

Whether Common or Not.

SOME LITTLE FABLES IN RHYME.

Perseverance.

John Smithers studied politics and for the right put in good ticks. He strove to work for public good, and all knew just where Smithers stood. He did his thinking with his head, and more than once John Smithers said: "My stomach cannot master be; my reason is what guideth me."

John worked away in each campaign and strove with all his might and main to bring about a triumph grand for justice in his well loved land; and though he fought a losing fight against the hosts of greed and might, he never paused and never said: "I'm well content, my stomach's fed."

He voted on election day as he thought was the proper way—just as his reason said he should to bring about the public good. And when the votes were counted o'er John found that he had failed to score. "All right, said John, 'I'll win some day; the right will win and right's my way."

So John refused to sulk or pout because he had thus been knocked out, but kept on striving day and night to bring a triumph of the right. And men who saw that he was true said, "There is right in Smithers' view;" and when they'd studied hard and long they helped John Smithers vanquish wrong.

MORAL.

The man who knows that he is right, And works away, will win the fight.

Shackles.

A man who always claimed to be eh-ck full of stren-u-os-i-tee, and always felt his kind heart stirred with pity for the common herd, spake loud and long of cruel wrongs inflicted on the tolling throngs by those whose greed for gold and gain inflicted on wage-workers pain.

Said he: "The day dawns on our view when we must shackle cunning, too; just as we've seen our proper course of forging chains for cruel force." And saying this he made a pause to furnish time for loud applause, not knowing that he soon would reach a time to practice, not to preach.

And when at last the wheel of fate this man to place did elevate, instead of forging shackles strong to bind upon the limbs of wrong, at binding them he quickly balked and only talked, and talked, and talked. And this advice to us imparts, "Don't harbor envy in your hearts."

And while he talked his platitudes the trusts walked off with all the goods, and laughed to scorn deluded wights who would not vote to get their rights. Said they—the trusts—"while we can steal we can afford to let him spell." But party leaders shouted "Nay!" and took him from the stump straightway.

MORAL.

You can't forge shackles with your jaw.

There's a criminal clause in the Sherman law.

Divine Rights.

A man who had acquired great wealth by divers means and crafty stealth, who added to his golden store by tramping on the weak and poor, at last made up his mind that he was sure a child of destiny, and took his power as a sign that he could rule by right divine.

He laughed to scorn all labor's claims and called the workingmen harsh names. He seemed to think there was no soul in any man who dug

for coal. And from his groaning banquet board his loud anathemas he roared at those who asked that he should give a wage permitting men to live.

This man, puffed up with pomp and pride, thought his rule went on ev'ry s'ide, but there arose from lowly place a man who met him face to face and said, "You are just common clay like we who labor day by day, deprived of light and joy and mirth deep in the bowels of the earth."

The haughty man sought to deride the man who spoke on labor's side, but soon found out that common sense had punctured his "divine" pretense. And then, to save his huge estate he said that he would arbitrate. Now this man's striving hard to keep from being dumped on the culm heap.

MORAL.

For tyrants mean in ev'ry clime A Mitchell is raised up in time.

Benevolence.

One day a big man, bold and strong, saw as he slowly walked along a brutal man with fiendish eyes who kicked a boy not half his size, and beat and choked him black and blue, as bullies mean are wont to do. The sight of such a cruel deed made this big, strong man's warm heart bleed.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried. "This crime must cease; I'm a great hand for Christian peace." And when the brutal bully said some saucy words he punched his head. He beat that brutal bully sore and kicked him to his native shore; then bowed because applause was hurled at him from all the Christian world.

But when the bully's victim said: "For this glad day I've fought and bled; this glorious day I've longed to see—the day at last when I am free;" the strong man said, "I like your nerve! Those whom I help my ends must serve. I'll take your case into my hands, and in the meantime grab your lands."

The victim wept and cried, "Alas, that such a wrong should come to pass; that I should one great foe escape, and then fall into such a scrape!" The strong man said, "Ungrateful wretch, shut up or rope your neck shall stretch. I'm working only for your good—and I must have your land—each rood."

MORAL.

The man whose mind on plunder's bent Prates of benevolent intent.

Morganization.

A man to whom the fates were kind said, "It has dawned upon my mind that 'twas intended I should be a favored child of destiny; that o'er the earth I should hold sway and have all things come straight my way; that I'd be greater than a king and have all men my praises sing."

And thinking thus he did proceed to give free reign unto his greed. He grabbed all on the land and sea, this captain great of industry. He crushed and throttled right and left and of ambition men bereft. He choked his vaults with hoarded gold that to him through his scheming rolled.

He reckoned not of starving poor whose blighted hopes died at his door. He rode o'er human rights with glee and never heeded misery. He only thought of golden gain, and crushed and struck with might and main. Puffed up with pride of pomp and power he strutted earth for his brief hour.

One night he said, "Indeed, I'm

great; I stand above the church and state. I make all men do as I please while here I sit and take my ease." But as he spoke upon his ear fell words with awful meaning clear: "Thou fool! Thy boasted riches flee; this night thy soul's required of thee!"

MORAL.

Let me say here, and say it loud: "There are no pockets in a shroud."

Philanthropy.

A highwayman strode forth at night and held up many a luckless wight. He robbed the rich and robbed the poor, and all the while he yelled for more. A wiser man than this bold thief said, "It is my firm, strong belief that I can beat that scheme, because there is a graft in tariff laws."

He went to legislative halls and made some very secret calls, with this result—that from that day he robbed folk in a legal way. By exercising lots of craft he worked a very paying graft, and while he robbed men of their pelf made each man think he helped himself.

"Protection you must have," said he, "from pauper goods of Europe. See?" And when pauper goods were barred he soaked it to his patrons hard, and while he for protection roared he brought in Europe's pauper horde to run his mills because their wage could be screwed down to lowest stage.

And when his wealth had grown so great he bowed beneath its golden weight, he said, "Philanthropy's my role; my fame shall reach from pole to pole." And everywhere through all his days a foolish public sang his praise, and never stopped to think that they for all his "kindness" had to pay.

MORAL.

'Tis easy generous to be With other people's money. See?

Brain Leaks.

Hope always sees a light ahead.

Can't never did; Will never failed.

Godly youth brings a serene old age.

The laughter of children is the music of the spheres.

Every day is thanksgiving day with the true man and woman.

Wrong may triumph for a day, but right enjoys the eternal victory.

The whisper of scandal is heard further than the peans of praise.

Some men have to boast of their Christianity before anybody can notice it.

Some people open their doors and invite the thief in, then complain because they are robbed.

Too many people have a habit of whispering their thanks and megaphoning their complaints.

—Will M. Maupin.

Would Cleveland Run?

The following Washington dispatch appeared in a recent issue of the Topeka State Journal:

"The letter of Grover Cleveland on the condition of the democratic party is here regarded as indicating that the former president has an idea that he can break the precedent of over a century and for a third time become the chief executive officer of the nation. It is also regarded as indicating that the eminent Princetonian has had some notions put into his head on that subject by some very powerful persons who are doing all they can to find someone who will defeat Theodore Roosevelt at the polls.

"The powerful persons to whom reference is had are those who represent the feeling of the great capitalists who are striving mightily to prevent anti-trust action. There is no one in the democratic party who stands so well with the moneyed interests of the

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I ask for no money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month and, if it succeeds, the cost is only \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay the druggist myself.

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Simply write me a postal card or a letter. I will send you my book about Rheumatism, and an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, as it won't harm you anyway. If it fails, it is free, and I leave the decision with you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 515, Racine, Wis.

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country as the former president. Hence the conclusion that some of those who are looking the field over for someone to pit against the republican nominee have been talking to Mr. Cleveland.

"When he was in the White house Cleveland's connection with men prominent in Wall street was notorious. Since his retirement he has not lost the friendship of any of those friends. In fact, among the Bryan wing of the party it is regarded as certain that anyone favored by either Cleveland or Whitney has the stamp of approval of Wall street.

"The election of Grover Cleveland would bring about a condition that would be considered ideal by those who are opposed to putting anti-trust legislation on the statute books that will hurt. Even if he should formulate a plan looking to the curbing of trusts the chances would be against its adoption by congress, because that body would probably be so divided politically that action would be impossible.

"The senate would surely remain republican, while the house would probably be democratic. In that event there could be no hostile legislation on the tariff and probably none on interstate commerce. That would be eminently satisfactory, because there is a feeling that President Roosevelt will not be able to organize his forces in either this or in the next congress so as to accomplish any anti-trust legislation that will be worth while."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.