#### YOUTH NO BARRIER.

Flattering French Opinion of Young Men's Ability in This Country.

The following from a Parisian in America is very flattering to the ability of young men in this country:

Happy country, where youth, far from being a fault, is almost a privilege; where they do not wait until your voice is less clear and your words less ardent, until you have left along your weary route all the illusions of youth, until your back is bent, to have confidence in you, to trust heavy responsibilities to you!

No matter how high one is placed, he receives young people everywhere with favor; he permits them to speak, before he judges them; he does not throw in their face that stupid judgment which, in many countries, passes for a sentence without appeal, and sets them aside as inexperienced youngsters. The Americans have many good reasons for making so much of youth, for one needs all its freshness, all its flexibility, all its vigor, to go ahead in a country in which the race after fortune has taken on a head-turning rapidity.

If a young man of 23 has character. good habits and intelligence, there is nothing to prevent his being intrusted with the greatest affairs and the heavlest responsibilities. That it is a wise policy is well exemplified.

And it is simply admirable. A nation where a man of 30 can give proof of ability, without being paralyzed by prejudice on account of his youth, has already taken the lead over nations where age, and the experience that is required at the expense of energy, are diplomas of capability.

Grant, Sherman and twenty other generals at the outbreak of the war of secession were young men.

In Cambridge, Mass., in Mount Auburn Cemetery, one can see the monument of a Harvard student who was a colonel at 25 years of age.

This appreciation of youth is one of the secrets of the great development of his youthful followers, had the most brilliant court in the world, and the young generals of Napoleon I. conducted the old soldiers to the most brilliant victories. And we remember France in 1870, when she thought that only old generals were wise.

#### sympathy that Was Wasted.



## SISTER CALLINE'S CHIL'EN

THE train ran into a little station | Calline. "'Scuse my insurance axin' in the heart of the pine woods, you, mistah. Does you git you libin' and the conductor sprang to the preachir'?"

platform. forward, to the negro coach.

The steps were overflowing with old man, with modest pride. pickaninnies, so black that at first sight their small features would have been indistinguishable but for the wide crease on each face, filled with even rows of teeth, startlingly white in contrast with their sooty environment.

A fat, good-looking negress, holding an oval bundle, wrapped in an old shawl, close to her breast, seemed to be negro man, grizzled and wrinkled, was 50." hovering around its margin.

"Is you got um all, Sister Calline?" he asked anxiously.

'Clare ef I knows!" said the woman, running her eye over the company. | boling like a menagerie turned loose. 'Pears lak dere's one on um missin'!" "All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the train moved.

"Hyar, mistah!" shrieked Sister Calline, "you'se ca'in' off one o' my chill'en!"

The conductor laughed good-naturedly, and was gone.

"Oh, Lawd!" moaned the woman. "He's done ca'ed off one of um, suah!" The station agent sauntered near. He wore that intensely bored expression only possible to a man who spends his life in a piney woods clearing, seea country: the young Louis XIV., with | ing four trains a day go in and playing checkers on a barrel head in the intervals.

One wonders if the lunatic asylums are not largely recruited from this class.

"Orter have tied 'em along a rope, so's they couldn't get away," he said. Sister Calline turned her black velvet orbs in his direction.

"De for ... pay me some, an' den I'se "Hurry up there!" he called, running got a nice piece o' lan' an' a lil house.

My ole mas'r give um ter me," said the

"Sho! Ain't you too old ter wuk?" "I wuks some, an' de ars helps me. I'se de onliest one ob de ole sarven's lef'. I'se 95 year ole!" "Sho, now!" said Sister Calline, much

impressed. "How ole you is, Sister Calline?hopin' you'll 'scuse me fer axin'." "I dunno 'zactly," said Calline, studythe center of the crowd, and an old, old | ing a little. "I 'spect I'se 60-gwine on

> They had become so interested in their humble annals that the pickaninnies had been lost sight of. They were scattered along the railroad line gam-"Does you wan' me tu coun' you chil'en, Sister Calline?"

"Co'se I does. Hyar! You-all. Come hyar."

The children paid no attention. "Dey needs disserplainin', Sister Calline."

He rose. "Chil'en, chil'en!" he called in a voice of authority. The black cloud drew together and

bore down on the station-house. "Now you-all stand' still ontwell dis genelman couns' you," commanded the mother. "Lu Roxy, min' yersef. Abe Linkum, stan' up. Don' scrouge so! How he gwine coun' you, ef you dodges roun' dat away?"

A mild degree of order at last prevailed and the old man began.

"One, two, thee, fo', fibe, six, seben, nine, eight, ten! Dere ain't only ten." "Dawter be leben, suah." said Sister Calline. "Oh, what I gwine ter do?" "I'll coun' 'um ober agin'," said the old man, kindly. Sister Calline wiped away her tears. "You am so kind, mistah! I knowed you was a good man when Brer Martin tole me ter keep long er you on der those who do not begin until later there train."

#### "Eleven! How in the name of General Jackson are you going to take care of eleven children?"

"Dey's gwine ter take ca' o' me, Mas'r," said the old man, eagerly. "Dey's mighty peart chil'en, mighty peart, an' dey c'n pick a heap ob cotton an' hoe co'n an' taters an' weed in de gyarden an' do a power ob oder turns." The curiously wizened old face shone as if he had just come into a fortune. "An' cunnel," he went on, "I'se gittin' too ole ter wuk much, an' I tinks

my meetin' up wid Sister Calline is a special proverdence. I wants ter git de oration roun' soon dat dere's gwine ter be a weddin' down ter my lil house ternight."

"Go ahead then," laughed the coionel. "The missis will have a cake baked for you, and, by George, it'll have to be a big one to go round." The cake was baked in the big iron

bake kettle of antebellum associations, and there was a festival in the cabin down by the creek which lasted into the small hours .- New York Tribune.

THE PIANO NUISANCE.

#### Protracted Practicing Leads to Severe Nervous Maladies.

Gounod, the composer, bitterly resented the omnipresence of the average piano player, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He was strongly in favor of a somewhat severe pianoforte tax. his argument was that ninety-nine out of every one hundred who learned to play the instrument failed to attain to more than a superficial stage, either of conception or execution, and that they wasted valuable time, which might otherwise be employed in doing something that would benefit them. He also contended that piano practice of students constituted a public nuisance, and was irritating and exasperating to such a degree as to become an outrage on peacefully inclined citizens. The proposed tax was never levied, but some figures published by a French scientist may possibly in some measure tend to restrict the indiscriminate teaching to music to very young children. It is declared that a large number of nervous maladies from which girls of the present day suffer are to be attributed to

playing the piano. Children who ought to be exercising in the open air are kept at dreary and distasteful work at the keyboard hour

### A \$200,000 Fence.

Around the grounds is his Newport cottage, The Breakers, Cornelius Vanderbilt is erecting a fence which, when completed, will have cost \$200,000. In all the fence will not extend over half a mile. The base of the fence is form ed by a wall of Indiana limestone laid on a brick foundation sunk six feet in the ground. At intervals of twentyfive feet rise stone pillars, twelve feet high, and between these is a fence of havd wrought iron grillwork.

#### An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the glands that secrete his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam-as the case may be-is what you require. Hasten to use, if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

George S. King, the oldest living ironmaster, is now 86 years of age, and is hale and hearty, thoroughly enjoying his home in Johnstown, Pa.

A Great Railway.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. owns and operates 6,169 miles of road

It operates its own Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars.

It traverses the best portion of the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, South and North Dakota.

Its Sleeping and Dining Car service is first-class in every respect. It runs vestibuled, steam-heated and

electric-lighted trains. It has the absolute block system.

It uses all modern appliances for the comfort and safety of its patrons. Its train employes are civil and obliging. It tries to give each passenger "value

received" for his money, and Its General Passenger Agent asks every man, woman and child to buy tickets over the Chicago, Milwankee & St. Paul Railway-for it is A Great Railway.

Pray that you may not enter into temptation, and then do your best to keep out of it.

Hall's Catarrb Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

The richest man is the one who can give away the most and regret it the least.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.-J. R. Madison, 2409 42d ave., Chicago, Ill.

It is hard to convince a stingy man that he is robbing himself by keeping



# **Gladness** Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts-gentle efforts-pleasant effortsrightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative. then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



to be sure it is prop erly made. Acc no counterfeit L. A. Sayre said to s lady of the haut-ton "Asyou will use they d's Cream' as the ast harmful of al Skin prepara all Druggists an Fancy-Goods Deal

A tired-looking little woman, with her thin cape spread out to protect her burden from the rain, splashed through the mud and entered a street car the other night. The car was crowded with men who could not find a seat, but they made way for her and helped her into the packed car. She stood unsteadily in the aisle, trying to preserve her balance and the car went along.

"Keep still, dear!" she sighed, in a weak, tired voice, when a slight disturbance under the cape was observable

"Why don't some of you fellows give that woman with a baby a seat?' growled a fat man who was hanging to a strap.

Two or three men sprang up, and each insisted that she should take his seat. She sank into one of the vacant places, thanked the man who had made way for her, and a frowsy-headed terrier sprang from under her cape and sat in her lap while he barked at the fat man



shortest time and at the least expense by taking



The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1 Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.



JACK KNIVES and PEN KNIVES. • Stag Handle; Razor Steel, First • • quality, American manufacture, • hand forged and finely tempered. ▶ Fine RAZORS. Highest Grade ● • Steel; Hollow Ground.

Coupons explain how to secure the Above. One Coupon in each 5 cent (2 ounce) Package. Two Coupons in each 10 cent (4 ounce) Package.

Mail Pouch Tobacco is sold by all dealers. Packages (now on sale) containing no coupons will be accepted as coupons. "2 oz." Empty Bag as one Coupon, "4 oz." Empty Bag as two Coupons. LLUSTRATED Catalogue of other Valuable Articles with explanation how to get them, Mailed on request. The Bloch Bros. Tobacco Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

"You call dat train back, I say," she cried. "He's done ca'ed off one o' my chil'en."

"S'pose I can call the train back?" said the man, contemptuously. "If you're sure one of 'em is missin' you'll have to set down and wait here till the train comes back. They'll bring it, I reckon."

"Oh. my pore lil chile!" Tears began to stream down the

black face.

The wrinkled old uncle looked deeply distressed. "Is you pint blank such one on um's

missin', Sister Calline?" he asked, sympathetically. Her eyes wandered, vague and trou-

bled, over the dusky, shifting crowd of faces.

"I'se mos' puffickly suah," she said. "Better count 'em," suggested the agent. "How many are there, anyhow?"

"Dere's Lu Rexy Adline, Lucyalier-

"I's here, mammy!" interrupted a long-limbed girl of 14.

"I told you to count 'em!" said the agent, impatiently.

"I cayn't coun', mas'r! I'se bawn afore de wah. But anyhow dey say dere's leben on um."

"Sister Calline," said the old man, tenderly, "le's we set right down hyar

an' I'il coun' um fer ye. I'se a scholar." "You sholy is kind, mistah," said Sis-

ter Calline, gratefully, sitting down on the edge of the platform. The agent laughed shortly and turned away.

The grizzled old uncle took a red and yellow handkerchief from his pocket and carefully dusted the end of the planks before he took his seat.

He wore a threadbare black suit which had undoubtedly once moved in high society.

Sister Calline looked at him with interest.

"I reckon dat you mus' be a preacher, sah," she said, defentially. "Madam, I is. I'se been preachin' de

word dese nine years, eber sence my pore old lady died. I was a powerful sinner afore dat."

Sister Calline looked awed. "I was, suah!" said the old man, retrospectively. "But I'se come inter de kingdom now suah 'nuff, bress de Lord. Is you got a husban', Sister Calline?" "I'se a pore widder, mistah, wid all dese chil'en ter scuffle fer, an' de Lawd knows what I'se gwine ter do." Uncle glanced at the bundle in her arms. It had begun to move and whimper.

"Dat your baby, chile?" 'asked uncle. innocently.

"Dis my baby," replied Sister Calline, looking down at the sooty mite in her arms with maternal pride.

"An' I knowed you was a good woman when Brer. Martin tole me 'You take good ca' o' Sister Calline,' says he. Now I'll coun' 'um agin."

"One, two, thee," and so on. They went over and over this, but by no legerdemain of counting could ten be made eleven.

Sister Calline grew more and more distressed and was just breaking into hysterical sobs when the train whistled at the next station below.

They both sprang up and Calline screamed to the children, who came flying across the track like a flock of wild blackbirds.

When the train drew up and the conductor stepped off, there was Calline to meet him.

"Please, mistah; has you brung back my chile?" she tearfully pleaded. He looked at her.

"Donner und blixen! What do you mean, woman?" "I'se got 'leben chil'en," groaned Sister Calline, "an' dis genelman has counded 'um ober an' ober, un' dere

cin't only ten." The conductor ran his eye over the group.

A score of heads were thrust out of the ceach, and a murmur of amused sympathy stirred along the line.

"H-m!" He pulled forth his book hurriedly and turned over the pages. "Pass Calline Jackson and eleven

children." He glanced over the black, bobbing heads and back at the woman. His eye fell on the bundle in her

arms. "Great Jove! What's the matter with

the baby making eleven?" There were roars of laughter and much waving of hats and handkerchiefs as the train moved out. "You done counded um wrong, Mistah." said Sister Calline, looking up reproachfully at the old man.

nity.

"Is dey all hyar?" he asked, with dig-

"Co'se dey's all hyar." "Den don't dat pintedly show dat I counded um right?" Sister Calline's dark countenance wore a troubled expression, but as they went along the piney woods road toward Kentville it gradually cleared up. and when they came in sight of Kent Hall it was beaming.

"Dere's de cunnel!" said uncle, pointing to a gentleman dressed in a white duck suit, who sat comfortably in a big armchair on the gallery.

after hour daily, and the nerves simply his money in his pockets. will not stand the strain. It is said to

Buy \$1 worth Dobbins Floating Borar Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Phil-adelphia, Pa. They will send you, free of charge, post-paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 208 pages, cloth-bound; profusely illustrated. Offer good till Aug. 1 only. be proved by statistics that of 1.000 girls who study this instrument before the age of 12, no less than 600 suffer from this class of disorders, while of Bassano said it was impossible to

paint the feet of a human being so they would look well in a picture.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Synup for Children teething: softens the guius, reduces inflammation allays pain, cures wind colic. 26 cents a bottle.

TENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Mashington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. 3 yrsin last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since S. C. N. U. - - - 28-96 PATENTS. TRADE-MARKS. Examination and advice as to Patentability of inven

tions. Send for INVENTORS' GUIDE, OR HOW TO GET & PATENT. Patrick O'Farrell, Washington, D.C.



DON'T FORGET, "Economy is wealth," and you want all you can get for your money. Why pay 10 cents for other brands when you

can get "Battle Ax" for 5 cents?

cution of the study of the violin by the very young is proved to be equally injurious. The remedy suggested is that children should not be permitted to study either instrument before the age of 16 at least, or, in the case of delicate constitutions, not until a later age. So far as the piano is concerned, however, it is possible that the true remedy may be found in a better method of teach-

are only some 200 per 1,000. The prose-

ing. The main point in early tuition is to "form" the hands and give them flexibility and strength. This is purely mechanical, and it can be done away from the pianoforte keyboard. The endless repetition of sound, which is responsible for much of the wear and tear of the nerves of young musical students, is thus avoided, and better progress is made from the concentration of the mind and technique only. The objection has been raised that such a system makes only those "mechanical" players who would be so under the ordinary system of tuition. To those of true artistic instinct it is an inestimable help,

Just Like His Father.

"My old black auntie," said Representative John Allen to a Washington Post man, "the old black shepherdess who raised me, and who still looks on me as a lamb of her rearing, grows at times very congratulatory and proud of me. ""Deed! I is proud of you, Mars John,' she said, on the occasion of our last meeting. 'I takes de vastest pride in ye, honey, an' de way you does hol' office. You is jes' like yo' ol' father, Mars John, jes' like him fo' de worl'. He was allar hol'in office same as you, honey; hol' office all de time, yo paw did, an' he 'minds me of you so much. 'Deed, I'se proud of bof of ye.' "'Why, what office did my father hold?' I asked. I was a bit astonished, for while I had a dim recollection of the old gentleman running several times, I never knew of any office he held. 'What

office did my father hold? "'Sho! Mars John; you go an' forget de office yo' father hol',' the old aunty replied, reproachfully. 'I'se 'shamed fo' you. He was a candidate, Mars John. De whole neighborhood remember it well. All his life he hol' dat office, yo' paw does; never I knows him when he warn't a candidate. Looks like you an' yo' father jes' same that away; bof allers hol'in' office.' "

New Kind of Seed.

All international disputes are liable to what are called "complications."

and shortener of labor.

	No Coupons exchanged after July 1, 1897	"My po' ole man neber see dis baby.	"He's one o' de ars. You jes' wait	Here is one, cited by the Washington	
	Sparkling with life-	He was blowed up de biler bustin' in de mill where he wuked. He was done		Post in connection with the Venezuela matter:	personal second designed and the second designed as a second designed as a second designed as a second designed
	rich with delicious flavor,	killed when dey brung him home. De	turedly, laying down his newspaper.	A Western Congressman is said to	
•	HIRES Rootbeer stands	doctors tried an' tried to pump some life inter him, but he never spoke no		have received a letter from one of his constituents, who believes in losing no	
	first as nature's purest and	mo'."	dat I'se foun' a good woman dat I	chances.	He can make twice as much. He can sell his Northern farm and get twice as many acres for his
	most refreshing drink.	"For de lan's sake!" ejaculated the old man.	laks the bes' in the world, an' we'se fixed our min's dat we'll marry fore	"Everybody here," he wrote, "is talk- ing about the Monroe Doctrine, and no-	money down here. We sell Improved Farms for \$8 to \$20 an acre. Plenty of railroads- four of them. No droughts. Neither too hot nor too cold-climate just right. Northern farmers are coming every week. If you are interested write for free pamphlet, and ask all the questions
	Best by any test.	Compassion was written all over his	long. We reckons ternight is de bes'	body knows what it is. I don't know	you want to. It is a pleasure to us to answer them.
	Maße only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.	kind old face. He had been a good darky from his youth up, and his past	Sector and Automatical Sector and Automatical Sector and Automatical Sector and Automatical Sector Automatic	myself, but if the Government is giving it away, send me what you can."	
	KIDDER'S PASTILLES. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass	was purely fictitious.	onel, astonished. "Such an old fellow	Another Story.	"A Good Tale Will Bear Telling
	Charlestown, Mass	"What de mattah wid you ole lady you done lost?" asked Sister Calline.	"I is ole, for a fac', Mas'r, but I'se	Ferry-Why don't you get married? Don't say you can't stand the expense;	- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
	SORE EYES DE ISAACTHOMPSON'S EYE WATER	"Consumpshun," replied the old man, solemnly. "It runs in our family. Ole	lived alone nine years, an' its mighty	that excuse is too thin.	
	DORE DE DE DAS INVIDADO LIL MAILA	Cunnel Kent's ma died ob it, an' de	"That's so," said the colonel, kindly.	Hargreaves-I could stand the ex. pense well enough, but the girl's father	Use
	PISO'S CURE FOR	cunnel's first wife died ob it an' lil	"An' 'pears like I can't stan' it no longer. An' Sister Jackson needs a	says he can'tCincinnati Tribune.	
	Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use	took it an' sue died. It's a turrible de-	husband ter help her raise her chil'en.	"I get your views," as the constable	CADOLIO
	CONSUMPTION *	"Dat sholy is so!" coincided Sister	Dere's leben chil'en an' none ob 'em	said when he levied on a stereoscopic show	SAPOLIO
			amont, council and fight.	and the second s	