corralled on our arrival. I have no doubt the Thirteenth Corps were glad of it, but often wondered why the guerrilla part of the Sixteenth Corps let their colored comrades do such a thing when there was so much glory in it. In regard to the capture of Spanish Fort, I will add, at the time the Sixteenth Corps captured it I firmly believe any one regiment of the Thirteenth could have done it. I will now speak of an incident which may possibly be remembered by my comrades. If I am not mistaken it was the Fiftleth Indiana. I write from memory alone, yet the incident is as fresh to mind as if it happened but yesterday. You will remember neces sity made it our custom while in front of Spanish Fort to relieve the old guard at night. Having on the night

and all was quiet along the line. In

the early morn not a few from all the

ommands were on a prospecting tour.

in question moved out with our guard detail from the different regiments, were halted in line while the officers were making the necessary assignment for the different posts. There was probably a detail of fifty or more from my command and a like number from other regiments. The Indiana boys were near our line at the time, but all were restless from waiting. Numbers had crawled beneath an old earthwork covering near by, awaiting the delay. Presently a shell was seen coming in our direction from a rebel water battery in front. Well, it did come, and exploded in this earthwork. I re member while watching its course there was considerable dodging about and lying down at this time and lively hustling among the boys under the covering. One poor soldler was brought therefrom and laid upon the ground near by. He was speechless, and was not recognized by any of the Twentyeighth. It was some moments before he was recognized by any. Soon, how ever, a fellow comrade bowed his head to that of the wounded comrade and made this expression, "My God, it's Nels. Hayden!" I was informed be never spoke again, but lived a day or two and then crossed over.-John Isonhart, in American Tribune,

A patent has been granted to shade off into the ridiculous, so kind- Tennessee man for an attachment to a ness presses close upon enmity. A cradle that waves a fan over the occu-

Mr. Seabury and his wife ne point of moving to another Both of them were anxious that transfer should be made at the le possible expense, and the nearness he new home promised materially further this sim.

"I can carry loads of little things ever in my brown bag," atmoun Mrs. Seabury. "And you can take

books and so on in your big satchel." In discussing further the matter of transportation, Mrs. Seabury remarked that, notwithstanding the heat, she could wear her winter coat over, leave it, and return for her spring coat. The idea charmed her impractical busband. "Why, I can do the same thing!" be

said. "I'll wear over one suit and then come back for another!"

MUST BELIEVE IT.

Every Reader Will Concede the Truth of This Statement.

One who suffers with backache or any form of kidney trouble wants a lasting cure, not

merely a temporary benefit. Profit by the example of Rev. J. M. Suffield, of 2179 S. 8th St. Lincoln, Nebr., who confirms a report of his cure after several years. "I told in a statement made for publication in 1900 how Doan's Kidney Pills had relieved me after other remedies had failed."

said Rev. Suffield. "I have no healthtien in confirming that statement now. I have used Doan's Kidney Pills at various times and they have never

Poster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Author in "White Wing" Role. Down in Marion, Mass., Richard Harding Davis, the author, has begun his new job of keeping the streets of that town clean. Three boys with a new push cart and a prod spicce, made out of curtain rollers, with scrows on one end, the heads filed down to a seint, with which they pierce scattering paper, directed by the novelist. have started in to make a record as the working force of the new department of street cleaning. Mr. Davis and Mrs. Webb Dexter offered to share the cost of the cleaning, and at an improvement association meeting recently the members elected Mr. Davis to take charge and carry out his own ideas. He hired the boys and will pay them \$8 apiece for one month. The next \$8 apiece for one month. The

Always Keeps a Bottle in the House, "About ten days before Christmas I ot my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busy time of the year," says Mr. Milton Wheeler, 2100 Morris ave., Birmingham, Ala. "Atfirst I thought I would have to have my hand taken off, but semeone told me to get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and that would do the work. The Liniment cured my hand and I gladly recommend it to everyon

Mr. J. E. Matthews, proprietor of St. James Hotel, Corning, Ark., says:-"My finger was greatly inflamed from a fish sting and doctors pronounced it blood poisoning. I used several applications of Sloan's Liniment and it cured me all right. I will always keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in my

Mr. J. P. Evans of Mt. Airy, Ga. says:-"After being afflicted for three years with rheumatism I used Sloan's Liniment, and was cured sound an well, and am glad to say I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since. 10 to my knee. One-half a bottle took the pain and swelling out."

"Yes," related the suburban man, "@ burglar came around the other night and stole every squeaky phonograph in the neighborhood. "Gracious," exclaimed the visitor,

and what are they going to give him if captured?" "I don't know, but I think they ought to give him a monument."

Home Tenie for Old People. Wonderful results, eventually restor ing full physical vigor, are obtained from the following: To one-half pla good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sersaparilla and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured from any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring

Omissions of History. The pilgrim fathers had just landed at Plymouth Rock.

"Just the thing," they exclaimed with eathusiasm, "for a New England farm!" Whereupon they proceeded to plant the tree of liberty right there.-Chicago For Irritation of the Throat, Coughs

are exceedingly beneficial. In boxes 25 cents. Samples mailed free. John Brown & Son, Boston, Mass. Would Do as Well.

er Hearseness, Brewn's Bronchial Troches

"I am sorry to have to tell you," the eminent surgeon, "that we shall have to perform an operation." "That's all right," answered the pa tient. "Go ahead."

"But the condition of your heart is such that we do not dare to use any anmathetic." "O, well; tell me what the bill is going to be, doctor. That will be sufficiently

stupefying." Red, Weak, Werry, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy.
Compounded by Experienced Physicians.
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The Only Way. "This bathing pool on the lot you sold me is a fake," blustered the irate purchaser.

"in what way, sir?" asked the crafts

real estate agent. "Why, you told me I would find the water up to my neck. Instead of that I

find it only 12 inches deep." "Well, er-I meant you would it up to your neck, sir, if you jum