

BROKEN FLIGHT.

I saw a bird, light-winged, gay, Leap from the earth in circling flight, I saw it cut the clouds of gray And dart into the drifts of light

And I— I sowed and I reaped, Laid in the dust with broken wing; While fierce the flame of longing burned To do and dare—but not to wait.

I saw a bird beneath my feet, Laid in the dust with broken wing; All hushed the minstrel music sweet— A crucifix and wounded, dying thing

Ah, me! not those who cleave the sky Are safest when the storm goals jeer— Not those who fret and fume to fly Are always fitted for that sphere.

Ah! well that ever our Judgment woke A heart of mercy throbs for all— To hold from us the hurt we seek. And, pitying, note a sparrow's fall. —Nattie Bonner in Philadelphia Ledger.

DOCTOR'S INHERITANCE

Two gentlemen, both past middle age, were seated beside a glowing grate fire, chatting as old friends will who have met after a long separation. The hour was late, nearly midnight, but no sign of weariness was on either face. The room was a library, with well filled bookcases on all sides, a large, business like table in the center and deeply cushioned chairs scattered about. One bookcase contained only medical works in substantial bindings, and with marks of service plainly visible.

Dr. Thurston, host and owner of the handsome home in which the room was situated, was a man past 40, with iron gray hair, strongly marked features, a tall, erect figure and an expression at once kindly and resolute. You read prompt decision in his dark blue eyes and a sympathy in the pleasant smile that often crossed his lips.

His companion, heavily bearded and bronzed by travel, was a far handsomer man, but with a weaker face.

"At last," he said, stretching himself lazily in his deep arm chair, "I find you alone and disengaged. Give me permission to stuff a towel into that obstinate office ball of yours, so that no whining woman or squalling brat can summon you away and make me unhappy."

"Can't be done, Tom. Make the most of me now, for the claims of the whining women and the squalling brats cannot be denied."

"You know what I want to hear. I left you twelve years ago a poor man with a struggling almost wholly gratuitous practice, a sworn bachelor, and almost a hermit outside of your professional duties. I find you wealthy, with a charming wife and a popular member of society, and yet your practice is, as before, almost entirely among those who could not fee you if they would. From what relative unknown to me, your own cousin, did you inherit your fortune?"

"Did it ever occur to you, Tom, that there are romances in real life all about us, quite as improbable as those found upon the shelves of the circulating library? My experience will convince you that I speak with authority. Twelve years ago—we are getting old, Tom—I was, as you say, a poor man, studying hard, living in a stuffy house in a poor neighborhood, hoping for better times, more profitable practice and a fuller purse. I was a bachelor because I could offer only poverty to a wife, a hermit because my studies were engrossing. In my small house I kept one old woman servant, who cooked for me and kept things tidy. Having no carriage I needed no boy, for Martha could write, and I had a much larger office practice than that outside.

"It was late, one bitter night in January, when I was roused by the office bell and the sound of excited voices under my window. Hastening down I found several men carrying upon a stretcher the unconscious patient I was to die, if possible.

"An old man, sir, knocked down by runaway horses and run over," said one of the party, as they gently deposited their burden upon a sofa. "Badly hurted, I'm thinking, doctor, but not dead!"

"Badly hurt, indeed, I found him, and my examination convinced me that any further motion would result fatally. Keep him I must, or risk his life by removal to a hospital. With the assistance of two of the men I undressed him and put him into my own bed, noticing then that he wore no coat.

"Somebody took it off," they told me, and apparently somebody kept it, as it never appeared again. In the trousers pockets were only some trifling articles, a bunch of keys and a handkerchief, but nothing to give any clue to the identity of my patient and invited guest.

"I will not enter into the details of the injuries that excited my interest as a physician and surgeon as much as they called for my sympathy as a man. There were complications in the case that called upon all my skill and knowledge, and the patient endurance of great suffering made me respect my unfortunate guest from the first.

"It was nearly a fortnight before he recovered from the brain injury sufficiently to speak distinctly. When the sufferer could speak he told me that his name was Fanshawe, but said nothing more of himself, and I supposed him unwilling to confess to poverty and the inability to pay me for my services.

"I do not take much credit to myself for my hospitality or devotion, because I was so deeply interested in the case. Professionally considered, that I would live on bread and water rather than have it taken out of my hands.

"As he became stronger my patient became my friend, and interested me deeply by the variety and depth of his information, his experience of travel and charm of conversation.

"Not until he was convalescent and had been an inmate of my house for four months did I know that he was a man of wealth, living in the house I now occupy.

"To care him was beyond human skill, but through two years I attended him, alleviating great suffering and often accepting his invitations to 'spend an hour or two with a lonely old man.'

"When he died he left me his entire

fortune, which I supposed to be mine only because he had no direct heirs or near relatives. He had never spoken but once of his family, and then said briefly that he was a widower and had lost his only child.

"I had enjoyed my inheritance for more than nine years when I fell in love. I, who had never cared for female society before, became deeply attached to the mother of one of my patients, a lady nearly my own age, the widow of an artist, who died in Rome some four or five years before I met her. She had sent for me to see her boy, an only child, slowly dying with an incurable disease of the spine.

"Mrs. Eastwell knew before she saw me that there was no hope of saving the child's life, but she thought I could ease the pain and restlessness from which he suffered. She was herself an artist, working in water colors for the large stores that dealt in fancy goods, and embroidering most exquisitely. But her child claimed much of her time and attention, and I knew she worked in hours when she should have shared the boy's slumbers.

"Patient, self sacrificing, gentle and refined, she filled my ideal of pure womanhood, and I loved her with all the strength of the first love of years. I gave her a man's devotion, not a boy's infatuation. But I knew that it was useless for me to speak while the child lived. She would have thought it a sacrilege to give my love consideration while the mother love in her heart was the ruling spirit. Love making while her child was dying! I could see how she would shrink from the mere suggestion.

"So I tried to be content with winning the place of trusted friend, delicately trying to make my presence a comfort and a help to her, and doing all that I could to make smoother the hard path the childish feet were treading.

"One afternoon she came to my office to ask some questions about the little boy, and, as the waiting room was full, I took her through the parlor to the front door. As we passed by the mantle-piece of the front room she suddenly gave a cry of pain and surprise, stopping short before a life-size portrait of Mr. Fanshawe. Her face was white, her whole form trembling, and before I could catch her she gave one cry of 'Father!' and dropped in a dead faint.

"It was the old story, Tom. She had loved her husband better than her father, and eloped with him, never winning forgiveness. The home she had left was broken up, and Mr. Fanshawe removed to another city, so that for years she had not known where to find him, and had never heard of his death. Her husband had taken her abroad soon after their marriage, and she did not know whether her father had ever tried to trace or follow them.

"You may imagine how like a thief I felt when I could calmly consider this story and think of my inheritance—I living in luxury and she toiling for bread! And the money was hers by every claim of humanity.

"At once I commenced to arrange for restoring the property to her, and knowing her pressing needs instructed my lawyer to supply her with ready money and inform her that as soon as it could be legally done her father's fortune would be restored to her.

"Tom, she flatly refused to take it. She had offended her father and had accepted her punishment, and she would not listen to any proposal to accept his money. In vain I urged the justice of her cause, the burden that money so wrongfully willed away from her would be to me. She threatened to leave the city and never return if I persisted.

"While nothing was settled her child died. She grieved as only the mother of an only child can grieve, and yet I think I comforted her. I dropped all question of the disputed inheritance in those long months, when her loneliness led her to turn to me, her true, loving friend.

"And so, Tom, when a year had passed, and the little life was a sacred memory, no longer a passionate pain to remember, I asked her once more to accept her father's fortune and his heir with it.

"We needed no lawyer then to make the transfer, for I won my wife without losing my inheritance."

"And there goes that confounded old fellow!" said Tom rising; "so I am off."—Anna Shields in New York Ledger.

Danger to Machine Oil.

Take care how you let any machine oil or lubricator come in contact with a cut or scratch on your hand or arm, or serious blood poisoning may result. In the manufacture of some of these machine oils fat from diseased and decomposed animals is used. All physicians know how poisonous such matter is. The only safeguard is not to let any spot where the skin is broken be touched by any machine oil or lubricator.—Washington Star.

SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The world-renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Ailments. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburg, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing sixty hands in that department. They are running about eleven months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1902 will be more than 10,000,000, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Hebrew, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, etc., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1902 can be obtained free of cost from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

After the barn is rified, When stolen is the horse, Why do we look the portal? To save the door, of course.

DYSPEPSIA AND CONSTIPATION.

Henry B. Archer, Receiver of Taxes of the city of Yonkers, N. Y., says of BRANFORTH'S PILLS:

"For the past ten years I have been using BRANFORTH'S PILLS for self and family. We find them a sovereign remedy for indigestion and constipation, taking one or two every night for ten days. They are also admirable blood purifiers, perfectly harmless and exceedingly effective as a cathartic. I first used them myself, particularly for biliousness and dyspepsia. They relieved me in two weeks. I cheerfully recommend them."

Candid.—Baron to wealthy banker.—My good sir, I happen to be just now in pecuniary difficulties; could you assist me with one of your daughters?

For throat diseases and coughs use "Brewer's Bronchial Troches." Price, 25 cents. Sold only in boxes.

"I suppose the baby is a delicate pink—eh, Bronson?" "No. He's a robust fellow," replied the proud and sleepy father.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY

Lears away from superstition and blind idolatry of ions and ice—allopathic included. It leans toward universal, all-determining law; towards facts, not fancies. It leans towards immutable principles and invulnerable truth, and away from superannated authority; organized ignorance and dyed-in-the-wool prejudice. Blind empiricism in medicine has, with other fossilized bivalves, had its day. Yes, there are plenty of "beated crabs," but being born of darkness and fear—two sisters of intellectual infancy—they cannot much longer withstand the civilizing influence of advancing science. They are slowly but surely "dying in a Egypt, dying," before the "search light" of investigation. The advancing thinker wonders how it was possible for that monstrosity—the medical science (?) extant now—to have survived to this late day! But where was the reform to come from? It is not only safe to attempt reform, it is outright dangerous. It requires a boldness akin to recklessness. Legion is the name who have tried; they have left their bleaching bones as a warning. An attempt at reforming theology brands you a "heretic"; in politics you are charged with every infamy under the sun, and in medicine every dick intellect "quacks" at you and you are accused of having no diploma when your diploma is on file in the courthouse under the very eyes of the slanderers. All this is caused by beotted ignorance, and since books are sent free of charge to every applicant and we pay the postage, there is no excuse for ignorance when it costs nothing to be informed. People who berate the Histenetic system of medicine are either intellectual pariahs incapable of counting five in succession or understanding any 2x4 problem, or they are mental sluggards and cannot screw themselves up to the point of information by reading up and forming a conclusion. In either case their opinions are as valuable as that of Puget Sound oysters.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yealer, Third and James streets, Seattle, Wash.

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Send for free book explaining the Histenetic system.—The Histenetic Medicines are sold in our every agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Histenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

TRY GINSEMA for breakfast.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deadly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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Use Rhamelme Store Polish; no dust, no smell



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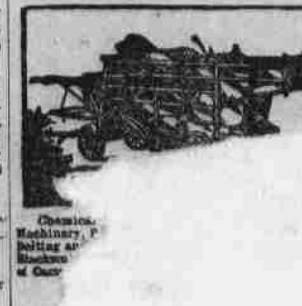
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