ODDS AND ENDS.

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the wind is blowing,
I thought as I toiled along
In the burning heat of the noontide,
And the fancy made me strong—
Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing,
Though here where I gasp and sigh
Not a breath of air is stirring,
Not a cloud in the burning sky.

Somewhere the thing we long for
Exists on earth's wide bound,
Somewhere the sun is shining
When winter nips the ground,
Somewhere the flowers are springing,
Somewhere the corn is brown
And ready unto the harvest
To feed the hungry town.

Somewhere the twilight gathers,
And weary men lay by
The burden of the daytime
And, wrapped in slumber, lie;
Somewhere the day is breaking,
And gloom and darkness flee,
Though storms our bark are tossing,
There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always,
In this mysterious life,
There's always gladness somewhere
In spite of its pain and strife,
And somewhere the sin and sorrow
Of earth are known no more,
Somewhere our weary spirits
Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us
Shall all have passed away
And doubt and fear no longer
Impede the perfect day.
Oh, brother, though the darkness
Around thy soul be cast,
The earth is rolling sunward,
And light shall come at last!
—Alfred Capel Shaw in Elmira Facts.

THE APPLE TREE.

One evening I noticed by Moussia's photograph, which always stood covered with a white crape veil on a small table, three red cheeked apples. These plebeian fruits seemed out of place in the aristocratic Parisian drawing room, crowded with rare knickknacks and works of art. Moussia's mother, observing my questioning glance, said, pointing to a picture at the end of the room, "These fruits were picked on the apple tree which you see in this picture, the last one painted by Moussia." Then the sorrowing woman told me the story of the apple tree so intimately connected with that of the young artist, Marie Bashkirtseff, who died when only 24 years old.

In the spring of 188— Moussia was planning to paint a peasant woman in the open country for the salon of the following year. She spent days looking in the outskirts of Paris for a suitable landscape in which to place her model. One morning she found near Sevres a field inclosed by fence palings, beyond which a walk overgrown with grass lost itself under willows, through whose young shoots the sun shone brightly. Half way up the walk, on a background of grayish green bushes, with an outline almost as soft as that of smoke, stood a robust apple tree, broadly spreading its flowery branches. The whole scene was filled with tender, fresh, stirring harmony, with spring itself. Moussia was moved. She felt that this was the looked for spot. Opening the gate, she walked toward the house, which was separated from the orchard by a garden filled with beehives. The proprietor happened to be one of those half bourgeois, half peasant horticulturists who provide the Parisian markets with flowers and fruits. The request made by the enthusiastic looking young girl with the expressive blue eyes flattered him. He loved his trees, and the admiration of a painter for them pleased him extremely. Moussia was readily given permission to work in the inclosure, and she began the very next day.

Early in the morning she arrived on the tramway, with her model, who carried their lunch in a basket. Moussia understood her art. She was no longer a beginner, for some of her pictures had already been much talked of at the salon. Though belonging to a rich family, which occupied a high position among the aristocracy of her country, she worked not as an amateur, but as an artist anxious to win fame. Her work showed the melancholy fire and poetry which belong to those born in Little Russia. The sketch of her painting absorbed her entirely. She was trying to put on the canvas some of the effervescent spring about her. She painted rapidly, as if afraid not to be able to finish the task she had undertaken. Every morning she came back, in spite of the April showers and the rawness of the air, which often made her cough. The owners of the place admired her pluck, and as they saw her painting, bareheaded, standing in the dew, with a blouse over her gray dress, they believed her to belong to their station in life and thought she was working for her daily bread.

The housewife brought her warm milk, the children played near her while she rested, and the horticulturist, learning that some young trees interfered with the perspective, had not hesitated to cut them down. It was touching to see this man, usually so careful of his possessions, willingly sacrifice them to gratify the wish of the young artist. By degrees a touching intimacy began between them. At noon Moussia was often invited to share the cabbage soup and bacon.

The picture was growing. The peasant seated at the foot of the apple tree looked most lifelike. Only a few finishing touches were needed. Gathered around the easel, the family agreed that the apple tree was beautiful, for it seemed as if by stretching out one's hand the pretty, fresh, pink and white blossoms could be plucked. One evening Moussia carried her picture away to show it to some friends, promising to return with it in order to finish certain details in the landscape. They waited for her in vain. One by one the blossoms on the tree were carried away by the breeze. At the end of a fortnight a package arrived containing a dress pattern of handsome black silk. A letter accompanied the present. Moussia told her friends that a severe cold kept her indoors, and she begged the housewife to accept the dress in remembrance of the kind hospitality she had received.

This was indeed a disappointment for these good people. What they had done for the artist had been done for friendship's sake. The gift of the silk, which must at least have cost 20 francs a yard, pained them. The present seemed entirely out of proportion with the service rendered. Their pride was hurt. They decided to return the silk. In a catalogue of the salon they found Moussia's address, and one day on their way to the Halles they stopped in the Avenue de Villiers, where the artist lived. When they arrived in front of the house, they thought they must have made a mistake in the number. Was it possible that their young friend lived in this beautiful mansion? Then she was not a poor artist.

They rang; a liveried servant opened the door. After taking their names he ushered them into a sumptuous drawing room. Moussia was lying on a couch wrapped in a loose white plush gown. She was much thinner, very pale. Her large eyes shone with a phosphorescent brilliancy. Recognizing her friends, she uttered a joyful exclamation, and raising herself with difficulty she gave them her emaciated hand.

"I am so happy to see you," she said, coughing almost at every word. "You must not feel hurt because I did not come to thank you. I am not allowed to go out. It seems that I worked too hard on my last picture. I took cold standing in the grass. I am now here for some time."

The horticulturist and his wife looked at her in bewilderment. An expression of deep pity came over their faces. The gardener no longer knew what to do with the package containing the silk. He felt that he could not return it.

"We don't mind it as you were sick," answered the wife, "but still we were sorry that you sent us this silk. What we did for you we did willingly. We did not want a present for letting you work on our place. My husband and I decided to bring the dress back."

"Oh, you were the one who wished to bring it back," interrupted the husband.

"You are both foolish about the matter," exclaimed Moussia, laughing as she used to. "You would pain me deeply by refusing my present. I wish you to wear this dress," she added, speaking to the gardener's wife, "in remembrance of me when I am no longer in this world."

Then they both assured her that as she was so young she would soon regain her strength and overcome the disease.

"No," answered Moussia, "I cannot get well. The candle is burning at both ends. I shall not live long. You know that children who are too clever never live long." She tried to laugh, but a mist covered her blue eyes.

"And the apple tree?" she asked, abruptly changing the subject. "Is it always beautiful?"

"Oh, no, indeed," they answered, "the blossoms are all gone; but the fruit is beginning to show. Apples will be plentiful. You must come out and eat some in September. The good air of Sevres will restore you to health, mademoiselle."

She shook her head and let it fall back on the cushions, tired and exhausted by having spoken so much.

When the horticulturist and his wife departed, Moussia closed her eyes and thought of the apple tree. It was in good health. The sap was running from its roots to its branches. It spread its foliage in the sun, laughing at rain and wind, at cold nights and hot noons, while she, imprisoned in a room, attended by the wisest Paris doctors, was slowly dying. Oh, misery of human life! She was young, beautiful, rich, beloved, unusually gifted. She had so much to tell the world, her head was so full of pictures.

Toward the end of October the gardener and his wife received a letter with a wide black border telling them of Moussia's death, and these good people wept for the lovely girl who during one month had been the life and brightness of their modest country dwelling.

In the mad whirl of large cities a human life ended makes little more impression than the falling of a dead leaf. After a few days of painful astonishment the gay Parisian world which had so admired and feted Moussia returned to its business and its pleasures. Alone three women in mourning continued to weep in the home of the Avenue de Villiers.

One April afternoon they were quietly sitting in the drawing room, filled with souvenirs of the departed, when the gardener and his wife came into the room. They were dressed for the occasion. The husband wore his Sunday coat, the wife had her shawl on, under which she concealed a large package.

"Excuse us, ladies," said the gardener, "I am afraid we are disturbing you, but we could not let this time of the year go by without letting you know that we often speak of the dear young lady. My wife and I thought we would like to bring you something in remembrance of her." The woman raising her shawl brought forth an armful of flowery branches. "These are," he continued, "the blossoms of the apple tree she painted. They will tell you better than we can how we felt toward Mlle. Moussia, and if you will allow it we will bring you every year some blossoms from the tree as long as it bears."

What kindness there is in simple hearts! It is truly worth more than all the eloquence of the poets and all the gold of the earth. The gardener and his wife have kept their word, and thus it is that Moussia's picture is almost always adorned with pink blossoms or ripe apples—faithful and simple offering from the old apple tree to the dead young girl.—From the French of Andre Theuriet For Short Stories.

Chinese Highways.

In China there is no regular standard of distance. Standards vary in the different provinces of the empire, the chih, or unit of length, varying from 9 to 16 inches in different provinces. A Chinese mile may be from a quarter of an English mile to a mile and three quarters, according to the province.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COMING OUT PARTY.

The Twin B's and Honey Bunch Went, but They Didn't Dress Up.

The very latest thing—maybe I ought to say things—out! "Miss Mildred Parsons and her brothers, Master Lawrence and the Baby," the invitations read, "invite you to a coming out party this afternoon. Come at 2 o'clock and don't dress up!"

Such a funny idea—a party and not dress up! But mamma persisted gently in putting on the twin B's—Betty's and Beth's, you know—plain brown dresses.

"For it wouldn't be polite now to dress up," she said, "after they've asked you not to."

Honey Bunch was invited, too, and mamma put on her little, bright, everyday plaid.

"Who's 'coming out,' you s'pose, mamma?" asked Betty. "Mildred?"

"Why, no; I think that can't be," said mamma, with a smile. "She's only 7, and young ladies do not usually 'come out' before they are 18 at least."

"Then I don't see who 'tis."

"I don't either," mamma said.

But they soon found out. Mildred and Lawrence met them at the kitchen door! Think of going to a party and going in at the kitchen door!

"The party's out in the wood shed," explained Lawrence eagerly. "You can come right out with your hats on."

Funnier and funnier still—the wood shed!

"Take this box out, Mildred," her mamma said, "for Honey Bunch to stand on. She's so short. And remember, dearies, that guests have the best places."

"Is it a show?" asked Beth in a flurry of curiosity.

"Yes, kind of—yes, 'tis a show," Mildred said.

At the woodshouse door Uncle Lem met them all and gravely shook hands.

"Show's begun," he said briskly. "Who has reserved seats?"

"The twin B's and Honey Bunch!" shouted Mildred and Lawrence in a breath. "And mamma's going to sit with the baby."

And so the coming out party began. Can you guess who came out?

Forty-one little wet yellow chickens. They didn't all "come out" at once—dear me, no. It took some of them a good while. They had to saw open their shells with the tiny hard points on their beaks, and then they had to rest, and then they had to wiggle and squirm out. When they were "out," how draggled and homely they were! But it didn't take them long to dry and scramble over to the little windows—the cunningest, yellowest little "come outers," as Lawrence called them.

You see, Uncle Lem's big incubator was out in the wood shed, and the yellow chickens were in that. The children watched them through its windows.

"It's a beautiful party!" exclaimed Betty, with a long sigh of contentment.

"Oh, isn't it!" cried Beth.

And Honey Bunch said so too.

After awhile it was over, and then there was a lunch in the kitchen of egg salad and chicken sandwiches. But the best of it all was that each little guest carried home a wee, wee, fluffy, yellow chicken in a box of cotton—to "keep."
—Annie H. Donnell in Zion's Herald.

These Summer Days.

Goodby to school! The woods and brooks
Today we seek instead.
We turn from leaves of lesson books
To leaves of roses red.

Goodby to figures in a row,
[illegible]
The sum of all the flowers that blow
And all the birds that [illegible]

Such pleasant things we learn today
From streams and meadows wide,
Just where the birds at [illegible] play
And where the berries hide.

We study all the words and ways
Of creatures great and small,
For merry July, these summer days,
Is teacher of us all.
—E. H. T. in Youth's Companion.

Hot Weather Cautions For Bathers.

Never enter the water when overheated. Rest a little first, and cool off, but not enough to feel chilled. Bathers should enter the water when the body is at a glow, not after it is in active or violent perspiration. Never enter the water with a headache; never do so with a full stomach. Nothing can be more dangerous to the system than to contravene these rules, and many have lost their lives by neglecting them. No one should enter the water immediately after dinner. None who wish to avoid the swimmer's bugbear, cramps, should enter it when suffering from acidity of the stomach. The best time for bathing is either before breakfast or between 11 and 12 in the forenoon. All who suffer from delicate constitutions should avoid bathing in [illegible].—Frank H. Vizetelly in Woman's Home Companion.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

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LITTLE LOVERS.

Wee little lovers, aged six and ten,
Aping the manners of women and men,
He so ardent and she so shy
Only when somebody else is by.
When they're alone, her shyness flies,
Cupid mounts quickly his throne in her eyes;
When they're alone, this bright haired miss
Gives her wee lover a soft, warm kiss.

Yet a sad little coquette is she;
Every attention she welcomes with glee,
Many a heart has she filled with pain,
Constant she finds it so hard to remain;
Lovers will come to her feet to woo.
What is the dear little damsel to do?
Is it her fault that they love her so?
Is it her fault that they won't take "No?"

Long be the lives of this little pair,
Sweetheart and maiden so bonny and fair!
Long may they live while their loves intwine,
Each with the other, like stems of the vine!
Or will this baby love droop and die
Ere many years have flown hurrying by?
Then will they deem it but childish fun,
Feeling no smart since no harm has been done.
—F. P. in Tinsley's Magazine.

HER EXPIATION.

We had been "inseparables" before his going, and we would be so never again I felt convinced. She had absorbed him. Mind, desire, future, were packed in the little palm of her hand. Yet I was not vulgarly jealous. I loved Aubrey Yeldham better than I could have loved a brother, but I had seen her and had caught the reflection of his sentiment, though in a tempered degree. I had met her but once, in a verdurous Devon lane, where she had lost her bearings and we had come to her assistance.

Her name was Ruth Lascelles, and she was a widow. That was the sum total of our knowledge. She might have been 20, but we estimated her age at 25, deducing our theory from a certain fatigued languor of voice and expression that accorded ill with the girlish satin of her skin. This was arrived at on the first day of our meeting—we had not discussed her since. But one morning when he had called at the little farm cottage where she lived and had found her flown without a word of regret his despair had been too much for him. The whole story rolled from his lips; his love for her, her seeming reciprocity, their wanderings in the woods, her reliant, trusting attitude—that had taught him to wish himself some knight of the Holy Grail and not a mere besmirched man of many passions.

I was so out of it, as the phrase is, that I could volunteer small elucidation. That she was a coquette of the first order seemed the most feasible solution, and I offered it. He derided the nation—it was apparently so frivolous a venture that it failed to anger him. But one day, after we had returned to town and were working well in harmony, he came to me with my illustrations for it, he burst out afresh:

"She unintentionally let out where she lived. It is a village on the coast of France. She knew I should have returned."

"Well?" I said, suspending my work and pretending to extract a hair from the fine point of my drawing pen.

"Well," he burst out, "the world is our oyster. If we shirk opening it, we can't hope to filch pearls."

"That means?" I hinged expectantly.

"That means, in plain words, that I don't intend to give up the biggest pearl that God ever sent to make a man rich."

"You intend to follow her?" I questioned—needlessly indeed, for his kindling eye contained a fire of decision and energy that for 14 days, since the sorry one of her disappearance, had smoldered.

He had been absent but a week when I received the telegram announcing his intended return. I stood—with my back against the mantel and hands warming themselves behind my sheltering coattails—eager to recognize his rampant mount of the stairs, to feel the clasp of his hand and the thump on the shoulder blade and hear his cheery "Congratulate me, old fellow!" that I knew must come. A cab stopped outside and a key turned in the lock. Then a slow, heavy tread ascended. We met in the passage. It needed no more than a glance at him to abridge the exuberance of welcome that had bubbled to my lips.

The silence was so long—so pregnant with unsyllabled anguish—that at last I closed a warm hand over his fingers as they clasped the arm end of his chair.

"Well?"

"Well," he said huskily, starting a little from his coma and poking a coal with the toe of his boot, "it's over."

"So I supposed, and the pearl was not"—

"Not for my handling," he interrupted. "I knew you'd think something hard of her, but you won't, you won't when I tell you."

He stretched his hand to his glass and emptied it before continuing.

"It came about sooner than I intended—the horizon was so serene I wanted to lay to for a bit—but it was so. We were talking of something—I forget what—and she made a quotation. You know the chap who said, 'Show me a woman's clothes at different periods of her life and I will tell you the history of her life'?

"Yes, I forget his name, but I think it was a Frenchman."

"Well, I quoted him, pretending to a like perspicacity. It was a sneaking, cowardly ruse to know more of her."

"Well?"

"She snapped at my offer—was almost ardent in her zeal to test it.

"I caught her wrist as she turned the handle of the wardrobe door and remonstrated: 'I refuse to see them. I know nothing of clothes, and I'm not a detective. I won't pry into your past secrets either of sorrow or of joy.'

"Her hand shook in my clasp.

"'Don't stop me,' she cried imperatively. 'Help me—I want you to know them.'

"'So be it,' I said and pushed back the door. Then she suddenly flung herself in front of it, between me and the row of dainty frocks and shimmering laces. She looked like Casandra guarding the gate of a citadel, though her lips said in a tone richer than wine, sweeter than music, 'Kiss me first.'"

There was a long pause—Yeldham sat blankly staring at the coals, and I gazed intently into the mists of nicotine that curled upward to the ceiling.

"There are some kisses," he said presently, "that are worth the whole sum of human pleasure. Pleasure! Faugh! A rotten word—belonging to those who only half live."

He handled a cigarette mechanically and lit it.

"We had gone through most of the dresses when we came to some fine azure drapery incrusted with Japanese gold.

"'It was mine,' she said, 'and was worn by a woman I hated. She borrowed it one night after coming over in the rain.'

"'Yet you hated her?' I asked, taking my cue from the curl of her lip.

"'Not then. In those days I thought men were true—George truest of all—and women good.'

"I looked down at the gold storks on the heavy eastern silk, and said, 'And when did you change your opinion?'

"'When I hung away this gown, and determined it should never touch me.'

"I rose to put my arm around her, to break the skein of unpleasant associations, but she moved away, and said in a hard, almost defiant voice:

"'There is one more, tell me its tale if you can, and if not'—

"She paused while I took the fine lace and lawn into my fingers. It seemed a summer dress, scarcely crushed. In front, however, and on the sleeve was a splash of dull red brown.

"'Paint?' I suggested, 'or blood. An accident perhaps?' and in questioning I met her eyes.

"'Don't, don't!' I cried, 'don't speak!' I flung myself back in the chair and covered my face to avoid the sight of hers—the expression of horror that was staring from it.

"'I will, I must speak. Yes, blood; his blood. Oh!' she exclaimed, standing in front of me in that Cassandralike attitude I had noticed before. 'I can see it now. George had gone to the country—so he had said—and I, to pass the time, dined with an uncle at Bignard's. You know the room—the thousand lights and loaded tables, the chink of glass and glow of silver—the gay and brilliant company that is always there? We dined, and were leaving afterward for the opera. My uncle passed out first and I was about to follow him, when, at a little table, I saw George and her; George looking down, down into her eyes with a hot red flush in his cheeks and a lifted wineglass in his hand. I don't know what happened; I burst between them, flung the glass from his fingers, and then'—

"I thought she must scream, but only a gasp escaped her. She looked at something on the ground and added in an awed, strangely intense voice, 'He was dead.'

"The tone compelled me to her side; a torrent of agony seemed frozen at her lips.

"'Listen!' she cried, still standing rigid, though the thrilling tone of her voice confessed her emotion. 'The verdict of acquittal was merely a doom to perpetual remorse. A life for a life, was cried to me from even the daybreak chirping of the birds.

"'Oh, Aubrey, be merciful—spare me all you can, for I am like a pilgrim who faints in sight of the great road. I know now that it is not the pulse of life, but the color and the scent of it, that makes one's sacrifice. I believe that every guilty soul must have his moment of high opportunity, of expiation, and this is mine. You are brave, you are great, you are generous. Shall you tempt me—and stay, or will you save me—and go?'"

Poor Yeldham's voice broke to a hoarse whisper, and I laid a sympathetic hand upon his knee.

"And you, Aubrey, you went?"

"I am here," he answered, with a groan that was more pitiful than tears.
—Condensed From Black and White.

Lovemakers Come to Grief.

An excellent anecdote was told of a west country parson's experience the other day. Mounted on the upper deck of one of these hideous "three deckers," as the wooden abominations where parson and clerk took up their places were nicknamed, the cleric in question commanded an extensive view of his bucolic congregation. Even the depths of the old fashioned high pew failed to escape his searching glances. In one of these pews he observed a youth and a maiden, who clasped hands tenderly and gave themselves up to endearments which even the Scriptural exhortation of "Love one another" did not entirely warrant.

The parson was filled with a great and righteous indignation, and fixing his glance not on the guilty pair, but on the west gallery, he abruptly arrested his discourse and informed his abashed congregation that "two young persons of opposite sexes were behaving in a manner that was highly indecorous and unbecoming, and unless these sinners came round to the vestry at the conclusion of the service and assured him of their penitence their names would be publicly proclaimed on the Sunday following." With regard to the after service scene in the vestry, 17 shamefaced pairs, gnawing their gloves or smoothing their forelocks, as their sex dictated, had gathered to offer their apologies to their outraged vicar.—London Sketch.

A Blow to Sentiment.

"Dearest, do you sit up late at night reading over and over my love letters to you?"

"I would, Henry, but the truth is they put me to sleep."—Detroit Free Press.

Should Fire the Cook.

"Does your husband say grace at the table?"

"No. He returns thanks for safe preservation from the last meal."—Chicago Record.

Recompensed.

"The Jimson girls were awfully cut up when their father married again, weren't they?"

"Yes, they were, until they found their new mother was just their size. Now they borrow her clothes."—Boston Traveler.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY PERSONS in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more no less salary. Monthly $75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Prest., Dept M, Chicago.

A Pioneer's Danger.

THE FEARFUL STRUGGLE OF AN EARLY SETTLER.

How One of the Early Farmers in Michigan Overcame a Serious Difficulty—His Life of Hardships.

From the Observer, Flushing, Mich.

Frank Long who lives near Lennon, Mich., is one of the pioneer farmers of Venice township, Shiawassee county, and by his industry and thrift in which many hardships were endured, he now has one of the best farms in that section.

He tells an interesting story of when his life was in danger during his pioneer days.

He says:

"About November 1, 1894, on starting to get up from the dinner table, I was taken with a pain in my back, and found myself unable to move. The pain increased and spread over my entire body. I was obliged to take to my bed. The physician who was immediately summoned pronounced my case muscular rheumatism accompanied by lumbago. He gave me remedies and injected morphine into my arm to ease the pain.

"My disease, however, gradually became worse until I thought that death would be a welcome release from my sufferings. I could not sleep but would lie awake all night and rub my leg.

"This continued for about four months. Besides my regular physician I also consulted another doctor but he gave me no encouragement and said his medicine could do me no good.

"I was finally induced through reading some accounts in the newspapers regarding the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, to try them which I did as a last resort.

"I took the pills according to directions and soon began to notice an improvement in my condition. Before the first box was used I could get about the house, though with great difficulty, but after using five boxes I was entirely cured.

"Since that time I have felt no return of the rheumatic pains. I am confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People saved my life and I try to induce my friends who are sick to try the same remedy.

"I will gladly answer any question concerning my sickness and wonderful cure, provided those who write enclose stamp for reply. "FRANK LONG."

Sworn to before me at Venice, Mich., this 15th day of April, 1898.

G. B. GOLDSMITH, *Justice of the Peace.*

The cure of the severest cases of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People has occurred all over the land, and its power in ordinary cases is proportionately greater. These marvelous vegetable pills go directly to the seat of the trouble and exert a powerful influence in purifying and enriching the blood by eliminating poisonous elements and renewing health-giving forces.

Many diseases long supposed by the medical profession to be incurable, have succumbed to the potent influence of these pills. This universal remedy is prescribed by physicians, recommended by druggists, and everywhere used by a grateful public.

HE WAS WELL MADE UP.

The Cause of a Wonderful Hit Made by the Late Bill Nye.

James Whitcomb Riley tells a quaint story of his former lecturing partner, Bill Nye. It was the opening of their joint season. They had both been rusticating during the vacation and were brown as berries. Nye looked much like an Othello in his sunburned make up, and Riley suggested to him the application of some "liquid white," a cosmetic much affected by the gentler sex of the profession.

Nye sent for the preparation, and never having used anything of the kind before he filled the palm of his hand with it and carefully smeared it over his countenance. There was no mirror in his primitive dressing room, and Riley was beautifying himself on the other side of the stage.

The "liquid white" dries out somewhat like whitewash, and when Nye appeared before the audience he was a sight to behold. His head looked like a frosted top piece on a wedding cake. His face, white as the driven snow, was expressionless and blank. The audience shrieked, and when he came off from his first selection they demanded his reappearance. He obliged them to howls of laughter. Again he made his exit, and again was redemanded by the uproarious audience.

Believing he had made a hit, he was about to return to the stage when he was caught by the arm by Mrs. Nye, who cried, "William Edgar Nye, what have you got on your face?"

"Nothing but its usual expression, my dear."

"Expression! Fiddlesticks! You're a fright," cried his wife, and leading him to where there was a piece of broken looking glass showed him how he looked.

Nye was mortified, and catching sight of Riley, just about going on the stage, he would have undoubtedly followed him on and been revenged but for the intervention of Mrs. Nye.

His head was scraped, combed and washed, and his next selection was read without "a hand" from the audience. Moreover, the story is a fact and not a press agent's concoction.—Detroit Free Press.

Bernhardt and Loti.

Sarah Bernhardt recently said to a persistent newspaper correspondent: "I have told you everything. There is nothing that remains for me to say. You are as bad as Pierre Loti!"

"What on earth has Pierre Loti done to you?" was the answer.

"Oh, simply that once upon a time he made up his mind that he was going to make my acquaintance. First he wrote me a letter expressing his admiration for me, and did me the honor of dedicating a book to me. I thanked him, but I did not invite him to call on me."

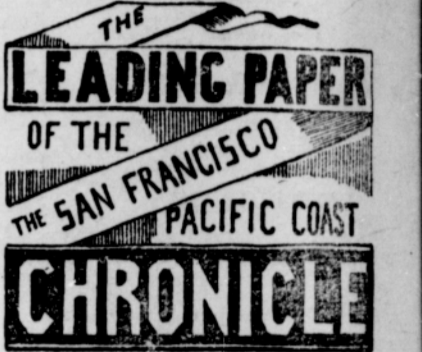
Love that Alters.

"Love is not love that alters when it alteration finds."

That is one of the sublimest lines in all literature. It is the final definition of love by the world's greatest reader of the human mind,—Shakespeare. Nearly all women who truly love, love in this sublime way. Men seldom do.

Woman's most glorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man. Her general health suffers and she loses her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for many thousands of women. He has devised a perfect and scientific remedy for women's ailments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for all weaknesses, diseases, disorders, displacements, irregularities, and debilitating drains peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it, and no honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute that he may make a little larger profit.

"I was afflicted with kidney trouble and I have always had a torpid liver," writes Mrs. E. Crosswhite, of Duffau, Erath Co., Texas. "When I commenced your medicine I was not able to stand on my feet. I used one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and five vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am now well. I had not walked in four months when I commenced the treatment; but in ten days I was able to walk everywhere."



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A Perplexity.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "I guess dey've got us."

"What did de folks in de house say?"

"Ef we don't chop wood, we can't sleep in de barn. Dey'll lock it."

"Well, we kin go furder down de road."

"No, we can't. It's goin ter rain in about five or ten minutes, an rain hard. De horrible alternative is jes' dis. which'll we do, go ter work or take a bath?"—Washington Star.

Honoring the Profession.

An editor in the south was traveling on a steamboat, and having been shaved naturally offered to pay.

"We never charge editors nothin, sah," said the barber grandiloquently.

"But how can you carry on your business?"

"Dat's all right, boss," was the indulgent reply. "We makes it up off'n gentlemen."—Youth's Companion.

The Count's Mistake.

"So Gwendolyn is not to marry the count after all?"

"No, poor man. He tried to tell her that her singing was something that made one glad to live, and his pronunciation was so broken that she though he said it made one glad to leave, and then she requested him to leave."—Indianapolis Journal.