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Imitation of Christ.

The true imitation of Christ lies not in a mere copying of the outward details of his life, but in the possession and outworking of the spirit which dwelt in Him.—Baptist Union.

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Two Sides of This Question.

Since the United States has cast grave doubts on the safety of German toys, etc., says the Indianapolis News, Germany has discovered that tariff discrimination is no child's play.

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

It's about as hard for some men to collect their senses as it is to collect a bill of them.—Chicago Daily News.

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Smoking by Boys.

The Japanese house of representatives has passed a proposal to prohibit boys below the age of 20 from smoking.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Two hundred thousand acres in Chihuahua, Mexico have been bought for 400 colonists from Missouri.

Headache This Morning?

Ten cents, after eating too much, drinking too much, will prevent that morning torture. Carry a box of Cascarets in your pocket. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Scientists are recommending the electric light bath. It is free from the exhausting effects of Turkish baths, and is soothing to sore muscles and joints.

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BE A GOOD BOY.

THE railway passenger station was a mass of people. Cheers and sobs, smiles and tears, were mingled and merged into the scenes of the last minute. One of Chicago's volunteer regiments was leaving for the front. A blaze of soldiery, a fever of patriotism, and ten thousand people had transformed the station into a turbulent sea with waves of unrestrained emotion. Between the inspiring strains of patriotic airs and the rattling of drums, shouts of encouragement were pouring from the megaphoned mouths of the multitude.

"Remember the Maine!" thundered a man whose appreciation for the eternal fitness of things is more to be admired than his originality.

Instantly a thousand voices took up the uncouth refrain, which ended finally in an uproar.

"Kill every bloody Spaniard you see!" added a young man, whose appearance gave no token of the vicious injunction.

An old fellow with a copper button in the lapel of his coat hobbled through the throng, flourishing his cane in the air with little consideration for the comfort of his countrymen.

The clang of the bell gave notice that little time remained for the final farewells. Wives, mothers and sweethearts were clinging about the necks of the departing soldiers, and amid the tumult, great tears were falling from the eyes of the parting friends.

A witness of all these demonstrations, and alone, with no one to cheer him or to say good-by, was a silent young soldier, who stood lost in reverie. He looked scarce more than a boy, with a proud military bearing and a handsome face. While his comrades were bidding their last adieus, he stood as if transfixed to the platform, but suddenly he looked about and exclaimed:

"Won't somebody kiss me good-by?" Before he could escape a pair of arms were thrown around his neck from behind, and as he turned he caught a warm kiss squarely on the lips, and a soft voice whispered: "Be a good boy and come home again!"

In another instant the savior had gone, but as the train moved out a dainty white handkerchief was waved in the crowd—and for him.

The vision—the sweet face, the burning of the kiss on his lips, and the tender admonition to "be a good boy and come home again"—followed Eugene Brockway to Springfield. It broke camp with him when they were ordered South and embarked with him when on the transports which carried the regiment to Cuba. In his dreams the girl was sure to present herself, and when the fever took possession of his reason the boys heard him say:

"Be a good boy and come home again!"

After a year's struggle with war and the elements of the tropical island Brockway was returned to Chicago, haggard and weak from the privations and hardships of the Cuban campaign. One thought remained uppermost in his mind. His deeds of daring and bravery while in the trenches of Santiago, his praises sounded in the home papers, and his new commission as lieutenant were entirely forgotten in his quiet search for the pretty and plump little maiden whose kindness had completely disturbed his peace of mind.

In a comfortable and happy home in one of the suburbs the movements of a certain Illinois regiment had been of uncommon interest to Maime Hurdman. She followed the campaign of the infantry in Cuba with a consuming relish. She scrutinized the printed lists of casualties and refused to believe that death was able to overcome the rugged lad she had jokingly clasped in her arms, and who, in return, had carried away her heart with neither her consent nor hint of where he might be found in the future.

Several weeks after his return Lieutenant Brockway received an invitation to a reception he was disposed to decline, owing partially to the state of his health, but more directly to the general disfavor with which he now considered society girls in comparison with one romping yet sympathetic soul whose image was lodged in his memory. Had it not been for the persistency of his friend, Horace Judson, he would have remained in his room. But Horace had sent him word that he would call for him with a carriage and two ladies at 7:30 o'clock, and there was but one thing to do.

"Hang the parties," muttered 'Gene, as he pulled and tugged with his high stiff collar.

The door bell rang, and in a moment the familiar voice of Judson was inquiring for 'Gene.

"Tell him to hurry; the girls are crazy to see him."

In a few moments he was undergoing a counterfeited enjoyment of greetings, and took his place beside a young lady whom he could see but dimly. She had been presented to him as Miss Hurdman. The conversation naturally drifted to the war, but it was with a noticeable effort that 'Gene was induced to participate in the discussion.

"And you have been with the— Illinois, Mr. Brockway?" said Miss Hurdman, plunging into the subject very near her heart.

"Yes, I started with the boys," growled the soldier.

"How strange; I had a very dear friend with that regiment. I had known him but a short time," she continued, with a concealed smile, "but I had become very much attached to him, and the thought of his being so far from home and the object of Spanish treachery has given me an interest in the war which otherwise I would never have felt."

The tender and sincere manner of Miss Hurdman in referring to her friend appealed rather strangely to young Brockway, and he brightened somewhat as he quizzed his clever charmer as to her soldier boy.

"Was he a private, Miss Hurdman?" "Well—yes, I believe so," she drooled, feeling her way out of rather a dangerous corner of the conversation, "but was it really true that you had nothing to eat but bad beef, which made you sick?" she added, seeking, with some adroitness, to generalize a bit.

"Our provisions were served a la carte," joked Brockway, "but not with the pomp, perhaps, of our Chicago Delmonicos. But your friend, has he returned to the States?"

"No—that is, not that he has told me. It has been so long since I have received any news from the company that I am getting much alarmed. And had you no cream for your coffee, and did you often sleep out of doors all night, Mr. Brockway, by the banks of rivers where crocodiles and things were crawling and swimming around?" rambled Miss Hurdman, with embarrassed desperation.

"The heat and swamps of Cuba were our deadliest enemies, Miss Hurdman, but what was the name of your friend and of what company was he a member? Perhaps I may know something of him—"

"Are you folks still talking war?" exclaimed Judson, whose previous attentions had been so absorbed that he was not aware how his timely interruption had saved the day for Maime.

"I must tell you a good joke on 'Gene," continued Judson. "It comes from his own comrades, girls, so I know it must be true. When he was sick and out of his head in the army hospital the only thing he ever said was, 'Be a good boy and come home again.'"

"Well, any fellow's mother would tell him that," laughed Brockway.

The thrill which swept through one of the hearts in the carriage at that moment was known to Maime Hurdman alone. "Could it be possible that this was the fellow," she thought; "and still these were the very words I used," and she secretly wished that he might be here. When she spoke she leaned lovingly to the shoulder of the young man by her side and softly whispered in his ear:

"'Gene Brockway, your mother never told you that. It was I."

A double wedding took place that fall, for 'Gene begged the privilege from his friend Horace, who was to marry Zella Raymond, the fourth member of the happy driving party which attended the reception.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Regicides' Cave.

After the execution of Charles I. and the restoration of the Stuarts to royal power, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, two of the judges that condemned the unhappy monarch to the scaffold were compelled to flee from England. They came to America, and for a time they hid in a rock cavern near New Haven, Conn. This hiding place has since been known as the "regicides' cave," and is one of the interesting spots in that locality.

When a young man doesn't take a girl any nearer to her home than the next corner the gossips are very quick to notice it.

THEIR OWN POLE.

It Furnished More Fun than if It Had Been Stolen.

Five wicked students were in a barber's shop getting their hair cut and parted in the middle. All this took to quite late in the night, and then one of them said:

"Barber, what will you take for your sign pole?"

"Ten dollars," replied the artist, smilingly.

"Here is your money," said the student, who was a member of the winning football team that season, and so had only to write home at any time for a check. "Sign this," and he drew up a bill of sale. "Boys, help me home with my load." And the little cavalcade went down the dimly-lighted street with the singular burden upon their shoulders.

"Hi, there!" yelled a policeman, whom they had tried to pass slyly, "what are you doing with that barber's pole?"

"That is our business," grimly replied the football player.

"It is also mine," rejoined the policeman. "Come with me to the station, and bring that pole with you."

"We cannot afford to carry it away from its proper destination," said one of the students.

"Never mind," growled the policeman. "I'll get it there," and he summoned help, and conducted the whole procession to the police station.

"Boys," said the sergeant, after they had ranged themselves in front of him, "I'm sorry, but this bit of fun will cost you \$5 apiece."

"Perhaps before we are fined, you would like to look at this strip of paper?" inquired the ball kicker.

"Why," exclaimed the sergeant, reading the bill of sale, "here is an awkward mistake. This is your pole."

"We had thought so," meekly replied the student.

"Young men," said the sergeant, "you are discharged. Officer, go back to your beat."

"Will you kindly instruct him to take the pole where he got it?" inquired the student.

"Certainly," replied the sergeant, "that is your right," and the striped stick of timber was tugged back again by the disgusted myrmidon of the law.

The students again shouldered their tapering load and started down another street. They soon met another policeman. This time they did not attempt any evasion.

"What're ye doin' with that beam o' wood?" shouted the officer.

"Our business," sang the boys. "Your business seems to be the thief business," said the officer. "Come with me to the station."

"We will not carry the pole," said the students; "but if you want to, we'll swear not to run for it."

The officer believed them after they had repeated it in Latin, and being a large, strong man from the Tipperary regions, just about managed it. He was soon before the same sergeant mentioned above.

"It's their pole," shouted the sergeant, as soon as he saw them. "Take it back where you got it."

"Why didn't you tell me?" grumbled the officer, between breaths, on the way back.

"You said we were thieves, and how could you believe thieves on a question of property?" replied the students. And they started once more for home. Again and again they were escorted to headquarters, until they began to feel quite well acquainted with the sergeant.

The sixth or seventh policeman they met was a smallish man, and they took particular pains with him. They yelled, whistled, sang "Good-night, Ladies," and marched four times around him in solemn procession. He simply thanked them for the entertainment.

"Why don't you arrest us?" one of them cried.

"There's been a general alarm sent all over the city," replied the peace-preserver, "to the effect that if we met five min wid a pole, don't molist' em, as they're harmless lunatics on de way to the asylum to start a barber's shop there."—Weekly Telegraph.

Most Curious Charity.

One of the most curious charities in Surrey has just been distributed in the village of Wotton. In 1718 a resident named William Garville died, leaving a will which directed that he should be buried in the churchyard "six yards underground," and that 40 shillings apiece should be paid annually to five poor boys of the parish, who, on the anniversary of his death, with their hands laid on his gravestone, should repeat by heart the Lord's prayer, the creed and the commandments, read First Corinthians, 15, and write two verses of the chapter. Lately the number of boys participating in the charity has been increased from five to seven. This year sixteen boys offered to compete, but only eleven attended. The first seven were successful and the unsuccessful boys were each presented with half a crown, while the five non-competitors received 2 shilling each.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Watch-out that your popularity is not due to the fact that you tell a piece of gossip surprisingly well.

No Use for Thrones.

Napoleon Bonaparte is quoted as saying to Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena: "I was in England now, and the French nation was to offer me the throne again, I would not accept it, because if I was to do so I would be obliged to turn bourreau (executioner). I would be obliged to cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it, which would not be pleasant to me. Oceans of blood must be shed to keep me there. No, no; I have made enough of noise already in the world; perhaps more than any other man will make; perhaps too much. I am getting old, and only want retirement. What could I do in France? Alone, to set myself against all the powers of Europe. Madness!"—Century.

Only Two Centers in the Universe.

There are but two centers in the universe, God and self. We recognize either the one or the other of these as the center about which all things revolve and towards which all things are drawn, in our existence. In the one case we consider our neighbor, the world, our interests, our duties, and our pleasures, in their relation to God, and in God's relation to them. In the other case we consider all these things in their relation to self, and the relation of self to them. How is it in your case?—S. S. Times.

How Polly Knew.

A "befo'-de-war" matron was teaching one of the little darlings on her plantation how to spell. The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly gibbly spelled "o-x, ox," and "b-o-x, box," etc. But the teacher thought she was making too rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said: "Polly, what does o-x spell?" "Ox," answered Polly, nimbly. "How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?" "Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly.—Argonaut.

The Small-Minded Man.

"Well," said the small minded man, "I have found out another woman's age."

"How did you do it?" asked the listener.

"Why, I asked her suddenly how many years it was since 1873."

"But how did you find out her age?"

"She figured it up by subtracting five from 82 before she thought."—Indianapolis Press.

An artisan in Lyons, France, has constructed a clock with a little platform and two doorways just under the dial. On the stroke of every hour the figure of a soldier comes out of the doorway, stands for a moment between the two doors, gives a military salute, and then fires a miniature pistol. At the hour of one there is one report; at the hour of six, six reports, etc.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

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. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



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