ABSOLUTELY PURE

GUESSES

for bring me the words of an old refrain and ask me to make the meaning plain: three little people who wonder why the world is wide, and the heavens are high.

how would a guess from each one do? Master Harry, and first come you: the ships on the sea, and the stars in the day, corid is wide, and the heavens are high.

and what do you think, with your dreamy air, Little Blue Eyes on the cushion there? For flowers to blossom and birds to fly, The world is wide, and the heavens are high. Last and least of the wondering three, flore is wee Freidy, and what says he? To play with marbles and kites to fly, The world is wide, and the heavens are high.

Ab, well, a reason you each have found, Eo now the riddle to me comes round; And this is the guess I venture why The world is wide, and the heavens are high.

Up the great hillside our feet to set A little farther and farther yet: To try forever and still to try,

The world is wide, and the heavens are high.

-Kate Putham Oscood in St. Nicholas.

When as Elephant Is Crazy

When we present the elephant in pos-ssion of such intellectual gifts as may

lines and went over a considerable tract of country, killing men, wom-en and children wherever it found an op-portunity of doing so.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Vowels In the Hawalian Tongue. The Hawaiian language is composed mainly of vowels and a few conson put in to vary the monotony. And the beauty of the system is that there is no waste. Every vowel is pronounced. For instance, when the American eye winks at the appearance of the simple word "naauso," the glib native rolls out the five syllables with neatness and dispatch. This mesus "enlighten." Double vowels are very frequent, but never a diph-Three vowels are not uncommon, and, as above, four and sometimes more are found unseparated by conso-nants. In the mouth of the uneducated native the language is apt to be explo-sive, but the higher classes speak it with a fluent grace that surpasses the French or the Italian. In sound it somewhat resembles the general flow of the continental European languages, for the vowels all have the French quality, and the accents are not dissimilar .-- Wash-

No Chances.

Featherstone (nervously) - Whose over-cont is that in the hall, Willie, your father's

or your brother's!
Willie-It isn't my brother's. Sister told him you were coming, and he said he wouldn't trust it the ... Clothier and Fur-

A Crank's Fate. Friend-That old crank Whitehair, who always refused to have a doctor, died last

Dr. Dosem-I knew it. I knew it would happen. I prophesied 40 years ago that he would die some time.—New York Weekly.

MIRACLE IN MISSOURI

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE FAR MORE WONDER-FUL THAN THE MAGIC OF THE EAST.

master Woodson of Panama, Mo. -For Ten Years a Cripple-To-day a Well and Hearty Man.

rom the Kansas City Times.]

The people of Rich Hill, Mo., and vicinity have recently been startled by

aimest in our own time—a ragacrose for bright blond hair, as to which there was a tradition that it had been popular with the Greek hetairase.

Blond heads blocked the thoroughs fares, and young ladies of good repute did not dissain to employ the dyer until his services were monopolized by another class. In our day the popular color is a bright stande of a mburn—the blond century of the bonlevards—and silly girls go through martyrdom to impart that tint to their locks. For the popularity of blond hair the argonant finds this excase, that it is rarer than black or brown hair and finer. Everybody knows that the legend of the golden fleece was auggested by the ardor with which Jason and other Greek connoisseurs purely and actate of lead, both of which are languaged the blond haired madens of Colchis.

Almost all hair dyes consist of sulphur and acetate of lead, both of which are injurious to so delicate a plant as human hair. A steady course of either will impair the vitality of the hair papilla and may destroy the medulia altogether. Women who bleach their hair use personide of hydrogen, which after a time to the his. A more dangerous dye still has for its basis nitrate of sliver.

When this is used, the hair is first to the his is used, the hair is first to the him. A more dangerous dye attall has for its basis nitrate of poissimm. The nitrate is applied while it is still wet. In all these cases the drug is additionally the color, and the effect for the time is roughly the color, and the effect for the time is roughly the color, and the effect for the time is roughly the color, and the effect for the time is roughly the color, and the effect for the time is roughly the color, and the effect for the time is recompleted to go and the color of the natural hue of the cortical substance or hair irade of the color of the natural hue of the cortical substance or hair irade of the color, and the effect for the time is colored to the color of the natural hue of the cortical substance or hair base irade the color of the n

substitute that color for the natural hue of the cortical substance or hair bark. It need hardly be said that the effect of a continued use of such medicaments is to enfeeble and ultimately to rot the root sheaths. Baldness then ensues, and for that science has discovered no remedy. tically, and I firmly believe, permanently cured of my terrible and agonizing ail-ment. No magician of the Far East ever wrought the miracle with his wand that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for

be his, there has to be considered the case of the e'ephant that, being "must"—a disease akin to frenzy—is for a time bereft of its senses. It is only the male that suffers from this affliction of insanity, but every male is liable to it some time or other, and unfortunately may be attacked by it without warning of any kind.

Some men of long experience of elephant keeping say that the "must" condition is preceded by premonitory symptoms, and if taken in time may, by diet and treatment, be averted; but, without presuming to contradict those better informed people, I can aver that I have known some of them to be taken by surprise by the sudden "musting" of elephants under their own immediate supervision.

Some elephants become demons of cruelty when "must," as, for example, a commissariat elephant that, during my time in Oudh, broke away from the Lucknow lines and went over a considerable tract of country, killing men, wom-

Thinning Them Out.

A new device for plucking strangers has been invented by the keeper of a big Clark street restaurant. He didn't want to frighten regular customers away by raising prices on the bill of fare, and yet felt that it was a shame to be behind boarding house keepers, saloons and hotels in overcharging. Yesterday a bright idea struck him and he promptly put it in operation. A waiter gave the snap away. "I've eaten there for six months," said a w-ll known merchant, "and sel dom had cause for complaint. Last night I ordered a sirloin steak, as I had often done before. It was much thinner than asual, but I was not particularly hungry and did not complain. This morning I was served with a still thinner one and kicked. Then the waiter told me the steaks were all being cut thinner this week because so n: my strangers were in town, and the boss wanted to get more for meals without driving away the reg-ulars. It's the same way everywhere else. The pies are smaller; so are the pats of butter, and the proprietor has ac tually run in a lot of new coffee cups tha hold considerably less than the old ones.

-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Pleasant. Madge-This weather, Mr. Puffbrain. ow does it suit you? Mr. Puffbrain-Drives me out of my

-How you must enjoy it!-Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Objection.

Willy—I hate these four ring circuses.

Mamma—Why, Willy!

Willy—Because they use up the circus too soon. If they had only one ring, the circus would be four times as long.—Puch.

THE DEATH OF A WEALTHY MAN.

High through his titles, power and pelf, Foundless his wealth as wish can claims I espite these titles, power and pelf, The wiretch, concentered all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down So the vile dust from whence he sprung, Unwept, unbonored and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE THREE CHUMS.

When I was in college I had two very dear friends, Marsden and Masterson. We were always together, despite the fact that there could hardly have been found anywhere in the world three men whose ideas on most subjects so radically differed. Perhaps it was the intellectual pleasure we derived from debating smong ourselves, with an acrimony only possible among the fastest of friends, the

pros and cons of every question that came up that was the bond of our union. Whatever the bond was, we were cer-tainly inseparable, and I think, on that last night in New Haven, when after four years of most intimate association we parted, each to walk alone his path vicinity have recently been startled by a seeming miracle of healing. For years one of the best known men in Bates and Vernon counties has been Mark M. Woodson, now Postmaster at Panama and brother of ex-State Inspector of it become with those salt evidences of a not brother of ex-State Inspector of its become with those salt evidences of a not brother of ex-State Inspector of its become with those salt evidences of a not become with those salt evidences of a not provide the same conjugate and the sa Mines C. C. Woodson of this city. The sincere grief which were copiously shed

The world is wide, and the heavens are high.

Rate Pulman Oscood in St. Nicholas.

HAIR DYEING AN ANCIENT ART.

From Cleopatra Down Women Have Reserved to the Dangerous Practice.

The art of dyeing the hair is at least as old as the time of Christ. It was by recording to such aids to beauty that Cleopatra tried to capture Casar. All through history ladies of fashion have tried to improve upon nature by artificially coloring that which St. Paul tells us is their glory.

In the heyday of Venice the facile beauties of the city of the lagoons dyed their hair a red, to which Titian was not ashamed to affix his name.

The belle of belles in that day had red hair—not bright red, but a dull red—with glimts of crimson. More recently—almost in our own time—a rage arose for pright blond hair, as to which there was a tradition that it had been popular with

son and I ever really agreed was in regard to Marsden's unhealthy passion for or our efforts. It was Marsden's horrible addiction to such matters that led Masterson into the

study of psychology and Marsden himself into medicine, and if Marsden would have gone at it in the coldly scientific manner of Masterson I think he would have been all right, although Masterson carried his coolness a degree too far in that he did not recognize the fact that minds, like machines, speedily go to pieces if not kept in repair. It was while trying to comprehend Marsden's mind that Masterson became interested in mental science, and it was Marsden's passion for the insane that decided him to become a physician, so that he might come into actual contact with those who

suffered the things of which he read.

Each succeeded in reaching his goal. Masterson at the age of thirty found himself an accepted authority on psycho-logical matters. Marsden at twenty-nine was actively connected with the medical staff of an asylum for the insane in Massachusetts, and then the end came. Mas terson's candle had been burned at both ends, and he was nigh unto death. I was the first to hear of it, because my duties were such that I had been able to visit Masterson at Baltimore—which Marsden, owing to his more or less confined duties, could not very well do, and so was known to Masterson's family, who immediately wired me of the precarious condition of my old friend. The telegram I received at 9 o'clock in the morning of a September day, and I immediately repeated it to Marsden in Boston, adding that it was my intention to leave New York for Balimore that night.

Two hours later I received a message from Marsden saying: "Wait for me. He must not die."

This was more or less unsettling. To wait for Marsden was the very thing it would please me most to do, but to have him bring his message to a close with those four words grated on my nerves. They did not sound exactly right. An hour later a second telegram ar-

rived from Marsden, which read: "Am just leaving Boston. For God's sake wait

And so it went all that afternoon. every stopping place along the line from Boston to New York Marsden forwarded to me the most nerve disturbing mes-sages the mind could well conceive of, beseeching me to await his coming always, and in four separate instances assuming a power on my part to svert the expected death of Masterson that made me suspect that Marsden himself was in

a precarious state mentally anyhow. I dreaded meeting him, but was nevertheess on hand at the station on the arrival of his train—and what a shock it was to me when I caught sight of Marsden! His face was white as a sheet; his shoulders were bent as with some load by far too great for them to bear and his hands trembled as though they were palsied. When he saw me he threw his arms and would like to have him get a move on about my neck, and burying his pallid

face on my shoulder cried like a child.
"Don't take on so, Tom," I said, giving him an affectionate tap on the arm and drawing away. "It may not be so bad

drawing away. as we think." "Not if he lives!" he replied, shaking his head sadly and looking nervously about him. 'But I fear Jack is on the verge olution. I feel so faint now that I believe—I believe it is nearly all over."

Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and sat up stiffly and groaned.

"Ah!" he sighed in a moment. "I thought it was all over then. By heavens, Hartly!" he shouted as he turned his eyes to me—eyes big, bulging and seem-ingly full of some terrible dread. "How eyes to me—eyes big, bulging and seemingly full of some terrible dread. "How can you sit there so unmoved? How can you sit there so unmoved? How can you—how can y

you—how can you—how can you!"

His tone by this time had risen to shriek, and I became convinced that Marsden and I could not go on to Baltimore that night unless I was willing to constitute myself the guardian of a ma-

"I-I am quite as upset, Tom," I re

"Don't speak of it—don't speak of it"
he shuddered, cowering back into the
corner of the cab and hiding his face
with his heads. with his hands.

"Hartly, I don't believe you "nder-stand," he added, gravely, after a minute or two of silence. "Do you understand that it means oblivion? Do you comprehend that it means absolute annihila tion, destruction, a blotting out forever! Do you—do you realize that?"

He fairly shook me with his grip on

my arm as be gasped this out.

"No, I do not," I answered shortly, "I believe, as you used to believe, in a God in heaven, and I have not changed, and

I know that Masterson has no reason to fear death. His soul is the purest"— "I am not thinking of Masterson," he cried, and then, his voice sinking into a whisper, he muttered. "I refer to our-selves. We shall vanish; we shall be blotted out. Masterson's soul is all right, but ours-we have no souls. With his death we are plunged into formless-

ness—we become zeros"——
"My dear Marsden," I said, trying hard to conceal my perturbation, for I was now convinced that he was mad. "my dear Tom, don't talk that way.
Keep quiet. All will go well. All'—
"It cannot!" he retorted, "if Jack Masterson dies. If Jack Masterson dies we—

Hartly, do you realize what you are, what I am? I, with all my hopes, all my ambitions, my loves, my hates, every-thing, am but a figment in the brain of Jack Masterson. You are the same, I know. I have studied—I have seen. When that mind ceases to work and that imagination to fancy, you and I. John Hartly, cease to be!"

As Marsden spoke the cab stopped at my door and we entered the house. I was simply appalled at the horror of Marsden's hallucination and at the new responsibility for his welfare that had temporarily devolved upon me. He was mad; but how mad? Was it curable or not? I feared. I felt that but one thing was needed to upset his mind alt and that was Masterson's death. No: had I any hope that that was a blow to be averted. What to do was the question, and my own feelings were that unless that question were speedily solved I should myself stand in mental peril.

We went to my spartments, and shoved under the door I found a telegram awaiting me. To open it was the work of a moment, and then Marsden, feeling that it must be from Baltimore, matched it from me and tried to read it. but fortunately he could not, his eyes were so filled with the tears of fear. "Read it!" he cried, trembling with

excitement. "Read it!" I took it, and casting my eyes over the line saw the announcement of the fatal termination of Jack's illness. "Jack died at 5 o'clock this afternoon," it said: but I did not dare read it aloud.

"What does it say?" gasped Marsden.
"The danger is over, and there is no need of our going to Baltimore."
"Thank God!" cried Marsden, falling on his knees and then with a groan sink ing in a faint to the floor.

Marsden is still connected with the asylum in Massachusetts, he thinks as a consulting physician, but as the world knows, as a patient, and I-I bear the knows, as a patient, and I—I bear the burden of my deceit in that horrible night by conducting the correspondence of two corners of our triangle of lovemy own corner and that of Masterson, of whose death Marsden has never heard, for the experts say that were he ever to hear of his friend's decease, so strongly does he believe himself a part of the dead man's day dreams, the small remainder of his once strong mind would be utterly blotted out.—H. W. Harkness in Frank Leslie's.

At Last. She let her hand be taken, and with confidence unshaken he tried his best to waken in her heart some sentiment.

With a wondrous burst or feeling round her walet his arm was stealing, yet her face showed no revealing of her mind's ingenuous bent.

His voice, quite low and pleading, for himself was interceding, but the maiden paid no heeding to the words that he might say. And no lover persevering ever had so dumb a hearing to his terms of love endearing as she gave to him that day.

Until his chance he waited with a guile pre-meditated, and with cheek unmitigated up and kiesed her. Then she cried:

"There, you monster! I just knew it! I was sure, or quite near to it, if I wait d you would do it. Now I hope you're satisfied."

—Tom Masson in Life.

"Yes," she whispered.
With a quick, startled glance behind her she glided across the floor.
"Yes," the woman repeated, "I must cre-

With a few deft movements she arrange

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

It has been generally remarked that no class of articles at the Midwinter Exposition received more attention than is the the various indispensible, and to the masculine mind, mysterious adjuncts to the toilettes of our fair ladies. Manufacturers from every part of the globe by He staggered slightly as he spoke and were represented, and the products of would have fallen if I had not caught America, France, England and Germany competed for the honor of the first "Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried.

"Don't make a scene here. Come. Get points of competition were: freedom into this cab and we'll ride down to my "Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried.
"Don't make a scene here. Come. Get into this cab and we'll ride down to my rooms."

He was so limp by this time that I bundled him almost head over heels into a convenient hackney, and giving the driver directions as to where to go followed and sat down beside him. He lay back against the cushions, his eyes closed, his lips quivering like a child's under punishment. To an ordinary observer it would have seemed as if Marsden had taken too much strong drink—to me, who knew that he did not drink, his condition was unaccountable. Moved we both were by the imminent death of a dear friend, but the emotion of Marsden was out of all proportion to the situation.

Suddenly he grasped me by the arm

"Did you speak to me, sir?" said the pas-senger on the seat in front, turning stilly to stare at the passenger who had leaned forward to remark that it looked like rain.

M. Fermain (one of the seconds)-My principal, the count, refuses to consent to a duel in the woods at dawn.
M. le Comte—Why not?
M. Fermain—Morbleu! Think of the

risks! Both of the gent cold!-Chicago Record. Both of the gentlemen might catch

He (in a spirit of investigation)—Why don't you marry? She (softly)—Nobody ever asked me to, He—0.

BRACE THE NERVES.

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to do this, fall short of producing the ees-ntial
of their quietude—vigor. And while in extreme
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such strugs may be advisable, their frequent use
is highly prejudicial to the deleate reganism
upon which they act, and in order to renew
their quieting effect increased and dangerous
doses eventually become necessary. Hostetter's
Somash Bitters is an efficient substitute for
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imparting a healthful impulse to the digestive
and assimilating functions promotes throughout
the whole system a vigor in which the nerves
come in for a large share. Use the filters in
maisria, constipation, bilions and kidney
trouble.

Minnie—Voung Sapley tried to kiss me last

Minnie-Young Sapley tried to kiss me last night. Mamie-Did he succeed? Minnie-No; he didn't know how.

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Miss Chawrono.

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