TO THE PUBLIC.

My age is fourteen months or so;
I've taught myself to walk.
But I am now concerned to know
How I shall learn to talk;
In fact, I'm a man who lives
Bereft of delight among
His kind, by reason of curses
Can't learn the English tongue.

And this (now I would make it clear
(Nor think me an ass) is—
What chance have we when all we hear
Is language such as this:
"Ze pretion sing!" "Oi' wootey woots!"
"His mother's tonsin pat!"
"Ze itty, witty, witty mouse!"
"Now what does dooms dat?"

They tell me that a drink's a "dink;"
My fingers "fingles" are;
That think is "tink," or also "ink;"
And that a cur's a "tur."
With "mothers" mump and "how wow wow,"
And "daddy, daddy, dee,"
And other gibberish that, I vow,
Are curious, quite, to me.

So when from mother, aunt and all
I've gained a moment's grace,
With none to catch me lest I fall,
Or stare me in the face,
I've printed out this statement rude
(The bitter marred with pain
From cans of patent baby food),
And hope 'tis not in vain.
—Edith L. Smith, in Woman's Home Companion.

Couldn't Lose Him

THE BOY came at 7:30 p. m. and stayed. I did not want him. I knew that the moment might come when his presence would be positively obnoxious, yet I could not get rid of him. He was well-meaning (in so far as he could be said to have a meaning), light-haired, long-legged.

He sat on the sofa and put himself into 22 distinct attitudes, not one of which was graceful. I could not exactly tell him to go, and anything short of that he disregarded.

He wore a pink striped waistcoat and a blue tie.

He did not admire me; his idol was in short frocks and fuzzy hair. Other boys worship the seasoned belle, but his taste in coalovers was the only one peculiar thing about him. I never cared for the very young attached to me; and the very young despairing for another is even worse.

He did not even talk of Her. I wished he had. I would have sympathized to the limit of my power. Presumably, I was too antique in his estimation (I was 24) to take an interest in such things. He talked of love, to make up for his silence on the nearer subject. I listened and wearied and took out the fancy work I kept for the Boy, and never finished.

He spoke with the superior air of one instructing the ignorant. I was, I am afraid, absent-minded, and he languished after awhile.

I offered him sweets, and insulted him into a ruby blush.

After that he stared sadly at me, as if he had come for no other purpose than to feast his eyes for one last time on my adored features.

He was very like the Immortal Toots.

At last the conversation got upon its legs, and in a rickety fashion managed to keep moving.

The marriage question (not the improper marriage question) seemed to interest him greatly. He did not ask for my advice, but merely soliloquized at some length. He mentioned the desirability of early marriages; the impossibility of asking a girl to share ten shillings a week; the expense of bringing up a young family; there was the education of the sons and the portion of the daughters.

"You would not educate them?" I inquired, smothering an incipient laugh.

He thought he would let them choose between an education and an income. "Besides, they might marry."

"To be sure," I assented. "And there might be grandchildren."

A puzzled look crossed the Boy's face; he had not thought of the grandchildren.

"O, that would be all right," he said, after a short silence.

"A man is only responsible for his own family. Directly responsible, of course." Here I threaded a needle. "But there is no harm in looking at things from all sides."

However, we had plunged far into futurity, even for the Boy; he took another bypath from the same thoroughfare.

"I think it very wrong for people to throw obstacles in the way of marriage," he remarked, solemnly.

"But, on the other side," then said I, "it would never do to encourage the thing too much; if the couple quarreled they would lay the blame of the position on you."

This was evidently a new idea; he pondered on it some time.

The Man came in, sat down, and waited.

"People might sometimes interfere unintentionally," the Boy said, reflectively.

"They might," I agreed—I hope not grimly.

The Man looked at the clock and fidgeted.

"Is that the right time?" he asked.

"Two minutes slow," said the Boy.

"Thanks," said the Man. "I have to catch the 8:35 train."

My needle would not thread. Then I said: "So soon!" and "When do you return?"

"I don't know," he answered. "It depends."

"Don't get fever at the Rock," said the Boy, paternally. "I have known such lots of fellows go off like you and they never come back."

"I hope this will be an exception," I said. (O, would no one take the Boy away and bury him?)

"Thank you," said the Man.

The Boy got up—was he going?

He merely looked at a photograph over the mantelpiece and sat down again.

"That is a nice-looking girl," he remarked. "Some people think appearance everything. Now, I notice carefully how a girl acts to everybody, and learn her all round, then make up my mind."

"Does it take long?" I inquired (with polite interest, I hope; how I longed to stick my crewel needle into him).

"Is—" (the Boy's mind had wandered).

"To learn her all round?"

"Not very long. Of course, it depends—"

The man who had been staring at the ceiling began to hunt savagely through a six months' old magazine.

(Ting — ting—— ting—ting—ting—ting.)

I wish he would go—the Boy I mean; O! I wished. Could one be diplomatic?

"I wonder," I said, "I wonder could you post a letter for me?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the Boy. "For the country?"

"Yes, for the country."

(O! my evil star!)

"O! that's all right," he said. "I need not run with it." Then, in an explanatory tone: "You see the next post out is to-morrow morning. Any time till ten will do."

My heart sank. The Man who had looked up hopefully turned to the frontispiece once more.

If he would—would absorb the conversation, there might still be a chance. Yet, if the Boy found himself too well entertained he might stay forever. But the Man was by this time in such a state of nervous irritability as to be incapable of conversation.

His very boots expressed his desire to summarily eject the Boy. How I wished he would!

"Our friend is suffering already from home sickness," said that wretched superfluity.

I laughed (the tears into mine eyes, and pricked myself badly.

"Have you seen that sketch?" said the Man at length, handing me the paper. Something on the page, written in pencil, interested me considerably.

"What is that?" asked the Boy, condescendingly.

"Harper's," said the Man.

"Have they changed the cover, then?" he inquired; "it will get mixed with Pearson's."

"It is Pearson's," said the Man; "I made a mistake. What do you think of it?" he turned to me.

"It seems a bit startling," said the Boy.

I looked up, and my eyes met the Man's.

"Have you a pencil?" I asked, courageously. "I should like to mark this."

I wrote a tiny note in the margin; only one word, in fact.

"I always annotate books," approved the Boy.

The Man took the magazine and looked at the page; he looked happier than he had done since his entrance.

"Thank you," he said, so fervently that he aroused the Boy's curiosity.

"May I look?" he asked. "Unless it is poetry."

"It is poetry," said the Man. "The nicest verse I have ever seen."

He looked regretfully at the clock and at the Boy and me. "I am afraid I must—"

"Must you?" said the Boy, cheerfully; "that's the best of living on the spot; we need never hurry away."

"Have you oiled your door lock?" asked the Man. "It was very stiff when I last tried it."

I put down my work. "I must see what I can do," I said; I felt happy enough to laugh. If the Boy would only stay on the sofa he might come again and stay ten hours.

He jumped up. "I'll help him to lever the door open," he said. "It wants stronger hands than yours; I can post that letter besides."

"It is on the hall table," I told him.

"O, that's all right. I can get it when I go out," he said. "Good-by."

He politely waited till his senior had had his lining.

"Till I return then," said the Man.

"I thought you did not know if you were returning," said the Boy.

"I have made up my mind," he replied. "Good-by."

They were in the hall. The door opened again and there was the Man.

"I had to," he said, breathlessly, after the first two seconds. "Confound that fellow. Don't mind, dear; they are to last me a long time."

"Mind!"

"Look here, you'll lose that train," said the Boy, opening the door.

The Man had managed to get a good deal out of four seconds, but all the same he swore, and it is odd how it relieved my feelings.

When their steps sounded down the path I went to the window and raised it; as they passed the Man tried to look round the Boy, who was between us, but dodged him unsuccessfully. I watched them growing smaller and smaller with the jumps until they were out of sight then I tore out the page of a magazine, and, carrying it upstairs, locked it in the trinket box, where it is still.

The Boy was a nice boy, and I could not find it possible to hate him, even though he spoiled the Evening of my life.

I think of it now that he is stout and fatherly, and in my heart is amusement, exasperation, and something far more bitter.

Because the Man never came back.

Rock fever killed him.—Black and White.

No Time for Day-Dreams.

The persistent man never stops to consider whether he is succeeding or not. The only question with him is how to push ahead, to get a little farther along, a little nearer his goal. Whether it lead over mountains, rivers or morasses, he must reach it. Every other consideration is sacrificed to this one dominant purpose.

CANCER

Sufferers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mr. Hiller shows:

A small pimple came on my lower lip just below the corner of the left side of my mouth. It gave me no pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not began to increase in size. It would bleed a little, then scab over, but would not heal. This continued for some time, when my lip began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread until it was as large as a half dollar, when I heard of S. S. S. and decided to give it a trial. I had tried everything else without any good effect, but it was not long after I had taken the first bottle of S. S. S. that I felt the very beginning of the sore beginning to heal, and after taking a few bottles it disappeared entirely. This was two years ago, and there is still no signs of the Cancer, and my health is generally good.—Mr. H. Hiller, Sr., St. Louis, Mo.

S.S.S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and the only one guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for medical advice.

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is to prepare it in such a manner that it still retains all of its natural properties and then combine it with selected grains, thereby producing a perfect breakfast beverage. This is the way Figprune Cereal, the substitute for coffee and tea, is made. Your grocer sells it. Ask for sample.

Why Some Children are Restless

and nervous even their own mothers are unable to tell. Possibly they have been given coffee or tea to drink. Figprune Cereal, made from choice California fruits and selected grains, is a beneficial substitute. Figprune will feed the nerve centers. It will make the child strong and healthy. Made like coffee. Looks like coffee. But—it's 34 per cent fruit and 46 per cent grain.

If you don't feel just right substitute Figprune Cereal for coffee. It's the perfect food beverage. At grocers.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Resick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the World. Surest Pile cure on Earth. 25c a box at Dr. Kremer's Drug Store.

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when your cold appears. The "ounce of prevention" is better than years of illness.

"I suffered for years from a cough, bronchial and lung trouble. Raised blood frequently. Spent years in the Dakotas and other parts of west but got no relief. Returned east and began taking Shiloh. A few bottles completely cured me. I consider it the greatest of remedies."
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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Cook—"How'm I goin' to make mince pie when we haven't any mince meat in the house?" Mrs. Freedem—"Put some sugar in that cold hash."—Baltimore American.

First Bull—"Why did you gore the poor farmer's fat son to death?" Second Bull (gleefully)—"Then you didn't hear of our prodigal calf coming home yesterday?"—Town Topics.

"I notice that a California soldier claims that he has the great seal of China in his possession." "Dear me; is it a seal? I thought it was a dragon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sympathetic Friend—"Why haven't you exhibited anything this year?" Artist—"I refused all their offers—I simply can't sell myself to anyone." Friend—"Hum! Something like your pictures!"—Journal Amusant.

"Were you satisfied with that cornetist I sent you?" "Well, as you said," replied the orchestra leader, "he certainly does play the cornet to beat the band." "All right, eh?" "No. He couldn't keep time."—Philadelphia Press.

First Sweet Young Thing—"What on earth are you going to marry Fred for, dear? He has no money; he isn't good-looking; he can't talk or dance, or drive or bike, and he's never done anything—" Second Sweet Young Thing—"Yes, I know, dear; but he is so fond of dear Fido, and the dear dog is just as fond of him."—Ally Sloper.

In the dance I trod upon my beloved's toes. "Stupid!" she hissed. "Alas!" quoth I, profoundly shocked at this display of temper. "Are then my idol's feet of clay?" "Well, they're not cast iron, I tell you those!" exclaimed the beautiful girl, with heat in her voice. I tried to laugh, but there was a chill at my heart.—Detroit Journal.

"That confounded life insurance company refused my application for a policy," said Hunker. "Why, I should think you were a fine risk," replied Squire. "What made them refuse your application?" "Well, they found out in some way that I am in the habit of eating mushrooms that I gather myself."—Detroit Free Press.

YOUNG BUT PLUCKY RIDER.

A Courageous Lad Who Follows the Hounds with the Enthusiasm of a Veteran.

In a hunting community not far from this city there is a son of one of its members who seems destined to throw a famous leg over the pigskin. That is, it will be famous if the recklessness of its owner permits it to come to maturity. His courage is of the first water, his nerve without limit, but he is only 11, and his discretion leaves something to be desired. Once the ardor of the chase is on him, his father says, he will put his "grit" at anything in his path, even if it should happen to be a church. He has until recently ridden to hounds on his pony, but so clever was his work that the attention of the master of fox hounds was attracted and he gave the boy recently a leg upon one of his own hunters. The horse was rangy, half-bred, 17½ hands high and with a temper of his own, says the New York Tribune.

After they were in the field the master of fox hounds remembered the horse's possibilities of temper, and his heart misgave him. The boy was seated and happy, but he looked a big heavy and forlorn seated on the huge horse, and the master of fox hounds decided to ride close at hand and to keep a careful eye on him. After the hounds found all seemed to go well, however, and the master of fox hounds forgot his good intentions as his sporting blood rose. Suddenly he remembered and looked around just in time to see the boy put his mount at a five-barred gate. The horse refused, and up his neck the young rider slid. He grabbed wildly, and his two arms went round the horse's neck. So close was the horse that his head was over the gate he had refused, and as the boy slid off he struck the top bar. To this he hung, and as the frightened master of fox hounds rode up he held up his hand. "Please, Mr. Blank, does that count as a fall?" he demanded. "I didn't touch ground." "Why, no, Reggie," said the master of fox hounds, as he disguised a laugh in a cough, "I don't think that ought to count as a fall. Are you hurt?" "Not a bit," was the cheerful response, "and now, if you'll lead him up I'll mount from here and then I won't have to touch ground." He did, and was in at the death, and anything he wants in that shop now is his, from the best hunter in its stables to the mastership of the hounds when he grows up.

Why the Empress Went to War.

At the beginning of the year 1900 Tzee Hsi An (the empress dowager) was harassed on every side. All her experience in the season of danger pointed toward the shedding of blood as the only certain means of success. It seems as if she had adopted as motto the gory platform of Robespierre: "Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas." That was the only solution which she was able to discover, and she seized upon it with avidity. Her experience was not broad enough to forecast the result, while her superstition, ignorance and love led her to accept the supposed invulnerability of the Boxers as an established fact. When that illusion vanished and the allies appeared at T'sang Chow, 14 miles from Peking, she fled, taking with her 60 carts filled with the most valuable wealth, and poor Kuang Hsu, who was to serve as a hostage for her own safety and immunity.—R. Van Bergen in Atlantic.

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It is easy to tell when your nerve-force and vital power are slipping away from you. When your day's work leaves you weary and exhausted; when you are so nervous, irritable and sleepless that your nights are passed in restless tossing; when you get up in the morning with no appetite for breakfast, and go around all day with a headache; you may be sure your nervous strength is being used up faster than it is being renewed.

"I was troubled a great deal with nervousness and headache. The least exertion would cause a dreadful pain in the head and when I became excited I would lose entire control of my nerves. I lived in that misery for ten years, failing to get relief until I began using Dr. Miles' Nervine. Within a week my friends were remarking how much better I looked, and soon after I found my health restored."
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Model 38 Price $60. Men's Chainless

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Model 39. Price $60. Ladies' Chainless

Specifications—Frame 22-inch, optional 20 inch; upcurved No. 6 bar with expanding stem, chainless 68 inch gear, optional 72-inch, 1⅜-inch G. & J. Tires, optional pedals; 6⅞-inch cranks; direct tilting seat, forward L optional. Hunt No. 77 saddle.

Model 40. Price $50. Racer

Specifications—Frame 20 inch, optional 22 inch and 24-inch; special No. 20 forward extension racing bar with expanding stem, optional regular No. 26 bar, without extension, as used on Model 41; 84-inch gear, optional 81-inch and 87-inch; ½-inch chain; 1⅜-inch Hartford Special tires, optional G. & J. (see note); 6⅞ inch cranks rat trap pedals; forward L seat post, direct tilting post optional; Brown racing saddle; distinctive color, crimson with blue striping.

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Specifications—Frame 22-inch, optional 20 inch and 24-inch; No. 26 bar with expanding stem; 81-inch gear, optional 77-inch and 84-inch; 3-16-inch chain, 6⅞ inch cranks; 1⅜-inch G. & J. tires, optional Hartford No. 80; rat trap pedals, optional rubber; direct tilting seat post, optional forward L; Hunt No. 76 saddle.

Model 42. Price $40 Ladies' Light Roadster

Specifications—Frame 22 inch, optional 20-inch and 24-inch; upcurved No. 6 bar with expanding stem; 72 inch gear optional 68 inch and 77 inch; 3-16 inch chain; 6⅞-inch cranks; 1⅜ inch G. & J. tires, optional Hartford No. 80; direct tilting seat post. Hunt No 77 saddle.

Model 43. Price $35. Men's Roadster

Specifications—Frame 22-inch, optional 20 inch, 24 inch and 26-inch; No. 26 bar with adjustable stem; 81-inch gear, optional 77-inch and 84-inch; 3-16-inch chain; 6⅞-inch cranks; 1⅜ inch G. & J. tires; rat trap pedals; direct tilting seat post; Rambler No. 2 S. B. Saddle.

Model 44. Price $35. Ladies' Roadster

Specifications—Frame 22 inch, optional 20-inch and 24-inch; upcurved No. 6 bar with adjustable stem; 72-inch gear, optional 68-inch and 77-inch; 3-16-inch chain; 6⅞inch cranks, 1⅜-inch G. & J. tires; rubber pedals; direct tilting seat post; Rambler No. 3 S. B. saddle.

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Ladies' Model 61. Price $25. 28-in Wheels

Specifications—Frame 21-inch, optional 19-inch and 24 inch; reversible bar with internal fastener, 68 inch gear; 61-inch and 77-inch optional; 3-16 inch chain; 6½-inch cranks, 7⅛inch optional; 1⅜-inch single tube tires; rubber pedals; L seat post with internal fastener; Garford ladies' saddle.

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Ar. Houston	4:00 a.m.	4:00 a.m.
Ar. New Orleans	6:25 a.m.	6:25 p.m.
Ar. Washington	6:42 a.m.	6:42 a.m.
Ar. New York	12:43 p.m.	12:42 p.m.

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Worthless

reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of a higher-priced book, when in reality, so far as we know and believe, they are all, from A to Z,

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