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**OLD FAVORITES**

**The Old Arm Chair.**  
I love it, I love it! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that old armchair?  
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,  
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalm-  
ed it with sighs.  
Tis bound by a thousand bands to my  
heart;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;  
Would you know the spell?—a mother  
sat there!  
And a sacred thing is that old armchair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near  
That hallowed seat with listening ear;  
And gentle words that mother would give  
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.  
She told me that shame would never be-  
tide,  
With Truth for my creed, and God for  
my guide;  
She taught me to lip my earliest prayer,  
As I knelt beside that old armchair.

I sat, and watched her many a day,  
When her eye grew dim, and her locks  
were gray;  
And I almost worshipped her when she  
smiled,  
And turned from her Bible to bless her  
child.  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped—  
My idol was shattered, my earth-star  
fled!  
And I learned how much the heart can  
bear,  
When I saw her die in her old armchair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,  
With quivering breath and throbbing  
brow;  
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there  
she died,  
And memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
Whilst scalding drops start down my  
cheek;  
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear  
My soul from a mother's old armchair.  
—Eliza Cook.

**Lead, Kindly Light,**  
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from  
home,  
Lead Thou me on!  
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for  
me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
Thou  
Should'st lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but  
now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day; and, spite of  
fears,  
Pride ruled my will; remember not past  
years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it  
still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,  
till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces  
smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile.  
—Cardinal Newman.

**Crushing a New Sect.**  
The Sultan of Turkey has ordered  
the extirpation, by as severe methods  
as can be devised, so as to teach a  
lesson, it is reported, of a new re-  
ligious sect that has made great head-  
way in Damascus. The new religion  
is not Jewish nor Mohammedan nor  
Christian, but a sort of medley of all  
three. It teaches that neither Mo-  
hammed nor Christ was a divine per-  
son, though their existence is admit-  
ted. They were simply great philoso-  
phers who were endowed with powers  
to perform certain miracles. More  
interesting, however, is that the mem-  
bers, having admitted some belief in  
Islam, are allowed a plurality of  
wives, while as a recognition of Chris-  
tianity they are not forbidden to be  
total abstainers from strong drink. It  
is an enticing religion to those who  
have no desire to place too great a  
curb on their passions, and so great a  
common in the land of the Turk;  
hence, probably, so great a number  
of recruits that the attention of the  
Sultan and the Sublime Porte was at-  
tracted to it.

**A Few Breaks.**  
The breakers broke on the broken shore  
And the maiden in her brake  
Broke out in a laugh at the frown he  
wore  
As the storm broke o'er the lake.  
He made a break for the distant brake,  
Where the thick brakes spread their  
shade,  
But the cattle broke from their brake to  
make  
Him grieve o'er the break he'd made.

So the landlord broke him all up when,  
In broken tones he spoke  
About his bill, and he broke down then,  
Confessing that he was "broke."  
**Name Caught Him.**  
"Kin youse gimme er bite ter cat,  
lady?" queried the dusty tramp.  
"I haven't anything cooked," was the  
reply, "but I can give you a piece of  
loaf cake, if that will satisfy you."  
"Tanka, lady," answered the hobo.  
"Ef it tastes like it sounds I reckon it's  
jest wot I'm lookin' fer."

**Her Rule.**  
"You believe in short engagements,  
don't you, dear?" asked the happy and  
accepted lover.  
"Short engagements have always  
been my rule, darling," replied she.  
And even then he did not seem hap-  
py.  
If there is anything in the supersti-  
tion that rice throwing brings good  
luck, it is a wonder it is not thrown  
after the hearse at a funeral.



**A** LITTLE apple-faced man, almost as broad as he was high, came blustering around the corner. His red and green carpet slippers slapped the walk, seeming to keep time to something he was saying to himself. A short distance in advance of him a woman was walking. Seeing her, he started on a jog trot and called out: "Ay there! Hi say—Hi was a tellin' yer 'usband—"

She stopped and he puffed up like a tug.

"Hi was a tellin' yer 'usband, I 'ave a little book at me 'ouse, and it could tell you more about medicine in two lines than 'e 'as in 'is 'ead."

He pursed up his lips and watched the effect of this remark. Mrs. Wilson was struggling between annoyance and a desire to laugh.

"It must be a wonderful little book," she said.

His red-brown eyes peered at her suspiciously. "When Hi was quite a chicken," he continued, "me father used to send me hout with a gang of men under me to do bridge work. Once we was hout in the country and a lot of the men came down with the smallpox. They was nothing in the little book about that, so Hi gave them the treatment for cholera and Hi brought 'em all through."

At this startling proof of his little book's virtues he glared at her defiantly. Her expression set him off again.

"Hin England we've lots of good doctors, but they ain't none in this country. They couldn't doctor a cat for me."

As he said this he drew up at his own gate. A buxom young woman hurried out from the side door and crossed the lawn.

"Oh, father," she said, "we just got a letter from Aunt Sarah. She says mother is sick in Bristol and some of us had better come over and help take care of her."

A tangled sentence of explosives bubbled from the little man's lips.

"Get me rug and pack a bag for me. Hi'm going to New York to-night. Those butchers over there will have her cut up and bottled if we don't hurry."

Mrs. Wilson wondered if he would take his little book with him.

**TIRED A NEW BARBER.**

Lawyer's Experience with an Amateur Knight of the Razor.

"I've just had a humorous but rather unpleasant experience," said a well-known lawyer yesterday. "It wasn't very funny for me while it lasted, but it taught me a thing or two that I shall not forget in a hurry. This is the way it happened:

"I was over on the extreme East side this morning on business, but found my client out. His wife said that he would be home in an hour or so. I needed a shave, so I hunted up a little barber shop on the next block. I had been there before and remembered the shop as a clean one, where one could get a really excellent shave. But I didn't know that the shop had changed hands since my last visit. I found that out later.

"Boss out? I asked, as a greasy young Italian reached for a still more greasy appearing towel.

"No," said he. "I ought the shop four days ago. Shave?"

"No," said I, settling back in the chair. "I thought that I would drop in and have a few teeth pulled."

"Now, I shouldn't have said that. I see my mistake now. But the remark did not appear to disturb him. He just mixed up a sickly-looking lather and daubed some of it on my face—that is, what did not go in my mouth went on my face.

"Have you any vanilla or orange-flavored soap? I asked. "I am particularly fond of those flavors. I don't like the taste of the kind that you are using."

"Of course, that is where I made my second mistake: I shouldn't have said that, but it didn't appear to affect him at all. He got out a razor and stropped it up. I thought that that was what he was doing, but it seems that he was only putting on a saw edge. A saw edge cuts better, you know. At least the one that he fixed up did.

"I am afraid that your saw is a little dull to-day," I remarked. "Perhaps, if it is not too much trouble, you will also clip a little off of the other ear. I am afraid that I will look somewhat one-sided."

"I have not reached the other side yet," he replied. "Will you open your mouth, please?"

"What for?" I asked, but I had said enough. When my mouth opened he jabbed his thumb inside so that he could hold out my cheek. Reminded me of the old-time dentists when they wanted to get at a back tooth. "Excuse me a minute," they would say, "while I dislocate your jaw," and then would hit you a thump and leave your jaw wide open.

"By this time I was getting really interested in the operation, and when my friend the barber murmured 'Eleven,' I asked him, 'Eleven what?'"

"Eleven times that I have cut a man to-day," he explained. "You see, I have only been a barber for four days. I was a truck driver before that, and saved enough money to buy this shop. I made twenty-three slips the first day that I tried shaving; that was twice for every man that I shaved but one—I cut him three times. I don't understand it. I used to shave myself very well. I had begun to think that I was improving, as I cut only nine men yesterday, I have had only four customers to-day and have made eleven cuts. I seem to be going back."

"I thought that I saw a tear stealing down his face. I felt sorry for him. 'Brace up,' I said; 'perhaps in a day or two you will get your average down to one cut per man.'

"Maybe I didn't get out of that chair in a hurry. Dispensed with bay rum and brushed my hair myself. I gave him a quarter of a dollar and got four nickels in change. Then it dawned on me that I had had my first, and I hope my last, experience in one of those five-cents-a-clean-towel-with-every-shave places.

"Webb is going over there to see that

client of mine on Monday. I am going to send him to that shop to be shaved.

"I hate Webb."—New York Evening Sun.

**THE BIG WOLF SEEN AGAIN.**

A Monster that Haunts the Woods of North Wisconsin.

John Rivers, one of the best-known guides of the north Wisconsin country and now 60, is prepared to make affidavit to the existence of the wolf known through a dozen of north woods counties as Jumbo. He has known the animal for nearly ten years, but has seen him only once.

At that time Jumbo was some distance away and going between the trees at a long-reaching trot. He estimates that the wolf stood quite three feet high at the shoulder and qualified the estimate with the statement that the height might have been four feet.

He believes that the animal measures a good nine feet from nose to tail and will weigh probably 250 pounds. That would make him a good deal larger than the largest Great Dane dog, and he is certainly much more powerful.

Jumbo is of a dark gray color, like most of the timber wolves, though they show some variety of hue, occasionally running nearly to black and from that to a dark brindled brown. The size of Jumbo's track is sufficient evidence of his great height, length and heft.

"This track is larger than a man's hand spread out flat; is, in fact, considerably larger than the track of the common black bear, and is deeply indented, not only because of the long nails, but also because of the weight that the feet are supporting.

Rivers has seen the trail a dozen times, the last time crossing the tere-road from Ffield toward the Mason chain of lakes. He has heard Jumbo's howl and says that it is both deeper and louder than the ordinary hunting or mating call of the timber wolf.—New York Sun.

**UNCANNY HAPPENINGS.**

Little Things that Affright the Souls of Men.

"Speaking of the little things that affright the souls of men," said a gentleman who lives uptown, "reminds me of the rather funny experience a young lady of my neighborhood had a few evenings ago. The experience of the young lady in question was hair-raising so far as she was concerned, and it is doubtful if she will ever again experience such a sensation. There was a brightly polished, prettily shaped conch shell on the table in her reading room. It had been brought from over the lake by the younger brother, and being extraordinarily pretty it was given a place on the table in the reading room. The young lady had been reading for some time, when her eyes fell over on the conch shell. Was the thing really moving? She was not certain about it. But it looked that way. It was gradually slipping over the edge of the table. Maybe the table was tilted. No; it was not. It was perfectly flat, perfectly level. She could hear no rapping. Besides, she did not believe in this table rapping business, did not believe in spirits at all, in fact. But the conch shell was moving just the same, moving slowly, to be sure, but still moving. Her blood began to get cold. She called her mother into the room and asked her if she could see the shell moving. She said that she could. That settled it. The young lady was about to become frantic when her mother, who quickly divined the reason, explained that there was a real live conch in the shell. And sure enough there was. The young lady's nerves calmed somewhat, but she read no more at the table that night."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

If you would be a man of mark, let the tattoo artist get his work in on you.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

**A Bad Scrape.**  
The Barber—Did you hear about bad scrape Jaggaby got into yesterday?  
The Victim—No. Did you shave him?

**A Cold-Storage Kiss.**  
He—Your kiss is like Chinese tea. It has an exquisite flavor, but it isn't very strong.  
She—Perhaps it didn't draw long enough.—New York World.

**Getting Back.**  
"Do you enjoy walking?"  
"Immensely."  
"Good. Then I'll take you for a ride in the country in my automobile."

**Warriors Shaved and Shorn.**  
The Normans who conquered England shaved the face and the back of the head, so that Harold's spies declared they were an army of priests.

**An Unfailing Sign.**  
She—I knew you would propose to me tonight.  
He—Why?  
"I saw the moon over my left shoulder."—Life.

**A Puzzled Youngster.**  
Harry is the youngest of the family, the only boy among several girls, and sometimes the superior advantages of girls seem to weigh heavily on his youthful mind. The other day we heard him say thoughtfully to himself: "Women always first. I wonder why God didn't make 'em first, but he didn't. He made Adam first."

**Passion.**  
Passion warps and interrupts the judgment. He that can reply calmly to an angry man is too hard for him. Plato, speaking of passionate persons, says they are like men who stand on their heads—they see all things the wrong way.

**Obsidian Cliff.**  
Obsidian cliff, in the Yellowstone national park, was once neutral ground, where many Indian tribes came to make spearheads and arrowheads. The cliff is hundreds of feet in height and is composed of a substance resembling black glass, small pieces of which are transparent.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**  
Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**  
Must Bear Signature of  
*W. D. Wood*  
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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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Seeds the Kind that Leads to more yield more soil by all farmers.  
1903 Seed Catalogue sent postpaid free to all applicants.  
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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Bore in the shape of violent colic or piles, or in the shape of dangerous, most painful, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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FISCH'S CURE FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, WOUNDS, ALL ELSE FAILS! Best Compound Ever. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.