MORE THAN A DREAM.

Live up to the highest that's in you, Be true to the voice in your soul. Let love and your better self win you, And follow them on to the goal. Afar in the path of Endeavor The temples of Happiness gleam. They stand as a promise forever

We fall in the moments of weakness, Borne down by the passion of sin. Acknowledge the error with meekness And strengthen the guard from within The lusts of the brute we inherit Must cower and shrink from the light That flows from the throne of the spirit

That heaven is more than a dream,

And shows us the path to the right. I know not the kingdom immortal; Yet feel in my innermost soul That Death's not a wall but a portal, Through which lies an infinite goal. I know not the glory supernal, Nor paths that the angels have trod:

Yet something within is eternal

And grows in the sunlight of God. I know with the wisdom of Sorrow, The lessons I've learned by the way; The fruits that we gather to-morrow Are grown from the seeds of to-day.

Life's page we have blotted and check-

ered: No power on earth can restore, We write an indelible record, To blight or to bless evermore.

With voices seraphic and tender

Our loved ones are calling afar, With light that is golden in splendor Truth shines like a mystical star. The veil of the Silence is riven. The banner of Hope is unfurled; And Love, through the portals of heaven, Illumines the night of the world. -Denver News.

How Joe Paid Up.

D LD MAN BOYNE, the boss team-ster, was sitting by a coal oil lamp in his best room. He had taken off his shoes and his coat, and his coarse woolen socks and his hickory shirt showed that he was not a man of airs. He was deep in his newspaper, of which it was his habit to read every word, including ads., and he had filled his old clay pipe for the third time when the rap at the door caused him to shout: "Come in!"

"Good evening, Mr. Boyne," said the stalwart, well-groomed young man who came in.

"She's out," growled the old chap resuming his reading. "I know she is, sir. That's why I

called." The old fellow put down his paper and leered over his spectacles.

"At least," resunted the young man, nervously, "I came to talk to you about her, sir. We want to get married." He sat down, looking flushed and excited, and the old man stared at him a minute before he began:

"Well, suppose you do? Have you the means to keep her decent? How much have you saved? Three hundred -that'll buy the furniture. How long did it take you to save that?" "A little over a year, I--"

"A year! You must be an awful spendthrift. How much do you get?" Thirty a week since the beginning of this year. I'll get a raise-

"What!" shrilled the father, putting his hands on his knees and peering at the lover. "Thirty dollars a week-a bachelor, all alone, and have only three



HIS FATHER-IN-LAW BOUNDED HIM AT HIS OFFICE.

hundred left! How the devil-do you drink?"

"Oh, no; it isn't that, sir; I just live pretty well. You see, I wasn't figuring on getting married till I met Margy, and you see I've always been used to having everything."

"Do you own a place, a house or anything?" "No, sir."

"You must be daft, then. Where was you going to live? At the Auditorium, maybe?" "Oh, we could get a neat flat for a

little money, and-

"And pay rent? You're a fool, my boy. I won't give her to you till you get a house, I don't care if it's only two rooms, so it's your own, to keep her in."

Margy's voice singing was heard then from the rear rooms. Boyne resumed his paper. Joe Stewart, muttiring "skin-flint, miser," and other endearing epithets directed against his shake hands the old face was so radi- seldom are.

keeping very quiet, waited for Margy to come in. That was his first but not final effort to get Dad's consent. He came again on Saturday evening while the girl was at market, and the crusty old drayman, with a coarse frankness, suggested that he had a "tidy little place" in the West Side, three rooms and a summer kitchen, that he would sell to Stewart if he really meant to marry the girl at all. The meanness of this proffer struck him like a blow, but he said he'd think about it, and he did. He talked it over with Margy, a whole-souled, winsome girl, who had been trained for a school-teacher by the canny old man,

who "knew the value of money." "Let's try it, Joe," she laughed, "it's a rusty old cottage, but we'll fix it up. Dad won't be hard on us for the payments, and perhaps by the time it's paid for we can sell it and get a nicer home."

Stewart, thoroughly despising old Boyne, bought the place on time payments and signed about sixty notes at \$25 each, listening with suppressed hatred to the miserly old man who had thus unloaded \$1,500 worth of frame shanty and cheap ground upon his own daughter's husband. For the wedding took place within a month.



"YOU MUST BE AN AWFUL SPEND-THRIFT.

When the cottage was painted and furnished and the young couple was well installed, the old man would come 'round during the day to see Margy, but Joe's hatred of him rose to the top pitch when the first note fell due and old Boyne, in person, came to the office to collect it. After that the young man quit speaking to his wife's father, and the young wife herself felt ashamed and grieved to observe the grasping eagerness with which he pursued Joe for the payments

Month after month the efforts to pay Boyne came harder, for there were the painters and carpenters to pay, a bathroom had been built into the cottage and the plumber's bill was a caution. To make matters harder for Joe, the little Stewarts began to arrive, and when the time came to pay the young husband saw that he'd have to "stand off" either the doctor or Boyne. He paid the doctor. His father-in-law hounded him at the office, at the house, waited for him at the street corner, and then scrawled a letter in which he threatened to foreclose if the note, past due, wasn't paid. Margy almost broke her heart when she found out the truth, but when Dad called she pleaded with him to give them a little more time. She showed him her pretty baby and promised that they would now begin to economize in earnest.

Old Boyne promised an extension, but harped upon the need of economy until she felt like striking him. It was the same every time a new note came due. He was insatiate, gave them neither peace nor hope of leniency, lectured her, scolded Joe even when the hard-earned money was forthcoming. It was necessary to reduce all their expenses. Joe quit smoking and began to carry his lunch in a collar box. When he contrived to have the money ready for the recurring notes he sent it by check to avoid meeting the miserly Boyne. By mutual consent they quit mentioning his name. Sometimes when he called during the day to see Margy and her baby she wouldn't let him in, feigning to be out and thus escaping the everlasting homily about "economy." It was cruel, and she cried a good deal, but she knew Joe would fret and fume if he knew that Boyne had been harrying her. And so they came to have such a terror of his visits that Stewart bent all his efforts to forestall the impending payments and thus keep the despised old drayman from showing his grizzled face either at the office where Joe worked or at the little home where Margy tolled with no less patience and far more cheerfulness. And when the last note was paid and old Boyne and his hateful ways were commencing to be forgotten by the estranged daughter and the unforgiving Stewart the young pair had a kind of informal celebration. Little Joe in his best blouse and baby Margaret in her high chair were sitting at table, their pretty mother a-bloom in

"Well, Margy, we're done with the old skinflint, ch? Excuse me, sir," For the old man was sitting by the fireplace, and when he came over to

her pink kimona, when Joe came home

of roses for the tea table.

with the last note-and a big bononet

noped for father-in-law, but wisely ant that Joe coundn't nely taking Boyne's boney hand.

"He's given me back all you paid him, Joe," cried the wife, shaking a budget of bank notes at them: "he was only fooling us-fooling us inte being economical."

"I tell you, Joe Stewart," began the old drayman, when they sat down to supper, "there's no use to make money if you don't save it. When I was your age-

And then for the first time old Boyne's lecture on economy seemed interesting to them all.-Chicago Record-Herald.

A VICTIM OF PRIDE.

Rooster Could Not Bear to Live When His Prestige Was Gone.

has been sald that the reason of Napoleon's defeat was simply that he thought be could not be defeated. The New York Mail and Express repeats a conversation overheard on a suburban train, which tells how a Napoleon of the barn-yard was conquered.

"Pride's a terrible thing, I tell you," remarked a passenger to his mate.

"Yes?" said the other man, goodnaturedly.

"Yes. This young fellow"-pointing to a news dispatch in the evening paper-"cutting away for the other side of the world just because the girl Johnnie-"Don't keer if ye do; he wrote made a fool of him reminds me of the it fer me."-Detroit Free Press. Langshan rooster we had up at our place. He was a fine-looking bird, and he had bossed the barn-yard so long Mrs. Dobley-"An' phwy?" Mrs. Grady that he sort of came to think he was - "Shure, he's in jail so much she has infallible."

"That's natural," responded the other Judge. man.

"Well, the rooster grew careless, and one day when he was putting on too many airs a cross old hen pecked his left eye out, in plain view of the whole dock. You never saw such humiliaion in your life.

"It wasn't the loss of the eye that hurt so much as the loss of prestige. He never was himself again. Every rooster in the yard made fun of him; the hens strutted by without paying the least attention to him, and even the chickens sauced him. He pined away, his feathers drooped, and he became a regular outcast, sneaking around by himself to pick up stray grains of corn when the rest of the fowls had finished feeding.

"One day I went out to get a plump hen for dinner. I laid the hatchet on the block where I usually cut off the heads of chickens, and was moving around to pick out a fat one, when my wife called to me to look. And, sir, lying flat on the block was that old rooster. He had hopped up there and put his head down close to the hatchet, and was waiting for me."

"Did you kill him?" asked the other man, as the narrator paused.

"I didn't want to, but my wife begged me to put him out of his misery. made him the subject of a fine talk York Weekly. about pride, which, as I said before, is a terrible thing."

PEACEABLE RESISTANCE.

Old Quaker Did Not Believe in Vio lence and Bloodshed.

During the Civil War, the Friends, of their peaceful creed, deavored to be released from the requirements of the draft. They were who was commissioner of the Department of Agriculture:

Speaking once of scruples about fighting, I asked him if he believed it necessary to carry out the exact letter est old darling of a husband that ever of the Scripture, and under no circumstances to resist.

"Oh, no," said he, "There are other ways of resisting besides fighting."

Then he told the story of having met a man in a wagon at a narrow Mrs. Temperton.-"Well, you see, he part of the road, who, seeing that he was a Friend, refused to turn out for and buys me a better one."-Chicago him, but stopped directly in the middle of the road.

Isaac asked him kindly to turn out, but the man gruffly refused. Then

arms above the elbow, held him as if phia Press. in a vise, and quietly said, "Friend, if thou dost resist, I shall shake thee!" So he gave him a preliminary shake

as a sample, and the man, seeing how powerful and resolute he was, apologized, and turned his horse as far out as he could. "I did not strike him," said Isaac.

Story of Roosevelt.

In refusing to grant a private inter view to a certain politician who is per, have you?"-Chicago Post. always trying to give him advice and terrupting the conversation."

Last Resort. Jack-Her father positively refuses to

give me her hand in marriage. Tom-That's tough. What are you going to do about it? Jack-Oh, I suppose there is nothing

left now but to ask the girl. Woman may never break into Con-

gress, but she will continue to be speaker of the house just the same. Love may be blind, but chaperons



When you are lonesome you realize what poor company you are.-Life.

"Hi, Bill, look bere! I weigh four pounds more'n you!" "Aw, y'r cheatin', Skinny. Youse got y'r ban's in y'r pockets."-Baltimore News.

German Instructor (to usually late student)-"I see you are early of late; you used to be behind before, and now you are first at last."-Harvard Lam-

His Needs Were Small.-Landlady-What portion of the chicken would von like, Mr. Newcomer?" Mr. Newcomer-"Oh, half of it will be ample, thank you."-Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Waggs-"I understand that ings." Mrs. Jaggs-"You have been misinformed; it is his most pronounced success."-Chicago Daily News. Teacher-"Johnnie, this is the worst

to write to your father and tell him." Mrs. Grady-"Mrs. Dolan loikes her second husband betther than her first."

nearly all she earns fer hersilf."-Consolation.—"I'm feeling very ill again, doctor; do you think I'm going to die?" "My dear madam, compose yourself; that is the last thing in the

world that is going to happen to you." -Tit-Bits. "Is this, then, to be the end of our half of your letters."-Chicago Rec-

ord-Herald. "Yes, I consider my life a failure." 'Oh, Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?" "I spend all my time me, and my clothes don't fit,"-What to Eat.

"Oh, Major Bloodgore!" said a girlish gusher, "they say that during the war you were always cool in action." 'Cool!" declared the major: "why, my dear girl. I was so cool that when I shivered people insinuated that I was trembling."-Baltimore Herald.

She-"Some persons claim that they cannot look from a height without wishing to cast themselves down. Did you ever have that feeling, Mr. Yearnso?" He-"Once." "Indeed? Where were you?" "I was in an elevated car, He wasn't very good eating, but I and I saw you in the street."-New

"But can you cook?" asked the prosale young man. "Let us take those questions up in their proper order," returned the wise girl. "The matter of cooking is not the first to be consid-"Then what is the first?" he ered." demanded. "Can you provide the things for dust.—Youth's Companion. to be cooked?"-Chicago Evening Post. Harris-"When I meet Flanders he generally has something to say about

always reasonable and quiet in their the virtues of his first wife, and my earnestness, and seldom failed to gain wife says Mrs. Flanders is always talktheir point. Major Townsend, in ing about her first husband's good 'Anecdotes of the Civil War," tells points." Damon-"So they both have this story of Isaac Newton, the Friend been married before?" Harris-"Yes. What a pity that first husband and that first wife couldn't have married one another! They'd make an ideal match.

Mrs. Temperton-"I've got the dearhappened. He has an awful temper, and about once a month he gets mad and tears up my best hat." Miss Singleton-"And you call him a dear old darling after that? How can you?" always has a fit of remorse next day News.

"Rather absent-minded, isn't he?" On this. Isaac seized him by the wanted to go to bed early."-Philadel-

He was cutting an item from a newspaper. "It tells how a house was robbed, and I want to show it to my wife," he explained. "What good will that do?" a friend inquired. "A whole lot," was the reply; "you see, this house was robbed while the man was at church with his wife." "Say!" exhaven't got a duplicate copy of that pa-

First Planist-"Did you have much of information on important matters of an audience at your recital yesterday legislation President Roosevelt is said afternoon?" Second Pianist-"Splento have remarked: "It is always most did! There were two men, three womdistressing to me to be obliged to talk en and a boy. The boy, I afterwards to that man. I find myself constantly learned, was employed about the place, expecting him to revert to his arboreal and the two men came in for shelter, as ancestors, grow a tall and swing grace- it was raining at the time. But the fully from the chandeller without in three women were all right. They came to hear me, I know, for I gave them the passes myself."-Boston Transcript.

> Mrs. Ferguson reached over, took a long, dark hair off her husband's shoul-"That," he said, angry at her implied suspicion, "is from the horse's mane. missed it.-Chicago Tribune.



Disinfection.-The sense in which this term is popularly used is often all wrong, or, perhaps one ought to say, only partly right. When people say they will "dislafect" something, they generally mean that they will use some chemical to destroy a bad smell, or mask it by another bad smell. The odor in itself is all the while quite harmless, although disagreeable, and even if it were a terrible menace, the drowning drinking is one of your husband's fail- of it in another bad smell would not lessen the danger. As a matter of fact, many of the worst products of decomposition are odorless. When people use the word, therefore, in this sense, they composition in the class, and I'm going should say "deodorize," which is what they mean.

A disinfectant means, in the correct use of the term as defined by the American Public Health Association, "An agent capable of destroying the infective power of infectious material." It is plain from this definition that there can thus be no "disinfection" in the absence of infectious material, and, further, that there is no such thing as "partial disinfection;" either the infecting power is destroyed or it is not. Simply to arrest putrefactive decomposition is properly called "antisepsis," and it has been proved that many things useful as deodorizers (smell-destroyers) and as antiseptics (decomporomance?" he asked. "No," she an- sition-arresters) are utterly useless for swered; "my lawyer will call on you in the destruction of disease germs. It the morning. I have a bushel and a will be seen from this what danger may arise in such diseases as smallpox, typhold fever and cholera from a misunderstanding of these words.

There are many ways of disinfecting, and much interesting research is going making money enough to buy food and on in this direction all the time. Heat is ciothes; but the food disagrees with one of the most efficacious disinfecting agents we have, and for clothing there is nothing better than boiling for half an hour. Clothes that this would injure can be subjected to dry heat or to sulphur fumigation. Chloride of lime, formaldehyde, carbolic acid are also powerful disinfectants, and so also is burning sulphur, which destroys not only the germs of disease, but also the insects which frequently harbor those

Disinfectants are sometimes used in sick-rooms, but they cannot take the place of cleanliness and free ventilation. Infectious material lodges in dust on ledges and in corners, and, therefore, a sick room should be so appointed as to make it possible to keep it clean from day by day. Nearly all modern hospitals are built not only with interior walls which can be washed easily, but with curves in place of angles or sharp corners in the rooms, so that there shall be no lodging places

LONDON'S HEBREW MAYOR.

Sir Morcus Samuel, a Commercial King of the World's Metropolis. Sixty years ago laws were existent

in England which prevented a Jew from holding any public office-civil, military or corporate. To-day a Jew



not a man of Hebrale offspring million dollars. with unorthodox Israelite as de- millions, voted to the laws of Moses as the most faithful inhabitant of Palestine of old-such a man is lord mayor

chief city of Christendom. He is Sir much attention to the weather any Marcus Samuel, the head of a great more.—Baltimore Herald. "Extremely so. Why, the other night trading firm which owns a fleet of when he got home he knew there was thirty-eight vessels to carry on its Isaac said, "Friend, if thou wilt not something he wanted to do, but he business. He is intimately acquainted turn thy horse, I will turn him for couldn't remember what it was until he with the Orient, where he traveled exthee." So he took the horse's head to had sat up over an hour trying to tensively, and has for more than a turn him. Then the man jumped out think." "And did he finally remember decade been intimately acquainted and ran forward, as if to attack him. it?" "Yes; he discovered that he had with the municipal affairs of London. Queen Victoria made him a knight four years ago. As lord mayor of London he will hold office one year, with a salary of \$20,000.

An Electric Tree.

There is a peculiar tree in the forests of central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature, claimed the friend, excitedly, "you and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric the street.—The Moon. shock. It has a veery singular effect upon a magnetic needle, and will influence it at a distance of even seventy feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight. In wet weather its power disappears altogether. Birds never approach the tree, nor have insects ever been seen upon it.

Ancient Pens.

The earliest references to pens are probably those in the Bible, and are to be found in Judges 5: 14; I. Kings 21: 8; Job 19: 24 and Isaiah 8: 1. But der and held it up for inspection. these chiefly refer to the iron stylus which cut out the characters in the tables of limestone or soapstone. There I have just been currying him." "What is a reference to pen and ink in the made you suppose," she asked, haught- third Epistle of John 13: 5, which was ily, "that I thought it was anything written about A. D. 85, and as pens else?" At which he shrank back be- made in brass and silver were used in hind his newspaper again, feeling as if the Greek and Roman empires at that he had kicked hard at something and time it is probable that a metallic pen or reed was alluded to.

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING LIES IN THE EATING."

The doctors are dumfounded, the druggists astonished, and the people excited and joyful over the wonderful cures and tremendous sales of the great Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. Every case of rheumatism—some of many years' standing—has given way to this powerful remedy. Thousands of certificates like the following can be

furnished as to its value:
George Scleyer, publisher of the
Chilton, Wis., "Volksbote," used St.
Jacobs Oil "for almost unbearable
pains in the back, which had completely prostrated him." A few ap-plications cured him entirely. Mrs. Fred Eberle, Bellaire, O., was

for a long time severely troubled with rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil instantly relieved and entirely cured Rev Dr. B. Pick, of Rochester, N.

suffered so intensely from rheu-

preach. Several applications from a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, "relieved him. F. Radder, Cleveland, Ohio, says: "Two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me of great and long-continued

matic pains that he was unable to

pain in my foot." Messrs, C. L. Brundage and Son, druggists, Muskegon, Mich., write: "St. Jacobs Oil has a wonderful sale. We sold eight bottles at retail yesterday. This will give you some idea of how well it is liked in this section." Mr. Louis Hinkel, of East Poesten, Kill, N. Y., says: "I call St. Jacobs

cured me of rheumatism and pain in the back." Herman Rittner, Manchester, N. H.: "I have tried St. Jacobs Oil, and found it excellent. All those who have purchased it speak of it as 'sim-

Cil the best liniment I ever used.

ply incomparable." Geo. G. Erffle, Palestine, Ill.: "I was in bed suffering from a swollen leg, I used St. Jacobs Oil, its effect was wonderful. The following day I attended to my business again.

Dr. Otto Fuls, Reading O., writes: "The sale of St. Jacobs Oil is constantly increasing; it is praised by everybody, and never fails to give en-tire satisfaction."

Wanted a Year's Guaranty.

"It's almost impossible, dear, to lease a house for a shorter term than one year, nowadays," he said, "so, to protect myself, I must ask you-"Ask me what?" interrupted his bride-to-be.

"To agree not to seek a divorce until the expiration of the first year's lease."—Catholic Standard.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to mean that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires s constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient atrength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Fills are the best.

A Desperate Case.

Putz-Keep away. I haf got the kleptomania Pomade-Vat, vat are you dakin for

Putz-Everyding I can lay mein ants on. -Pennsylvania Punch hants

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Quite Consistent.

Miss Mainchantz-1 suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks?

Miss Ascott-Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for a

Miss Mainchantz-I know, dear, but leanings, but an I discovered later that he had two

One Explanation. Judge-Winters are not so cold as

they used to be. Fudge-Oh, yes, they are. Only now chronic liars have such a variety SIR MARCUS SAMUEL of London, the lie about, that they can't devote so

Wouldn't Say.

"You say you saw my Willie half an hour ago?" asked Willie's mother. 'Where did he say he was going?" "He didn't say, ma'am," replied Tommy Stout.

"Didn't he tell you I had sent him on an errand to the corner grocery?" "O, yes, ma'am, but he didn't say where he was going."

"In time, with care, you may re-cover. Twelve dollars," said the fash-ionable physician, extending a receptive palm. "In time, with care, you may recover \$12," replied the disgruntled patient, as he grabbed his wad and made a breakneck dash for

99999999999999999999999999 I WANT TO BUY FOR CASH Chicken, Duck and Geese feath-



