

HEARD BY AN OLD MAN.

Here in my easy chair I sit,
An old, old man before the fire,
Deaf to all sounds of every day
And dead to every past desire.

Perhaps the falling outward sense
Quickens the spirit's inner ear,
For sitting here before the fire
You'd scarce believe the sounds I hear.

All this long afternoon I heard
The brook in the old orchard sing
Just as it used to, on the farm,
When first the grass grew green in spring.

You know that gurgling, glad some noise—
The voice of water wild with glee
When it has burst its icy bond
And finds itself alert and free.

The birds, too, in the beech-tree grove,
I hear them, as in days of yore
When I went forth at break of day,
Call through the sunrise hush once more.

And that one bird that nested high—
I thought she had a silver throat—
A trickle of clear melody,
It thrills me oft, her slender note.

My mother's voice, too—oh, so plain
It calls across the fading light:
"Come, children, time to leave your play;
Come in the house, 'tis almost night!"

Sometimes when you have left the room,
And I alone am sitting here,
I speak the answer right out loud,
"Yes, yes, I'm coming, mother dear!"

Then there's one song comes back to me,
Your mother sang it, my dear wife,
A slender girl dressed all in white,
First time I saw her in my life.

She used to carol like a bird—
'Tis an old-fashioned song, I know,
But day by day I hear her still
Singing, "John Anderson, my Jo."

I sometimes think that when I go
To join her in the angel throng
Her voice, above the heav'nly hymn
Will rise once more in that loved song.

An old, old man—and common speech
But seldom reaches my dulled ear;
Yet sitting here before the fire
You'd scarce believe the sounds I hear.
—Youth's Companion.

A TALE OF A SALE.

MRS. MASON is what we call in our village "a character," and as such I dearly love a chat with her when she is in the humor to be drawn out. The other afternoon I called to remind her of the annual rummage sale. She is a regular purchaser, but priding herself on possession of a judicial mind, she does not feel at all called upon to approve in the abstract of institutions in whose benefits she is quite ready to participate.

"Rummage sales? I don't hold with 'em! I call it a-n-sultin' of the Almighty, the gentry offering Him their cast-off clothes and what not!" she said tartly. "Teck my word for 't, the gentry gets their fun out o' them sales same as bazars, and times they gets the best bargains, too."

"I don't see how that can be," I said; "the gentry don't buy at rummage sales."

"Don't they?" she chuckled. "Much you know about it. The best bargain ever I seed was got at a rummage sale. Sit 'ee down, and donnut fidget wif yer chair, and I'll tell 'ee how it cum about. 'Twas worth half-a-sovereign to me.

"I was a sllip of a girl, in service at 'Squire Hargreaves, at the hall. Well, they had a governess there for the children; a tall, handsome lass she was, as proud as if she was a duchess.

"Her father had been what they call a millionaire, but he lost all his money, and the daughter, who had been to college and was a great schollard, went out to help earn a living for the family. Before that she'd been engaged to be married, but it was broken off when her father lost his money.

"Well, one day I was cleaning the outside windows of the schoolroom when Mrs. Hargreaves comes in, and, 'Miss Alwyn,' says she, 'I want you to help the vicar's daughter, Miss Rogers, at the roomage sale.' So Miss Alwyn said she would.

"On the days of the sale, Mary, the housemaid, told me she'd asked Miss Alwyn for any of her old things to send to the parish hall. Miss Alwyn just looked up, and said:

"'Very well, Mary, you can take what's hanging on the end peg in my room; I have nothing else I could spare.'

"There was a pink frock as fitted Mary and a lavender muslin gown.

"'Mary,' I said, 'there's a mistake. Miss Alwyn's always kept that put by so careful in her drawer, with sprigs of rosemary between; she don't mean that.'

"'But Mary wouldn't listen. She'd set her heart on the lavender gown and took it down to the parish hall herself, for we two servants had a holiday for the afternoon.

"Mary took the dresses to Miss Rogers' stall and got them priced. £5s. she bought the pink one, but the lavender

HERR JAN KUBELIK AND HIS FIANCEE
COUNTESS MARIANNE CSAKY-SZELL.



Kubelik's romantic engagement to the Hungarian countess, who is declared to be the most beautiful woman of her country, continues to form the subject of articles in European newspapers, and periodicals, and many stories are told of the intense devotion of the couple to each other.

was too dear. 'I can't think,' says Miss Rogers, 'how anyone comes to send it. It's quite a Parisian creation.'

"There was a Mr. Bartram as was staying with the vicar standing by, and he laughed. 'Let's see the creation,' he said; and then he looked startled. 'Where did that come from?' he says, shortlike; and Miss Rogers said, 'from Mrs. Hargreaves.' 'Hargreaves! I don't know such a name! But it is—it must be the same gown!' he muttered. Then I knew that he was Miss Alwyn's former young gentleman and what Mary had done.

"Mr. Bartram tried to turn off all the seriousness of the joke. 'Look here!' he says, 'that's too smart a gown for your village folk. In the interests of parochial morality, I want to buy it!'

"So he paid the price and went off without seeing the other stalls.

"Presently Miss Rogers, as was keeping the stall, wanted to go away for something, and asked me to keep an eye on things. Miss Alwyn had said her lot, and came round to see how we was gettin' on.

"In a moment she catches sight of the gown, and—'Oh!' she cries. 'My lavender dress! How came that here? I must have it back; there has been a mistake!' So I told Mary, miss, says I; 'but now it's sold.' 'Sold!' she cries, with her face as white as my apron. 'No matter, I will buy it again. How much was given?' 'Two sovereigns,' says I. She seemed a bit set back at that, but she pulled out her purse. 'Fortunately I have as much,' she said. 'Make it right for me, Betty.' And not staying for a 'By your leave!' she catches up the gown and offs with it hanging over her arm. I ran after her to wrap it up, but, lor' bless you! she never took no heed. So I came back to the stall. Mr. Bartram had returned. 'I've come for my bargain,' says he, smiling it. 'Oh, sir,' says I, 'Miss Rogers left me in charge of her stall and I've sold it!' 'Sold it?' said he. 'But it was sold! I bought it!' 'I'm very sorry, sir,' says I; 'but the young lady as is governess at Mrs. Hargreaves took it and left this for you,' and I showed him the money. 'But I don't understand. Why is she so anxious for it?' he says. 'Well, you see, 'twas her dress, and only sent by mistake,' I answered back. 'Her dress—Mrs. Hargreaves' governess! What is her name?' he asks. 'Miss Clarice Alwyn,' says I. And I could have laughed out loud, for with that he was off and away down the lane and all the folks looking after him.

"They were leaning on the stile leading to 'squire's fields, and the gown had fallen between them. As I came near I heard him say, 'And you wrote the letter because your father lost his money?' 'Of course I did. How could I keep you bound to a beggar?' she made answer. 'And I thought it was because you didn't love me!' he cried. 'Oh, Robert, how could you!' she said. And with that they looked up and saw me. I dropped a curtesy. Miss Alwyn blushed. 'Please'm, you've dropped your frock,' says I, demure-like. And at that Mr. Bartram laughs quite

heartily. 'Betty,' says he, 'I see you've guessed the story. Here's half a sovereign. Run along, and tell Mrs. Hargreaves Miss Alwyn's found a bargain at the rummage sale, and won't be back to tea.'—New York Daily News.

"THIRD STORY BACK" COMEDY.

How One Boarder Managed to Pay Her Room Rent.

The man with the bald spot at the back of his head was reading aloud from the reflections of Marcus Aurelius. The landlady told him to shut up.

"It's all very nice," she said, "but I don't feel like listening to it to-day."

The bald man closed the book over his index finger, which he generally uses for a book mark.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I have been imposed upon again," said the landlady. "The lady in the third-story back room is the guilty party this time."

The bald man said he was surprised.

"She seems to be a very nice woman," he said. "She is very popular."

"Exceedingly so," said the landlady, in acrid tones. "It is through her popularity that she imposed upon me. Day after day streams of people have called to see her. They were all women, and many of them came with bundles. There was one woman—the short one with the scar on her chin—who came regularly every morning about 9 o'clock. All day long I could hear a sewing machine running at full gait in there, and I thought the third-floor woman must be getting ready to get married, she was having so many clothes made. But the clothes were not hers. I found out about them this morning. They belong to the woman who came here with the bundles, and the short woman with the scar has been making them on the third-floor woman's machine. The short woman has actually paid rent for the room and the machine at the rate of \$2 or \$3 a week, but not a cent of compensation have I had for the wear and tear on my carpet, on my door bell, and on my servants."

"I have just been upstairs putting a stop to it. If the short woman wants to sew in my house, why doesn't she rent a room from me outright, instead of sneaking in on the pretense of visiting a friend? Without doubt that was the most high-handed arrangement I ever came across. I have heard of tenants in lodging houses carrying on all kinds of business in their own rooms, but I never before heard of sub-letting a third story back cupboard for enough money to pay the first rent."—New York Times.

Sure to Come Later.

Doctor—I think you understand fully now the directions for these medicines, and this is for your dyspepsia.

Patient—Why, I haven't dyspepsia, doctor.

Doctor—Oh, I know, but you will have it when you have taken those other medicines.—Tid-Bits.

The bigger the town the revivalist is from, the greater the distinction in being converted by him.

"POOR DIGESTION
LANGUID AND TIRED"

An Interesting Letter Concerning Pe-ru-na.



Miss Della Janveau, Globe Hotel, Ottawa, Ont., is from one of the best and best known French Canadian families in Canada. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, she says:

"Last spring my blood seemed clogged up, my digestion poor, my nerves ached and I felt languid and tired all the time. My physician prescribed me, but a friend advised me to try Peruna. I tried it and am pleased to say that I found it a wonderful cleanser and purifier of the system. In a few weeks I was like a new woman, my appetite had increased, I felt buoyant and happy and without an ache or pain. Peruna is a reliable medicine."

Adia Brittain, of Sekitan, O., writes: "After using your wonderful Peruna three months I have had great relief. I had continual heaviness in my stomach, was bilious, and had fainting spells, but they all have left me since using Peruna."—Adia Brittain.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

The Ideal Husband.
She—Gertrude says she will never marry until she finds her ideal.
He—What is her ideal?
"Oh, any man who will ask her."—Kansas City Journal.

No Danger.
"Do you think there is any danger of America being dominated by Europe?"
"No, sir," answered Mr. Meeckton, with extraordinary emphasis; "not so long as eminent Europeans continue to marry American girls."—Washington Star.

Considerable Difference.
The Idiot—Bet you don't know wherein lies the difference between a good cook and a poor printer's proof?
The Victim—Unburden your mind.
The Idiot—One forms the pie, the other the pies the form.—Lampoon.

Family Frankness.
Sister Susan—Do we dine with Christmas, Rebecca?
Sister Rebecca—Oh, no, no. Don't you remember? It's you who have us.

RHEUMATISM

ACUTE AND CHRONIC,
MUSCULAR, MERCURIAL,
ARTICULAR AND
INFLAMMATORY.

Some people have been cured from Rheumatism so long that they can scarcely remember the time when they were entirely free from an ache or pain, and long since forgotten the joys of a peaceful existence. They are at the mercy of a cold wind, and their misery is aggravated by exposure to cold or sudden changes in the temperature. They become weak, and most accurate in weather predictions, the increasing pain in muscles and joints foretelling the approaching storm or the coming of a cold. It is from these constant sufferers that the great army of the crippled is recruited. Their bodies are worn out by the incessant pain that they are at last compelled to give up or hobble about on crutches.

Nobody ever outlived Rheumatism; the disease never loosens its grip or leaves of its own accord, but must be driven out by intelligent and persistent treatment through the blood, for Rheumatism of every variety and form is caused by an over acid condition of the blood, and the deposit in muscles, joints and nerves of corrosive poisons and gritty particles, and it is these irritating substances that produce the inflammation, swelling and pains, which last as long as the blood remains in this sour and acid state.

To cure Rheumatism permanently the blood must be purified and invigorated, and no other remedy does this so well or so promptly as S. S. S., which refreshes and restores to the thin acid blood its nourishing and health-giving properties. And when strong, rich blood is again circulating through the body the acid poisons and irritating matter are washed out of the system, and the joints, and the pains at once disappear. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable medicine and does not derange the stomach like the strong purgative remedies, but builds up the system, increases the appetite, and tones up the digestion.

Through our Medical Department, despondent Rheumatic sufferers will receive helpful advice from Physicians of experience and skill without charge. Write us fully of your case.

SSS

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THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA.