

## HAVE A LOOK!



"In target practice with a six-inch gun the Iowa scored 30 hits and 0 misses."—News Item.

### A SONG FOR THE WEARY.

Life is but a world of battles;  
You must fight them would you win;  
With the illudeness that prattles,  
Victory has never been;  
Then why should you be complaining  
If in one attempt you fail?  
Each endeavor gives you training,  
Till at last you shall prevail.

Nuggets of success are lying  
Underneath life's rugged road;  
Dig and dig—and keep on trying  
Till you strike the precious lode.  
Skies above you will be bluer  
As along the way you tread,  
Friends around you will be trueer,  
So be brave and go ahead.

Time is fleeting, so be doing  
Any task there is for you;  
You are stronger, while accruing  
Gain of good and wisdom, too.  
Be not with the drones and shirkers,  
As through life they idly stroll;  
Victory belongs to workers,  
Strive and you will reach the goal.  
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### An April Shower

It was all so absurdly trivial. In fact, she had almost forgotten what it was about.

They had quarreled before, lots of times, and over more serious matters, but they had always made it up again directly afterward until now.

Now she came to think of it, it was always she who had begun the quarrel and he who had begun the making up.

And quite right, too, she said to herself. When he proposed to her he had told her that he worshiped her; that he was her slave till death; that for her sake he was ready to go through fire and water. She had only to command, and he would obey.

Very well, then; she had taken him at his word. She had commanded and he had obeyed—until now.

She had never asked him to go through fire and water for her. No, she was much too reasonable for that. She had never demanded the impossible. The things she had expected him to do were all quite simple and easy.

"I wouldn't order George about quite so much if I were you, Kate," her sister had said to her the other day.

"What do you mean?" she asked in amazement.

"Well, I don't exactly know how to explain it," said Em. "You know you're quite a pleasant, easy-going sort of person, generally speaking, but with George you're a perfect tyrant. I sometimes wonder why he puts up with you."

"You don't understand," returned Kate, loftily. "When a man is in love with his wife it is the greatest pleasure and privilege in the world for him to do her bidding."

"Even if it makes him look like a fool?" asked Em, whereupon Kate preserved a dignified silence.

Of course, Em had never been married, never been engaged even, and consequently knew nothing about the feelings of people in love.

Yet, somehow, those words of Em's rankled.

She thought of them now, as she stole into the garden, where George had taken refuge after dinner.

She knew where she could find him. He was sitting in his favorite place, under the old apple tree at the back of the lawn, unconscious of her presence.

Noislessly she stole up behind him, and stood watching him, as he moodily puffed at his pipe.

A ladybird had dropped from some overhanging bough, and was crawling slowly up his back in the direction of his collar.

Had she really made George look like a fool? And did he mind looking a fool—for her sake? Surely the ideal, the perfect husband should shrink from nothing, not even ridicule, incurred in his wife's service. And yet—and yet—no man likes to be made to look like a fool. It isn't in human nature.

Thoughtfully she stared at the ladybird, as it made its slow, laborious journey across George's light coat.

After all, perhaps, she had expected him to do a little too much fetching and carrying, and all that sort of thing. Of course, man should wait on woman. That was perfectly right and proper, but—there are limits to everything.

Was George beginning to recognize this? Was that the reason why he had not been as ready as usual to patch up their last little squabble?

Now she came to think of it, she remembered how the squabble had originated.

She had commissioned him to get a certain back number of an illustrated paper that contained a portrait which she had admired.

The offices of the paper were in Fleet street, and George had an office in Holborn, so that it would have been the easiest thing in the world for him to get that paper. But no, he had simply forgotten all about it. He had had a busy, harassing day, he said. He was awfully sorry, and he would be sure to remember to-morrow.

Now, she had particularly wanted the paper that very day, but what upset her most was not so much the want of the paper, as the fact that he should have forgotten to fulfill a wish of hers.

His business worries had, for the time, obliterated the remembrance of her! The thought was unendurable. She had told him so, and that is how the squabble had begun.

The ladybird had by this time reached the rim of George's coat collar.

Well, certainly he had been looking rather worried lately. Perhaps it was a little unfair to expect him to devote his entire thoughts to her and her wishes.

She began to remember a hundred petty tyrannies which she had exercised and to which he had submitted patiently.

Harmless little tyrannies, most of them but quite unnecessary, too—tyrannies she had practiced simply because she loved to see him at her feet.

She remembered reading somewhere once that the true secret of married happiness was the principle of "give and take."

The woman, as well as the man, must be prepared to give and take. Up to the present he had done all the giving, she all the taking.

How blind, how selfish she had been! She saw it all now.

Why, why should the man be always on his knees to the woman? Why should she be the queen, and he the slave? She had never questioned her right until now, and she could find no reasonable title to the claim.

Surely the woman who loves her husband should be as ready to serve as to be served. There could be no question of commanding or obeying on either side.

The ladybird was balancing itself in a reckless manner on the edge of George's white collar. If he moved his head ever so slightly, the tiny thing would inevitably be crushed.

In the midst of her remorse she was

seized with a sudden solicitude for the ladybird.

Stepping up behind George, she flicked it lightly and dexterously from his collar.

He felt the gentle touch and turned his head in surprise.

The next moment a pair of soft arms were flung about his neck, a hot cheek laid caressingly against his own.

"George, I want to make it up," she whispered, "and—there's such a lot I want to say to you."

When she had said it, with her pretty head very close to his, he turned to her with a glad smile.

"I'm the proudest, happiest man in the world to-day," he said. "I didn't realize until this moment what a sensible little woman I had married. Don't think, dearest," he added, hastily, "that I ever regretted the vows I made to you when I asked you to be my wife. There is nothing I wouldn't willingly do for you. It was only when I found that my love was in danger of spoiling you that I began to resent the—the—"

"The horrible tyrannies I practiced upon you," she interrupted quickly.

"George, what a selfish little wretch I've been!"—Indianapolis Sun.

### THE OLD WASHINGTON ESTATE.

Grounds Much Less Extensive Than They Were Originally.

"Speaking of antique furniture," said Maj. Robert Washington of Westmoreland county, Virginia, in the Washington Star, "reminds me that my sister, Mrs. James Wilson, of Pope's creek, and who resides only a few rods from the spot on which Gen. Washington was born, owns a mahogany table on which Robert Fulton was in the habit of showing his plans for the first steamboat to my father, Augustus Washington, who at the time was a resident of Georgetown. The table is of medium size and was willed by my father to its present owner."

"My sister and I reside on the original Washington estate. The latter is greatly reduced in extent from what it was over 100 years ago. The family burial ground is located on Brydge's creek, at the outlet of which the first Washingtons settled. The remains of the father of Gen. Washington are buried at Brydge's creek. Originally there was a vault in the cemetery, which fell into decay; so much so that many acts of vandalism took place and the heirs decided to pull it down and reinter the remains of those persons which had been placed in it."

"There are quite a number of persons in Westmoreland and Caroline counties named Washington unrelated to my branch of the family, although their descendants, like my own, came from England. A Dr. Washington of Caroline county married one of my sisters, but that is the only relationship he bears to me. My wife is a granddaughter of William Wirt, ex-attorney-general, and who prosecuted, on the part of the federal government, Aaron Burr for conspiracy. The father of the chief justice who sat in the case, Col. Tom Marshall, was a native of Westmoreland county and the chief justice himself narrowly escaped being also a native of the county, as he was born only a few months after his father moved to Fauquier."

### Hardest Kind of Work.

"Oh, come, Carl! You know we must make these calls."

"Can't do it, Clara; have to work."

"Heavens! Don't you call that work?"—Life.



### Fibroid Tumors Cured

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

"Some time ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman."

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass. — \$5000 for suit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration; falling and displacement of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt in the minds of fair people.

### One of Many.

Applicant—Say, I'm looking for a job as nurse. Can you put me next to anything in that line?

Physician—Have you had any experience?

Applicant—That's what. I've been nursing trouble all my life.

### A New Life.

There is a new life granted to you by coming in contact with Christ. These are things upon which science is dumb. But in Jesus Christ you have the solution in fact—the only one ever given since the world began. We are constantly experiencing things we cannot explain.—Rev. A. C. Garrett.

### Weather Deaths.

There are about 200 deaths yearly in England due to weather. One hundred and forty of these are due to cold and the rest to sunstroke and lightning.

### When Snake Poison is Harmless.

Nature seems to have provided that no poison which acts externally shall have any effect internally, and vice versa. Thus the most deadly snake venom can be swallowed with impunity, the juice of the stomach presumably decomposing it and rendering it harmless.

His Eyes.  
"I suppose there will be persons uncharitable enough," remarked the doctor, "to say there is nothing the matter with Captain Hobson's eyes. The trouble is all in his eyes."  
"Yes," echoed the professor, "the trouble is all in his eyes."

### Would Be Strong.

"Yes, sir, you'd be a remarkably strong man if—"  
"If what?"  
"If your muscles were on a par with your breath."—Chicago Post.

### Warm Advice.

Author—Oh, well, if you don't choose to publish my story I have other irons in the fire.  
Publisher—Oh, you have? If I were you, I'd put this story in with 'em.

### German Steamers in the Lead.

The North German Atlantic liners now carry 1,130 passengers per trip. The White Star average a little under 900.

### Getting Even.

"Where are you going to send that letter, Uncle Remus?"  
"To the Philippines, sah."  
"Do you know anyone there?"  
"No, sah, but Ah wants to get eben wid de gubament. Dey charge two cents to send a lettah one square, en de name to de Philippines. Ah'll get mah money's worth out ob dis one."

### Tons of Material for Postcards.

England uses nearly 800 tons of cardboard yearly in the form of postcards.

### Why He's Still Single.

She—Do you think two can live as cheaply as one? He—Yes; but not so peaceably.—Melbourne Weekly Times.

### Enlistment Signatures.

Before a recruit can be said to have joined the British army his name must be entered 62 times, and that of his superior officer 29 times, in the documents required by the war office.

### The Evil of Drink.

An Episcopal clergyman of Cincinnati was being shaved by a barber who was addicted to occasional spree. The razor manipulator cut the parson's face considerably.

"You see, Jackson, that comes from taking too much drink," said the man of God.

"Yes, sah," replied Jackson, "it makes de skin very tendah, sah. It do for a fact."—Chicago Chronicle.

### The American Plan.

American Youth—I have come, sir, to beg your permission to my marriage with your daughter.

American Father—Has she accepted you?

"Yes."  
"Has she promised to elope with you if I refuse my consent?"  
"Yes."  
" Bless you, my children."—N. Y. Weekly.

### 'Twas Ever Thus.

He—There are times when every man likes to refer to himself as an idiot.  
She—Yes, but it always makes him mad if any one else agrees with him.

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