

PAUPERS BECAUSE OF THE CHURCH.

A Case Showing How Charitable Women Are Sometimes Imposed On.

Nancy A., aged 32, can wash, iron, clean house, sew, cook—"almost anything that will earn an honest living," she says. A crippled brother, a blind grandmother, a widowed sister who has the asthma and three children under 8 years of age.

"Seven people to be supported by one pair of hands." Tears in her eyes as she says it. Children partly clothed by "Sunday school of your church, ma'am, and oh, the kindness of your church ladies to me I can never, no, never, forget!"

She looked askance at the hamper when it was offered. The water arrangements in her flat were very "inconvenient." But a lady on the next floor would help her bring up the water if "twas allowed in the bill."

I readily engaged to allow it. Otherwise thoughtful women are too often inconsiderate in the matter of "water arrangements" in tenement houses.

On the morning I had, instead, a badly spelled note—in pencil, of course. Nancy had "meant to tell me yesterday that it could not do my washing no more, but d. i. not have the heart to disappoint me, seeing I was so set upon having her do it, a' what with fetching up the water for a below and the clothes on to the ruff she work didn't pay."

Can you do some plain sewing for me? Would you undertake a weekly job of mending to be done in your own house? "I'm afeared to promise, ma'am—on account of my invalseds, you know. They takes up all my time."

"Oh, ma'am!" with a smile of superior pity for my ignorance, "you can't imagine how much waitin' on them poor invalseds requires. If 'twasn't for the Sunday school and the blessed church ladies we should a' gone to heaven together long ago. The Lord ought to reward 'em."

"A worthy creature," remarked the president of our Dorcas, who chanced to pass as Nancy and her load moved on, "and so grateful. One of the Lord's poor."

There are so many jewels that may be worn day and night, so many gems that are always and only your own, that you need not grieve for those that show their brightness only by day.

Dr. Paul Garnier, the eminent alienist, says that there are passages in Guy de Maupassant's story, "The Horla," which excel in accuracy and intensity anything a clinical doctor could write in depicting the agony, the terrors and the infatuations of delirious hallucination produced by intoxication. De Maupassant himself is now a hopeless lunatic.

TWO BABY FEET.

Only two baby feet, so pink and fair; So small I hold them both within my hand. And leading few I kiss them tenderly. With thoughts which none but mothers understand.

I note each line of dainty baby grace Which those dear feet unconsciously possess; Dear dimpled feet: how long or short a way You have to journey; who can tell or guess?

Dear little feet, that lie yet all unstained By contact with a world by sin defiled; My mother-heart prays God most fervently That she will guide those restless feet, my child. And leading o'er thy peaceful couch I ask: Unanswered questions of thy future days: I long to know if these dear feet will tread Upward or down, through rough or pleasant ways.

I cannot tell; it is not mine to know What God, in wisdom, for my child hath planned. And it is best, dear one, that it is so: For human reason might not understand. But he who guides the timid sparrow's flight When it has fluttered from its sheltered home Will not forget my child by day or night. Where'er or far those baby feet may roam. —Mrs. Mary Felten in Good Housekeeping

The Decorative Craze.

Under the rule and inspiration of the art decorator, a curious confusion and introversion of ideas has come to pass. Instead of a room being the reflection of the person who mostly lives therein, (which should make the sight of a room, even more than that of a person's friends, be a true index of character), the room is now looked upon as the ruling guide. The owner must live up, dress up, to the room; she must try to harmonize with the room instead of her room being brought into harmony with her.

A woman's room should be her frame, which completes and perfects the picture of her individuality; but in the schemes of the art decorator she is a mere accident of no account, and he would design a pompadour boudoir for Lady Macbeth or a Greek music room for Becky Sharp, wherein to sing Yvette Guilbert's latest success to the Marquis of Steyne, without a qualm ruffling his serene self-satisfaction. The genre atelier was one of the modes of this craze for domestic decoration, which was perhaps the most ludicrous, when estimable souls who knew no more of painting than a cat does of a case of pistols thought it necessary to establish easels about their rooms, and even went so far as to hang palettes ready "set" for painting on their walls. —National Review

The Speed of Elevators.

With the modern elevator almost any speed desired can be obtained; it all depends on the power used and the distance traveled. In a building which has a shaft of 250 feet a speed of from 850 to 1,000 feet a minute can be obtained. On a rise of 150 feet it is easy to get a speed of 750 feet per minute with a weight of 1,000 pounds, aboard the elevator. In New York the fastest elevators are in the Union Trust company's building on Broadway, near Wall street. They shoot up or down, carrying 3,000 pounds, at a speed of 600 feet a minute. When tested with lighter weights they have traveled from 800 to 900 feet in a minute.

But the average speed of elevators in office buildings in and around New York is 300 feet a minute. It is best adapted for work, and experience has demonstrated that more passengers can be carried daily in a car going at that speed in the ordinary large building than any other. The increase in the size of elevators is in keeping with improvement in other directions. —Chicago Journal of Commerce

An Incident in an Engineer's Life.

Far, far down the track is a dark spot, over which hovers a great cloud. The engineer sees it, hauls out his watch, glances at it, then resumes the business of looking out of the window. He was to meet an east bound freight at that point. He did not know if the switches were in place; he did not know but the passenger train would dash into that freight and the death of many people follow. There was no way for him to know except that it was the duty of his fellow employees to see that the switches were right. He did not slacken his speed. Rapidly the huge mogul on the side track loomed up. A roar and a dash and No. 57 flew past the waiting freight, passing within three feet. —Chicago Times

Measles More Fatal Than Influenza.

The mortality from measles exceeds anything that can thus far be directly attributed to influenza. It appears that over 13,000 deaths from measles occur annually in England and Wales, and the rate of mortality has greatly increased during the last decade. Why do we take no account of it? Because, I suppose, measles is most fatal to infants, whereas influenza chiefly carries off the aged. We all of us expect to grow old, but we can none of us hope to be young again. Yet the life of a healthy infant is of more value than that of a sexagenarian who has not strength to combat the influenza microbe. —London Truth

An Unique Tom-tommer.

The finest guitar in Portland belongs to a lady who thirty years ago took lessons of Anguerra, of Boston, who was one of the best guitarists in the world. Under his supervision this guitar was made for her after an old Spanish model. There are very few like it in this country. The box part is curved. It was made of rosewood that had been seasoned for 100 years. It is consequently now 130 years since the tree was cut.

Always Paid Afterward.

A well known lawyer seated in his office yesterday afternoon talked entertainingly of a bright young man who had once been his partner years ago. "I have been in the habit," said the lawyer, "of giving legal advice to lots of my country acquaintances for nothing. This grew to be such a bore that I determined to get out of the habit. I appealed to my young partner, who up to that time could have been properly designated as a 'briefless barrister,' and he promised to help me. The next day we were notified that a certain rich old farmer was waiting outside to see me. Now this old farmer had obtained hundreds of legal opinions from me and had never given me a cent. I went into another room and left my partner to deal with him. The following conversation occurred: 'Howdy! Is Mr. Blank in?' 'No sir, he's out of town.' 'Want, that's bad; he allus ust to give me legal advice for nuthin'.' 'Perhaps I can give it to you. What do you want to know?' 'It's jest like this. A feller had a mortgage on my old mare and she died the other day. Now the feller claims the mortgage holds good on the colt. Naow, how's that?' 'Well, sir, the mortgage does hold good on the colt.' 'Well, by hookey, that don't seem to me to be very good law.' 'Well, by hookey, it isn't good law, but what do you expect for nothing?' 'The next time the old man come in to see me he handed me a ten dollar bill before he he asked a question.' —Philadelphia Press

The Gallery Line.

It was the matinee day of a Third avenue popular picture theater. Five minutes had to elapse before the gallery doors would be opened, and a line of boys stretched from the barrel portals clear around the nearest corner. They ran rather small—a fact noticed by a big, hulking fellow who paused to scan the billboards, and after a moment of deliberation he pushed himself into the line within a dozen or so of the head. There was a rumble of indignation from the entire column. 'Cum on!' 'Cheese it!' 'Chase yourself.'

A Tender Chord.

Young Father—I am surprised that you should ask your grandma for a second piece of pie, Dick. You are allowed but one piece at home, and you always appear satisfied. Little Dick—Grandma's pies is better than mamma's. Young Father (with emotion)—Here, Dick, help yourself. —Philadelphia Record

A Dull City.

First Little Girl (from New York)—Oh, Philadelphia is an awfully dull place. Second Little Girl (Philadelphia hostess)—Dull!

How He Was Raised.

"Don't you know that it's very impolite to puff and blow that way?" said a real estate man to a gentleman who had just walked up eight flights of stairs to his office. "Can't help it, sir," replied the visitor between puffs; "it's the way I was brought up." —Yonkers Statesman

A Horrible Discovery.

Professor (roused by violent ringing in dead of night)—Well, what is it? What's the matter? Student—One of your windows is open. Professor—Which one? Student—The one you are looking out of. —Pick Me Up

Didn't Want to Peckure Himself.

A negro who was giving evidence in a Georgia court was reminded by the judge that he was to tell the whole truth. "Well, yer see, boss," said the dusky witness, "I skeered to tell de whole truth for fear I might tell a lie." —Exchange

Smart.

"Peg, don't yo' set down on dat dress ob mine on de cheer, dear." "Missus, I seed yo' settin' on it yistiddy." "Whineh, yo' sassob yo'!" "When yo' had it on!" —Harper's Bazar

CONCENTRATE YOUR VITALITY.

One of the secrets of health is the concentration of vitality. The reuniting of the vital principle is done effectually by BRANDETH'S PILLS. "Health finds happiness in the mere sense of existence," BRANDETH'S PILLS help nature to reassert her own when she has been forced to vacate her stronghold in the body. When an enemy attacks a fort all the forces are concentrated at the point of attack to resist the onslaught. So with the body. BRANDETH'S PILLS concentrate all one's vitality by throwing off the encroaching disease. Get BRANDETH'S PILLS. Be sure to take no other. BRANDETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

A Fast Elevator.

The maximum speed of the fastest passenger elevators which have ever been built is 1,500 feet a minute, a rate of one mile in three minutes and a fraction. Before the fire in the Western Union New York building occurred that company had a machine which could run 1,500 feet a minute. It was the only one of its kind in the east. Mr. Thomas E. Brown, Jr., a consulting engineer of this city, thinks it possible there are few of equal speed in the west. These machines are of the water balance type—that of the original hydraulic elevator, the invention of Cyrus Baldwin. Owing to its expensiveness, and the fact that it could not be controlled automatically, it went out of use. The speed was regulated by the engineer, and it went fast or slow, as he pleased.

Paper Made from Dirt.

The Refuse Disposal company, limited, in London, is engaged in the manufacture of paper from the contents of the dust bin, of which 3 per cent, at least is paper and rags, besides quite a quantity of straw and other rough material. —New York Journal

Two Strings to His Bow.

"No, William," she said coldly, with a sidelong glance to note the effect of her words, "I cannot be your wife. You smoke and you sometimes drink. I have registered a vow not to marry a man who has either of these vices." "All right, Maria," was the humble reply. "And now will you please ask your younger sister Lulu to come down stairs a moment? She said, when she kissed me good-by last night, that she would gladly have me if you refused." —Philadelphia Inquirer

Blood Will Show Itself.

Mrs. Hyde Parkins (closing the recital of a domestic difficulty)—And then, of course, I had to advertise at once for a new book. I got forty answers, and the only one who seemed any good forgot to put her address. (Archly) Irish, of course. Capt. O'Faddy (with a view to defending the honor of his "country")—Ah, then, why didn't ye write and ask her for it?—Judy

A Very Intricate Plot, Indeed.

Aspiring Author—I have the MS. of a play which I would like to submit. Manager—Has it a good plot? A. A.—Good plot! I should say so! Why (waxing confidential, the plot is so intricate that the audience who sees it once will have to come every night for a week to find out exactly how things turn out. —The Epoch

He Had Watched His Parent.

Bobby (whose father is a grocer)—Look, pa, what I got for my birthday—a regular little grocery store. His Father (indulgently)—Oh, yes; that's very nice. Bobby—Ain't it, though! Little places for coffee, and sugar, and spice, and— I say, though, pa, there ain't no sand drawer. —Harper's Bazar

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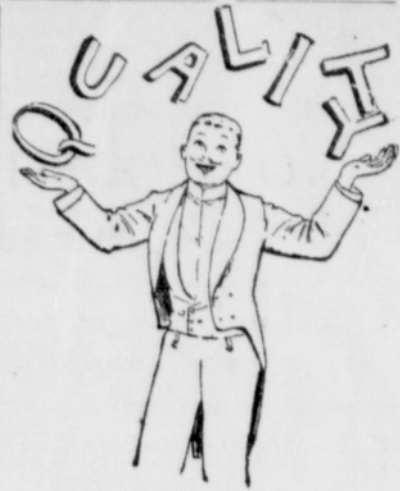
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Keeping up the quality depends on the peculiar and correct selection of best varieties of leaf tobacco and the proper knowledge of manufacture. Thirty years' experience has enabled us to produce the splendid MASTIFF PLUG CUT smoking tobacco.

Advertisement for SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. Includes text: 'THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. A DOSE!' and 'J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.'

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c, and \$1.00. Travelers' convenient pocket size, 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

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Advertisement for CONSUMPTION. Includes text: 'I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. C. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.'

Advertisement for LIGHTNING FLUID. Includes text: 'LIGHTNING FLUID. THE GREAT PAIN KILLER! INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION!' and 'This is the most wonderful pain-destroyer that has ever been put before the public. From its rapidity of action comes the name we give it. Positively the greatest boon to suffering humanity. No family should be without a bottle in the house. We warrant it to be a sure and lasting cure for all pain. This is one of the few harmless but effective remedies that is most valuable for inward as well as outward applications, and will cure in cases where all other medicines have failed. For Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Colic, Influenza, Coughs and Colds, Cramp in Stomach, Pains in Back and Limbs, and all pain flesh is heir to. For sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. DON'T FAIL TO TRY IT.'

Advertisement for TUTT'S TINY PILLS. Includes text: 'TUTT'S TINY PILLS act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age as upon the vigorous man.' and 'TUTT'S TINY PILLS give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.'

Advertisement for ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. Includes text: 'ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM THE CURE FOR CATARRH SOLD IN HEAD. HAY FEVER. ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c' and 'When applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It stays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely restores the nose and restores sense of taste and smell. Try the Cure. HAY-FEVER. A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price, 5 cents at druggists' or by mail, ELY BROTHERS, 16 Warren Street, New York.'

Advertisement for SURE YOU JUST TRY DR. EVOLET'S California Diamond CATARRH REMEDY, His The Great Cure. Includes text: 'No one so bad where life exists but may be helped by this great cure, 50 cts. by druggist or mail. 4. F. EVOLET & CO., Props., 105 Greenwich St., N. Y. City.'

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