

AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

No clever, brilliant thinker she,
With college record and degree,
She has not known the paths of fame,
The world has never heard her name.
Home is her kingdom, love her dower—
She seeks no other wand of power.
Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round some reverend saint enshrined,
And find all purity and good
In her divinest motherhood.
She keeps her faith unshadowed still—
God rules the world in good and ill.
This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes,
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!
—L. M. Montgomery in Congregationalist.

THE MAN IN THE MASK.

THE night was dark and dreary;
no moon shone in the heavens
to light the paths of the late
wayfarer. Even the electric lights
seemed to have forgotten to throw
their cheery glow over the scene.

Down the darkened highway stealthily
crept the deep shadowy form of a
man on mischief bent. His clothes
were rough, his hat drawn low down
over his eyes, and the collar of his
coat was turned up, although it was
not very cold.

Now and again he would stop and
listen, and when the solitary police-
man walked his beat near him once,
he darted into a near-by doorway.

Cautiously, keenly, he looked at
every house until he came to one a
little more pretentious than the rest.

Producing skeleton keys, he silently
unlocked and opened the side door,
let himself in and, by the aid of a
dark lantern, he swiftly made his way
toward the dining room. There, he
knew, was the sideboard; on it would
be some valuable silverware, well
worth his pains and he thought the
table, too, might yield a rich booty.
He was hard up for money, they had
plenty and could spare a little just as
well as not.

But for the very people that house
now sheltered, he, too, might be hap-
py, loving, loved and, above all, hon-
ored. His wife should wear the silks,
the velvets he knew Mrs. Markham
now flaunted. Often had he cursed
her as she had passed him on the
crowded street, drawing her rich skirts
more tightly about her, lest they should
become contaminated by contact with
him. Him! What was he to her?
Nothing worse than nothing!

Just such thoughts ran through his
fevered brain while hunting for the
dining room door. Into the room he
went, and cast his light around. At
the farther end hung a picture, over
the mantel shelf. Going to the shelf
he threw the rays upon it, and sud-
denly started back. He looked at the
picture again. It was a likeness of
himself! How came it there?

"Oh, God of heaven," he murmured,
"what does it mean? Is she here?"
At one side was a smaller picture. As
the tiny ray of light fell upon it he
saw the picture of a child, with his
own brow, eyes and general expres-
sion.

"My God, thou who hast been so
good to me, spare my baby now! Oh,
don't take my only comfort, my only
one! My baby, I cannot, cannot part
with you!"

From the other room, a low, sweet
voice in agonized, pleading tones came
sobbingly to his startled ears.

"Father in heaven, bless my baby's
papa, he who never saw his child; send
him back, oh God! Tell him, Lord,
I love him now after all these long,
heartbreaking years of silence, just as
much as when I married him!"

As the sweet tones became fainter
and fainter and more broken, the man
in the mask fell on his knees. With
folded hands and bowed head, he mur-
mured: "My little faithful wife! It is
to good to be true. She has kept her
love for me, thank God, but she must
never know how low I have fallen.
Please God, I will turn about. I will,
I swear it. I will be honest from
henceforth!" And picking up the little
lantern he silently turned, looked once
more at the pictured face of the baby,
and, making his way out, he shut and
locked the outside door and disappear-
ed down the silent street, a wiser, a
better man.

At first, for many a long month, it
was hard, uphill work trying to be
honest, but those pleading words, that
sweet, wee baby face, were his guid-
ing stars, his guarding angels.

One day a sweet, sad-faced little
woman was hurrying along the street,
and unknowingly, she dropped her
glove.

There happened along just behind
her a tall, handsome man dressed in
well-fitting, new-looking clothes, who,
as luck would have it, was none other
than the gentleman whose counte-
nance, when he first appeared to us,
was well concealed by a slouch hat
and a black mask. He saw the glove
fall, hurried forward and picked it up.
But the crowded street was no place

GENERAL TREPOFF, POLICE
DESPOT OF ST. PETERSBURG.



General Treppoff, the man of blood and iron, who now wields autocratic
power as governor general of St. Petersburg, comes of a family detested in
Russia. His father, also a general, held the same position in the Winter
Capital twenty-five years ago that his son now occupies. He was known
as the "Emperor of St. Petersburg," and droshky drivers used to tumble off
their seats, go down on their knees and bump their foreheads on the curb-
stones whenever he passed them in the street. It was at the elder Treppoff
that Vera Sassalitch, the first woman terrorist in Russia, fired a revolver,
but the bullet went wild. Four attempts have been made to kill the present
General Treppoff, but he seems to bear a charmed life. The present governor
general won his gory record while chief of police at Moscow. There his
"repressive" tactics resulted in the sacrifice of many lives.

for the blessed, tender meeting he hoped
would follow the return of the
dainty little glove.

It is said that "drop your glove,
you'll meet your love," and when the
little lady turned to answer the re-
spectful words of the gentleman who
had touched her arm it proved no un-
truth in her case. It was just in front
of the house.

"Pardon me, madam, but I believe
this glove belongs to you, as you drop-
ped it," he said. The words sent a
thrill through her entire being. Eagerly
she glanced up. "Charley, Char-
ley, don't you know me? Oh, Charley,
it is none other! Don't you know your
own Addie?" she cried, in a low,
tense voice, looking pleadingly up at
him.

"Yes, my darling, I know you; it is
your own Charley come back once
more, never to leave you again. Say
you forgive me, pet, and I will make
you as happy as I can."

"Come in, Charley, come into my
own, our own, little home, for, darling,
this beautiful home is ours once more.
I have worked hard for it, dear, but
I have something else to show you.
More precious to me than all else be-
side."

And she led the way into a little
room just off the dining room, straight
toward a small white bed. On it lay
a child, sweetly sleeping. The parents
knelt beside the bed, those two, long-
parted and so recently united, and
then and there pledged once more their
everlasting love.

Angels seemed to tell the sleeping
child the glad news, for the little face
was wreathed in smiles, the blue
eyes opened wide and a curly head
touched theirs. And the man shud-
dered to think how nearly he had lost
all this, had it not been for his plan,
though not meaningly, or robbing him-
self and his wife. Truly, the ways of
providence are mysterious, and Charles
Boardeau and his wife were drawn
together at last.—Indianapolis Sun.

Glossing the Boot.

The teacher of English was hopeful,
although he had met with disappoint-
ments at every turn.

"Now here is an interesting situa-
tion," he said, eagerly. "Let us analyze
just what is the meaning of the line
'Doth not Brutus bootless kneel!'"

"Why, I take it to mean that Brutus,
being in a hurry, had come off with-
out his boots, sir," said the pupil, with
his usual promptness.

Some woman somewhere (we regret
a bad memory for details) said upon
her deathbed: "I have had a great
many troubles, but the greatest never
happened." Think of this the next
time you are worried; isn't it over
something that may never happen?

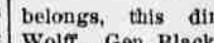
HONORS FOR NEGRO SOLDIER.

James H. Wolf to Head the Great G.
A. R. Parade.

The parade of the Grand Army at
its annual encampment in Denver dur-
ing the present year will be headed
by James H. Wolf, a Boston
negro veteran.

Mr. Wolf has
just been elected
Department Com-
mander of Massa-
chusetts, and as
the parade is al-
ways headed by
the leading officer
of the department
to which the com-
mander in chief

belongs, this distinction goes to
Wolf. Gen. Blackmar, the Command-
er in Chief, being a resident of Mas-
sachusetts, Wolf is the first colored
man to achieve such a distinction. He
was born at Holderness, N. H., in 1848.
At the breaking out of the civil war
he tried to enlist in a New Hamp-
shire regiment, but objection was
made to his color, and so he entered
the navy, serving four years with
great credit to himself. Then he went
to Boston and studied law for three
years, after which he took a two years'
course in the Harvard Law School,
and was admitted to the bar in 1875.
He went to Baltimore shortly after-
ward, and after strong opposition was
admitted to practice in the United
States courts. Returning to Boston in
1880, he soon became conspicuous in
Grand Army circles. Last year he
was chosen Senior Vice Commander
without opposition, and his election as
Commander was nearly unanimous.



JAMES H. WOLF.

A Definition of Marriage.
Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia,
visiting a small parish in a mining dis-
trict in Pennsylvania, for the purpose
of administering confirmation, asked
one nervous little girl what matrimony
was, and she answered that it was "a
state of terrible torment which those
who enter it are compelled to undergo
for a time to prepare them for a
brighter and better world."
"No, no," remonstrated the pastor;
that isn't matrimony; that the defini-
tion of purgatory."
"Leave her alone," said the arch-
bishop; "maybe she's right. What do
you or I know about it?"

Overworked His "Best Man."

It is generally supposed that the
services of a best man at a wedding
end with the close of the ceremony
and the departure of the happy pair,
but it seems not. Bridegroom of two
months has just utilized his best man
again, this time to serve divorce pa-
pers on the bride.—New York Tele-
gram.

When
St. Jacobs Oil
The old monk cure, strong, straight, sure, tackles
Hurts, Sprains, Bruises
The muscles flex, the kinks untwist,
the soreness dies out. Price 25c. and 50c.



A Chef of Bolivia.
In Bolivia a chef, who is an in-
veterate gossip, is enabled to see and hear
everything that goes on. His stove
is portable, being made of a great stone
hollowed out, with two openings, one
at the side for fuel, the other at the
top for the earthen saucepan; and he
sets it up in the street, outside the
door.

Methods of High Finance.
"How is it that the company de-
clared a 10 per cent dividend last year
and had a 10 per cent deficit this year
with the same amount of business?"
"They had to have the deficit to bal-
ance the dividend."—Philadelphia
Telegraph.

The "Sleepy" Woodchuck.
If there is any one of our native ani-
mals that looks slow, clumsy, "lazy"
and generally unfit to survive in the
struggle for existence it is the wood-
chuck. After he has built, or, rather,
excavated, his home—which, to tell
the truth, he does in a rapid and busi-
nesslike way—he does nothing but eat
and sleep. Yet anyone who sizes him
up as an incompetent is likely to get
fooled, for he is a source of continual
surprises.

When your garden is not far from
the woods you may be awakened in
the middle of the night by a series of
most alarming yells and howls, occa-
sioned by some hungry woodchuck
that has come out for a nocturnal visit
to the cabbage patch and met with a
warm reception from our two dogs.
The woodchuck usually gets away ap-
parently unharmed, while the dogs are
left to nurse their scratched noses and
forepaws. The woodchuck, in fact, has
plenty of courage, and will always
fight in preference to running away.

Throughout the summer this little
"wood pig" spends most of his time in
the vicinity of his burrow, coming out
early in the morning to take his break-
fast, returning to his nest for a morn-
ing nap, appearing again at noon and
late in the afternoon for his dinner and
supper, only to return for another
snore. Occasionally he makes a visit
to some neighboring orchard or gar-
den. By October 1, when he is fat, he
retires into his subterranean home for
a long sleep, until, we are led to be-
lieve, the proverbial "ground-hog" day.
—Country Life in America.

Ambition.—Have a purpose. Aim-
less people never get anywhere. Hav-
ing lost ambition through disappoint-
ment of the smothering, dwarding pow-
er of sin, they wander heedlessly from
land to land. Others move home or
boarding place regularly. Such folks
can do many odd jobs, but master no
great task.—Rev. C. F. Reiser, Metho-
dist, Denver, Col.

Endurance.—Patience is the calm
endurance of those changes and suffer-
ings that may come to us. Sailors say
it is but lying to and riding out the
gale. Paul says our God is a God of
patience. His great patience is shown
in the patience and perfection of cre-
ation, awaiting and abiding its prop-
time and order.—Rev. C. O. Jones,
Episcopalian, Atlanta, Ga.

About Time.
Father (of large family)—My dear,
isn't it about time you were thinking of
getting married?
Daughter—Land sakes! I haven't
thought of anything else for years.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Itching, Itting, Bleeding or Protruding Piles.
Your druggist will refund money if PAIN EX-
PERIMENT fails to cure you in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

A gutta-percha and rubber manufac-
turing company of Toronto has made a
belt for the grain elevator of the Inter-
colonial Railway at St. John which is
one of the largest ever produced. It is
of rubber, and measures 3,259 feet. Its
weight is nine tons.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing
Syrup the best remedy to use for their children
during the teething period.

Hours the Same.
Miss Budd—When a man's engaged
to a girl his idea of "good hours" is
to stay from 8 o'clock until any time
after midnight.

Miss Oldun—Yes, and even after
marriage the hours are the same.

Miss Budd—Indeed!
Mrs. Oldun—Yes; the only difference
is that in one case they're hours "with
her," and in the other "away from
her."—Catholic Standard.

For coughs and colds there is no better
medicine than Pico's Cure for Consump-
tion. Price 25 cents.

Making a Close Distinction.
Reverent Party—Young man, I'm
sorry to see you thus idling away the
golden hours of youth. Every time I
look out of my parlor window I see
you sitting on this fire hydrant.
The Young Man—What's th' matter
with you? What are you givin'
me? I ain't idle when I'm doin' noth-
ing. I'm a sewer inspector.—Cleve-
land Plain Dealer.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All drug-
gists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W.
Groves' signature is on each box. 50c.

Paying for Information.
"Say, me good man," exclaimed the
city youth, who was undecided wheth-
er to buy shrimp or minnows, "what
do you catch fish with around here?"
"Give me a quarter and I'll tell you,"
grunted the ruralite with the new-cut
pole.
"Here it is. Now, what do you catch
them with?"
"Hooks!"—Philadelphia Record.

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signa-
ture of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his
personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one
to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and
"Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the
health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It
contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms
and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind
Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation
and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the
Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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