A Case Showing How Charltable Women Are Sometimes Imposed On.

Nancy A-, aged 30, can wash, iron, that will earn an honest living," she says A crippled brother, a blind grandmother widowed sister who has the asthma and three children under 8 years of age Seven people to be supported by one pair 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!" It seems that they give her cart loads off cast off clothes and provisions, always employ her to wash dishes, etc., at church entertainments, and 'never let her suffer for anything.' is recommended to me by one of our Dorcas society as a capable and willing washer

woman. Thus runs the original entry. Now I needed a washerwoman as little as I needed a belvedere on the roof of my house, but I wanted to help Nancy, and I would be consistent to my principle of not making honest workpeople into paupers So I invented work for her. I hunted up some dozens of "white things" that were yellowing on my linen shelves and packed them into a hamper. Nancy could not do them up in my laundry. "There were children at home and nobody but them three invaleeds to get their meals and keep the pore things out of the fire."

She looked askance at the hamper when in her flat were very "oconvenient." But a lady on the next floor would help her bring up the water if 'twas allowed in the

I readily engaged to allow it. Otherwise thoughtful women are too often inconsiderate in the matter of "water arrangements" in tenement houses. It is not as easy to keep clean when every drop of ater must be lugged up two flights of stairs as when you have only to turn a faucet to get all you want. Nancy next suggested modestly that the wet clothes ould have to be carried up to the roof to be dried. But the lady down stairs would help her with the baskets for twenty-five She didn't like to risk straining to. If anything should happed to per what would become of her three invaleeds and the children?

I "allowed" the additional quarter of a With seven people dependent upon her Nancy's back must be respected. She kept the linen ten days, but it was done up beautifully. I paid her all she asked with cheerful alacrity, and threw in at her (modest) request some flannel to make un-dervests for the grandmother. She was unduly grateful, and promised to come tomorrow for the next week's supply of work

On the morrow I had, instead, a badly spelled note-in pencil, of course. Narcy had "meant to tell me yesterday that se could not do my washing no more, but d. .. not have the heart to disappoint me, seeing I was so set upon having her do it, as what with fetching up the water from below and the clothes on to the ruff se b work didn't pay. She was sorry to disb bleege me, for nobody need wanter work for a nicer lady, and would I please remember to mention her name to the ladies at the strawberry festival next week?

I waylaid her in the lobby of the hall when the festival was over. She had a big basket on each arm full of cake, bread, sugar, etc., bestowed with her supper, over and above \$3 in money. She was in a hurry to get home to her "invaleeds," but paused amiably to hearken to my query as to ber engagements for the house cleaning season "You're the fourth person what's asked

me that to-night"-affable and complacent. The church ladies has been so good to me that I hate to seem unobligin'. But I really don't see how I'm to leave home all day, or even half a day. There's my three invaleeds, you know.

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 afeered to promise, ma'am-on ac count of my invaleeds, you know. takes up all my time.

"But your grandmother is not a cripple and your brother is not blind, and your sister has the use of her eyes and limbs. Couldn't they help one another for a few hours of the day?"

"Oh, ma'am!" with a smile of superior pity for my ignorance, "you can't imagine how much waitin' on them poor invaleeds 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.'

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

that particular strawberry festival Nancy has not, I think, missed a single church entertainment or failed to stagger home under the weight of the fragments gath ered up by generous hands. In that time I know she has never done a day's work if she could help it.—Marion Harland in

Jewels of a Woman's Life.

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 brightess only by day. There is the jewel of Consideration, that you may wear just over your heart; there is the moonstone of Hope, that may glitter over your brow, filling eyes with brightness; there is that brilliant stone of Sympathy the emerald that makes you put out your right hand of help; and there is the beautiful one of loving Kindness, that makes the left hand help the right. But above all, overshadow ing all, pinning down your tresses, is the diamond of true Love-love which endureth all, suffereth all, hopeth all. Are not these better than jewels dug out of the earth? For, indeed, these jewels come from heaven above.—Ladies' Home

The Horrors of Delirium

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 us hallucination produced by intoxication. De Maupassant himself is now a hopeless lunatic.

TWO BABY FEET.

Only two baby feet, so pink and fair;

I note each line of dainty baby grace

Which those dear feet unconsciously possessed ear dimpled feet! how long or short a way. You have to journey; who can tell or guess? Dear little feet, that lie yet all unstain

By contact with a world by sin defiled; My mother-heart prays God most fervently

Upward or down, through rough or pleasar 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.

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. In fact, she is like a person who has bought a particular picture frame and must strive to find some picture that will fill

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 necessarv 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 used the southern word "skedaddle," 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 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 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

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 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 Tum-tummer.

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 sea-soned for 100 years. It is consequently rags, besides quite a quantity of straw and now 130 years since the tree was cut.-

lways Paid Amerward.

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 old farmer had obtained hundreds of legal opinions from me and had never given me opinions from the and had never given the 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.'
"'Waal, that's bad; he allus ust to give me legal advice fer 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 Now the feller claims the mortgage holds good on the colt. Naow, how's

Well, sir, the mortgage does hold good on the col

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 came in to see me he handed md a ten dollar bill be-fore he asked a qu stion."—Philadelphia Press.

The Gallery Line.

It was the matinee day of a Third avenue

popular price theater. Five minutes had to elapse before the gallery doors would be opened, and a line of boys stretched from the barred portals clear around the nearest corner. They ran rather small-a fact noticed by a big, h ing fellow who paused to scan the bill-boards, and after a moment of deliberation he pushed himself into the line within a n or so of the head.

There was a rumble of indignation from

"Cum orf.

'Chase yerself."

The intruder calmly ignored these requests, and putting his hands in his pockets leaned carelessly against the wall. There was a rustle of preparatory action

along the line.
"Slug him, felleys!" shrieked a grimy faced bootblack.

And they slugged him.

It was like a swarm of wasps attacking a young black bear, and in a remarkably short space of time the enemy was knocked

into a cocked hat. This business being adjusted the waiting column rearticulated itself.

The right of properly acquired prece dence upon the gallery line is sacred in the unwritten code of the small boy about town, and he will protect it even though the heaves fall .- New York Commercial Advertiser

The Word "Hustle."

The keyno's and countersign of life in the cities of the northwest is the word "hustle." We have caught it in the east, but we use it humorously, just as we once Broadway, near Wall street. They shoot out west the word hustle is not only a serious term, it is the most serious in the lan-One day, as I sat in the lobby of guage. one of the great hotels in the older pair of twin cities, I heard two old friends greeting each other with ardent expressions of friendship and delight. They had not met for a long while, and each asked about the r's Lizzie and Fannie and their respec tive little ones. All of a sudden I heard

"Well, see you tonight, I suppose. I have

"Where have you got to go to?" the other inquired, plainly disappointed that the usant interview was not to be prolonged.
Where?" the other echoed. "Why, to Where?" the other echoed. hustle, of course. I have lost ten minutes standing here talking to you. I'm going '-Julian Ralph in Harper'

Kindness to a Horse.

Whenever you see a man good to his horse be sure that man will be good to his wife, if heaver youchsafes to send him one. Every day there is a bright faced young German fellow who drives up underneath the window where I write, have quite lost my heart to him already by reason of his consideration for the hand-some animal he drives. He is not only negatively kind in that he does not yank at its mouth, high check it or nose bag it, but he always manages to give it an en-couraging word while he blankets it, and never leaves it without a pat and a caress. Bless your wholesome heart, my

cheeked, blue eyed young fellow, I would stake my last dollar on the steadfastness and strength and genial good fellowship of your nature. Other men may know more and make a longer and more definite mark on the ledger of time, but a kind heart is remembered when a shrewd brain is forgotten.-Chicago Herald.

A Fast Elevator.

The maximum speed of the fastest pas-senger elevators which have ever been built is 1,500 feet a minute, a rate of one mile in three minutes and a fraction. Be-fore 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, consulting engineer of this city, thinks it possible there are few of equal speed in

These machines are of the water balance type—that of the original hydraulic ele-vator, 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. other rough material.-New York Journal.

I'we strings to itis 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

"All right, Maria," was the humble reply "And now will you please ask your younge 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 omestic difficulty)—And then, of course, I had to advertise at once for a new cook got forty answers, and the offly cae who seemed any good forgot to put her addre (Archly) Irish, of course.

Capt. O'Paddy (with a view to defending the honor of his "counthry") - 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 Well, by hookey, that don't seem to 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

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.

A Tender Chord.

Young Father—I am surprised that you should ask your grandina 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

Young Father (with emotion)-Here, Dick, help yourself Philadelphia Record.

First Little Girl (from New York)-Oh, Philadelphia is an awfully dull place. Second Little Girl (Philadelphia hostess)-Dull? Yes. I've been here almost a week and

haven't seen anybody killed yet—not even a street pavement explosion."—Philadelphia

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 t 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 Perjure 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'se skeered to tell de whole truth for fear I might tell a lie."--Exchange.

Smart.

"Peg, doan yo' set down on dat dress ob

mine on de cheer, deah."
"Missus, I seed yo' settin' on it yistidy." "Wheah, yo' sassbox yo'?"
"When yo' had it on!"—Harper's Bazar

"Why diducher come out t'play ball yist'day!"
"Had to stay at home an' keep th' flies off o' the
baby." "Hmh! We got a baby, too, but they
ain't no flies on it."

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Boston men *ay "t-ousers." They never say pants except when they say "the dog pants."

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