

ALONG THE WAY.

My path is lost, is lost to sight,
My way is gone;
Grant me, O God, strength yet to fight—
To struggle on.

Although no more I see the light
That guided long,
For its own sake to do the right—
To hate the wrong!
—Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

WHAT HAPPENS IN BOOKS.

"'M sorry it's over," she said.
"It's been such fun." She
laughed softly. "Such fun!
Oh, you don't know."
He glanced at her a little uneasily
in the gloom. They were standing under
the trees, and there was no one
near. He slipped his arm round her
and kissed her.
"Are you really sorry, darling?" he
said.
She laughed again.
"Yes, dreadfully. To-morrow, it'll
all be cleared up."
"Cleared up?"
She put her hand on his arm and
drew him further under the trees.
"Yes. Come. I'll tell you all about
it."
"Who's that?"
He peered at two figures in light
dresses vanishing in front of him.
"Miss Vining and somebody I don't
know. They're gone now."
She laughed again.
"Miss Vining! . . . Oh, it's too
lovely!"
He glanced at her suspiciously once
more.

"Too lovely—what's too lovely? I
thought Miss Vining was a great
friend of yours."
"So she is. Don't you think it's
very nice for me to have a friend like
Mamie Vining—such a rich friend—
to take me about and be nice to me?"
"I suppose so," he said, without en-
thusiasm. "She's very rich—of
course."

"Immensely! Money's nothing to
her. She's a dear, too—a real dear,"
she added, affectionately.
He did not answer. The subject
seemed to embarrass him.
"At least," she amended, "she is,
you know, only—I'm getting mixed.
But I must tell you to-night, some-
how."

"What?"
She patted his arm softly with her
fingers.

"I should have liked to have kept
it a secret until the last moment," she
said, "until I had to give you a wed-
ding present, you know." He winced
under the light touch of her fingers.
"Why are you squirming about like
that, Dick? I shall have to give you
a wedding present. It's quite the
proper thing. Bride to bridegroom—a
for—"

She broke off with a little
triumphant smile. "I'm not sure I
can tell you—it's so delicious to think
you don't know."

He was silent for a minute. She
was really very puzzling—and distract-
ingly pretty. He bent and kissed her
again.

She looked up suddenly.
"You do care—don't you, Dick?" she
said. "You do really care?"
"I care more than anything in the
world," he said earnestly. . . .
After all, there was time to break it
off quietly before."

"Yes, I know you do," she said soft-
ly. "That's why I'm going to tell you.
You see, we are good friends always,
and one of us was rich, and one of us
was poor, and the one that was rich
decided to come to England, and take
the one that was poor with her."

"Yes?" he said, incomprehensively,
as she paused.
"Well, you know, in books, when
there are two girls like that, they play
a trick . . . At least, they did in
a book we were reading just then."

"What trick?" he said, with grow-
ing uneasiness.

"They change places. The rich girl
takes the poor girl's place, and—"
His quick movement startled her.
She looked up, but it was too dark to
see his face clearly.

"What's the matter, Dick?"
"Nothing," he said, in an odd voice.
"Go on."

"And I said, 'Oh, do let us do that,'
and she didn't mind. She said it would
be rather fun. So we did."

"Did what?" he said, desperately.
"Changed places—what a dear old
stupid you are! Changed names. I'm
Mamie Vining."

There was a dead silence. The
man's face wore an indescribable ex-
pression—if she could have seen it.

"Do you mind my having known you
a lot of money?" she said. "I know you
don't think much of money—you've
said so more than once. Don't you re-
member what you said about people
who marry for money? Well, you
won't marry me for mine, at any
rate."

There was a light step behind. They
turned to find the girl who was not
Mamie Vining standing beside them.
Her friend held out her hand to her.
"Oh, Helen, I want to tell you—I

POPE PIUS IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.



Pope Pius is more fond of exercise than is recorded of any of his prede-
cessors. While he is bound in the nature of his office to go no further from
Rome than is possible in traversing the Vatican gardens, he penetrates to the
remotest parts of these grounds and spends a great deal of time in the open
air. He is generally accompanied in his walks by Cardinal Merry del Val,
with whom he is on the most intimate terms. The Pope recently announced
his intention of procuring an automobile, as with this means of transporta-
tion it will be possible for him to visit any part of the spacious grounds with-
out undue exertion.

want you to be the first to know," she
said. "I'm engaged to Dick. Will you
congratulate us, please?"

Helen stood still and looked at them.
There was a great pity in her eyes.

"No," she said, slowly; "I don't
think I will."

Mamie Vining stared.

"Why not?"

Her friend put an arm around her,
and drew her away from the man, who
stood motionless under the shadow of
the trees.

"Because Mr. Vance proposed to me
this afternoon," she said, "and I was
fool enough to—to accept him. For-
give me, Mamie—I didn't know. You
needn't mind it—it was the money he
wanted—not me."

"You did that?" she said. "Oh,
Dick—you did that? You were play-
ing with me; and all the time you
didn't mean anything?"

"I loved you," he said, desperately.
"And you meant to marry her."

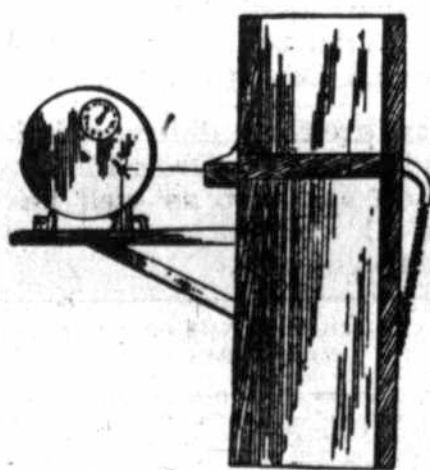
" . . . She put out her hands with a
sudden gesture of dismissal; of fare-
well. "Please go," she said. "It's all
you can do—please go."

"It was my fault," she said to Helen,
when he had gone. "It was a trick,
after all—it wasn't fair. But in a
book—"

"They manage things better in
books," said the girl who was not
Mamie Vining.—The Bystander.

FEEDER FOR STOCK

One of the disagreeable tasks in re-
lation to the care of horses, cows or
other cattle is the necessity of arising
early and supplying them with feed.
This is especially true with milk deal-
ers, bakers and many others who are
compelled to get up an hour or two be-
fore serving their route in order to
feed their horses. This is also the case



ALLOWS THE FEED TO FALL.

on Sundays with all drivers of teams.
Automatic time stock feeders are not
new to the trades, by any means, but
few are as simple as the one shown
in the illustration. This is so con-
structed that the feed may be auto-
matically released at a predetermined
moment by attachment to an alarm
clock and fed into a trough or manger.
A chute, through which the food is to
be passed, is shown here, with a
hinged door at right angles to the in-
ner wall thereof, the door being con-
nected with an arm which projects

through the wall of the chute. This
arm is fastened to a spring held to a
pin in the outer wall of the chute. A
bracket supports a clock upon the
other side of the chute, the clock hav-
ing an alarm attachment. The key
which winds the alarm apparatus is
connected to a spring-pressed bolt which
is mounted in the wall of the chute
and designed to support the hinged
door when the same is weighted down
with food. As the clock runs down
the cord withdraws the bolt, and when
the proper time is reached the door is
released and the food falls down to the
manger. After the door is relieved of
its weight the spring will cause it to
resume its normal position. This would
also be very useful in large establish-
ments.

The patentees are John R. Ray and
William E. Sankey, of Salem, Mo.

FOLLIES IN MEN'S DRESS.

Male Attire Falls in Even Distribution
of Protective Warmth.

That a dress reform for men from a
practical and hygienic point of view is
badly needed there is no doubt. What
can be more ridiculous than cutting
the front of the vest and coat away
and thus expose chest, lungs, throat,
etc., to the inclemency of the weather,
giving rise to serious illness? What
sense is there in constructing the back
of a vest with a mere, thin lining? Do
tailors imagine that the spine requires
less protection than any other part of
the body. What practical use is there
in wearing collars high enough to out-
shade the old-fashioned "father-mur-
ders," collars that prevent the free
movement of head and neck, and tight
enough to seriously interfere with the
proper function of several organs?

It is ignorance, pure and simple, and
it is one of the physician's duties to
enlighten the public on the necessity of
considering their health before fash-
ion, ignorance, and folly. Wherein the
male attire falls is the even distribu-
tion of protective warmth. One part
of the body should be as warm as the
other. But not enough that the pres-
ent style of dress makes this an im-
possibility, to flatter man's vanity (pre-
sumably), tailors have acquired a hab-
it of padding the coats "to improve the
figure," and thereby introduce another
element of unequal distribution of pro-
tection.

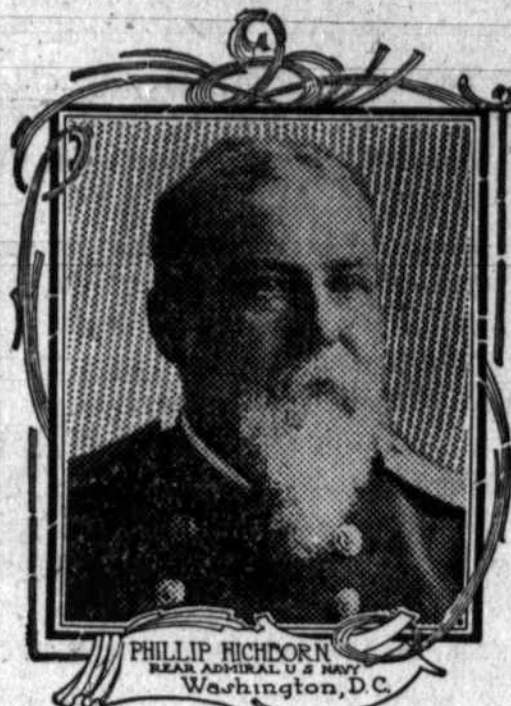
As a proof of how little men care
about this "improvement," it may
safely be stated that nine men out of
ten do not know where their coats are
padded, or that they are padded at all,
and then they wonder why in a biting
wind they should feel cold in one
shoulder and not in the other. If phy-
sicians called the serious attention of
men to these anomalies in their cloth-
ing and inculcated in them correct hy-
gienic principles of dressing, they
would take a great step in the direc-
tion of preventing disease.

For Sealing Envelopes.

An improved machine for sealing en-
velopes has been invented by a man
in Topeka, Kan. The machine, it is
claimed, will seal from 8,000 to 15,000
envelopes an hour.

REAR ADMIRAL HICHBORN

Recommends Pe-ru-na—Other Prominent Men
Testify.



Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn, of
the United States navy, in a recent let-
ter from Washington, D. C., gives Pe-
ru-na the following endorsement:

"After using Peru-na for a short
time period, I can now cheerfully re-
commend your valuable remedy to any
one who is in need of an invigorating
tonic."—Philip Hichborn.

Rear Admiral J. A. Howell, U. S.
navy, writes from Washington, D. C.
as follows:

"I have used your Peru-na with sat-
isfaction, and can cheerfully recom-
mend the remedy as an effective cure
for coughs and colds."—J. A. Howell.

The highest men in our nation have
given Peru-na a strong endorsement.
Men representing all classes and sta-
tions are equally represented.
Pe-ru-na is a Preventative and Cura-
tive Medicine for Catarrh.

Hon. E. H. Fitch, formerly special
United States attorney, state of Virgin-

ia, writes from the Census Office build-
ing Washington, D. C., as follows:
"People cannot live in the variable cli-
mate of the Eastern and Atlantic coast
states and escape liability to colds and
catarrhal affections. The wide and
common prevalence of these ailments is
proof enough of the assertion. I have
been no exception, but I have found a
sure means for combating those greatest
objections to this climate, and that is
Peruna. Taken as directed, it is a
cure for present catarrhal afflictions
and a preventative of future distress of
that kind."—E. H. Fitch.

"Pe-ru-na a Very Effective Remedy."

Hon. Robert W. Davis, member of
congress from Florida, writes from
house of representatives, Washington,
D. C., as follows:

"I can cheerfully recommend your
remedy, Peru-na, as a very effective cure
for coughs, colds and catarrh."—Rob-
ert W. Davis.

Colds Not Promptly Cured are Sure to
Cause Catarrh.

Peruna cures catarrh. That is all
that Dr. Hartman claims for it. But
catarrh assumes various phases in the
human system.

The day was when men of promi-
nence hesitated to give their testimonials
to proprietary medicines for publica-
tion. This remains true today of most
proprietary medicines. But Peru-na
has become so justly famous, its merits
are known to so many people of high
and low stations, that no one hesitates
to see his name in print recommending
Peruna.

If you do not derive prompt and sat-
isfactory results from the use of Peru-
na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giv-
ing him a full statement of your case,
and he will be pleased to give you his
valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, president of
The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Isn't that Thoughtful?

Tess—She used to say she didn't
care how homely a man might be if he
were only thoughtful.

Jess—Well, that's the kind she got
for a husband.

Tess—Why, I heard he was any-
thing but thoughtful.

Jess—He's full of thought for him-
self.—Philadelphia Ledger.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is
senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY &
Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Coun-
ty and State aforesaid, and that said firm will
pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for
each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be
cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my
presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and
acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces
of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Works Both Ways.

Author—Truly, this is an unapprecia-
tive world. Why, if I had written what
McFadd has written I wouldn't be fam-
ous like he is.

Criticus—I guess that's right. And if
McFadd had written the stuff you grind
out he wouldn't be famous, either.

Quite Unnecessary.

"Jane," said the boarding-house land-
lady, "pass Mr. Newman the salt for
his egg."

"Never mind the salt, thank you,"
rejoined the latest acquisition to the
fold, "this egg is some too fresh as it
is."

In the Wrong Places.

An angry woman walked into a gro-
cer's shop in an Ayrshire village and
banged a piece of some yellow sub-
stance on the counter. She spoke
Scotch, of course, as Tit-Bits reports,
but Americans will understand the
words she used, since many an adver-
tisement has made the kind familiar.
"This," she said, "is the soap that
does the washin' o' itself; the soap that
makes every washin' day a kin' o' glo-
rified feast; the soap that gets a' the
linen white as snaw an' as sweet as a
hazelnut, and lets the delighted house-
wife play w' the children; an' here
I've been scrubbin' three mortal hours
w' that lump an' got hae mair lather
oot o' it than I could get oot o' a
brick."

"I beg your pardon," said the grocer
calmly, "but that isn't soap. Your little
boy was here yesterday for half a
pound of cheese and half a pound of
soap. That's the cheese."

"The cheese!" exclaimed the woman.
"Then that accounts for the other
thing."

"What other thing?"
"I lay awa'k the hale nicht winner-
lin' whit made the Welsh rabbit we had
fur oor supper taste sae queer."

Those Loving Girls.

Amy—One can dress very nicely with-
out spending much if one only has a lit-
tle taste.

May—Then you ought to dress a good
deal better than you do.
Amy—Why, pray?
May—Well, you don't spend much, and
I'm sure you have but little taste.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signa-
ture of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his
personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one
to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and
"Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the
health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It
contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms
and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind
Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation
and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the
Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.