

IN THE ORCHARD.

On! here, beneath this roof of green,
I throw me down and dream again
The golden dreams of what has been
And future harvests yet to gain!

The wheat waves in the field close by,
An apple, ripened ere its time,
Drops from the tree, the sun's great eye
Seeks through the leaves, and, as I rhyme,

The birds weave to and fro and sing
The very songs I would declare,
And now and then the branches swing
Stirred gently by a wandering air.

The binders, clicking in the wheat,
The whistle of a passing train,
The distant noises of the street,
Are to my song a low refrain.

To-day! To-day I rest at ease
And pick the golden fruits that grow
In solitude on twigs of peace—
The fruits that only dreamers know.
—New York News.

UNCLE MARTIN'S MONEY.

ROSEVILLE was asleep in the dulness of Sunday afternoon. In Mrs. Maloney's sitting room there was the odor of strong tea, and that meant that Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Ryan had stayed over after mass for dinner and were having a friendly cup of tea before they started homeward with their husbands. The men themselves were hanging about the village somewhere. There had been silence for some minutes—a heavy, thoughtful silence—after Mrs. Maloney's last remark. The good women were relatives, cousins in the first degree, and Mrs. Maloney had been talking of their maternal uncle.

"It's a perfect shame," she had said. "Uncle Martin has a good deal of money saved up, I am sure. He won't spend it himself and he won't give anybody else a chance at it, and, like as not, when he dies, he'll leave it to Father Shanahan for something or other that he happens to take into his head. Martin's getting dreadful pious in his old days, since he's been living alone in the little house."

"He hasn't it in any bank at Fairbrooke," said Mrs. Ryan, "because Pat has asked."

"Like as not," Mrs. Burns said, "he has it hid in the house somewhere. He's that queer about it, you never can tell. He's always wishing he had money enough for a trip to Chicago. But the Lord knows that it is he that could go if he wanted to. Not a chick nor a child to hold him."

Mrs. Maloney looked thoughtfully at the speaker. "I saw him get in with the McGoverns after mass. He was going out to the farm to dinner with them. We might walk over to the house, and if he's in, give him a little visit. If he isn't—"

"The key is under the doormat," said Mrs. Burns.

And over to Uncle Martin's the good ladies went. He was not at home, and the key was under the mat. The house, though generally clean, had the air of being managed by a man, which women see at once. The pipe was laid away with the cups and saucers, and a pair of shoes stood prominently on one of the chairs. But none of them had any eyes for these incongruities to-day.

"How much," said Mrs. Maloney, "do you think he might have?" as she drew out a drawer of the old bureau and began going through it.

"A thousand or so," said Mrs. Burns, from the depth of an old rag bag.

"I don't believe it's that much," said Mrs. Ryan, as she went through the old cans and jugs stored away in the closet.

They were so busy that they did not hear a step outside, just as the three of them concluded to look through the cornshucks in the tick.

But all their digging brought forth nothing but a few cents laid away for ready change, less than a dollar altogether.

Red in the face with hurry, and a little bit ashamed, too, they put things back as best they could.

"I wonder where he has it, anyway?"

"Do you suppose it is that he really hasn't any, as he says?" said Mrs. Burns.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Maloney, skeptically.

The next morning, however, Mrs. Maloney was to have more exact knowledge as to the amount of Uncle Martin's money. Her husband, who was the village constable, along with being the biggest storekeeper, came in to her excitedly.

"Uncle Martin was just in the store, and he says somebody has stolen his money. He says there were signs of somebody being in his place when he came home yesterday evening, and he thinks he can find out who it was."

Mrs. Maloney was skimming the soup, and she almost dropped the ladle. After a few moments she managed to control herself enough to ask:

"How much does he say he had?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars. I would have thought he'd have had more." But Mrs. Maloney made no



Aduro Developer.—Aduro without alkali gives an excellent developer. Water, sulphate of soda and aduro form the working solution, which gives excellent shadows without the slightest fog. Only when under-exposed, the usual quantity of alkali should be added to the developer. The picture appears slowly, taking even as much as a minute, when over-exposed. Bromide of potassium is a good retarder for aduro. In the collodion-emulsion process aduro has the great advantage of hydrochinone, preventing the settlement of any impure matter at less pure places. A great advantage is also the strong insensibility of the materials toward the carbonic acid of the atmosphere.—Photo. Times.

Window Transparencies.—Old cast-off negatives can excellently be made use of. A strong fixing soda solution, to which is added an abundant quantity of red prussiate of potassium, is prepared as reducer, and in this preparation they are left until the old pictures have entirely disappeared. The plates are then well washed and dried. For sensitizing, the ordinary blue solution, consisting of equal parts of a solution of green oxide of iron ammonia and red prussiate of potassium, is applied. (The formula for this will follow at the end.) The bath should act for at least five to six minutes, after which the plates are taken out, and are placed in a dark room to dry. On the following day print under a negative. The exposure should not be too short, and a little overexposure will do no harm. When the plate is taken from the printing-frame, put it, film side up, in a tray with water, and the dispositive will almost at once appear clearly. If the exposure was too long the shadows will remain yellow; but this will do no harm, as the further treatment will make this discoloration disappear again. Prepare now a solution of ordinary soda (about 10 per cent.) and bathe the well-washed dispositive. It seems to disappear completely, the whole picture becomes yellow and thin. Now wash again thoroughly, and put the plate in very diluted muriatic acid—about 1 to 80—and you will be astonished how slow and handsome the blue picture is building up. As soon as the desired intensity has been obtained, wash again and dry on a rack. The formula for preparing the blue solution is according to Professor Valentini:

Solution 1.—Red prussiate of potassium, 4.5 g.; distilled water, 50 g. **Solution 2.**—Green citric oxide of iron ammonia, 12.5 g.; distilled water, 50 g. Equal parts of Solutions 1 and 2 are mixed. For a few 8x12 plates 30 to 40 c. c. m. sensitizing solution are sufficient.—Photographic Times.

protest. She was suddenly thankful that the old man was satisfied with that.

"And then, think," went on her husband, "of the shame on the town. There hasn't been anybody in the jail for more than five years—not since—"

Mrs. Maloney interrupted him: "What's Uncle Martin going to do about it?"

"He's gone off to see if he can get some evidence. He has a suspicion who it is; he's going to be gone until this evening, and then he's to let me know. He's—"

A summons from the store came just then, and Mrs. Maloney was, fortunately, left alone.

"He must have seen us," she moaned, as she dropped into a chair.

After dinner she went out and hitched Jenny to the road cart, telling her husband that she was going for a little drive. Once out of sight, however, she made Jenny fly.

There were tears and gnashing of teeth in the Burns and the Ryan households, but in the end the butter money was produced and, added to what Mrs. Maloney had saved by odd dressmaking jobs in the village, the guilty women managed to get the \$150 together.

Toward six o'clock Mrs. Maloney slipped into Martin's little house and put the money into the tick. The next morning early, when the Maloneys were at their breakfast, Uncle Martin appeared, chuckling. "It was in the straw tick," he reported truthfully enough. "Moved about a little. I guess I've made up my mind to take that trip to Chicago. I am so glad after my scare that I feel like celebrating. And you never can tell what may happen," he went on, chuckling anew, and looking at his niece.

"That's right, that's right," said her husband. "You might as well have the good of it yourself. You worked hard enough for it."

Mrs. Maloney choked, and set down the cup of coffee she was drinking, and rose hastily from the table. Uncle Martin looked on sympathetically.

But the chagrined and angry woman had one consolation. She knew that there were two others no less uncomfortable than she to find the old man going merrily to Chicago on their hard-earned money.

Alas, curiosity is the ancient sin of woman, and it seems to take many lessons to break her of it.—New York News.

MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Wife of the Distinguished American Statesman, Passed Away.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, widow of the brilliant American statesman, who died in 1893, passed away recently at the Blaine homestead, at Augusta, Me., in her seventy-sixth year. For some time past she had been sick and her death was due to a general breaking down of the system.

Mrs. Blaine was a native of Augusta, her maiden name being Harriet Stanwood. She and her distinguished husband were married in Kentucky, where Mr. Blaine was teaching in a military institute in Blue Lick Springs,

She also was a teacher, being connected with a ladies' seminary near Augusta. Her long life in Washington during Mr. Blaine's notable career made her one of the most prominent women of the national capital. She leaves one son, James G. Blaine, and two daughters, Mrs. Harriet Beale and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, of New York, who were at her bedside during her last illness.

Mrs. Blaine was a woman of remarkable personality, great will power and limitless ambition. This ambition was not, however, for herself, but for her husband. She believed him the most gifted of statesmen and ever held the hope of the White House alluringly before him. When he was defeated at the polls by Grover Cleveland in 1884 she was tremendously disappointed,



but did not even then lose hope. In 1892 General Harrison was a candidate to succeed himself and Blaine had promised to support him. At the Minneapolis convention, however, Mr. Blaine announced himself as a candidate, and Mrs. Blaine's influence was said to have been responsible for this change of front. After her husband's death Mrs. Blaine practically retired from the world. With his demise the object of her ambition passed and the public saw and heard little of her. Her gifts of mind and speech and her strong will would have made her among the most noted ladies of the White House had her husband been elected to the presidency.

Ambiguous.

Mr. Quarles—Well, I see old Goldman is dead, and leaves upward of three millions. Wouldn't you like to be his widow?

Mrs. Quarles (sweetly)—No, dear, nothing could possibly delight me more than just to be yours.—Public Ledger.

Principal Point of Difference.

"What is the difference between hens and poultry, pop?"

"Why, hens, my son, are things that belong to our neighbors; poultry is something a man owns himself."—Yonkers Statesman.

Women may be outspoken, but they are never out-talked.

A Bad Stomach

Lessens the usefulness and mars the happiness of life.

It's a weak stomach, a stomach that can not properly perform its functions. Among its symptoms are distress after eating, nausea between meals, heartburn, belching, vomiting, flatulency and nervous headache.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures a bad stomach, indigestion and dyspepsia, and the cure is permanent. Accept no substitute.

Exchange of Compliments.

She—And what did father say when you asked him?

He—He said he didn't want any fool in the family.

She—And he really doesn't know you at all!

He—Except that I want to marry you.—Boston Transcript.

A Domestic Mystery.

Hobby (walking the floor at 2 a. m.)—I'd just like to know why this baby persists in staying awake every night?

Wife—Really, I can't imagine. I never have any trouble in keeping him awake in the daytime.—New York Weekly.

The Country Editor.

A great British statesman has declared that all reform movements begin in Lancashire and end in London. It may likewise be affirmed that the policies of this nation are primarily shaped in the comparative seclusion of the rural sanctum, the directors of the metropolitan press being for the most part middlemen in ideas, as city merchants are in commodities.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Wonderful Actor.

Wink—Talk about stage realism! You should see Strident in "Love and Woe."

Jinks—He can't hold a candle to my friend, Moulder. Why, sir, he played the heavy villain in "Woman's Wrong" so realistically that his wife sued for a divorce the next week.—N. Y. Weekly.

Children's Favorite Dead.

Miss Elizabeth W. Martin, whose stories for children were widely known, is dead. She was a cousin of Samuel L. Clemens and Col. Henry Watterston.

Enough to Kill Him.

Hobo Charley—Soy, loidy, if dat dawg bites me he dies, see?"

Lady—I believe you; I don't see how he could recover.—Baltimore American.

Well Described.

"What is a trust?" asked the teacher.

"A trust," replied the newspaper man's boy, "is a subject for an editorial when there is nothing else to be discussed."—Chicago Post.

Poor Child.

"I hear Jack Kador was here to see the baby," said Mr. Hoamley.

"Yes," his wife replied.

"I suppose the first thing he said was: 'He looks just like his father.'"

"No, the first thing he said was 'Good Heavens!' Then he said that."

DISAGREEABLE REFLECTIONS

The mirror never flatters; it tells the truth, no matter how much it may hurt the pride or how humiliating and disagreeable the reflections. A red, rough skin is fatal to beauty, and blackheads, blotches and pimples are ruinous to the complexion, and no wonder such desperate efforts are made to hide these blemishes, and cover over the defects, and some never stop to consider the danger in skin foods, face lotions, soaps, salves and powders, but apply them vigorously and often without regard to consequences, and many complexions are ruined by the chemicals and poisons contained in these cosmetics.

Skin diseases are due to internal causes, to humors and poisons in the blood, and to attempt a cure by external treatment is an endless, hopeless task. Some simple wash or ointment is often beneficial when the skin is much inflamed or itches, but you can't depend upon local remedies for permanent relief, for the blood is continually throwing off impurities which irritate and clog the glands and pores of the skin, and as long as the blood remains unhealthy, just so long will the eruptions last. To effectually and permanently cure skin troubles the blood must be purified and the system thoroughly cleansed and built up, and S. S. S., the well known blood purifier and tonic, is acknowledged superior to all other remedies for this purpose. It is the only guaranteed strictly vegetable blood remedy. It never deranges the system or impairs the digestion like Potash and Arsenic and drugs of this character, but aids in the digestion and assimilation of food and improves the appetite. Being a blood purifier and tonic combined, the humors and poisons are counteracted and the blood made rich and pure, and at the same time the general health and system is rapidly built up and good health is established, and this, after all, is the secret of a smooth, soft skin and beautiful complexion.

If you have any skin trouble send for our free book, "The Skin and Its Diseases." No charge for medical advice. Write us about your case.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

IS 103 YEARS OLD AND NOT READY TO DIE YET.

In the city of Cleveland lives George Robinson. He is 103 years old, has used whisky and tobacco all his life,



and for the last seventy-five years has been minus one leg. He has lived in three centuries, and is one of the oldest Odd Fellows, having joined the old Drunk branch before the present order was formed. He reads without glasses

and is as hale and chipper as an English sparrow. He is also something of a humorist, as may be inferred from the following: "Yes, I am in possession of all my faculties except my right leg. Lost that in my young days up in York State—got hurt in jumping contest. No chloroform those days—just whistled and hummed a tune while the doctor sawed her off. When I was 28 I got this very wooden one, so you can figure out for yourself it's seventy-five years old."

"I remember the war of 1812—was a boy 12 years old. My brother and I stood on the docks in New York the night the Constitution ran the blockade, and saw the rockets go up."

"When I was 65 I wanted to live to my seventieth birthday, and so on, five years at a time until I was 90. Then I went by twos until I was 100. Now I am going by ones. I want to live till my next birthday. After that—well, I don't know."

LOWEST RATES

To Chicago, Dubuque and the East; to Des Moines, Kansas City and the Southeast, via Chicago Great Western railway. Electric lighted trains. Unequaled service. Write to J. P. Elmer, G. P. A., Chicago, for information.

Antwerp Strongly Fortified.

Few people are aware of the enormous military strength of Antwerp. Since 1880 \$15,000,000 has been spent on fortifications.

Lost Prestige.

"They used to move in the best circles."

"Yes, but they've moved into a less fashionable square."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Pipe Cob Corn.

Some of the farmers in Lafayette county, Missouri, are making a specialty of growing pipe cob corn. They say it yields them as much of the grain as any other kind and the cobs bring them in revenue besides.

Australian Churches.

One of the features that attract most attention in traveling through the Australian colonies is the number of churches which are everywhere to be seen. Every little township or village has three or four edifices devoted to worship.

Cartersville, Ga., E. R. No. 2.

I suffered for a number of years with a severe Nettle-rash. About twelve years ago I started using S. S. S., and after taking three bottles I felt myself cured and have since taken a bottle occasionally, and had little or no trouble along that line. My general health has been better since. I recommend S. S. S. as a good blood medicine and all round tonic. Yours truly, Mrs. M. I. FITTARD.

Some two years ago I suffered a great deal, caused on account of bad blood. Small rash or pimples broke out over my body and kept getting worse day by day for over a year. Seeing S. S. S. advertised in the papers and having heard also it had cured several people in this city, concluded to give it a fair trial. After using the medicine for some time, taking in all six bottles, I was entirely cured.

EDWARD C. LONG, 1080 Clay Street, Paducah, Ky.

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