

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
That heaven is more than a dream.

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
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.

OLD MAN BOYNE, the boss teamster, 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," resumed 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!" shrieked 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 HOUNDED 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, muttering "skin-flint, miser," and other endearing epithets directed against his

noped for father-in-law, but wisely 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 SPENDTHRIFT."

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 enmity 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 insatiable, 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 harassing 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 toiled 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 her pink kimono, when Joe came home with the last note—and a big bouquet of roses for the tea table.

"Well, Margy, we're done with the old skinflint, eh? Excuse me, sir."

For the old man was sitting by the fireplace, and when he came over to shake hands the old face was so radi-

ant that Joe couldn't help 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 into 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.

It has been said that the reason of Napoleon's defeat was simply that he thought he 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 seat-mate.

"Yes?" said the other man, good-naturedly.

"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 made a fool of him reminds me of the Langshan rooster we had up at our place. He was a fine-looking bird, and he had bossed the barn-yard so long that he sort of came to think he was infallible."

"That's natural," responded the other 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 flock. You never saw such humiliation 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 struttin' 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. He wasn't very good eating, but I made him the subject of a fine talk about pride, which, as I said before, is a terrible thing."

PEACEABLE RESISTANCE.

Old Quaker Did Not Believe in Violence and Bloodshed.

During the Civil War, the Friends, because of their peaceful creed, endeavored to be released from the requirements of the draft. They were always reasonable and quiet in their earnestness, and seldom failed to gain their point. Major Townsend, in "Anecdotes of the Civil War," tells this story of Isaac Newton, the Friend 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 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 part of the road, who, seeing that he was a Friend, refused to turn out for him, but stopped directly in the middle of the road.

Isaac asked him kindly to turn out, but the man gruffly refused. Then Isaac said, "Friend, if you wilt not turn thy horse, I will turn him for thee." So he took the horse's head to turn him. Then the man jumped out and ran forward, as if to attack him.

On this, Isaac seized him by the arms above the elbow, held him as if 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 interview to a certain politician who is always trying to give him advice and information on important matters of legislation President Roosevelt is said to have remarked: "It is always most distressing to me to be obliged to talk to that man. I find myself constantly expecting him to revert to his arboreal ancestors, grow a tall and swing gracefully from the chandelier without interrupting 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 Congress, but she will continue to be speaker of the house just the same.

Love may be blind, but chaperons seldom are.



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

"Hi, Bill, look here! I weigh four pounds more'n you!" "Aw, y'r cheat-in, Skinny. Youse got y'r han's in y'r pockets."—Baltimore News.

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

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

Mrs. Waggs—"I understand that drinking is one of your husband's failings." Mrs. Jiggs—"You have been misinformed; it is his most pronounced success."—Chicago Daily News.

Teacher—"Johnnie, this is the worst composition in the class, and I'm going to write to your father and tell him." Johnnie—"Don't keef if ye do; he wrote it fer me."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Grady—"Mrs. Dolan looks her second husband better than her first." Mrs. Dobbly—"An' phwy?" Mrs. Grady—"Shure, he's in jail so much she has nearly all she earns fer herself."—Judge.

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 romance?" he asked. "No," she answered; "my lawyer will call on you in the morning. I have a bushel and a half of your letters."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure." "Oh, Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?" "I spend all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes; but the food disagrees with me, and my clothes don't fit."—What to Eat.

"Oh, Major Bloodgood!" 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. Yearns?" He—"Once." "Indeed? Where were you?" "I was in an elevated car, and I saw you in the street."—New York Weekly.

"But can you cook?" asked the prosaic 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 considered." "Then what is the first?" he demanded. "Can you provide the things to be cooked?"—Chicago Evening Post.

Harris—"When I meet Flanders he generally has something to say about the virtues of his first wife, and my wife says Mrs. Flanders is always talking about her first husband's good points." Damon—"So they both have 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 dearest old darling of a husband that ever happened. 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?" Mrs. Temperton—"Well, you see, he always has a fit of remorse next day, and buys me a better one."—Chicago News.

"Rather absent-minded, isn't he?" "Extremely so. Why, the other night when he got home he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't remember what it was until he had sat up over an hour trying to think." "And did he finally remember it?" "Yes; he discovered that he had wanted to go to bed early."—Philadelphia Press.

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!" exclaimed the friend, excitedly, "you haven't got a duplicate copy of that paper, have you?"—Chicago Post.

First Pianist—"Did you have much of an audience at your recital yesterday afternoon?" Second Pianist—"Splendid! There were two men, three women and a boy. The boy, I afterwards learned, was employed about the place, and the two men came in for shelter, as it was raining at the time. But the 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 out of her husband's shoulder, and held it up for inspection. "That," he said, angry at her implied suspicion, "is from the horse's mane. I have just been currying him." "What made you suppose," she asked, laughingly, "that I thought it was anything else?" At which he shrunk back behind his newspaper again, feeling as if he had kicked hard at something and missed it.—Chicago Tribune.



JOLLY JOKER

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

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"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:

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"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.

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Miss Mainchant—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks?</