

The Man With the Mask Men called him saint; they could not

That with a clock of virtue he He smiled; they knew not he was vile. One night Death came and tore the mask

From off his countenance. Friends ask: "Who is it ?" shrinking as they trace

The devil's likeness in his face. -Ram's Horn.

C

Charley Pong Sing, an Americanborn Chinamen, has applied to the N. Y, police civil service board for ap-Concealed an impure heart, the while pointment as patroiman to do special duty in tracking Chinese criminals. He ias had training for the work in San Francisco, where he closed up many opium dens. He is more than six feet tail and of athletic build. Across his left check is a long scar, the result of a cut he received by failing from the mast of the Arctic exploring ship, the Jeannette.

Chinamon His Specialty.

Corns as Weather Prophets.

dreds of doctors I know, many of whom

Why is the Negro Black?

If the conclusions of M. Jauffert,

the great French scientist are to be re-

hed upon there is no reason why the

skin of the African should be black

fairness-that is is to say, there is no

In color. Jaufiert says : The skin of

the African negro is of exactly the

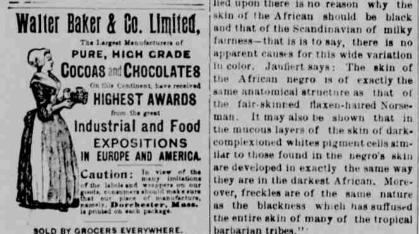
same anatomical structure as that of

man. It may also be shown that in

OLLEGE OF COMMERCE predictor in the world," said a wellknown physician to a Philadelphia IN CONNECTION WITH Record reporter, is a well-developed York College, York, Nebr. hard corn on any of the principal toes? BOOK KEEPING. SHORTHAND. I have one on the third toe of my right TYPEWRITING. foot that informs me of a coming change in the weather far more reli-PENMANSHIP. TELEGRAPHY. able than the signal service man with Business practice, three months' office work, actual court reporting, special pennanabip. Equipments uncpualled, Lowest expenses. Write for catal gue. his wealth of scientific instruments. Of course, I keep the corn well pared, but that doesn't make a particle of dif-B. G. HARRIS, Frin. DAN BROWN, Ass't Prin. ference with the merit of it as a prognosticator, Just about twenty-four hours before a change in the weather Beecham's pills are for bilthe corn begins its predictions by a iousness, sick headache, diz- sharp pain that I can only liken to a red-hot needle being thrust into the ziness, dyspepsia, bad taste joint of the toe. The pain is intermitin the mouth, heartburn, tor- tent, and for this I am thankful, for if pid liver, foul breath, sallow it should pain without pause it would drive me daft. I can assign no cause

skin, coated tongue, pimples, for the phenomenon, nor have I ever loss of appetite, etc., when when able to get a reason from the huncaused by constipation; and are afflicted the same as myself. A constipation is the most fre- great many of my patients are possessed quent cause of all of them. of a similar infallible barometer, and many of them have come to me for re-

One of the most important things for lief. But the only relief I can suggest everybody to learn is that constipation is to remove to a country where the causes more than half the sickness in the weather never changes." world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B.F. AllenCo. 365Canal Bt., New York. Fills tot and 25¢ a bex. ADDING AND A STATE OF THE PARTY AND ADDING TO BE AND ADDING TO BE ADDI



WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS. If afflicted with scalp disease, hair fall-ing out, and premature baldness, do not

Many a serpent raised its head, Rattling "Death" from the tangled mass. Many an Indian skulked unseen, Spying upon them cruel-keen. Not for these would the brave rank swerve; Straight in the line of march they rode He who's soldier must needs preserve Heart that harbors no craven bode. Into the prairies pressed the band, General Custer in command.

Noon's sun down from the senith bent, Scorching the earth with ruthless rays "Do you know that the best weather Over the ground the quivering heat Rose and danced in a blinding maze. Never a brook or tree was there Serving to cool the fevered air.

THE MEADOW LARK.

Word was given; the bugic blew; "Boots and saddles!" it signaled shrill. Up and mount! and each horseman flew

Stride his steed with a right good-will.

Hoofs were pawing and necks were

Forth from the camp the troopers

Lurked with doom in the pampas-grass;

In the plains they rode where dread

marched.

Every sound to heartward went; Click of hoof or the ring of steel, Sudden clank of accoutrement,

Never a soldier failed to feel; While one step from the beaten cours Roused to alertness man and horse.

Gallant Custer rode on ahead. Guide and chief of a brave command!

Arrow-straight his good charger sped, Never swerving to either hand, Till-a touch! and the faithful steed

Veered aside in his headlong lead. There, deep-hid in the prairie-grass,

Lay the nest of a meadow-lark. Birdlings wee, in a fluffy mass, Hid 'neath her wings so warm and dark,

Right in the line of march they stood; Little mother and tiny brood.

That was all; but e'en rough hearts heed Gentle acts, and these softlier beat For their General's simple deed.

Done for Love in its dim retreat. That was all; but in Custor's wake

Rode meek men-for a mother's sake -Julie M. Lippman, in the Independent.

"A STORY."

A young girl toiled wearily up the last flight of stairs to the attic of a tall | herself." tenement in --- street. She paused a moment before opening the door, and the ghost of a wan smile flitted across her face as she went in.

The dusk of a midwinter afternoon was closing over the tidy little room, with its bare, plain furnishings. The girl felt the chill of the room. "Is the fire out, mother?"

A pale woman sat in the only easy thair to be seen, and from her listless attitude one saw at a glance that she was an invalid.

"Yes, Clara, I think it is. There is no more coal in the closet."

The girl gave a sigh. "Fil have a fire. are developed in exactly the same way It's too cold for you here." She went quickly out, and in a short time built over, freckles are of the same nature a fire and prepared her mother's tea. as the blackness which has suffused When the frugal meal was cleared away, she came and sat down by the invalid.

> "The company have suspended. I am out of work. "What shall we do?" moaned the

ing for work, and late in the afternoon appeared at the newspaper office, looking feverish and excited. "We will pay \$25 for your story,"

said the editor, briefly. Too briefly, perhaps. A mist swam before her eyes, and she grasped a chair for support.

Fire-food-comforts for mother! The old gentleman, whom she had not noticed, appeared before her with a glass of water. "This happened to be handy. Sit

down until you are better," he said, kindly. How could she know the story her pinched young face told this grand weeds and does not exhaust the soil as old man, who made it his business to assist the unfortunate? much as some methods is to plow Clara never knew how she reached

slover under and plant the land in corn bome. She dimly remembered an agreefor fodder and ensilage, which can be ment to try another story, and found temoved in time for wheat, sowing she could write one quite as good as slover again in the spring. Is is not the first, so the wolf was kept from the advisable to continue such & rotation, attic door for the rest of the winter, and she entertained serious thoughts however, unless there is also an applicurred that left her no option. vary with potatoes and turnips. Up among the Vermont hills the trees

were just springing into leaf. A sternlooking old man stood on the veranda of a handsome farm house, watching mall.

"Here, mother, is your paper," he called.

A pleasant-faced woman with silver hair and a low, sweet voice appeared in the door. For a time they sat reading together, when the woman suddenly arose and crossed the veranda.

"Here is a story written by Mrs. Clara Munroe. It is like one our Clara wrote when she was a girl at home, and just describes the old place. It must be hers."

gave him the paper.

ing it over. her by this time. I wish-

what good will It do?" "If she lives in the city, she might be

summer." "She ought to have stayed here," he

said uneasily, "instead of running off This performance has been repeated a with a man she knew could not take tozen times during the summer and in care of her. If she wrote that story, ao case has the dog begged outside asit is probable she has to take care of sistance until he had tried by every ef-

woman's low voice. "I will write to the editor of the paper

girl wrote the story whose name was Clara Munroe, She had an invalid mother whom she supported." Her address was sent, and one day later the same stern old man climbed the steep,

parrow stairs to Clara Munroe's cheerless attic; A young girl opened the door for him.

She turned toward the invalid, and "Father!"

through her tears. And so they took the invalid back to



A Three-Crop Rotation

A three clop rotation which kills the

A Dog's Queer Trick.

and as plainly as if he told in words

show that the horse is in mischief.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

About 10,000 murders are annually

mmitted in the United States. The

number of executions is ess than 260.

A dog and horse owned by Col. W.

A Temperary Gush of Wor

It is related of a worthy Milte woman who had lost her husband and was indulging in a very noisy kind of grief that when exposiulated with by a friend for "taking on so" she replied. "Oh, do but let me have it out, Saily, for after 1 do I shan't think any more about it." Poets have said the same thing in a different way and the world of a better lodging, when something oc. sation of manure or tertilizer, but to has exclaimed: "Ob, how beautiful."

Tire Punctured by a Snake.

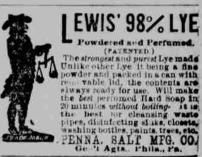
The other day a bicycle rider was J. Hulings, of Oil City, Pa., says the coasting down a hill at Pulaski, in the the post boy as he rode up with the Derrick of that city, afford the neigh- western part of Pennsylvania. He bors considerable amusement. The saw a big snake lying directly in his animals are companions and full of in- path. The motions of the anake contelligence. The horse has learned to fused the bicyclist, and he was compick and untie all sorts of knots, and pelled to run over it. As the front unless the door is fastened y a pad- wheel struck the serpent his fange shot lock it is impossible to keep him in out and the bicyclist had not gone far, the stable during the hot weather, with so he says, when the front tire collapthe lawns in the neighborhood offering sed. An examination disclosed the overpowering temptations in the way fact that the snake's fangs had puncof juicy, clean grass. This trait gives tured the tire. A. Middlesex physician the dog much trouble, for the horse examined the snake, which the young pays no attention to his barking or man considered a trophy, and lent corsharp nippings, but keeps trespassing roboration to the story by discovering on the colonel's lawn or that of neigh- minute particles of vulcanized rubber bors without discrimination. After in the teeth.

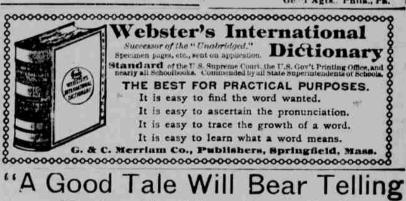
Explained.

Clara-How did you manage to keep your head above water so long? Maud (who came near being drowned

-1 had on a new hat.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Grant Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Mar-velous curren. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fitcases. Send to Dr. Kline, ggt Arch St., Phila., Pa.





fort of his own to persuade his com-"I wish we could know," said the panion to retarn to the stable. and find out," he said, rising. In a few days a reply came. "A young Is taken internally: Price 75 cents.

"Does Clara Munroe live here?" was startled by her low cry.

"My poor child," said the remorseful old man, gathering her into his arms. "I have come to take you home. Where Is he?"

"Dead," murmured the woman

her girlhood's home, and, with love

Her hands were trembling as she

"Well?" he said, slowly, after look-

trying by all manner of stratagems to "I thought, perhaps, you had forgiven get the horse back into the stable where he belongs, the dog will give up the

"It would be easy to find her, but job in disgust, rush into the house, and by barking or dragging at the dress of some of the lady members of the fam-

glad to come home a little while this ily, entice them to the window or yard,

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISER.

DR. J. C. AYER'S

The Only

The inhabitants of the Cook Peninsula in Australia are passionate smokers, their pipe-a bamboo 31/2 feet long and 4 inches in diameter-passes around the company after one of the

use grease or alcoholic preparations, but

How They Smoke.

barbarian tribes.";

apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

the tube. Voice From the Alley

Vagrant Pig (upsetting the garbage barrel it couldn't climb into)-Where there's swill there's away .- New York Sun.

present has filled it with smoke from

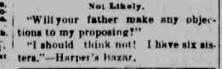
I have found Piso's Cure for Consump-tion an unfailing medicine. F. R. Lorz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky. Oct. 1, 1895.

Our Feathered Friends as Philosophers. Some wonderful facts about the instinct of birds have been observed by naturalists. The oriole, for example, has a fondness for bright colors, and prudence leads the little creature in choosing its nest to select the least conspicuous hues. He also shows architectural skill in attaching a string to his hanging nest and tastening it securely by a number of turns and a knot to a branch above.

Birds also show a progressive spirit. Since the introduction of British manufactures they use sewing thread and ravelings from cloths.

In the districts of Switzerland, where watches are made, the wagtails have learned to build their nests of the fine steel shavings. Sparrows, which usually build in the chinks of walls or under roofs, if forced to construct their nests in trees or any unsheltered spot, cover them with a sort of hood to keep out estalogue the rain.

Mrs. Winslow's Boorning Synur for child-ren teething, softens the gums, reduces inflam-mation, all syspain, cures wind colic. Ex bottle.



The best remedy for all diseases of the blood.

The best record. SARSAPARILLA Half a century Permitted at World's Fair. of genuine cures. woman

"I have been looking all the afternoon, but no one wants help. There are tive hundred out of employment by this suspension." "The rent is due to-morrow."

"Yes, I know," said the girl. "I've enough money to pay it, and a little more besides "What shall we do then?"

"I've been thinking, mother, of that manuscript in the bottom of your old trunk.

"It isn't good for anything, Clara, I was only a girl when it was written." "Can't you revise it?" "My hand trembles so I can't do it," said the invalid, fretfully,

"May I try?" "You can't, child; it would only be a

waste of time, and you have no paper." "My time is not wanted, and I can get some paper; please let me try." An unwilling consent was given, and the girl almost flew to a stationer's for materials.

There was no money for lights, and the winter night had already settled down. She must be ready for the precious daylight to-morrow

It was a simple story of country life, but she grew enthusiastic as she worked, adding here and erasing there, unconsciously giving it the finish of an artist's touch

She read it to her mother when completed.

"You have written it over, child; it is not my story; perhaps you can dispose of it.'

Clara hastened to a well-known newspaper office. The managing editor glanced at her coldly.

"You can leave it if you like."

"When shall I come again?" she asked in a faint voice

"We are very busy; perhaps it will be examined in six weeks." Six weeks! That would be time

enough to starve in. An old gentleman sat near the desk, and was looking at her over his glasses as she turned away. Something in her face touched his heart.

"Perhaps we can jump rules in this case, Harry. Suppose you look this over and let her come in to-morrow." The voung man looked a little surprised.

"Just as you say, sir; I presume we can. You may come in to-morrow." "Oh, thank you!" An eager light sprang into her face, and she went hurriedly out.

"There was a prayer on that girl's lips," said the elder gentleman. hope the story is good for something." Clara ate sparingly next day; there was not enough for them both. It was not necessary to tell this to the invalid mother; perhaps the story would be ac-cepted. She spent part of the day look-cript.

and care, sunshine and pure air, she grew strong again. The mother, who had walted so many years, grew young with joy, and Clara has just written one of the most popular books of the day .- New York Examiner.

Embargo on Scal Meat. A new staple article made its appear

ance in the German coal mining district. Some Dutch and Norwegian meat and fish preservers have succeeded in preparing the meat of seals to resemble and taste somewhat like hams. This meat, which serves as the principal food of the Esquimaux and other tribes of the arctic regions, is now imported into Germany in quantities, but is not very unpopular on account of its disgusting taste. It is curious that this article comes in the shape of the shoulder of pork by reason of the anatomy of the seal, the forepart resembling mammals, while the rear part of the body is more like a fish. The authorities have taken the matter in hand and instructions have been given to prevent the further importation of seal meat.

A Gentleman.

In telling what he thought a gentle man should be, Cardinal Newman once wrote: "He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bash ful gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. In his conver sation the gentleman will remember to whom he is speaking, have though for all the company and avoid allusions that would give pain to any of them steering away also from topics that irritate. When he does a favor to another-and he does many-the gentleman will somehow make it appear that he is receiving the benefit instead of conferring it. He is never mean or little in his disputes. Moreover, he shows that he has an intellect far above the average in the fact that he never mistakes personalities and sharp sayings for arguments. Most of mankind do. When grief, illness or losses come to him, he submits to pain because it is inevitable. Bereavement he takes with heroic philosophy because it is irreparable. He goes to death without a murmur because it is destiny."

May-I'm going to marry Mr. Quick-Old Bachelor Cousin-Good blood. beavens! "Why do you say that; he's well off? "Yes, he's well off as he is, but he doesn't know it."-Philadelphia Record.

Figg-It's a mighty good thing to have a retentive memory. Fogg-That depends. If the memory is yours, it is a mighty good thing, as you say; but if it Twice." Use Sapoliol ...Use...

SAPOLIO



borrowing from health.



If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body.

The sign of this borrowing is thinness ; the result, nervewaste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force-live from hand to mouth.

It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

Be sure you get Sould's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute. Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists: soc. and \$4.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is more than a medicine.