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Auctioneer (pot-boiler sale)—Going! Going! Gone! Here, sir, it's yours. Great bargain, sir! The frame alone is worth the price.
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—that Alcock's are the original and only genuine porous plasters; all other so-called porous plasters are imitations.

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A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Diarrhoea. Worms. They Break up Colds in 24 hours. As all Druggists, Societies, and Home Remedies, Sample mailed FREE. Address: Mother Gray, 100 West 11th Street, New York City. A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
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It could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.
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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE MORNING SUMMONS.

When the mist is on the river, and the haze is on the hills,
And the promise of the springtime all the ample heaven fills;
When the shy things in the wood-haunts and the hardy on the plains
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through winter sluggish veins;
Then the summons of the morning like a bugle moves the blood,
Then the soul of man grows larger, like a flower from the bud;
For the hope of high Endeavor is a cordial half divine,
And the banner cry of Onward calls the laggards into line.
There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars rain peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a better thing to know;
While the night is hushed and holden and transpired by dreamy song,
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture of the strong.
—Atlantic.

IN TIME OF STORM.

AND if it was the last word I'd ever be speakin', I couldn't make it different. It's not that I'll be keepin' you from her, Larry Dugan, but you can't have us both, and that's the truth I'm tellin'.
"Now, Kitty, darlin', don't be wrongin' your pretty face with the hard words and cross temper. It's you I'm wantin' and no other. Sure can't a man be lookin' pleasant at another lass once in a while and still be true to the one he's promised?"
"Not you, Larry Dugan, when you're promised to me. It's either the one or the other, and from the looks of 'em I'm thinkin' it's the other. I bid you good-day, Mr. Dugan, and good luck to you and Rosie Martin. Good-day, Mr. Dugan, I wish you well."
Kitty swept away with a fine swirl of her skirts and left her lover in a condition of open-mouth wonder.
"Well, I'll be——" he did not finish his sentence, for Kitty was still within hearing and turned back to taunt in his face, "suit yourself, Mr. Dugan."
She was gone like a flash before Larry could gather his wits for the

eyes until she could hardly tell where she was going. And Larry, in the cab of his engine, with his hand on its throttle, felt a dull ache at his heart that goaded him to desperation. He did not care whether he lived or died. He would go straight to destruction as fast as his engine could take him, were it not for those he held in his care. The sweetest, most lovable girl in the world, for all of her tempers, was his no longer, and what was the use of living without Kitty?
Here were two young people making themselves miserable over nothing, and feeling that the world had come to an end because they had quarreled. The one could not be content without the other, because so far as they were concerned they were the only ones living who really counted. Kitty had told him to go to Rosie, but he intended to go to the devil instead, or some other place equally disastrous.
Kitty, in her turn, found many reasons for self-pity, and wept oceans of tears at the visions she conjured. Larry, guiding his engine along the track past the door of Kitty's cottage, kept his eyes turned sternly away and the whistle of his engine silent. What was the use of his usual greeting? The cottage presented a blank front with no Kitty at the door or window. How was he to know that she was hidden behind a window curtain, an hour before it was time for his coming, watching and listening for the distant roar of his train?
The days sped by until they numbered three, which to the parted lovers seemed like years of estrangement. Larry avoided going where Rosie was, and, manlike, felt that he hated her as the cause of his trouble. Kitty, in public, was careless and gay. When she was alone it was another story. Neither were turning toward recovery, and the very weather itself was in accord with their misery. Two of the three days since they had quarreled were dark and threatened a storm. It was a time of lowering skies, and in the wind there sounded moaning voices. The third day the storm broke early in the morning, drenching the earth with a cold rain that fell in torrents.
"It's a bad time for the railroad," Kitty's father said when he started out in the evening on his duties of inspection. "I'm feeling bad myself, wid the fever and a head that's splittin' wid aching, but I must watch, this night."
"Let me go, father," Kitty entreated.
"You're too sick to go out in the storm. Let me go in your place."
"And for why?" returned her father. "It's not woman's work I'm doing. Kape to the house, girl, wid a light in the window for me and Larry. It's the boy's run to-night, wid a big train-load of people. It's an excursion he's bringing back, bad luck to the night and the rain that's going to do harm. Do you mind the culvert, girl, just below? I'm thinking it's there we'll have trouble wid the rising water and the soft ground underneath. It's there I'll be watching."



SHE RAN ON AND ON.

words which should calm her. Shaking his head gloomily, he continued to stare at the place where Kitty had been, trying to adjust his mind to the lightning-like change of conditions.
Kitty's moods and tempers were as flashes of powder and just about as lasting. Larry, slow Larry, was steady and unchanging, and he could not follow the way that Kitty led through the maze of her caprices. They had quarreled before, at least Kitty had quarreled, but never like this. Never before had she left him in anger. With her it was a quick word and as quick a contrition which craved forgiveness, and was passionately repentant. Larry thought he had learned to understand her, but this was something of which he had never dreamed.
Kitty and Larry, both children of Erin, belonged to the railroad which made the small town through which it passed. Kitty was the daughter of one of the track men whose duty it was to keep watch over a section of the railway. Larry was an engineer, lately promoted to a passenger engine, and planning to be married soon because of the increase in his salary. Rosie, the Rosie who seemed to be making trouble, was a waitress at the lunch counter in the railway station. She was a dashing, handsome Rosie, with black hair and eyes and a brilliant color and flashing white teeth, which she loved to display in smiles, bestowed impartially on all mankind that came near her, but she had not thought of harming Kitty when she talked to Larry and served him his wedges of pie, washed down with great gulps of coffee. And Larry would not have been human if he had not responded in kind and exchanged jest for jest with the smiles thrown in for good nature.
Probably no harm would have come of all this, had there not been another who wanted Kitty. She was the prettiest girl in the town, and combined with her prettiness were a ready wit and a whimsical turn of mind that made her say and do the unexpected. Beside all these charms there was no better housewife in the whole village. Kitty and her father lived together in a box of a cottage, sweet and shining with cleanliness.
The other who wanted Kitty was not a man like Larry—big, slow, good-looking, honest Larry, who would have given his heart to Kitty's tread, and being so sure of himself he could not compass that she might doubt him. The other had whispered in Kitty's ear sentences filled with poison. He did not say as much as he looked when he coupled Larry's and Rosie's names together, but he made her feel that he thought her an object of pity, and this was bitter to a girl like Kitty.
And so it came about that she flashed out her wrath at Larry, and, without giving him time to choose, turned him over to Rosie. Then no sooner was she out of his sight than tears blinded her

weakness, he collapsed, a wet heap on the floor.
"I'm done, girl," he gasped. "There ain't another move in me. The lantern broke. I had to get home for another. The culvert, girl!" he cried; "it's under water—there's danger. Help me to get back. For God's sake, girl, help me to get back!"
He struggled to rise. His limbs refused to fill their office and he fell in a heap again. "I'm done," he muttered with a shuddering sigh, and was silent.
Kitty, torn between fear for her father, and fear for Larry, for a moment was distraught.
"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she moaned, wringing her hands.
Then her reason returned. There were more to be considered than Larry and her father. She dragged the unconscious man close to the fire, and covered him warmly. "Stay there, father," she crooned, as to a little child. "Stay there and be warm. I'll not be long gone, father. Don't worry; I'll run to the culvert."
While she was talking she made her preparations. She slipped off her long skirts and put on a short one. She covered her shoulders with a warm, rough jacket and protected her feet and ankles with a pair of rubber boots she wore in wet weather. Her head she left bare. "My hair can't blow off," she said to herself, "and anything else would."

She found a lantern, and lighting it, sped out into the night, running like a deer down the track toward the endangered culvert.
"Please God, let me be in time," she prayed with sobbing breath. "It's others beside Larry. God, it isn't him alone I'd be saving," she implored, feeling vaguely that she must impress the Deity that her motives were not all selfish.
"Please, God," she entreated; "please, God, let me get there in time."
She could feel the rails vibrating under the weight of the distant train. Breasting the storm with the wind pitting its force against her, she ran on and on, stumbling and almost falling, but always pressing onward until but a short distance lay between her and the flooded culvert. The water was sweeping in a swift current across the track. She stopped at the edge of the flood and stood there waving a danger signal with the lantern. The train was near enough for her to hear its roar and rumble. The great headlight shone like a large eye of fire, ever growing bigger and brighter.
She felt so little and helpless out there in the darkness. Would Larry see her? Would he stop in time? The eye of fire showed no sign of halting. Perhaps she was too little for him to see. Perhaps she was not waving the lantern at all! He looked at her arm which she had kept in rotary motion until it was growing numb. The lantern was describing a circle in the air, helping her to save Larry. She heard a crash like the piling together of iron wheels. She heard the loud hiss of escaping steam, then she could hear nothing more. Her lantern was still describing a circle in the air. She felt as if she must go on swinging it forever. She heard voices shouting. She heard the thud of running feet. Other lanterns than hers began to spangle the night. They were on the other side of the flood, but some one was making his way cautiously toward her. She could hear the splash of water as he moved, and above all she could hear the engine panting like some wild thing spent from flight.
Some one big and strong and protecting was close beside her, taking the lantern from her hand. It was Larry, and it was Larry's arms that were around her, holding her close.
"It's a big thing you've done, my girl!" he murmured huskily, "it's a mighty big thing."
Out there in the night, with the rain beating upon them, with the wind rioting around them, with a crowd of excited people exclaiming at the averted danger, Larry and Kitty, without reproach or explanation, came again to love and understanding.
"Sure and I'm not caring for Rosie, now," Kitty whispered.—Toledo Blade.

The Resourceful Man.
"The resourceful man lets nothing discourage him," said Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, in a recent address. "In the most untoward conditions he thinks and thinks until he hits on an expedient which turns the very untowardness of things into a help."
"Let me illustrate this point with a foolish story that yet has a lesson in it."
"A mother, fearing that her pretty daughter had betrothed herself to a young man of inferior station, hired her little son, a boy of 7 or 8, to stay in the parlor throughout an expected visit of the unwelcome suitor.
"The boy carried out his contract duly, and at 10 o'clock, tired and sleepy, he came to his mother and asked for his pay.
"Did you stay in the parlor?" she said eagerly.
"Yes, all the time," he answered.
"Well, what happened?"
"We played blind man's buff," said the boy, "and it was lots of fun; but they kept me 'it' the whole time."
The Realist.
"Sketches is a wonderful artist, isn't he?"
"What's he done now?"
"In a magazine story he illustrated this line: 'For half an hour she sat silent and motionless, waiting.' The picture is so realistic that if you watch it for half an hour it neither speaks nor moves. Wonderful, simply wonderful."—Kansas City Times.
One sign that a woman is behind the times: When she goes "calling."

Drawback.
"Well," said the landlady, as the new boarder was about to begin his second week, "how do you like our establishment?"
"Oh, pretty well," replied the n. b., "except the meals are usually arranged so as to interfere with what I'd like to do."
"What would you like to do?" queried the landlady.
"Eat," was the significant response.
Housewives to Blame.
Miss Anna Barrows, in a recent lecture at Chautauqua, gives another reason why girls should study domestic science. She says in the matter of pure food it is the ignorance of the consumer rather than the duplicity of the producer that is to blame for the trouble we are having, and hence advises women to study for themselves so they will know when an article is pure.

CURES INDIGESTION
When what you eat makes you uncomfortable it is doing you very little good beyond barely keeping you alive. Digestive tablets are worse than useless, for they will in time deprive the stomach of all power to digest food. The stomach must be toned up—strengthened. The herb tonic-laxative,
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On a postal card or in a letter to us simply say, "Send me your Free Cream Separator Offer," and you will receive by return mail free, postpaid, our very latest special hand cream separator catalogue (just out), with pictures of our machines, copies of medals, diplomas and awards taken at different exhibits all over the world in competition with other separators, pictures of all the parts, full descriptions, testimonials, official and general endorsements and our great \$1,000.00 quality challenge, also copies of our guarantees, etc. We will also send you our two months' free trial proposition, and we will send you our latest and **THE MOST LIBERAL CREAM SEPARATOR OFFER EVER MADE.**
Our separator will save you \$10.00 to \$15.00 a year on every cow you keep, paying for itself several times over in a year, besides two months' use costs you nothing. Don't fail to write and let us mail you our free book and wonderful free trial separator offer.

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We will send you free these six large, full size, beautifully finished, handsomely embossed, hardwood cane seated chairs when all your orders to us have amounted to \$50.00, or you can have your choice free of many other valuable pieces of furniture or other useful things; a buggy, harness, saddle, bedroom suite, organ, coffee, dresser, or your choice of hundreds of similar valuable articles. All this will be fully explained when you write for our Free Cream Separator Offer. On a postal card or in a letter to us today be sure to ask us to send you our Free Cream Separator Offer, and get all we will send you free by return mail postpaid.



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