

BABY BELLE.

If you'll come into our cottage, I will show you something rare,
And I doubt if eyes have ever seen a sight more sweet and fair;
For, than all the dainty working hands of man have done or do,
Sure, the Master's work is fairest, as His skill is greatest, too;
And of all the things of beauty which upon the world have smiled,
None can touch the heart so deeply as the beauty of a child.
So we love her! Yes, we love her, more than words can ever tell—
Little winsome, winsome darling! Bright-eyed, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

Seated on the cottage floor, pulling off her tiny shoes,
Little bare foot, white and dimpled—arms and shoulders dimpled, too—
Eyes as blue as summer blossoms, tender skin as pure as pearl,
And the sunlight dropping golden on each shining little curl,
Artist's pencil, e'er so cunning, fairer thing could never trace;
Every feature perfect beauty, every motion perfect grace,
Do you wonder that we love her more than words can ever tell—
Little winsome, winsome darling! Aftry, fairy, Baby Belle!

Kings may have their crowns and diamonds and their robes of purple hue,
Have their works of art and beauty—keep their wealth, and welcome, too—
We'll not envy all their splendors while we have this single gem,
Far more precious to our bosoms than their riches are to them.
We've no store of worldly treasure, neither lands nor gold, and yet
We are rich beyond all measure in our priceless household pet,
And we love her—yes, we love her, more than words can ever tell—
Little winsome, winsome darling! Dainty, darling Baby Belle!

It is written of our Saviour, when He lived and walked on earth,
Mothers brought their treasures to Him for a blessing on their birth;
And when others would have chided: "Go, and let the Master be,"
Gently He rebuked them, saying: "Suffer them to come to me"—
Took the little ones and blessed them, in His arms and on His knees,
Saying: "Who would enter Heaven must become like one of these."
Do you wonder that we love her more than words can ever tell?
Jesus left a blessing for her—winsome, winsome Baby Belle!
—Mattie Dyer Britts, in Golden Days.

JIM WRIGHT'S COURTSHIP

Related by Silas Hawkins, P. M. and Storekeeper.

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I ain't much of a story teller, but I guess I can give you the straight facts about Jim Wright's courtship and marriage as well as anybody. It happened about 20 years ago, and it interested the folks around Barkley's corners so much that for four or five years there wasn't no quill'n' bee, nor mite society, nor apple cut, nor raisin', nor stump pullin' that somebody didn't tell something new about it, and I guess they're talking about it yet at the tea drinkin's. It was all brought back fresh to my mind one day last week, when I found out my oldest boy, Silas, was kind of shinin' up to Jim's oldest girl, Sarah, named after her mother.

Jim's a pretty prominent citizen now. He's the manager of the Barkley place and a member of the county board of supervisors, and some do say he's got his eye on the legislature for next term. Yes; that's him goin' by now. You see, he's a big, tall feller and looks kind of imposin' like. When he was a youngster he wasn't exactly what you'd call handsome, but he looked as solid as a rock, and his eyes was always wide open, only when he had to face a girl, then he used to weaken. That's what made his courtship and marriage so curious.

A good talker? Well, yes, he is, now. Not very polished, maybe, but he can speak to the pint, and that's more than some of your college educated fellers can do. But he never was much of a speaker till after he got married to Sarah Anderson.

Jim got well acquainted with Sarah when he was nothing but a hired man, workin' on the Barkley place, when old man Thompson was manager. Sarah was workin' there, too, then. She was Mrs. Thompson's hired girl. No; you couldn't call 'em servants, the way you city folks look at it. Sarah's father was old Deacon Anderson, and he stood just as well in the community as old man Thompson did; maybe better, because Deacon Anderson owned his own farm, and Thompson was a kind of a hired man for Barkley. The Barkley place, you know is about 800 acres. It's the biggest farm in this town, and Barkley himself spends most of his time in New York and Boston and Europe, and other far-away places, where folks has more money than brains, and has coachmen to drive for 'em and puts on different coats at different times of the day and all that. Sarah Anderson used to eat at the same table with the Thompsons, of course, and so did Jim. Why, if either of them had been asked to eat separate from the family they'd have quit right off and everybody around the corners would have backed 'em up in it, too. Why, the Thompsons would have been run out of the neighborhood if they'd set themselves up to be too good to have Jim Wright and Sarah Anderson set with them when they eat their meals. Jim Wright's father, you know, was

the doctor here for a good many years, and he wanted to send his boy to college, but Jim wouldn't go. He liked workin' with his hands better than studin' books. He said he could make more money in the long run his way, and when he hired out to old man Thompson he declared that he'd be manager of the big farm some day, and so he is now, as I told you a little while ago.

Maybe I'm getting off the story a little bit, but I just wanted to explain how Jim and Sarah stood in this neighborhood in the old days. Sarah is a fine-lookin' woman even now, and when she was a girl she was about the best-lookin' of the hull lot. No; she wasn't slender and willow nor anything like that, but she was tall and healthy and red-cheeked and bright-eyed, and she held her head up and looked as though she was glad to be alive all the time. As I said before, Jim was a good talker only when he was lookin' a girl in the face. Then he was about the bashfullest critter you ever seen, and he used to set and say nothing at all, meal times, at old man Thompson's, where his chair stood just across the table from Sarah's. Thompson and his wife, they used to joke Jim a good deal about Sarah and so did the other hired men. No; they didn't all feed at Thompson's table, but they all knew how bashful Jim was. There was a hull lot of 'em and some of 'em was married men and lived in the tenant houses that are scattered over the place, and them that wasn't married—all but Jim—boarded with the tenants. Jim lived with Thompson because he was a kind of a head man. Of course, Jim had to talk with Sarah a good deal, in the natural course of things, for they was together

he told Sarah about it a good while afterward, and she told my wife. As for Sarah, well, she was madder than anything, and 'twas about two months before she'd speak to Jim agin. No; there didn't any of the boys give Jim any sass about it. They didn't want any lambastin' in their. It was mighty uncomfortable around old man Thompson's for a spell after that. Thompson said he'd have fired Jim for treatin' Sarah that way only Jim was too good a man to let go.

It was along in June some time, just about the beginnin' of hayin', that Jim made his second break for Sarah. He'd got it in his head, from the way she looked at him once in awhile, that she kind of liked him after all. Everybody else knew she did, for once, when somebody made fun of Jim when she was by, for bein' so bashful, she turned 'round and gave them a piece of her mind that they didn't forget right away. I tell you.

Well, as I said, it was in early hayin' that Jim took courage agin. He had got the mornin' chores all 'tended to around the barn and had gone to the house with a pail of milk for the Thompsons' own private use, and he met Sarah in the kitchen, starting the breakfast. It was not far from sunrise.

"Sarah," said Jim, "I'm no account, and I know it, but if you'll just drop that breakfast work for about half an hour and get into my buggy"—Jim had just bought a bran-new buggy and had a young horse of his own—"we'll drive down to the elder's and get married and come right back and tell the folks we're man and wife afterward."

If Sarah was s'prised when he asked her to go to the concert, she was a good deal more so this time. She didn't say



"ARE YOU IN EARNEST, JIM?"

a lot every day, but, so far as anybody knows, he never said any more than he was obliged to. But every day he thought she was a little nicer than he did the day before. I s'pose if I was writin' a novel about it I'd say he was in love with her, and my wife—she was a girl then, and was engaged to marry me—used to tell me that she thought Sarah was in love with Jim. She said no girl would speak so short about a feller as Sarah did about Jim, unless she liked him well enough to marry him. I used to think that was kind of curious, and I think so yet.

Well, Sarah and Jim had been workin' for old man Thompson about a year before Jim ever said anything particular to her. How he finally come to speak out was about this way:

There was a professor of "vocal music"—a feller that parted his hair in the middle and put beeswax on his mustache—come to the corners and 'held singin' school all winter. He got five dollars a night once a week, besides half of what they should take in at the door at a concert at the end of the singin' school. Jim didn't go to singin' school, mostly 'cause he was so bashful. Sarah didn't go neither, for some reason or other. But the morning before the concert he up and asked Sarah if she'd go to it with him. She told my wife afterward that she was so frustrated she hadn't hardly breath to tell him she would. But she didn't let on she was s'prised. She only said: "Why, certainly, Jim," and when candle-light come on they started away from Thompson's house afoot together. It was about a mile from there to the meetin' house where the concert was held, but Jim never said a word all the way down. Sarah tried to talk to him, but it wa'n't no use. When they got to the steps there was quite a lot of the boys standin' outside the meetin' house door and one of them said, out loud, so that Jim heard it:

"Say, boys, here comes Jim Wright and Sarah Anderson!"

Jim flushed all up; then he turned to Sarah and said: "Excuse me a minute;" then he took a quarter out of his pocket and he walked up to Hod Smith and said:

"Here, Hod; you take Miss Anderson into the meetin' house; I've got something else to 'tend to."

Sarah was so dazed that she said never a word and went into the church with Hod. Then Jim he started to go away, as if he was afraid of his shadow. But he hadn't gone ten steps before he turned round and lambasted that feller till he squealed for mercy. Then Jim he went home and clum up in the haymow and lay there and hated himself all night. How do I know what he done that night? Well,

much, though. She just looked at Jim and she says:

"Are you in earnest, Jim?"
"Of course, I am," said Jim; "but I'm such a coward that if you don't say yes right now I'm afraid I'll never dare ask you again."

"But, Jim," said Sarah, "think of bein' married without a weddin' dress!"
"What do I care about a weddin' dress," says Jim. "Come on, or I'll get scared again."

By this time Jim had got over his bashfulness a little bit and he stood there with a smile on his face that, as Sarah told my wife afterward, made her forget all about the weddin' dress.
"All right, Jim," she says, "hitch up quick!"

It wasn't two minutes before they was a-sittin' together in the buggy and Jim's three-year-old colt was a-takin' them down to the elder's, double quick time. When they got there they frum the elder behind the parsonage in his little garden, a-weedin' his onion bed so's to get up an appetite for breakfast. The elder was as s'prised as Sarah had been.

"Well, yes," he said to Jim, "to be sure. Just let me wash up a little."

"Oh, never mind that," says Jim, without thinkin' he was talkin' to the preacher. "We've got to get back before breakfast. You can marry us right out in the front yard."

So the elder walked out in front of the house and told them to join hands, under the big elm tree that stands by the front door of the parsonage. He stopped just long enough to call his wife and daughter as witnesses. Jim thought that was unnecessary, but the elder insisted upon it. The elder's marriage ceremony took up less than a minute and Jim told Sarah afterward that he should always feel thankful that it wasn't long drawn out.

"Salute your bride, Jim," said the elder when they were married hard and fast, "and I'll make out a certificate and send it around to your wife after breakfast."

Jim wasn't so bashful then but that he could kiss Sarah right before the minister and his wife and daughter, but he did it in a hurry because the breakfast wasn't got yet at the Thompson house. Then Mr. and Mrs. Wright drove back, and they've been a happy pair all their lives. It made a new man of Jim to get married, and, as I said a little while ago, he's one of our prominent citizens now, and whether he ever gets to the legislature or not, he could have my vote and the vote of everyone of the neighbors 'round here for anything, no matter how big an office he wanted, or what ticket he run on. Here he is now, comin' back. Let me introduce you to him.

PAUL DANBY.

BAD SPELLING.

An Instance in What Lady Montrose Wrote to Lady Annandale.

There is bad spelling and there is bad spelling. Artemus Ward and Josh Billings did some of it professionally, and many school children and some grown men and women do some of it even unto this day. But neither of these distinguished persons and no school child or grown-up man or woman, even in his or her wildest dream of revenge against Webster et al., ever came within a mile of the spelling of a noble Scottish lady of 200 years ago. This lady could give spades, diamonds, and trumps to any dictionary maker or compiler of spelling books and then could beat him out without looking at the cards.

She was, personally, Christian Leslie, daughter of the Duke of Rothes, and wife of the third Marquis of Montrose, and later of Sir John Bruce of Kinross. According to custom, having been a peeress, she retained her peerage title; thus it came about that Sir John Bruce lived with the Countess of Montrose with all propriety. But this was what she wrote:

"Kingrose, July 4, 1693.

"Madam: I render yow a thousand thanks for your play, which is vere good, and I heve retourned itt with the bearear, and if your ladyships heve eather enay mor good playes or novells which yow heve read, and will be pleased to lean'them to me, I shall be vere fathefouell in restorange, and teke it a great favor, for they ar vere deverteng in the country. Your lord did me the honouer to dayn hear yesterday, and was vere well. I hertely wished your ladyships had come alonge, for itt wold heve bin bott a devertisement in this good wather, and yow wold heve bin vere wellcome to, dear madam, your ladyships most humble servantt.

"C. Montrose."

"For the right honorable the Countess of Anandale, att hir logeng in Netherayes Waynd, Edinburgh."

If the readers who can't translate this will try temporarily to forget all they ever knew of spelling, and then will practice Lady Montrose's letter again, it is possible that they may learn what her ladyship wanted to say to Lady Annandale. What the latter said and wrote it is perhaps as well we do not know.—N. Y. Sun.

SUPERSTITION AND INSURANCE.

Some Curious Views Taken of the Matter from Religious Motives.

When life insurance was first introduced some persons looked upon it as a violation of divine law, which prohibited any proposition to make compensation for passing away to eternal rest, in defiance of the will and act of the Supreme Being. It was thought to raise the presumption that the policy writer could control life as he did personalities, and the impression existed that a contract was to be entered into to buy them a life for a monetary consideration. This superstition yet exists among some people, illustrated as follows: An aged colored pastor once consulted an insurance agent upon obtaining a policy upon his life. He made inquiry if there was not some other way by which he could secure an inheritance for his family, for, he said, as God had given him his life he had come to the conclusion that it would be a violation of religion to intrust it to a corporation that had no soul, and it seemed like tempting Providence to enter into contract with a corporation on mere speculation.

Possibly this pious man was under the impression that he was on a straight transit route to Heaven and possessed means to enter its gates, which might be prevented by an impious act such as he declared would be the acceptance of a policy on his life written by human hands. He did not place any respect on the indemnity promised, but said that he was confident that his reward in future life could not be granted by any man or association. It is not intended to be understood that such thesis is now prevalent in civilized communities, for those who neglect to make provision for those dependent on them after passing away commit as great a sin as the pious minister apprehended he would have been guilty of had he accepted a policy on his life.—Views.

Whims of Fashion.

Wraps of black velvet are lined with brocade, embroidered with jet and finished with a collar of white or gray fur.

Entire costumes of brown velvet have vests of yellow broadcloth, satin or cloth of gold, with additional trimming of marten, mink or sable.

Even the conservative British maiden is taking to red gowns. Ladies' cloth in deep jacquemet tints will be very fashionable for skirts this winter with Louis XVI. coats of black velvet.

The loose cloaks and circular designs are of miroir velvet, a dark red, sapphire, violet, and rich old rose shades, with ermine or Tibet fur. These garments are lined with plain or broche satin.

White glace kid embroidered in black silk, spangles and jet beads is the latest trimming used as vests, revers, cuffs and high collars. On a bolero, Eton jacket or blouse of the glossy broad-tail fur this is considered very handsome.—Chicago Record.

Rock Cakes.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, and a few currants. Mix these ingredients with three well beaten eggs, and make into small cakes, which should be dropped with roughened top in the cake tin for baking.—Boston Herald.

Cold

Is dangerous. We require heat. We need pure, warm, nourishing blood to keep us warm and guard against sickness. Good blood is given by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

He Was Sure.

"Drummers"—sometimes called commercial travelers—are like ministers and doctors, fond of chaffing each other.

"I've a great story to tell you, boys," said a drummer to a group in the corridor of the Iroquois last night. "I don't think any of you ever heard me tell it before."

"Is it a really good story?" asked one of the party, doubtfully.

"It certainly is."
"Then I'm sure you never told it before."—Buffalo Times.

To Get Out of the Way

When trouble is coming, is obviously the part of common sense. An obstruction of the bowels is a serious obstacle to health. To get this out of the way is an easy matter with the thorough laxative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, although it affords relief, never grips and convulses like a drastic purgative. Dyspepsia, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness yield to this genial family medicine.

There seems to be nothing people enjoy talking about so much as a married couple that don't get along very well.—Washington Democrat.

The Most Unique Calendar of the Season Has just been issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. Copy can be secured by sending six cents in stamps to cover postage, to A. J. SMITH, G. P. A., Cleveland.

There is an unwritten law among women that no woman should go further from home than two blocks with a shawl over her head.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Good breeding is doing nothing needlessly that one thinks will hurt or displease others.—N. Y. Weekly.

A SPRAIN may cripple but St. Jacobs Oil will cure it before it can. It cures.

EVERYONE who doesn't have to light the fires in the morning preaches against using coal oil for that purpose.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

IDEAS are a capital that bear interest only in the hands of talent.—N. Y. Weekly.

SORE and stiff from cold; don't wait and suffer; use St. Jacobs Oil and get cured.

SOME very trifling people are well posted on Scripture.—Washington Democrat.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, linestiver and bowel regulator made

We all like to put off disagreeable jobs as long as possible.—Washington Democrat.

Use St. Jacobs Oil and say to rheumatism: "Will see you later."

OUR happiness is but an unhappiness more or less consoled.—N. Y. Weekly.

The longer a woman has been married the larger a dollar grows to her.

A WOMAN sharpens a pencil pigeontoed.—Aitchison Globe.

Use St. Jacobs Oil promptly and freely and say good-bye to neuralgia.



The Roman mother who with her mantle defended the body of her child from the ravenous birds of prey is a perfect type of motherhood in all times and among all people. To protect her offspring from harm is the overriding instinct of motherhood. Modern mothers are coming to understand that the best protection they can give their children against the prevailing accidents of life is to transmit to them an abundance of natural health and hardihood. But a mother cannot confer health and strength upon her offspring unless she has it in some measure herself. Prospective mothers should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, which gives perfect health and strength to the special organs concerned in motherhood. Taken early during the expectant time, it makes the coming of baby entirely safe and nearly painless. It insures cheerfulness and recuperative energy to the mother and constitutional vigor to the child. It is the only perfect and positive specific for all weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organism. Mrs. F. E. Forgye, of Carns, Keyapaha Co., Neb., writes: "I write to you again concerning my daughter, Mrs. D. Billings. She has taken two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription.' She thinks the medicine did her a world of good. She was confined the 15th of February. Was sick but a short time and has a 10 pound daughter. Got along nicely afterward. Looks good, complexion looks clear, and she says she never felt so well."