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Whether Common or Not By Will M. Maupin.

The Heroes of Peace

(Conductor Hilgot, though fatally burned by the escaping steam, remembered his duty and in his agony screamed: "For God's sake, Jack, flag Forty-nine, or she'll be into us in a minute!" Baggage man John Baum, though frightfully wounded, crawled down the track and flagged Forty-nine by setting fire to his coat and waving it in front of the approaching train. When he saw Forty-nine slowing up in response to his signal he fainted by the side of the track.—From the telegraphic account of a recent railroad wreck in which four score people were killed.)

The heroes who have fought and died On fields with carnage strewn. The world recalls with swelling pride And carves their names in stone. We cheer the name of him who leads The battle's fierce onslaught, But men who have done braver deeds Are by the world forgot.

No knight who fought for lady fair With lance and coat of mail, Accomplished deeds that can compare With heroes of the rail. Who'er saw knight armed cap-a-pie Perform a deed as fine As Hilgot's, when he rose to cry: "Quick, Jack; flag Forty-nine!"

And Baum, though wounded unto death By cruel wheel and beam; Though lungs were filled with cruel breath Of hissing, scalding steam, Responded when brave Hilgot called, And slowly down the line, In pain and agony he crawled To signal Forty-nine.

Though marble shafts by scores we rear To men of martial fame; And though we split our throats to cheer

The mention of each name, What braver men today can we With laurel wreaths entwine Than these who in their agony Flagged back for Forty-nine?

We rear a stone to him who fills The land with blood and tears; The name of him who burns and kills We greet with frantic cheers. But men who save their fellow men Get from the world no sign— Though God saw Baum and Hilgot when They flagged for Forty-nine.

Historical.

Napoleon sorrowfully watched his soldiers as they were being driven back at Waterloo. "Alas, that I did not have the forethought to provide myself with a canal site." Then remembering that strenuousity was not yet developed in America he prepared to accept his fate.

In vain did his comrades plead with Marc Antony to brace up and do something.

"Can't you see that I am busy talking to Cleo?" exclaimed Marc. "This is no time for deeds."

Realizing the strength of his position the people made no further objection to paying tribute.

Immediately after finishing his musical instruments Pan played a little tune. "That's all right," he remarked,

gazing at his handiwork. "But I have not conferred an unmixed blessing upon the world. This means that a few thousand years hence the people will be called upon to save the Chicago orchestra"

However, having no money of his own, Pan soon forgot all about it.

Plutarch roved from sanctum to sanctum, vainly looking for a publisher.

"Alas," he sighed, "that there are no great trusts yet in existence, else I might write a history of their lives and achieve fame and riches"

But not for long did Plutarch grow faint-hearted. And finally he found a magazine that did not pretend to be "literary."

For a few brief moments after metamorphosing Niobe, Jupiter felt severe pangs of conscience.

"Have I done right in making her a perpetual fountain of tears?" he queried.

Suddenly remembering that the time would come when great trusts and corporations would be able to make use of the water he felt that he had not worked in vain.

Panama.

Yes; you've got your chunk of swag, Panama.

But you've got no right to brag, Panama.

Better keep still for a bit; Better you don't boast of it, Or your game may end in "nit," Panama.

'Tis your place to hold your lip, Panama.

There's a chance yet for a slip, Panama.

If your talk grows too intense You may furnish evidence That you sold goods to a "fence," Panama.

He who sells his stolen peif, Panama.

Stores up trouble for himself, Panama.

Those who sell, those who receive, Often are called on to grieve— Which sad fact you may perceive, Panama.

Better back up to your chair, Panama.

Better have a little care, Panama.

Some day Justice may awake, Rub her eyes and grab a stake— Then your neck she'll surely break, Panama.

Seemed So.

"Hi, there, boys!" exclaimed the newly wed Mr. Witticus, "you have made a mistake!"

"Ain't you the bloke as just got married terday?" queried the leader of the charavari party.

"Yes," replied Mr. Witticus. "But you are mistaken in thinking that this is my tin wedding."

Awed by the majesty of his wit the boys threw away their old dish-pans, cans and boilers and stole silently hence.

Brain Leaks.

Real grief never goes on dress parade.

The burden sharers will be the crown wearers.

It doesn't help our bad habits any to call them eccentricities.

Will You Write a Postal So a Sick One May Get Well?

Send no money—simply a postal card, giving the name of some one who needs help. Tell me the book to send.

Then I will do this—I will arrange with a druggist near him so that he may take six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He may take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds the cost is \$5.00. If it fails, the druggist will bill the cost to me.

That month's test will show you what the remedy can do. It is the easiest way to convince you. It is the only way to induce all who need help to accept it.

I make the offer to multiply my cures, and I am willing to trust the easiest ones to be fair with me.

In the past 12 years I have furnished my Restorative to hundreds of thousands of sick ones on just those terms, and 39 out of 40 have paid gladly, because they got well. I pay just as willingly when one says I have failed.

The remedy is my discovery, the result of a lifetime's work. I have perfected it by watching results in thousands of the most difficult cases that physicians ever meet. I know what it will do.

My success comes from strengthening weak inside nerves, and my Restorative is the only remedy that does that. When an organ is weak I bring back the nerve power which alone operates every vital organ. It is like giving an engine more steam. I give the weak organ power to do its duty, and there is no other way to make a weak organ well.

Can you conceive of a sick one who will neglect such a treatment, when I take the entire risk.

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop, Box 8515, Racine, Wis.

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Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

You can lift the load from your heart by lifting your eyes to God.

The foolish man fears death, but the wise man spends his life preparing to live.

The firm of Strive & Thrive builds success on the ruins of the firm of Whine & Pine.

The fellow who is always switching his occupation never gets well started on the main line to success.

The young men or women who write on the fly-leaf of a church hymnal have ample room there for writing all they know.

When we miss an opportunity it is "ill luck," but when we grasp an opportunity we pride ourselves on our wisdom and forethought.

The time will come when the man who drives a clipped horse in winter will not suffer from the effects of the same kind of temperature.

Did you ever attend a mid-week prayer meeting whose attendance was large enough to cause you to think of the danger that might result from a sudden panic?

When men screen sand the fine particles sift through and the big particles do not, but when men reach in their pockets for money as the church collection basket starts around the big coins slip through and the little ones come to the surface. Funny, isn't it?

JUST AS EASY

I have printed a book—a handsome book—and I fully confess it is a good book. I wrote it myself. Just stories, and fables and poetry—but it was all good enough to be accepted by The Commoner and other publications of like character. And having printed the book I've got to sell it. Yes, got to sell it. I need the money.

A FAIR PROPOSITION

I want to sell my book. You really ought to have it. I'm confident you'll like the book so confident that I'll send it on approval. Look at it, read it and think it over, and if you think the book is worth the money, send me a dollar. If you don't think it is worth the money send the book back to me. You may have a week to think and look it over.

A GOOD BOOK

The book you own is like the old and tried friend whom you have known for years. The book you borrow is the chance acquaintance formed on the train—forgotten when out of sight. A good book is a friend that stays with you forever. My book will be your friend. See? Mr. Bryan says it's a good book. If you don't believe he said it, drop me a card and I'll tell you what he says about it.

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