

"ADAM" AND SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS.

VIA SACRA.

Slowly along the crowded street I go,  
Marking with reverent look each passer's  
face;  
Seeking, and not in vain, in each to trace  
That primal soul whereof he is the show.  
For hers still move, by many eyes un-  
seen,  
The blessed gods that erst Olympus kept;  
Through every guise these lofty forms  
serene  
Declare the all-holding life hath never  
slept,  
But know each thrill that in man's heart  
hath been  
And every tear that his sad eyes have  
wept,  
Alas for us! the heavenly visitants—  
We greet them still as most unwelcome  
guests,  
Answering their smile with hateful looks  
askance,  
Their sacred speech with foolish bitter  
jest;  
But oh, what is it to imperial Jove  
That this poor world refuses all his love!  
—Charles A. Dana.

Nannette's Woe

"Aunt Nancy's come," Nannette an-  
nounced to her bosom friend in a  
choked voice, "and of all the frights!"  
"What do you mean?" asked her  
bosom friend.  
"Well," hesitated Nannette, "of  
course she's as neat as can be, but her  
clothes look as if they were made for  
Mrs. Methuselah."  
"If it's only her clothes, you needn't  
worry," remarked the bosom friend.  
"You don't have to wear 'em."  
"It's not only her clothes!" shrieked  
Nannette. "It's her notions! They are  
simply appalling."  
"For instance?" suggested the bosom  
friend, taking a look at her back hair  
in the mirror with the help of a hand  
glass.  
"For one thing, she objects to my  
name," explained Nannette, indignantly.  
"The very first thing she did—  
after taking a comprehensive view of  
the family—was to start at me through  
her spectacles—steel-rimmed ones, at  
that—and ask: 'Is this one Nancy, my  
godchild?'  
"Dad, who is as proud as can be of  
his enormous family, looked a little  
sleepish at that.  
"Y-y-yes," he stammered. "We had  
her christened Nancy, of course, but  
she has taken a fancy to be called—  
er—Nannette."  
"Humph!" said Aunt Nancy.  
"Haven't I always heard you speak  
of your Aunt Nancy as a paragon?"  
demanded the bosom friend. "Haven't  
you told me time and time again that  
your father looks upon her as the salt  
of the earth?"  
"He does," acknowledged Nannette.  
"And so do I at a distance. But be-  
cause she is dad's favorite sister why  
must I follow her old fogy notions?"  
"Why she was perfectly scandalized  
at the idea of my entertaining Charles  
all the evening without the assistance  
of the other members of the family!  
The idea!"  
"Of course when the bell rang at  
the accustomed hour, that horrid Tom  
had to bellow out, 'It's Nan's Tuesday  
night bean, Aunt Nancy. Parlor's pre-  
empted for the evening.'"

"You should have seen her stare."  
"Am I to understand, Maria," she  
asked, fixing poor mother with here  
eye, "that this child has visitors from  
whose company her parents and her  
brothers and sisters are barred?"  
"Times have changed, Nancy," said  
dad, looking silly.  
"And Aunt Nancy?" prompted the  
bosom friend.  
"In my time," said Aunt Nancy, "it  
was our greatest pleasure to have our  
parents and all the family enter into  
our enjoyments and help in the en-  
tertainment of our friends. Hospitality  
meant something then, and I believe  
our guests enjoyed themselves. It  
seems to me anything but dignified for  
parents to be excluded, or for any room  
in their house to be shut away from  
them."  
"Well, I declare!" said the bosom  
friend.  
"Now, do you wonder that I was  
frightened at the idea of Charles meet-  
ing her?" asked Nannette. "But I  
haven't told you the worst," with  
gloomy emphasis. "I slipped away  
while she was still holding forth, hop-  
ing that she would forget all about  
it. But I couldn't shake off my fore-  
bodings and the conversation flagged."  
"Nothing unusual in that, is there?"  
wickedly interposed the bosom friend.  
"Charles actually began to look  
bored," continued Nannette, "and then  
we both had such a shock! If you



"SHE OBJECTS TO MY NAME."

will believe me, who should come  
marching into the room but—"  
"Aunt Nancy?" breathlessly inter-  
rupted the bosom friend.  
"Aunt Nancy," repeated Nannette.  
"Wasn't it awful? I had been so  
afraid of something of the kind. She  
planted herself in the only straight-  
backed chair in the room and, sitting  
bolt upright, gave me my orders:  
"Now, Nancy, introduce to me your  
friend."  
"Charles had been lounging in his  
chair and I assure you, Isabel, that  
the way she looked him over through  
her spectacles made him straighten up  
in short order.  
"I felt as if I should sink through  
the floor when she came in wearing her  
plain black dress and white collar and  
cuffs, her hair parted in the middle  
and plastered down on each side, look-  
ing the world as if it had been var-  
nished, she had brushed it so smooth.  
You know how stylish and exclusive  
Charles' people are?"  
"Well, before I knew it, they were  
talking together in the most animated

manner. I don't know when I have  
seen Charles so interested. It was  
strange talk to me, too, for, as dad  
says, I have neglected to cultivate my  
mind.

"They talked about literature, art,  
politics, and even science, and I had  
to sit there like a dummy and listen  
to them. Even while he was holding  
my hand to say good night he was  
looking at and talking to Aunt Nancy."  
"Now what do you think of that?"  
"I think you're lucky that your Aunt  
Nancy is too old for Charles to marry,"  
said the bosom friend.—Chicago Daily  
News.

MISSIONARY'S LITTLE JOKE.

How He Lengthened the Day for a Korean Village.

The Koreans in the vicinity of Seoul,  
the capital city, and around the treaty  
ports are fast losing their early gulle-  
lessness in trying to follow the march  
of western civilization, says the Youth's  
Companion. In the mountains of the  
interior, however, conditions are much  
the same as in the days when Korea  
could justly be termed the "hermit na-  
tion" and the inhabitants knew little  
and cared less about occidental pro-  
gress.

Among the American missionaries  
who were in the habit of making pro-  
tracted trips in the interior of the coun-  
try there was one who, in addition to  
being a zealous worker, was also a good  
deal of a wag.  
On the occasion of one of his inland  
journeys he found himself at nightfall  
in a small village, where he was to  
spend the night in the straw-thatched  
dwelling of one of the native converts.  
The sleeping chamber was the usual  
tiny room, heated by a system of flues  
beneath the mud floor and rendered  
nearly air-tight by closely fitting oil  
paper, windows and doors.

It was fearfully hot and about mid-  
night the American could stand it no  
longer, so he strolled out in the open  
for a breath of air. The village was  
wrapped in slumber, so just for a joke  
and with no ulterior motive the mis-  
sionary let out a lusty imitation of a  
rooster's crow. This was immediately  
taken up by a wakeful bird in a court-  
yard near and in a few minutes every  
fowl was adding his morning salute  
to the general chorus.

Now watches and alarm clocks were  
an unknown luxury in the village and  
the people were accustomed to time  
their rising hour by the roosters. In  
a few moments, therefore, the sleepy  
Koreans came straggling out of their  
little huts and after starting the fires  
on which to boil the morning rice  
lighted their long bamboo pipes and  
squatted round in little groups to wait  
for sunrise.

Their amazement can be imagined  
when the hours went by and still there  
were no signs of light in the east.  
"Iron chame," said one to another,  
as with open mouth he pondered over  
the phenomenon.  
Years have passed since then, but in  
at least one village in Korea all events  
still date back to "the night when the  
morning didn't come."

All Physicians

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gredients that are contained in  
Hood's Sarsaparilla—for all trou-  
bles of the blood, stomach, kid-  
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yellow dock, gentian, wild cherry bark,  
mandrake, dandelion, juniper berries,  
pipsissewa, etc.  
The combination and proportions are  
our own formula and give power to cure  
beyond the reach of any other prescrip-  
tion or substitute. That's why it's  
wise to get Hood's and only Hood's.

**He Preferred One Girl.**  
When J. M. Barrie, the author of  
"Peter Pan," addressed an audience of  
a thousand girls at Smith College dur-  
ing his first American visit of last  
year, a friend asked him how he had  
found the experience.  
"Well," replied Mr. Barrie, "to tell  
you the truth, I'd much rather talk a  
thousand times to one girl than to talk  
one time to a thousand girls."

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nently cured by Dr. J. Lee's Great Nerve Re-  
storer. Send for FREE 25-cent booklet and treatise.  
Dr. E. H. Kline, L.D., 511 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**Expert Opinion.**  
"In your judgment," asked the caller,  
"what is the future of the aeroplane?"  
"It's all up in the air," savagely an-  
swered the information editor, who had  
made the same response to the question  
forty-seven times before.—Chicago Trib-  
une.

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**He Knew.**  
Teacher—Tommy, who was Cleopatra?  
Tommy Tucker—Cleopatra was the col-  
ored woman who used to do our washin',  
ma'am. Her other name was Jackson.

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case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding  
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**Deceitful.**  
"Is it true," inquired the traveler who  
was standing in front of the Art Insti-  
tute, "that a confidence man once sold  
these big bronze lions to a trusting stran-  
ger for \$75 or some such pitiful sum?"  
"Yep," said the policeman; "the con-  
fidence man in this town are losin' their grip. I  
can remember when they wouldn't sell  
nothin' smaller than the Masonic Temple  
to a yahoo."—Chicago Tribune.

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wonderful grass, a box of seeds, the cereal wonder,  
Barley, Oats, Clovers, Grasses, etc., etc., and cat-  
alog free. Or send 10¢ and we will send a sample  
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**No Use.**  
"Anything I can show you, sir?"  
"Yes; I want to get some kind of toy  
for my 3-year-old boy. Have you any-  
thing that's indestructible? Something  
he can't break the first time he plays  
with it?"  
"I think so. We have some toy flat-  
tires."  
"Have they got handles on 'em?"  
"Of course."  
"Well, they won't last him five min-  
utes. Show me something else."  
**Begging His Pardon.**  
There once was a versatile kaiser,  
Who in handing out talk was no miser;  
He got a straight tip  
To button his lip,  
And now the kaiser is wiser.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**On'y One "BROMO QUININE"**  
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look  
for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the  
world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

**Getting Acquainted.**  
"My dad can lick your'n," said Dad  
Dick.  
"Maybe he can," answered the new  
boy with the golden curls, "but I can  
wield the everlasting daylight out of  
you."  
Which he proceeded to do, with neat-  
ness and dispatch, and they were firm  
friends thereafter.

**Recipe for Rheumatism.**  
To one-half pint good whiskey, add  
one ounce syrup sarsaparilla, and one  
ounce Toris compound, which can be  
procured of any druggist. Take in  
teaspoonful doses before each meal and  
before retiring. Followed up, this is  
a sure remedy.

**Speculation's Demoralizing Effect.**  
"How about your gold mining stock,  
old chap? Still panning out well?"  
"Panning out? No. Next thing to  
it, though. It's petering out."—Chicago  
Tribune.

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find the greatest  
comfort and freedom  
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surfaces, clears the clogged air  
passages and the cough disap-  
pears.  
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**Hope Deferred.**  
When first I sought the writers' ranks  
My verse was taken in with thanks.  
Tis years since that initial splash—  
They've never sold the promised cash.  
To wait and get no pay, I find,  
Is worse than having things declined.  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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

**Under No Obligations.**  
"Senator, you surely will vote for this  
measure."  
"Why should I?"  
"It's for the benefit of posterity."  
"Posterity may go hang! I know al-  
ready what posterity will say about me,  
and I'm going to vote even with it before-  
hand. I shall vote against the bill just  
to spite posterity."  
—Chicago Tribune.

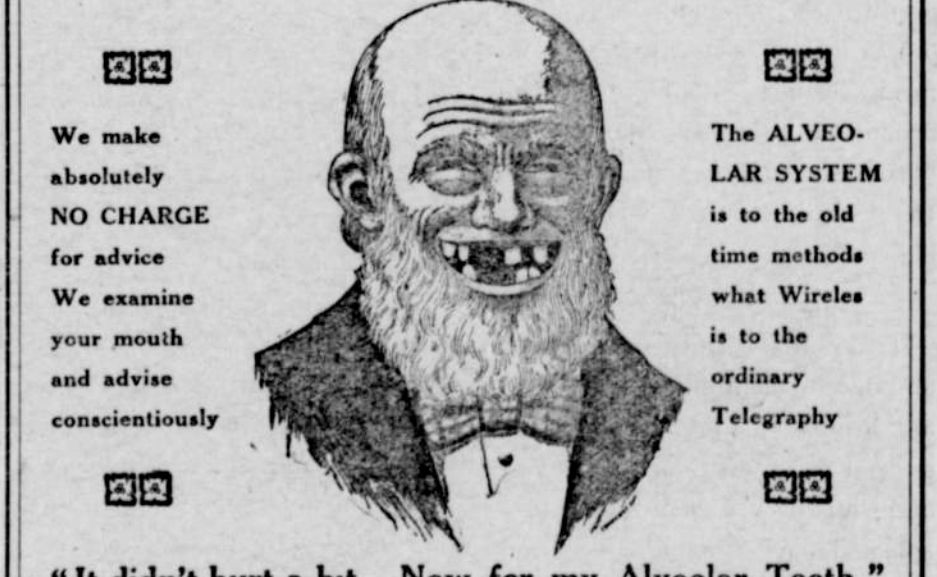
**Uncle Jerry.**  
"I shouldn't wonder," said Uncle Jerry  
Peebles, "if there was something in this  
idea that the condition of a man's teeth  
has a whole lot to do with his moral  
character. The biggest liar I ever knew  
in my life wore a full set of false teeth."  
—Chicago Tribune.

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