DAD'S OLD GRINDSTONE.

Under a spreading russet bough, Uncared for an alone, Through summer's sun an winter's snow Has stood dad's ol grindstone. An I in fancy see it now Almost with weeds o'ergrown.

How well I recollect each morn That dad would call to me At break of day to come an turn The stone beneath the tree, An every whirl she'ud squeak and groan, An much exerted be

My hands would blister, peel an tear, But I made ne'er a face; 'Twas better to be blistered there Than on some other place. So while the lark songs filled the air The grindin went apace.

I steal from town life oft in ruth An look the old scenes through. And though it sounds a bit uncouth I find these words come true, "The work I dreaded so in youth I now would gladly do."

I'm turning now the stone of life, A-grindin fortune's blade, With nicks an cracks extremely rife An ruther poorly made, An oft the stone squeaks in the strife, Like dad's beneath the shade.

-Boston Advertiser.

CURED OF JEALOUSY

Mr. Andrew Frosty chanced to reside in one of a long, straight row of houses, no one of which bore any special mark on its front by which it could be distinguished from another. Each had seven steps and a portico.

Tack on another item-Mr. Frosty was terribly jealous of his wife. Now, it is speech would be wasted on him. an awful thing for a man to be jealous. of his wife at all, with or without reason. When a man or wife falls into gered rather late at luncheon at a taysuch a habit as that, they may as well draw their cotton caps over their eyes and say good night to the world. Living is no sort of an object to them.

But whether Mr. Frosty had any reason to be jealous of his wife is not what we are going to settle. And vet we never thought he could have, for a more amiable wife than she made him it would be hard to find. Mrs. Frosty was young and beautiful, and her manners were very taking. It may be that these were Mr. Frosty's reasons for his jealousy, but if so why didn't he marry a plainer woman?

Not many doors off and in the same row of dwellings lived Colonel Sawyer, who rather prided himself on being esteemed a gentleman. Without assuming to be what is popularly known as a ladies' man, he nevertheless was extremely particular in his carriage to ward them, aiming always to impress them with a sense of his perfect purity. chivalry and truth.

No one in the neighborhood ever suspected him of being capable of insulting any one-least of all a lady. Mothers held him up to their sprouting sons as an example of the lofty and true, and fathers spoke of him to their daughters and hoped that if they ever thought of marriage they would be satisfied with nothing less than a character like his.

Coming home musingly and with his head bent one evening the colonel thought no such accident was possible as that he should mistake his own house, especially as he had been in and out that way so many times.

Perhaps the very fact that he felt such a confidence was the greater reason why own house for you." he should make a mistake after all. But Upon this the colonel put on his coat than was this childlike genius. Yet he

march yourself out sooner than you came in.

The colonel had got over his astonishment enough to commence a calm explanation, when Mrs. Frosty, bursting into tears, threw herself before her angry husband and implored him to be silent, for it was a triffing mistake, and Colonel Sawyer would immediately explain it all.

But the enraged man would hear noth-

ing. "Leave the room!" he exclaimed to his wife. "I'll hear nothing from you! I've had disgrace enough brought on me already. Leave the room!"

Mortified and in tears, she passed out to brood over her misery and mortification alone.

Colonel Sawyer essayed to begin. though it was exceedingly hard work, and he could accomplish nothing but with almost superhuman effort.

"I mistook the house, sir, that is all," said he. "My intentions were perfectly honorable, and out of this house, sir, you shall not call them in question without being held personally responsible. I am quite ready to leave the place, I assure von." He began to do so.

"That is very well to say," replied the jealous husband: "I should advise you for the future, however, to be a little careful before you go into other persons' gree. houses and see if your own number extends the whole length of the street!"

Colonel Sawyer withdrew, resolved to have no further words with such a creature. He saw that he was beside himself with jealousy, and he knew, that

Perhaps it was a couple of months after this that a party of gentlemen linern and forgot that it was fairly 4 o'clock in the afternoon until they found it had long ago struck 6.

They were all jolly fellows. Their eyes were flashing, and their cheeks were getting rosy. The luncheon must have put them in the best of spirits-or, rather, the best of spirits in them. Among them was Mr. Andrew Frosty. If there was any one of them particu-

larly "mellow," it was but fair to say it golden hearted fellow Alexander is, to was Frosty. He had evidently improved his opportunities during the luncheon.

Going out into the bracing air after such a banquet, Mr. Frosty began to feel lady's indignation has a just foundation the effects very sensibly. By hook and by crook he finally sailed round to the own statement of the affair be taken as street in which his domicile stood, pushing along till he thought he had gone to hint that she used cosmetics even if about where he ought to live and went up the steps.

in the hall he stepped along to the door you to test the matter on the spot by of the dining room and opened it. Who should suddenly appear to him as he looked around the room but Colonel Sawyer's wife. Frosty rubbed his eyes, stammered, made half a bow, felt wholly lost and finally gave it up.

blanker than the wall, "I've mistaken the house!"

Sawyer, immediately rising and going mistake and must now abide the conseup to him, "you have done no such quences. That seems to us about the thing; you know you have not! You whole sum and essence of the matter .have only stolen in here to bring disgrace upon my family. I've been suspecting this, sir, for a long time, and now, sir, I'll just walk out myself with you and be at the trouble of finding your shrewd, and among Yankee speculators

as he was very much occupied with his and hat and insisted on accompanying treated the purchasers of his pictures your Mr. Frosty home. Not a syllable of explanation would be listen to "Oh, no, no!" he would say, whenever Frosty began to apologize. "I under-stand it all well enough. I see how it is. It's all very well to say you've lost the way into my house, but I should for the future advise you before going into other | asked Rae. persons' houses to just look and see if your own number runs the length of the

A VALENTINE.

Accept, dear wife, this little token. And if between the lines you seek You'll find the love I've often spoken-The love I'll always love to speak.

Our little ones are making merry With unco ditties rhymed in jest, But in these lines, though awkward very, The genuine article's expressed!

You are so fair and sweet and tender, Dear, brown eyed little sweetheart mine, As when, a callow youth and slender, I asked to be your valentine.

What though these years of ours be fleeting: What though these years of ours to have a What though the years of youth be flown? Fill mock old Kronos with repeating, "I'll love my love and her alone!

And when I fall before his reaping, And when my stuttering speech is done, Think not my love is dead or sleeping, But that it waits for you to come.

So take, dear love, this little token, And if there speaks in any line The sentiment I'll fain have spoken, Say, will you kiss your valentine? --Eugene Field in Ladies' Home Journal.

Dumas and His Economical Son. Alexander Dumas, the great French story writer, was very fond and proud of his son Alexander, who also became a famous author. His regard for him was increased apparently, by the fact that the son had a very good appreciation of the value of money—a quality which the father did not possess in the slightest de-

A recent writer of recollections relates that he once visited Dumas at St. Germain. He had just been bitter in the hand by his dog and was unal to write. but was dictating a novel.

His son went out as the visitor came in "Alexander has just left me." said the father. "What a good fellow that boy is! Just fancy, this morning I received 650 francs. He said to me, 'I'll take 50 francs of it.' I didn't quite hear and thought he was going to leave me only 50. So I called out, 'Hold on! Let me have 100 of it at least!' 'But I tell you I'm only going to take 50!' he called out. 'Oh, oh,' said I, 'I thought you were going to take the 600. Well, take as much as you want." "

And Dumas added proudly, "What a

He Made a Mistake.

To J. S .- We think that the young in your impertinence-that is, if your the basis of facts. You had no business you did "honestly think so." Her ringing for a glass of water and offering that After hanging up his great coat and hat and her handkerchief to you to enable washing her cheeks was a masterstroke. She did a sensible thing in putting the question beyond doubt by rubbing her face, when you declined her offer, with her damp handkerchief, and then did a most becoming thing when she rang for |Sea and Land "I declare!" he exclaimed, looking the servant to show you out, stating that you wished to retire. That was well done. Such a spirited girl as that can "Oh, no, my dear sir," said Colonel have no need of cosmetics. You made a New York Ledger.

A Story of a Painter.

Rossetti was both romantic and there are few keener men of business





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reflections he abandoned himself entirely to what he knew of the way home and thought he should reach there all in good time. The consequence was that he quietly slipped himself in through Mr. Frosty's front door, hung up his hat and coat in the hall and started for the dining room.

As all the houses in the row were so much alike on the outside their internal arrangements were pretty much on the same pattern. Mr. Frosty's hall seemed like his own, and the dining room door opened where his did.

The instant he opened the door he began to awaken to his error. The table was spread in the middle of the room, and Mrs. Frosty sat near the grate read-

"Ah," he exclaimed, bowing and scraping confusedly, "I beg pardon! Really, Mrs. Frosty, I beg pardon!"

In a moment the astonished lady was on her feet, her face flushed with the natural excitement of so unlooked for a visit. She knew not what to say.

"This is a ludicrous mistake, I declare. Mrs. Frosty," said the colonel. "Here I am invading your house when I thought I was safe and snug in my own. This comes of these houses wearing such similar faces. But it is my first mistake, and I hope you will excuse me."

Mrs. Frosty comprehended instantly and laughed heartily.

"I may get caught so myself, you know," she said, "and we are always grateful for a call from you, Colonel Sawver. Now you are here and dinner will soon be on the table, why don't you sit down with us? I am expecting my husband every minute."

The colonel began to thank her and excuse himself on account of urgent engagements for the evening, but while he was doing so the front door was heard to open.

"There," said Mrs. Frosty, "my husband is coming now. You'll not be detained any longer than you would at home. Come, I think you'd better stay." Along came Frosty through the hall,

and his sour face would have turned sweet milk in a twinkling.

The instant he caught the sound of a male voice in the dining room his old suspicions began to flame up again. As soon as could creep along as far as the door in his stealthy way and look in through the crevice and see who was there his rage burst all bounds and made him a temporary madman. Colonel Sawyer and his wife were in the room alone! That was quite enough.

"Now, what does this mean, sir?" shouted the enraged husband, dashing up before the thunderstruck colonel. "This is just what I've been expecting for a long time. I knew there was some mischief like this afoot. What are you doing in my house? Tell me, sir, or of religion .- London Truth.

street." Just the language Frosty had before used to him, and just what sealed his lips.. Frosty was floored completely. But that was not the best of it. The colonel insisted on going home with him and going in, and he offered his services in such a pleasant yet persistent way that Frosty could not have shaken him off, even if he was not himself rendered submissive by reason of his own mortification.

The colonel, therefore, went in 'and told Mrs. Frosty about it, which so thoroughly pleased that amiable lady that, in view of previous circumstances, she set up a resistless laugh in the face of her humble lord, in the midst of which his very polite escort took occasion to quietly withdraw.

But Frosty was thoroughly cured of his jealousy, for he admitted that it was quite possible for a respectable man to mistake even the number of his own door.-Boston Globe.

A Natural Supposition.

A woman planning to remain very late in her country home found difficulty in persuading her city servants to consent to remain. She thereupon tried to procure some native assistance and found it necessary to begin with a maid of the village who was willing to see what she could do in the waitress line.

The methods of the work were carefully explained to her, and she seemed to understand its requirements.

How hopeless the situation really was showed to the amused employer when the girl finally said, "I suppose after I've set the dishes on the table you can do your own reaching, can't you?" She was not engaged .- New York Times.

Clerical Criticism of Gladstone.

A reverend personage named Porter, preaching the other day at St. Thomas', Nottingham, actually announced from the pulpit that he "abhorred" Mr. Gladstone and went on to compare the premier to Judas Iscariot in this strain, "Judas," he said, "sold his Master for 30 pieces of silver, but Mr. Gladstone sold his mother, the church, for 30 Welsh votes." It is only fair to say that the zentleman who informs me of this sally avows himself an anti-Gladstonian, but he says that he draws the line somewhere. He, however, is not a minister

with scant courtesy. George Rae, a banker and a fine judge of art, had bought several of them, but he objected to the price Rossetti had set on "The Bride." A few days after he returned, and Rossetti greeted him sarcastically.

"What do you want for your picture?"

"Three hundred guineas."

"Why, you offered it to me for 250!" "I really don't remember," was the lordly reply; "perhaps I did. But why didn't you take it? Well, you may have it for £300. If the odd shillings are of any use to you, Rae, you're welcome to them!"-Harry Quilter's "Preferences."

A Duchess und Her Diamonds.

When the Duchess of Marlborough made a flying visit to America about a year ago, she dressed very simply and wore few jewels, three or four diamond stars in her hair and on her corsage being, as a rule, her only ornaments. Some people expressed disappointment that she did not appear in her coronet.

"As well," exclaimed some one, "ex pect the queen of England to appear with her crown on her head and a scepter in her hand when she drives out in Hyde park."-New York Recorder.

St. Dunstan and the Devil.

One of the most famous smiths of the Weald was St. Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury. Mayfield in Sussex is the site of an ancient archiepiscopal palace, and here, according to some, took place the terrific encounter between St. Dunstan and the devil. At any rate the anvil, hammer and tongs which are alleged to have belonged to the saint are still preserved at Mayfield palace.-Gentleman's Magazine.

A loose and easy dress contributes much to give to both sexes those fine proportions of body that are observable in the Grecian statues, and which serve as models to our present artists .- Rousseau.

At Easter in Scotland, where the great festivals have for centuries been suppressed, the children still get their hard boiled dyed eggs, which they play with and finally eat.

It is a physician's suggestion that persons meeting on a street corner should move on for their chat, avoiding the emanations from the sewer openings usualfound there.

The most notable attraction in a mosque at Delhi is a single red hair which is said to have been plucked from SET OF SET OF RUBBER the mustache of Mohammed.

A Genoese adage runs, "Tears of woman, fountain of malice," and another, "The weapons of woman are tears, the tongue and the nails."



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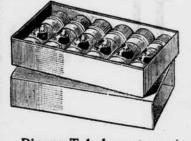
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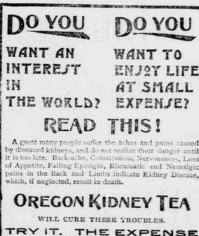
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