

FREE SILVER.

The coinage of silver might have been free, but the free use of it in a small sum may be a very big investment with very sure and large profits.

Power of Thought.

Miss Alice Berry, a boarding house keeper on State street, Bridgeport, Conn., called a doctor one morning, stating that she was in terrible agony, having swallowed her false teeth, plate and all.

A Good Showing.

What a Reporter Learned About a Certain Medicine.

From the Journal, Minneapolis, Minn. There is one proprietary medicine in use in this city, the name of which has become a household word and that is the preparation known as "Pink Pills for Pale People."

A representative of the Minneapolis Journal started out the other day to investigate the merits of this popular and widely-sold household medicine.

"Do I know the efficacy of Pink Pills?" he reiterated. "I should rather think I do, they have been a blessing to me. I am not in the habit of praising proprietary medicines, but I must say that Pink Pills as far as my case goes have no equal in the world."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

No one would drink poor tea if he or she knew the difference in tea. Good tea is not costly. Your grocer will sell you Schilling's Best, and return your money in full if you don't like it.



Such a dear old home it was. Nestling down in an old-fashioned garden, with an orchard full of old rough, weather-beaten apple-trees behind it, while an outer circle of ancient elms leaned reverently over it, like faithful guardians.



WITH HER OLD GRAY HEAD BOWED ON THE FAMILY BIBLE. dear old home, which seemed so grand and beautiful then. How could it ever seem lonely and humble to her when it was so rich in a thousand happy, blessed recollections?

THE SONG OF PAN.

Mad with love, and laden With immortal pain, Pan pursued a maiden— Pan, the god, in vain.

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

Ambition to get leading parts induced me to throw up a good position in the north of England to join a manager starting at Salisbury.

One morning, however, over a melancholy pipe in the grassy hollow below Old Sarum, a ray of hope dawned upon me. In my anxiety and depression one old acquaintance had altogether slipped my memory.

gross dishonesty I angrily cut his acquaintance. We met, of course, like perfect strangers, but Crackenthorpe's manner was polite, even to obsequiousness.

I had looked at water colors, bronzes and prints and now asked for the miniatures. They were contained in three large cases, placed upon the table in the smaller chamber of the blue gallery, and unlocked at my request.

The light being less strong in the northern than southern division of the gallery, I entered the brighter chamber. There I looked at the miniatures side by side.

Lord Mountfalcon listened to my statement with the greatest calmness and patience. In reply, he said most likely I must have inadvertently dropped the picture among the prints or other things on the table.

"What explanation have you? I learn that you have been alone with the works of art more than half an hour, and during the time no one has been near the gallery."

the mansion. Has the door been unlocked since my orders? "I have no knowledge of it," faltered the keeper, turning pale.

We Can't Do a Thing to Her.

To one who has visited a telephone exchange and noticed how central works, it is amusing to watch the behavior of the man who cannot get recognition.

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