With all the luxuries and pleasures of this life, its big enjoyments and its smaller comforts, there is an offset or antithesis which we have to conte 1 with in the form of sches and pains. In some way and by some means every one has a touch of them in some form at some time. Trifling as some of them may be, the risk is that they will grow to something greater and rack the system with constant torture. There is nothing, thereright to trifle with. Taken in time, the worst forms of pains and aches are easily subdued and cured by the free use of St. Jacobs Oil. No well regulated household ought to be without a bottle of this great remedy for pain. It is the specific virtue of penetration in St. Jacobs Oil that carries it right to the pain spot and effects a prompt cure even in the most painful cases of Rheumatism, Neuralgia Lumbago, Sciatica. You went it also in the house at all times for hurts, cuts and wounds, and the house that always has it keeps up a nort of insurance against pain.

A married man's idea of heaven is a place where he won't be compelled to dig up the price of an Easter bon-

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A.S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Honesty is undoubtedly the best policy, but a good many people somehow fail to keep their premiums paid

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs .- WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

He Was Still Mad.

One day, during a lecture, a Harvard professor, with a peppery disposition, grew furious because of some interruption, and slamming down his book with an exclamation of rage, rushed from the room. The boys were very much distressed by his action, but did not know what to do. In a few minutes, however, the professor apparently came to the conclusion that he had done a foolish thing, for he returned and resumed his lecture without a word. Auxious to show their good will and to atone if possible for their rudeness, the boys took advantage of a good point in the lecture to applaud tumultuously. "No, no, no!" exclaimed the professor, holding up his hand with a gesture of protest, "I want you to understand that I'm as mad as h-l yet."

Representative Clarence D Van Duzer says that a miner once told him of the red man's greed for whisky. "I was riding over the plains once," he said, "with a pint bottle sticking out of my breast pocket, when an Indian met me, and, seeing the whisky, wanted to buy it And do you know what that Indian offered me? Well, sir, he offered me his buckskin breeches, his shirt, his saddle, his blanket and his pony-all for a pint of whisky What do you think of that?" "And you did sell," asked Van Duzer" "No," said the miner, "I didn't -it was my last pint.

"Black Teeth."

Emigrants from southern Italy are, many of them, disfigured by what is known as "black teeth." The teeth of these persons are affected during the period of growth by some gaseous constituent of drinking water, probably from impregnation with volcanic vapors. The effect gives a sinister look to an otherwise handsome face, but fortunately does not, it seems, affect the strength or durability of the teeth.

The man who wastes his money should not expect to have all of his wants supplied by prayer.

A fare exchange may be no robbery, but the trolley companies are making a lot of serious charges.

SOAKED IN COFFEE.

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over. "When I drank coffee I often bad sick headaches, nervousness and biliousness much of the time but about 2 years ago I went to visit a friend and got in the habit of drinking Pos-

"I have never touched coffee since and the result has been that I have been entirely cured of all my stomach uneasy or anxious. The mules were and nervous trouble.

"My mother was just the same way, we all drink Postum now and have souls. never had any other coffee in the house for two years and we are all seems like," remarked the judge. well.

drinker, was troubled with pains in know how bout these young folks. her side for years and was an invalid. They don't always realize the impoh-She was not able to do her work and tance o' pressin' business mattehs. could not even mend clothes or do But we must fo'give heh, Judge, we anything at all where she would have must fo-give heh, foh she suhtinly is to bend foward. If she tried to do well wo'th waitin' foh; yes, indeed." a little hard work she would get such for the rest of the day.

drinking coffee and try Postum Food Sarann Clayton keeps heh so close Coffee and she did so and she has like. She fitten to be received, sah, used Postum ever since; the result to be received!" has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine and lady a-comin' down the walk?" she never feels the least bit of pain in her side, in fact she has got well and turned their gaze beyond the lionit shows coffee was the cause of the

whole trouble. "I could also tell you about several by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." Name given by Postum

Co., Battle Creek, Mich. little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Queron Manuel Manuel Manuel Manuel Desired Manuel D THE GIRL AT THE! HALFWAY HOUSE STORY OF THE PLAINS

BY E. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY Copyrighted, 1903, by D. Appleton & Company, New York Brown promphose of the compression of the compressi

CHAPTER XXVIII .- Continued.

One morning the little street car stood, as was its wont, at the terminus of the track, near the front of the wide grounds of the old mansion house. This was far out upon the edge of the little city, and few were the patrons that might be expected; but it was held but mere courtesy to offer the services of the street car line to this family, so long recognized as one of the unimpeachably best of this Southern city. This modern innovation of the street car was not readily taken up by the conservative community, and though it had been established for some years, it might be questioned whether its shares had ever paid much interest upon their face value. At this terminus of the line at the

outskirts of the town there was each morning enacted the same little scene. The driver slowly unhitched his mules and turned them about to the other end of the car, in readiness for the return journey. Matters having progressed this far, the mules fell at once into a deep state of dejection and somnolence, their ears lopping down, their bodies drooping and motionless, save as now and then a faint swish of tail or wag of a weary ear bespoke the knowledge of some bold. marauding fly. The driver, perched on his seat, his feet upon the rail, his knees pushed toward his chin, sat with his broad hat drawn down upon his forehead, his hands clasped between his legs, and all his attitude indicative of rest.

Presently from a side street, faced by a large brick dwelling, there came with regular and unhurried tread a tall and dignified figure, crowned with a soft Panama, and tapping with official cane. As it approached the car the driver straightened a trifle on the

"Good mawnin,', Judge Wilson," he

"Uh-ah, good mawnin', James," replied the judge. "Uh-ah, Doctah Gregg li'l late this mawnin', eh?"

with her aunt. And then Mary Ellen. deliberately tying the strings of her bonnet under her chin, turned, answering her aunt's summons for replevin of a forgotten fan. Then, slowly, calmly, the gown of white became more distinct as she came nearer, her tall figure composing well with the setting of this scene. For her patiently waited the judge and the doctor and the driver.

"Good mawnin', Miss Beecham," said the driver as she passed, touching his hat and infusing more stiffnecs into his spine.

"Good morning, sir," she replied, pleasantly.

"Uh-ah, good mawnin', Miss Beecham, good mawnin'," said Judge Wilson; and "Good mawnin'," said Dr. Gregg.

"Good morning, Judge Wilson," replied Mary Ellen, as she entered the car. "Good morning, Dr. Gregg." The gentlemen made way for her upon the shady side of the car, and lifted their hats ceremoniously.

"L'il late this mawnin', Miss Beecham, seems like," said the judge, with no trace of resentment in his tones.

Dr. Gregg upon this morning began his customary reproach also, but it halted upon his tongue. "Miss Beecham," he said, "pardon me, allow meare you ill?"

For Mary Ellen, settling herself for her regular morning ride with her regular companions, all at once went pale as she gazed out of the window. She scarcely heard the kind remark. She was looking at a man-a tall man with a brown face, with broad shoulders, with a long, swinging, steady stride. This man was coming up the side of the street, along the path between the fences and the burdocks that lined the ditch. His shoes were white with the limstone dust, but he seemed to care nothing for his way of locomotion, but reached on, his head

up, his eye searching eagerly. Not with equipage, not mounted as a Southern cavalier, not announced,



Franklin drew her closer to him.

er, his head again falling.

In perhaps five or ten minutes, perhaps half an hour, there would be heard the tapping of another cane, and Dr. Gregg, also tall, not quite so portly, and wearing a white beaver instead of a soft Panama, would appear from the opening of yet another side street tributary to the car.

"Good mawnin', James," said the doctor as he passed; and the driver answered respectfully.

"Good mawnin', Doctah. You li'l late this mawnin', seems like." "Well, yessah, I may be a leetle late, just a leetle. Good mawnin', Judge; how are you this mawnin',

"Very well, Doctah, sah, thank you, sah. Step in an' seddown, Right wahm, this mawnin'. Uh-ah!"

So the judge and the doctor sat down in the car, and conversed, easily and in no haste, perhaps for five or ten minutes, perhaps for half an hour. Now and then the driver cast a glance out of the side of his eye over toward the lion-headed gates, but no one was to apparent view very sad and still, yet really very happy within their

"Young lady li'l late this mawnin'

"Oh, yes, but she'll be 'long direck-"A neighbor of mine a great coffee ly, I reckon," replied the doctor. "You

"Uh-ah! Quite right, Doctah, quite pains that she would have to lie down right! Fine young lady, fine young lady. Old stock, yes indeed! Beech-"I persuaded her at last to stop ams o' Febginny. Too bad Cousin

"Yes, indeed," assented the doctor. "Yes, sah. Now, ain't that the young

Judge and doctor and driver now headed gateway to the winding walk that passed among the trees up to the old mansion house. Far off, through other neighbors who have been cured the great columns of the trees, there might indeed this morning now be seen the flutter of a gown of white. The faint sounds of voices might be Look in each pkg. for the famous heard. Mary Ellen, conscientious mar; keter, was discussing joints and salads

"Yessah, seems like," said the driv- | but in the most direct and swiftest way in his power had Edward Franklin come. Strong, cager, masterful, scorning the blazing sun, his reckless waste of energy marked him as a stranger in that place. He stopped at the gateway for one moment, looking up the path, and then turned swiftly toward the car as though called audibly.

As with a flash his face lighted, and he strode straight on toward a woman whose heart was throbbing in a sudden tumultuous terror. She saw him stoop at the car door, even as once before she had seen him enter at another lowly door, in another and far-off land. She felt again the fear which then she half admitted. But in a moment Mary Ellen knew that all fear and all resistance were too late.

The eyes of Franklin, direct, assured, almost sad, asked her no question, but only said, "Here am I!" And Mary Ellen knew that she could no longer make denial or delay. Her thoughts came rapid and confused; her eyes swam; her heart beat fast. Afar she heard the singing of a mocker in the oaks, throbbing, thrilling high and sweet as though his heart would break with what he had to say.

Judge Wilson and Dr. Gregg politely removed their hats as Franklin entered the car and addressed Mary Elien. Confused by the abruptness of it all, it was a moment before she recognized local requirements, and presented Franklin to the gentlemen. For an instant she planned flight, escape. She would have begged Franklin to return with her. Fate in the form of the driver had its way. "Git ep, mewel!" sounded from the front of the car. There was a double groan. A little bell tinkled lazily. The rusty wheels began slowly to revolve.

"It's an awful hour to call," admit ted Franklin under the rumble of the wheels. "I couldn't get a carriage and I hadn't any horse. There wasn't any car. Forgive me."

It is only to be said that both judge and doctor were gentlemen, and loyal to beauty in distress. They both earned Mary Ellen's love, for they got off eight blocks sooner than they should have done, and walked more than half a mile in the sun before they found a place of rest.

"Oh, well, yessah, Judge," said Dr. Gregg, half sighing, "we were young once, eh, Judge?-young once ouh-"alves."

"Lucky dog!" said the judge; "lucky dog! But he seems a gentleman, and if he has propah fam'ly an' propah resources, it may be, yessah, it may be she's lucky, too. Oh, Northehn, yessah, I admit it. But what would you expeck, sah, in these times? I'm told theh are some vehy fine people

in the No'th." "Deep through!" said the doctor, communing with himself. "Carries his trunk gran'ly. Splendid creatuah -splendid! Have him? O' co'se she'll have him! What woman wouldn't? What a cadaver! What a subjeck-

"Good God! my dear sir!" said the judge. "Really!"

Franklin and Mary Ellen sat looking out before them, silent. At last he turned and placed his hand over the two that lay knit loosely in her lap. Mary Ellen stirred, her throat moved, but she could not speak. Franklin leaned forward and looked into her

"I knew it must be so," he whispered, quietly.

"What-what must you think?" broke out Mary Ellen, angry that she could not resist.

"There, there, dearest!" he said. Don't trouble, I knew it was to be I came straight to you." He tightened his grip upon her hands. Mary Ellen straightened and looked him in the

"I'll admit it," she said. "I knew that you were coming, I must have dreamed it."

There in the car, upon the public highway, Franklin cast his arm about her waist and drew her strongly to him. "Dear girl," he said, "it was to be! We must work out our lives together. Will you be happy-out there -with me?"

Again Mary Ellen turned and looked at him with a new frankness and un-

"That's the oddest of it," said she. Out on the prairies I called the South back home.' Now it's the other way.' They fell again into silence, but already, lover-like, began to read each other's thoughts and to find less need of speech.

"You and I, dearest," said Franklin, finally, "you and I together, forever and ever. We'll live at the Halfway House. Don't shiver, child; I've built a fine new house there-

"You've built a house?" "Yes, yes. Well, I'll confess it-1 bought the place myself."

"Then it was your money?"

"And it is your money." "I've a notion," began Mary Ellen,

edging away, biting her lip. "And so have I," said Franklin, stooping and kising her fingers with scandalous publicity. "I've a notion that you shall not speak of that. It is ours. We've more than a thousand acres of land there, and plenty of cattle. Curly shall be foreman-he's married the little waiter girl, and has come back to Ellisville; they live next door to Sam and Nora. Aunt Lucy shall be our cook. We shall have roses, and green grass, and flowers. And you and I-you and I-shall live and shall do that which has been sent to est injury in their basements. us to do. Mary Ellen-dear Mary El-

Again the girl threw up her head, but her pride was going fast.

"Then-then you think-you think it is no sin? Is there no lapse in this for me? You think I shall not be-Franklin drew her closer to him. "That which is before us now is Life," he said. "Dearest, how sweet-how very sweet!"

A caged mocking bird at a little near-by house burst out into a shrill paean, fellow to that of the wild bird of the oaks. Mary Ellen felt, her senses melting into a mysterious, bewildering joy. Unconsciously she swayed slightly against the shoulder of her lover. In her heart the music of the bird thrilled on, even when the tinkle of the little bell ceased, even when Franklin, stepping from the car, held up his hands to her and whis pered, "Come."

(The End.)

Buying a Good Fortune.

Four little green birds sat on a cage fronted with a tray. The tray held folded slips of paper. A man carried the whole. He strolled east in Grand street, near Mulberry. A woman, swarthy of complexion and with a shawl drawn around her head and shoulders, looked at the birds and hesitated in her walk. The man, keen to notice any indication of trade, saw her hesitancy.

"Fortune, lady?" he asked. The woman stopped and passed a coin to his hand. He lifted a bird from its perch and placed it on the edge of the tray. The bird picked up a folded slip of paper. The man took the paper and handed it to the woman. The woman opened it, read, smiled, and passed on. The man nodded approvngly.

"Gave her a good fortune, did you?" asked a man standing by.

"Sure," said the man with the birds. 'All the fortunes are good. Birds tell no bad fortunes." Then he smiled wisely .- New York

Not What She Expected. An English lord was recently din-

ing with a family in New York. The hostess's little girl sat opposite the lord and stared solemnly. "Are you an English lord, really and

truly, sir?" she said at last. "Yes," he answered laughing, "really and truly." "I never saw an English lord be

fore," she said. I've always wanted "And now you're satisfied, aren't

you?" said the young man, gayly. "No, I'm not satisfied," responded the little girl. "I'm disappointed." --The Children's Visitor,

DWARF TREES IN JAPAN.

One 10 Inches High May Be 300 Years Old and Worth \$150.

A Japanese nursery garden is a revelation. There, on benches, in the limit of financial misfortune to rows, sit tortured trees in their bowls most business men, but it isn't the or pans of fatence. Their perfection limit by any means. This truth was is a marvel of patience, requiring years for its accomplishment; some in the office of Henry F. Cassin, U. S. times one man will give as much as 30 years' attention to a single little cherry tree.

man whose tailor-made garments had Each curve, each leaf, each twig has its direction and proportion regulated by the most rigid and immemorial principles, and to have any value in Japanese eyes a dwarf must conform absolutely to the iron rules laid down by the canons of taste in the days when lyeyasu Tokugawa paralyzed into an adamantine immobility the whole artistic and intellectual life. of the country.

The effect is, of course, exquisite in its elaborate and rather morbid beauty. But it must be said that there are many dwarfs, very many, which go for low prices, owing to the imperfection of their development; they have a bough or a bend that is not prescribed.

Consequently the Japanese will buy them-Indeed, with pleasure-but will not admit their claims to be works of

The untutored savage eye of the west entirely fails to see any differ; ence between a perfect specimen 10 inches high, three centuries of equal hight, of five years' growth and a dollar value.-Macmillan's.

DANGER SPOTS IN A STORM.

Places One Should Avoid While the Lightning is Playing Pranks.

Now that the season of thunderstorms is approaching people should understand what spots to avoid in order to reduce to the minimum the chances of being struck by lightning. Out of doors trees should be avoided. and if from the rapidity with which evident that electric clouds are near plazza she would call to Mr. Greeley at hand a recumbent posture is the to put on his hat and "deal with safest. It is seldom dangerous to them." take shelter under sheds, carts or low buildings or under the arch of a bridge, and a distance of twenty or thirty feet from tall trees or houses and way. As he slowly reached for is an eligible situation, for should a his hat he shouted: discharge take place these elevated bodies are most likely to receive it.

It is well also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor, and the height of a human being near the stream may determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are tolerably safe in the middle of a carpeted room or when standing on a thick hearth rug. The chimney should be avoided on account of the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it and gilt moldings or bell wires are sources of risk. In bed we are tolerably safe, since blankets and feathers are bad conductors.

It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the great-

Embarrassing Reminiscences.

Sweatnam met the other day for the first time in years. In a quiet, dignified, and severely earnest manner. they began to tell things to one another. Mr. Sweatnam took umbrage at a remark Mr. Crane made regarding his youthfulness.

"Now, don't be a bad boy and throw stones," said Sweatnam. "I remember back in '72 seeing a man of your name wearing a toga in an extravaganza."

'Well," answered the exponent of Harum, "I remember going out to the fair grounds in Indianapolis in '64 and seeing a husky boy pounding a bass drum in the band, and they said his name was-

"For the Lord's sake, hush!" exladies present."-New York Times.

Zebras as Beasts of Burden. South African native traditions

have it that in the long-forgotten days the zebra was a domesticated animal and was held in complete subjection by its master, man. In modern times several attempts have been made to train this hardy beast. Experiments at the London zoological gardens indicate that zebras can be readily made serviceable. There are innumerable herds of zebras running wild in South Africa and if they could be broken to domestic use their subjection would solve a problem which for generations has been a puzzle to the best experts. For the zebras of South Africa are immune from the tsetse fly and the horse sickness which has lately been ravaging Rhodesia and other portions of the continent.

Two Notable Army Officers. First Lieutenant Rudolph E. Sniper

of the Fourteenth cavalry is believed to be the youngest commissioned officer in the United States army. He was born Dec. 5, 1882. The tallest officer is Lieut. Ernest D. Peek, first lieutenant, corps of engineers, a native of Wisconsin. Lieut. Peek stands six feet four and a half inches and was a star graduate at West Point, where the other boys used to call hlm "Pike's Peak." He has given especial attention to road construction and soon after his graduation supervised the building of a military road which is now know nas "Peek's Pike.

To-day.

To-day Unsulfied comes to thee newborn; To-morrow is not thine. The sun may cease to shine For thee, ere earth shall greet its

marn. Nor fear approaching night;
Claim comes with evening light
And hope and peace—thy duty beed
To-day.

grown slippery in some spots and frazzled in others. He wore a careworn expression and the need of a

bair-cut on his face. "Is this the place to institute banksuptcy proceedings?" asked the man.

"It is," said Mr. Cassin,

TOO POOR TO BE BANKRUPT

Plight of Man Who Sought Relief

from Debts by Legal Action.

brought out most forcibly yesterday

Mr. Cassin was approached by a

commissioner.

Bankruptcy is a word that means

have been in business for several years and have made an awful mesa

"Well, I want to file a petition. I

The proceedings will cost you about \$35," said Mr. Cassin. "I haven't got any \$35 and can't

get it," was the response. "Sorry, then, but we can't do anything for you," said the commissioner. "I knew I was hard up, but blamed f I thought it was possible to be too blamed poor to become a bankrupt," said the applicant as he turned up his coat collar and made for the door .-

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fair Warning. At one time Horace Greeley lived in pleasant estate on the Hudson river. t was approached by a narrow lane from the street, says a writer in the Springfield Republican, and was four miles out from the city hall on the Harlem road.

The ground from the house on one side sloped down to the river; on the other was a garden which bore fruit, accessible to boys. On Sunday, their day of freedom as well as Mr. Greeley's, the boys sought the orchard.

Mr. Greeley never saw or heard them. But Mrs. Greeley always saw the explosion follows the flash it is them, and from her place on the

Mr. Greeley would never have disturbed them, but he always complied with his wife's wish-in his own time

"I'm coming after you, boys." Of course, not many captures were made.

First Picture Postcards. Picture postcards are said to have originated during the Franco-Prussian war. In the earlier part of the confliet, during 1870, a camp of about 40,-)00 men was formed in the department of the Sarthe, and in this locality there was a bookseller and sta-

ioner, a M. Leon Besnardeau. It occurred to him that the soldiers, encamped in such numbers in his neighborhood, would be glad to have some method of indicating their surroundings to their friends at home, which would not necessitate lengthy written descriptions or the addressing of envelopes, which were often difficult to procure,

He had, therefore, a number of post-William H. Crane and Willis P. cards engraved with cannon, shells, tents, and the like, and found such a demand for the first series he issued that he furnished a second set.

> When the camp broke up the idea was forgotten until it was revived in Germany and Austria in the early 90s. -Stray Stories.

Something Tillman Forgot.

When the Washington friends of the bill to give former Queen Liliuokalant \$150,000 were talking the matter over in the senate lobby after the adverse vote, Mr. Tillman, who had voted against the measure, expressed regret that the dusky daughter of savage kings did not seem able to understand the strong prejudice existing in some claimed Sweatnam; "there may be parts of the country against the black

> "Now, if she could show a strain of white blood," he exclaimed-and looked defiantly around.

> "Beg your pardon, Tillman," retorted Senator Lodge. "Have you forgotten that her great-granduncle ate Captain Cook?"

> In the roar that followed Mr. Tillman said something about reconsidering the vote.- New York Mail and Ex-



French scientists have discovered by experiments that silkworms may be made to produce cocoons of almost any desired colors. As the ordinary white, yellow or green was known to cary with the food, this was colored artificially and worms eating dyed privet leaves yielded cocoons of coresponding red, blue of other color. Plants have been similarly colored by food, some blue French beans exhibited in London a few years ago seeming to have resulted from a themical peculiarity of the soil,