

THE CHILD WITH EARNEST EYES.

Ere the dawn grew red, beside my bed
Came a child with earnest eyes.
"What light have you shed through the world?" she said,
"Now you are old and wise?"

"'Tis a weary while," quoth I, with a smile,
"Since I dreamed it had need of me.
I found but guilt in its fairest wife."
"Then its need was greater," said she.

"So the hungry you fed, and wanderers led,
And smiled on the weary and sad?"
"Scarce I earn," I said, "my own bitter bread,
And I have no time to be glad."

She spoke not blame, nor again of fame;
"But the love that I dreamed about?"
"Bright burned that flame till gaunt Care came
And blew the rushlight out."

"But still true friends kind heaven sends
To cheer and comfort you?"
"Nay; friendship bends to selfish ends,
And loyal hearts are few."

She raised her head, "Woman," she said,
And her voice came sobbingly,
"If joy is dead, and your high hopes fled,
You have broken faith with me."

In the dawn, still gray, she stole away,
With a grieving look at me.
"I cannot stay," I heard her say,
"I'm the Child You Used to Be!"

—Katharine Pelton in Century.

reached for the cards, and then—
"Sacre Dieu!" screamed Bellefontaine, falling with a scared, white face back from the table. "Narcisse is—is takin' de hand!"

"And, by the Lord, the cards of the extra sixth hand were visibly agitated. They gathered together for all the world as though a hand arranged them; they seemed to be lifting."

"You chump!" cried Drake to Bellefontaine, "it's only the draught from the chimney!"

"What did you think it was?" I managed to ask.

"Bellefontaine sat down, wiping his forehead. And then on the hot summer air the stroke of a bell boomed, then another and another, solemnly and slowly; it was tolling. Bellefontaine got up and on legs that trembled left the room, crossing himself as he went. The game was ended.

"It was ended indeed for Narcisse Le Blanc. The church bell told us that. And then I quit poker for good."
—C. M. Williams in New York Press.

HE HAD TO WAIT.

Dog Stealer's Naive Explanation of Lost Time.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the animal painter, one time was about to put the finishing touches to the portrait of a dog belonging to a nobleman and was expecting a visit from his model when the owner arrived in a state of great perturbation without the dog—the animal had been stolen. After talking over the loss with Sir Edwin the owner decided to leave the matter in the painter's hands, together with a £10 note as a reward for the recovery of the dog. Sir Edwin's acquaintance with the dog fanciers was large and he summoned to his aid one Jem Smith, who he thought might put him on the right track. He showed the man the picture and the bank note and promised that if the dog was restored no questions should be asked. Six weeks later Smith arrived at the studio leading the missing dog by a piece of string. "Here is your £10," said the artist, "and I suppose I must ask no questions. But now that the affair is done with you may just as well tell me all about it." After a moment of hesitation the man confessed that he himself was the thief. "You, you thundering rascal!" exclaimed Sir Edwin. "Then why on earth have you kept me in suspense all this time?" "Well, you see, gov'ner," was the answer, "I stole the dog, but the gentleman I sold him to kept 'im so jolly close that I hadn't a chance of nicking him again till yesterday, and that's the truth's 'elp me."

ONE ON THE PROFESSOR.

Prank of College Students That Really Was Funny.

In a college town two students were passing by a "painless" dentist's office shortly after nightfall, when one of them, as if he had thought of something remarkably funny, suddenly ran and took down the sign about a yard long that was hanging from two nails.

The next morning, when the Latin class was assembling, every student as he took his seat and looked toward the teacher's platform seemed to be unable to keep back a burst of laughter. The professor of Latin belonged to a type of which a specimen can be found in many a college faculty. He had no idea how to keep order in his class, and would fly into a rage at the smallest interruption and launch forth into a tirade of abuse, forgetting all about the lesson. In this way he had won for himself the nickname of "Gasbag Tommy." This morning the laughter of so many of the class seemed to infuriate him, and he began to apply all kinds of epithets to the offenders, without diminishing the merriment, however. At last he noticed that everybody was looking over his head; turning around, he discovered, with continually increasing rage, the cause of the mirth. It was a dentist's sign, and the words on it were:

"Gas Administered."

"Unto How Many."

Unto how many men each hour
Frail little fingers seek to bring
Some gentle gift, some flower
That is the soul's best offering!
Some happiness which we despise,
Some boon we toss aside forever—
And only that our selfish eyes
May smile one minute on the giver.

How many of us count on treasure
The little lives that perish thus
To garner us a moment's pleasure,
A moment's space to comfort us?
Blind, ever blind, we front the sun
And cannot see the angels near us;
Forget the tender duties done
By willing slaves to help and cheer us

Earth and its fullness all the fair
Creations of this heaven and air,
All lives that die that we may live,
All gifts of service we pass by;
All blessings love hath power to give
We scorn, O God, or we deny!
—Robert Buchanan.

One Rooster Per Passenger.

It takes Havana railroad companies for fine discrimination and regard for the comfort of passengers. Some of the rules and regulations governing these roads are thus laid down, for the benefit of the ignorant, in the guide to Havana—a little, red-covered book, printed in Spanish and the quaintest possible English.

"If trains are delayed and the passenger desists from going, the ticket is redimmed; but if otherwise, the train is on time and he desists, only half fare is returned. If the passenger loses the train on his own fault no return whatever is made.

"The company prohibits the carrying of more than one rooster in a first-class car, if carried in a basket, and in the other cars dogs with muzzles and ½ doz. chickens, but no ice is allowed in the cars nor fish or any other article injurious to the comfort of Passengers."—Brooklyn Eagle

DOAN'S CHANGE DOUBT TO GLAD SURPRISE

EVERETT, MASS.—I received the sample of Doan's Pills and they stopped all my trouble of pain in the back, from which I have suffered for two years. I am a sole-leather cutter, and being on my feet and lifting heavy dies all day, appreciate the help Doan's Pills have given me. I feel like a new man.—Geo. A. BURGESS, 133 Belmont Street.

St. Louis, Mo.—Received sample, and am on my first bottle from the druggist—they helped me wonderfully. I had a feeling of wanting to urinate all the time, and trouble in passing, burning and itching. That is all gone now, and I feel thankful.—E. K. STEVENSON, 3551 Easton Ave.

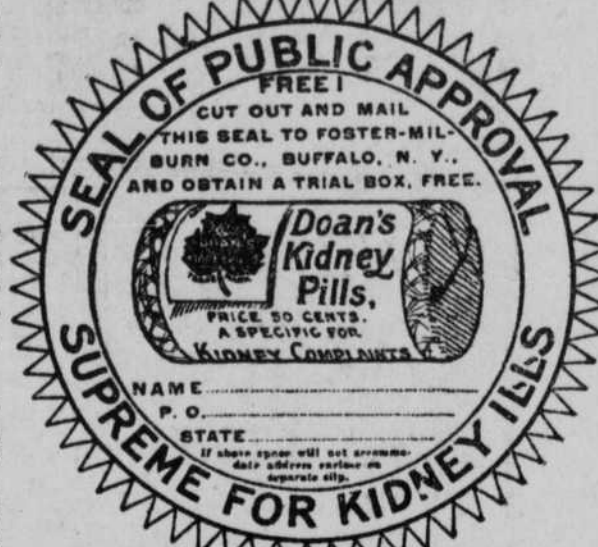
ASPEN, COLO., April 10, 1903.—Doan's Kidney Pills accomplished the desired result in my case—relief came the second day after I commenced taking them. I was troubled with retention and dribbling of the urine. Now it is natural and free as ever in my life.—D. L. STAFFORD.

Aching back is eased. Hip, back, and loin pains, limb swellings and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, dizziness, headache, nervousness.

BURLINGTON JUNCTION, Mo.—I received sample of Doan's Pills and they are all that is claimed, they relieved a pain in my back, and did all that was represented.—C. C. RAY, R. F. D. No. 1.

TAYLORSVILLE, Miss.—No man can tell the good of Doan's Kidney Pills until he tries them for a weak back. I tried everything and got no relief until I used Doan's Pills.—J. N. LEWIS.

WEST BRANCH, MICH., April 11th.—Many thanks for the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills. We had tried many remedies with little benefit but found Doan's act promptly, and hit the case, which was an unusual desire to urinate—had to get up five and six times of a night. I think Diabetes was well under way, the feet and ankles swelled. There was an intense pain in the back, the heat of which would feel like putting one's hand up to a lamp chimney. I have used the free trial and two full boxes of Doan's Pills with the satisfaction of feeling that I am cured. They are the remedy par excellence.—B. F. BALLARD.



Consult our Physician by mail; medical advice free.

GROWLS FROM THE TIGER.

Most girls close their eyes when they are kissed; do you blame them?

The poor ye have always with you—often so close that they touch you.

Poltiness is the salt of life; you hate to have it rubbed into you when you are cut up.

It does not make it right to do what you ought not to do when you don't do what you ought to do.

A lot of people who should be spending good time getting good money spend good money getting a good time.

It is all very well to get a good start, but the start you get when some fool puts his cold hands down your neck may be too good.—Princeton Tiger.

Bear Worshipers in Japan. The queerest and perhaps the oldest people of the earth are the Ainos, the bear idolators, who are found in the Japanese islands of Kouriles, Sakhalino and chiefly in Yezo or Honshu. They number not more than 28,000 souls in all and they are fast disappearing. They have the broad nose and the oblique eyes which characterize the Chinese and Asiatic races generally, but there the resemblance ends. The Ainos are a large and powerful people, straight as an arrow. All the Ainos declare they sprang from the Great White Dog—the bear—and a princess of the south. The bear is their chief god.

NEW WHEN TO QUIT.

Judge Promptly Saw the Point in Politician's Advice.

One of the most hospitable citizens of Sioux Falls was Judge Fuller of the Supreme Court. He was introduced to the president's attention with the following incident of his career:

The judges made a strong campaign to get the legislature to raise their salaries. The bill met with great opposition. Judge Fuller, who had no small political influence, went up to Pierre to see about it. He was met by one of the leaders of the party.

"How about this thing?" said the judge.

"Judge," said the other politician, gravely, "you better drop this salary business. I tell you as a friend, you don't want it to go through. It is not in your interest."

"Why ain't it?"

"Don't you see, judge," explained the politician, "that if we put the salaries of the judges up to the figure you want, the people will turn around and elect real lawyers to the bench."

The point of the story is that the judge dropped the amendment at once.—New York Sun.

IN CONVENTION.

Teachers Learn Something Not in the Class Books.

A number of young women attending a teachers' convention at Oklahoma City some time ago learned a valuable lesson in hygiene through a sister teacher who says: "About a year ago I had my first attack of poor health and it seemed a terrible thing to me for I had always been so well and strong. My stomach distressed me terribly; it seemed like it was raw, especially after breakfast, and it would burn and hurt me so I could not rest. I was soon convinced that it was caused by coffee drinking and at the request of a friend I gave up coffee and began to use Postum Coffee.

"The change in my condition was something marvelous. I had actually given up teaching because doctors were unable to help my stomach trouble but since I quit coffee and used Postum my troubles have disappeared and I have gone to teaching again.

"Some time ago I attended a convention at Oklahoma City and I determined to have Postum at my boarding-house where there were eight other teachers, four of them suffering from coffee sickness. My landlady did not make the Postum right, but I showed her how and we all found it delicious. We all drank it the rest of the time we were there and the young ladies in question felt much better and declared that their heads were much clearer for study and their general health much improved. I have their names if you care for them." Names furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Had Missed Him. When a shot was fired in the wings of an opera-house during the third act of "Carmen" on Zelle de Lussan's opening night in San Francisco a disappointed spectator, who considered Tenney's Don Jose about "the limit," remarked with a sigh of relief, "Thank God." Those about him, who shared his feelings, snickered sympathetically. But their smiles were turned to peals of laughter when Don Jose presently bobbed up serenely, and the talkative wag exclaimed tragically: "Ye gods, her aim was bad. She missed him!"

Senator Studies Meteorology. Senator Dillingham of Vermont is a close student of meteorology, finding much amusement in watching the changing temperature lines on the big weather map at the senate and of the capitol. "That pond fascinates me," said the senator pointing to the Gulf of Mexico. "It gives up most of the water that is carried overland and falls as rain in the Eastern and Middle states. What should we do were it not for the Gulf of Mexico?" he asked with the enthusiasm of a teacher instructing a geography class.

The Young Critics' Idea. Friends of E. J. Couse, the artist, are laughing over a remark made by some seminary girls who attended an exhibition where his picture, "The Peace Pipe," took the Hallgarten prize. "I like that Couse canvas better than anything I've looked at," said one, "and I want mamma to come and see it." "Which one was that?" her friend inquired. "Oh! That Peace-Pipe Dream," was the reply.

Santos-Dumont Building Again. Reports from Paris state that Santos-Dumont is busy building a big balloon shed which will house at least three of his airships. He has purchased 12,000 square meters of land facing the Seine at Neuilly, just opposite the island of Puteaux, where is situated the famous summer club for Parisian sportsmen. M. Dumont lives in the Champs Elysees and goes about on a tiny electric American runabout. His new balloon will be the tenth that he has built, and as M. Dumont is of the opinion that No. 9 was much too heavy, No. 10 will be of a much lighter design. Experts say that No. 10 will be a beautiful toy but not a machine to conquer the air.

This Will Interest Mothers. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

What should you do if you split your sides with laughter? Run 'till I got a stitch in them.

Insist on Getting It. Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. Defiance Starch for the same money.

Hypocrisy always bows too low.



The Sixth Hand

"No, thanks," said the drummer; "I'm through with poker."

The men in the smoking room of the coastwise steamship howled in decision and incredulity.

"No, boys," said the drummer, seriously, "I've sworn off on poker. I can't play the game any more."

"Well, then," said the man who had invited him to join the game, "I guess it's all off for to-night. I don't care anything about four-handed poker. Honest, now, Mac, this is the biggest surprise I've had since Cocktail Jim climbed on the water wagon. What made you swear off?"

"An experience I had in a game I played about six months ago, down in Nova Scotia," said the drummer. "It broke my nerve. In my business trips I visited Halifax about twice a year, and every time I went there I sat in a poker game with the same crowd. There was a big, burly hotel keeper named Drake, a French Canadian named Onesime Bellefontaine; his cousin, a barber, whose name was Narcisse Le Blanc, and an Irishman named O'Reilly. The game was played in Drake's hotel.

"A year ago when I was there the game was on Saturday night, and Le Blanc did not butt in until well on toward morning. He was a nice, slender, good-looking young fellow, rather delicate and what you might call pretty, and simply crazy on poker. The game wasn't very high, but it served to pass away the time.

"Well, on this night, Narcisse Le Blanc came hurrying into the stuffy little back room, threw off his coat, drew out a ten-dollar bill and bought his chips. The limit was 50 cents.

"Who's winnin' to-night—you, M'oo Drake?" he asked.

"No!" growled the big hotel keeper, and the game went on. Narcisse won steadily, and as steadily drank nips of whisky and water and smoked cigarettes. He hurried through his work that night and he was hot and excited.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, "but it's hot! Open de window dere, someone!"

"Better not, Narcisse," I said; "you have a cigarette cough already; you are sitting with your back to the window, and you'll catch a cold, and colds bring on catarrh, and catarrh brings on consumption, and consumption introduces the Lean Fellow."

"De Lean Fellow! Who dat?"

"Mr. Death."

"Bah! Who's 'feared of him?"

"Well, I am, for one," I said. "I know a man in Boston, I went on, 'who writes for the paper; mighty clever man, but he has a bad habit of joking with death; he's too familiar with him. He calls him by nicknames. The Lean Fellow is one of them. Good Lord! The Lean Fellow! The name

"Pretty low," said the cousin, scanning his cards. "I'm tired, me, sitting up with him. I should be there to-night, I s'pose. I'll take two cards."

"It was a jack pot, and Drake had opened it. 'I'll take one card,' he said. 'I'll tell you what,' he went on, 'Narcisse wasn't built to stand the pace he went; it was too swift for him. I guess he's done for. I'll bet a dollar on my two little pairs, and look out for squalls, boys.'

"I had caught a third queen, and I said: 'A dollar better. I guess raising the window that night fixed Le Blanc. I was right; the Lean Fellow was there.'

"'Poor Narcisse,' said Bellefontaine. 'I'll raise you bobe just one little dollar more.'

"'Count me out,' said the fifth player, laying down his cards, as did O'Reilly. 'I hear that Narcisse is expected to cash in to-night.'

"'Is that so?' said Drake, as he raked in the pot, having caught a full house, and he started to deal again. 'I guess he'd rather be here to-night and take a hand with us. He was dotty on poker.'

"That may be so," said I, "but you needn't deal six hands. I don't think he'll come to take it."

straight in his face. The oil lamps flared. The loose cards jumped on the table.

"It's blowing through the Lean Fellow's ribs, B-r-r-r! Shut the window!" said Drake. Just then a head appeared at the open window and the light fell upon a grotesque nose and a pair of little sharp eyes. The nose was long and fleshless and stuck out from the sunken cheeks like the beak of a bird.

"The Lean Fellow himself! Look, Narcisse!" laughed Drake. He went to



The cards of the extra sixth hand were visibly agitated.

the man at the window. "What's the matter, Jake? Is the inspector around?"

"The man nodded. He had a policeman's helmet behind his back. 'Lie low,' he said, 'I'll let you know when the coast is clear. Give me a drink.' He got his drink. The window was closed, the blinds drawn, the lights lowered, and we waited in the dark."

"What's the matter, Narcisse?" I asked. "I fancied I could hear Le Blanc's teeth chattering. 'Oh, nodding, nodding,' said Narcisse, hastily. He admitted afterward, however, that the wind had chilled him. The lights were turned up and the game went on. Now and then Narcisse sneezed or hemmed in his throat. The tide of luck turned; he was beaten on an ace fully by four little ones, and after that he lost steadily. Morning brought end to the game and to Le Blanc's money. He borrowed a couple of dollars from his cousin and went miserably home.

"Six months later I was sitting in the same game. I was dealing. The game doesn't seem the same without Le Blanc," I remarked, glancing at the new player, a clumsy fellow. "How is he, Bellefontaine?"

"'Pretty low,' said the cousin, scanning his cards. 'I'm tired, me, sitting up with him. I should be there to-night, I s'pose. I'll take two cards.'

"It was a jack pot, and Drake had opened it. 'I'll take one card,' he said. 'I'll tell you what,' he went on, 'Narcisse wasn't built to stand the pace he went; it was too swift for him. I guess he's done for. I'll bet a dollar on my two little pairs, and look out for squalls, boys.'

"I had caught a third queen, and I said: 'A dollar better. I guess raising the window that night fixed Le Blanc. I was right; the Lean Fellow was there.'

"'Poor Narcisse,' said Bellefontaine. 'I'll raise you bobe just one little dollar more.'

"'Count me out,' said the fifth player, laying down his cards, as did O'Reilly. 'I hear that Narcisse is expected to cash in to-night.'

"'Is that so?' said Drake, as he raked in the pot, having caught a full house, and he started to deal again. 'I guess he'd rather be here to-night and take a hand with us. He was dotty on poker.'

"That may be so," said I, "but you needn't deal six hands. I don't think he'll come to take it."

Drake stared at the table. It was true. He had dealt six hands. He laughed. 'Misdeal,' he said. 'I guess I must have meant it for Narcisse.'

"There was a pause as Drake