



I.  
A boy was born 'mid little things,  
Between a little world and sky—  
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings  
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,  
Where little ventures grow and plod,  
And paced and ploughed his little plots  
And prayed unto his little god.

But, as the mighty system grew,  
His faith grew faint with many scars;  
The Cosmos widened in his view—  
But God was lost among the stars.

II.  
Another boy, in lowly days—  
As he—to little things was born,  
But gathered lore in woodland ways,  
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,  
God grieved in his growing mind;  
Each year he dreamed his God anew,  
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,  
In star and blossom, sky and clod,  
And as the universe grew great,  
He dreamed for it a greater God.  
—Sam Walter Foss.

Still and trembling for one brief instant, they rushed at each other and, before Marie could change her position, she lost her balance and fell heavily against the bars while the shock dislodged the tiny pistol always 'n her belt, and flung it far beyond her reach. Then the lions turned upon her, their eyes wild with fury.

"Cerberus, Diabolo," she shouted, as she struck at them with her whip, trying in vain to fix them with her eyes. But it was useless. Three times they chased her round the cage while the audience held their breath.

"The guards!" gasped the people, "Oh! God, the guards," their absence being now noticed for the first time. Ah! but the audience had forgotten Jim! Snatching the long-handled fork (kept for emergency), he dashed at the cage, jabbing and prodding the lions with its stinging prongs. Nothing but the knowledge that he must be outside the cage-door to open it for Marie, kept him from dashing in among the lions, whom he seemed to fear no more than ants.

Then, as for one instant driven to the end of the cage, they turned again upon Marie, Jim flung the door wide open—she dashed out—and the heavy iron swung to again, but not before Diabolo's claws had fastened upon Jim, ripping his arm open from shoulder to wrist, and almost tearing it from its socket. As he sank upon the ground a bleeding, unconscious mass, Mr. McGrath and the delinquent guards hurried to the spot.

The audience rose to a man, and for a moment panic seemed inevitable. But the thought in every mind that it was probably all over for Jim, did more to quiet them than the efforts of the manager, and as several doctors hurried from the crowd, and Jim on a hastily improvised litter, was borne from the tent, followed by Marie, herself bleeding from several wounds, the tinsel and gauze almost torn off her back, many women and even men sobbed aloud.

When the lacerated arm had been dressed and the fractured shoulder set, the doctors turned their attention to Marie, telling her that it might have been so much worse, for though Jim's left arm would be useless for many months (they feared, though they never hinted it, forever), his iron constitution and sober habits would hasten and insure his recovery.

Marie's injuries were mere flesh wounds, painful, but in no wise dangerous, and though the doctors momentarily expected a total nervous collapse, she pulled herself together in a way marvelous to behold, seeming to have eyes, ears and thoughts for no one but Jim.

The next day, as Jim lay faint and weak but conscious upon his bed, with Marie sitting beside him and Jimmy's cradle close by, Marie said, bravely: "It is zat you are now to worry about nosing, my Jim, me, I will work for those while you and ze bebe get well."

Jim smiled faintly, as she leaned over him lovingly, but his well hand closed with astonishing strength over hers, as she said firmly: "That's as it may be, Marie, but you'll have to work at something else, for though I've lost one arm, maybe, I've still got the other, and you and me has quit the circus business for good. No," as she seemed about to interrupt him, "I've said my say, and though I don't put my foot down often, it's down this time for keeps."

And it was just at this juncture that their good landlady handed Marie a letter addressed to Jim in a queer, unformed hand, and while Marie held it for him, Jim, with difficulty, read as follows:

I'm a plain feller and no saint, but I do admire a brave man when I meet him, and I never see a neater job than ye done yesterday. I hear the gal's yer wife, and if ye ever leave her do the lion act again I say ye don't deserve to keep her. As ye may be a bit short till ye git gone again, I enclose a 'rifle which I shan't never miss from a pile I made on the trak last week. And ye



Jabbing and Prodding.  
needn't never try to thank me, fer I shall be miles away when ye git this letter from me.  
A FRIEND.  
The letter held five clean bills of one hundred dollars each, and little Jimmy cowered with delight as the pretty green things fluttered down upon the counter-pane.

A Beauty Hint.  
Mme. Sarah Bernhardt regularly indulges in a sponge bath, which, she says, affords exquisite refreshment to tired muscles and jaded spirits. She finds it an excellent auxiliary in preserving her apparently perennial charm. It consists of half a pint of alcohol, two ounces of spirits of camphor, two ounces of spirits of ammonia, five ounces of sea salt, and enough boiling water to make one quart. The whole should be agitated thoroughly, then rubbed into the skin with the bare hands. It is excellent to bathe the neck and shoulders before donning evening dress.

One bird tied is better than a hundred flying.

A Comprehensive Trip.  
If you are going to California this Summer and the Round-Trip Rates in effect for the Fifth International Convention of the Epworth League, should decide you to do so, why not go and return the most interesting ways? The Southern Pacific Company offer Three Routes—via St. Paul and Minneapolis along the northern border and Portland, Oregon; via the famous Shasta Route, via Denver, Salt Lake and Ogden, the great Ogden or Overland Route or via New Orleans, through Houston, San Antonio and El Paso, along the Mexican border, the Sunset Route. The tickets, which will be on sale July 6th to 13th inclusive, good for return until August 31st, can be purchased to read going via any of these routes and returning via either of the others. For particulars address W. G. Neimyer, General Western Agent, S. P. Co., 238 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.  
Variety may be the spice of life, but most men seem to prefer cloves.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price, 75c.  
Weighty questions ask for deliberate answers.  
What Do the Children Drink?  
Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.  
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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.  
Hear sixty advisers, but be guided by your own conviction.  
Ladies Can Wear Shoes.  
One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, itching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.  
A thing to which a fool does not consent, know as the right thing.  
BOOK OF YELLOWSTONE PARK SCENERY.  
Many of the beautiful scenes in Yellowstone National Park have been photographed and for the first time are presented to the public in a beautiful folder published by the Oregon Short Line Railway. In addition to the views, which would adorn any home, there is a great deal of information concerning the best way to visit the park that should be in the hands of all who contemplate visiting this storehouse of wonders. Send 4 cents in stamps to D. E. Burley General Passenger and Ticket Agent Oregon Short Line Railway, Salt Lake City, Utah, for a copy of this work of art.

Look before, or you'll find yourself behind.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.  
Good humor is the blue sky in which the stars of talent brightly shine.  
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Half rates to most all points south first and third Tuesday each month. Summer tourist rates to all summer resorts now on sale. For descriptive matter regarding the Pan-American Exposition, summer tours, rates and all information call at O. & St. L. City Office, 1415 Farnam street (Paxton Hotel building), or write Harry E. Moores, C. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb., or A. J. Bandy, G. P. A., Kansas City, Mo.

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The Missouri Pacific Railway is now operating double daily service from St. Louis and Kansas City to points in Colorado, Utah and the Pacific coast. Trains leave St. Louis 9 a. m., and 10:10 p. m., Kansas City 6 p. m. and 10 a. m., carrying through sleeping cars between St. Louis and San Francisco without change. Excursion tickets now on sale. For further information address Company's agents.  
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G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

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Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.  
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**A Chronicle of the Sawdust.**

BY FLORENCE KINGSTON HOFFMAN.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
Few people peeping within the quiet room where little Mrs. Cronin rocked her sick baby could have recognized her as the original of the flaming posters with which the town was literally plastered. These portrayed a highly colored female standing erect upon two ferocious lions with the Stars and Stripes waving above her head. Yet they were meant for her, and like the renowned Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mrs. Cronin lived two different lives as widely antipodal as theirs. Plain Marie Ble, before her marriage, though known to the circus world as Mlle. Terephine Bellefontaine, she had been as proud as a queen to become Mrs. Cronin, for though all of her colleagues voted Jim a slow one and a very poor match for the brilliant mademoiselle, it was just that very stolidly and tranquil affection which most endeared him to his little wife.

Jim was a keeper in Robinson's Gigantic Menagerie, and day after day he went patiently on with his work, cleaning the animals' cages and doling out their rations, without one single yearning in his honest soul for any more ambitious position, while he did it all so quietly that the savage brutes heeded his presence no more than that of the flies buzzing through their cages.

He and Marie were married in the spring and had been blissfully happy for a year on Jim's modest earnings, which, though not unificent, were amply sufficient for their simple needs, but when the blue-eyed baby came to



"Oh, Take Them Away!"  
The Original of the Flaming Posters, complete their happiness, Marie found in this new responsibility a stimulus for further activity, and when the little boy was five months old, she insisted in spite of Jim's protests on going back to her work.

Little Jimmy was a sturdy chap who never gave them a moment's anxiety; they got a good woman to take care of him, and with her mind thus relieved, Marie fell back naturally into her old lines, though Diabolo and Cerberus, her former charges, proved less tractable than of yore, having been used for a year and a half to the brutal ferocity of Signor Baratti, recently dismissed for drunkenness; but she got on pretty well after a time, the lions learned once more to obey her milder methods, and as she snatched little Jimmy to her breast each day after the performance, every kiss upon his rosy cheeks encouraged her to work on for his dear sake.  
During her performances Jim was never very far away, for those were his off-duty moments, and though two

big guards stood always at the gate of the lion cage, whose interference had never yet been necessary, it seemed to the honest fellow that his whole happiness hung by a single thread, and in his loving heart truly he died daily.

And now the baby had fallen ill and though his nurse assured them it was nothing serious and that spasms were quite common with teething children, Marie felt as she watched the little form lying quite still across her knees, or again twitching convulsively while her heart almost stopped beating, that she simply couldn't leave him.

But, alas! When she presented herself before Mr. McGrath, sole manager and proprietor of the show, one glance into his fishy little eyes convinced her in advance that any appeal to his sympathy would be useless. "Leave ye off from the matnain, is it? Now, I'm awful sorry, Mrs. Cronin, but it ain't to be thought of. 'Biz is biz,' that's my motto. You and them lions is my most drawin' card, and if 'twas to git about you wasn't goin' to perform, we might as well close the circus, for we shouldn't take in a fiver—" here he spat copiously and conclusively. "I'm real sorry the kid is sick," he added, seeing her whiten and tremble before him, "but I guess he'll pull through, and you ain't in the ring over a half hour any way."

How could she explain to this man that her courage was all gone, that every nerve in her body seemed to quiver and snap,—he wouldn't understand, and with a sickly faintness stealing over her, she dragged herself round to the dressing tent and struggled to get into her gaudy tights.

Mother Meachin, who took charge of the wardrobes, eyed her pityingly. She'd had children herself long ago, and as she saw how Marie shook and trembled, and hearing the band, knew that in a few minutes more she would be called, she pressed a flat, black bottle upon her, saying, with real kindness:

"Take a swallow, dearie; it'll hearten ye up a bit; you are all shakin' like a leaf."

But Marie, after only a sip, thrust it from her, saying, faintly: "No, sank you, Mozzer Meachin; it make me but more seek," and then as the well-known music struck up and she knew that her hour had come, the old woman heard her whisper to herself: "Oh! bon Dieu des Miserables, protege-moi de ces betes feroces pour l'amour de ton Fils unique," thus she prayed.

As she bounded into the lion cage, with feet that felt heavy as lead, she noticed that, for the first time, both guards were absent, and once more the deadly nausea seemed to steal over her. But Jim was there, and he smiled encouragingly. She struggled to overcome this hitherto unknown fear, and prepared to put the lions through their paces.

Cerberus was tractable enough, but Diabolo, always uncertain in his temper, was unusually impatient this afternoon. But the performance went on to all intents and purposes just as usual, and with heartfelt thankfulness Marie braced herself for the last feat,—a wild dance over and among the lions, ending in a final tableau as she unfurled the Stars and Stripes to the tune of "Hail Columbia."

She gave a cut with her whip to force the lions into recumbent positions, when just as she made her first pose between them, a huge mastiff, which, unnoticed by its owner, had been creeping nearer and nearer to the cage, now sprang at the bars, barking fiercely. If you have ever seen this happen as I have, you already foresee the result; if not, I can hardly picture to you the wild fear, panic and the fury of the lions.

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