

### WHISTLE IT AWAY.

Have you any petty cares, boys?  
Whistle them away;  
There's nothing cheers the spirits  
Like a merry roundelay,  
No matter how the heartaches,  
'Neath silk or hodden-gray,  
For the sake of those who love you  
Just whistle them away.

'Tis strange how soon friends gather  
About a cheerful face;  
That smiling eyes and lips count more  
Than beauty, wealth or grace,  
But I have seen it tried, boys;  
When trouble comes to stay,  
The brave heart leaps to work and strives  
To whistle it away.  
—Selected.

### The Family Specter.

66 **B**Y Jove, Gordon, I don't know what to make of you!" exclaimed Tom Fairleigh, drawing on his gloves with considerable show of vexation. "Amy Hepburn's happiness is dear to me; in fact, I came here to-night to tell you that I love her."

"To tell me!" broke in Gordon; "why don't you tell her?"

"Wait, can't you? Let me finish. I have told her and she declined me. It was very gently and with the greatest possible regard for my feelings, but nevertheless I was declined. Don't think me a fool because I come here and make a confession which can be nothing less than mortifying. I'm doing it for Amy's sake."

"For Amy's sake?" echoed Gordon.

"Yes; I want to see her happy and you are the man to make her so. She declined me on your account. Of course, I knew long ago that you were my rival, but I did not know until two hours since that you were the successful one. You aren't worthy of her and don't deserve her, but don't think for a moment that I believe myself more worthy or more deserving." Pausing suddenly, Fairleigh walked to his friend's side and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I can't understand what you mean by leading Amy to believe that you care for her, while all the time dividing your attentions with Nell Forthdyke. Would you be inhuman enough to break a heart as loyal as Amy's?"

"Don't be tragic, Tom. I'm not going to break anybody's heart. Nell is rich, you know."

"And so are you," sneered Fairleigh, walking hurriedly to the door and laying his hand on the knob, "but Amy Hepburn is poor. Society dares you to wed with poverty. If you love Amy, are you man enough to take the dare? Examine into the financial condition of the Hepburns, reflect upon the cause of their downfall in fortune, and then let me see if you are strong enough to leap this Brahmin barrier of cast."

With this parting shot Fairleigh passed quickly out of the room and slammed the door behind him. Harry Gordon gave vent to a long whistle, settled himself back in his chair and thoughtfully lighted a cigar.

"That was quite a jolt," he muttered, looking upward through the curling wreaths of smoke. "How happy I could be with either were I other dear charmer away! It's as sure as can be that I love one and fancy the other, but who will unravel the Gordian knot? Which is it to be—Amy or Nell?"

A knock fell on the door—not on the outside door, but on a door leading into a closet. Harry Gordon stirred uncomfortably in his chair, a vexed look coming into his eyes as he fixed them upon the closet door. After a brief interval of silence the knock was repeated.

"Now, what in the world aroused you?" cried Gordon.

"Business is business," came a hollow voice from the other side of the closet door. "I'm here for a purpose, and if I do not make that purpose manifest once in a while you'll forget all about me."

This remark was followed by a cackling chattering outburst that seemed to grate harshly on Gordon's ear.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to come out and show myself. You know I'm here, but a little ocular demonstration won't come amiss, I take it. Remember, I'm showing consideration for you. I might have kicked open this door and stalked out into the room. But I didn't. I rapped."

"Can't you put it off? Come out tomorrow. I've got something else to think about now."

"The high and mighty order of family skeletons are not in the habit of playing second fiddle or taking back seats for anybody. I'm coming out at once."

"All right, then," groaned Gordon, squaring himself about in his chair. "Come on."

The closet door flew open and a well-developed skeleton strode out and dropped with a rattle into a chair. The cavernous eyes were blankly expressive to Gordon. For him also there was something sarcastic in the grin of the fleshless jaws.

"Dust me off," said the skeleton; "I want to show up as frightful as possible to-night."

The request presented itself to Gordon as a command, which he was powerless to disobey. Picking up a feather duster, he plied it vigorously above the gleaming white bones.

"A-choo!" he sneezed, dropping the duster and falling into his chair.

"You ought not to neglect me," said the skeleton. "I'm one of the family and should be treated as such. Now, then, let's have a chat."

The skeleton crossed his bony legs and settled back comfortably.

"Will you do me any good to have a chat with you?" queried Gordon.

"That remains to be seen. It used to do your father good. Why, it was my

custom to visit him every night. As he sat before that table there, writing, I'd sneak out of that closet, come quietly up behind him and put an arm caressingly about his neck." The skeleton laughed, working his bony jaws with a succession of crackling sounds that made Gordon shiver. "How it used to startle him! He would turn white as a sheet as he looked up into my face. Once he sprang to his feet in desperation and we had a wrestle all about the room, overturning chairs, tables and everything else that came in our way."

"You succeeded well in shortening my father's life," returned Gordon, gloomily. "Under your tyranny he sunk into his grave long before his time."

"So he did, so he did, and he passed me on to you with the rest of his property, real and personal. It was a rich inheritance, my dear boy, even though I had to be dragged at his heels. Yet don't accuse me of any responsibility for your father's taking off. He was the author of my existence. Like Frankenstein, he built me up, bone by bone, and was not content until he had made a gigantic monster and breathed into my bony breast the breath of life. Then, in order that I might not afflict his sight, he stowed me away in that closet. Suppose I became the instrument of his own undoing? Is it not true that he was, nevertheless, the author of his own downfall?"

"Your logic seems to be as merciless as it is correct," answered Gordon, with knitted brows. "Still there are some points relating to your history on which my mind is a trifle obscure. What possessed my father to call into being a creature of your disagreeable character?"

"The almighty dollar, young man. He created me in order that you might inherit a little more wealth. He did not think then how I should one day sit astride his shoulders like an old man of the sea, nor did he think that it was possible for me to afflict his son. For obvious reasons my relations with you are not so intimate as they were with your worthy father. I was evolved out of the wheat pit of the Board of Trade. Your father was a bull, and he mercilessly gored both life and fortune out of a certain bear who was not nimble enough to get out of his way."

"And who was this bear?" asked Gordon.

"A man named Hepburn."

"Amy Hepburn's father?" murmured the young man, rubbing his hand across his brow in an effort to remember.

"Yes, Hepburn lost every penny he had in the world through that disastrous wheat deal. He was forced into bankruptcy, and, unable to bear the disgrace, took his own life. His money went to increase the store your father left you, my boy, and it is now possible for you to live in luxury while Hepburn's wife and children must struggle on as best they can. However," and the skeleton got up and started back to its closet, "it is not for me to moralize. Now that I've caught myself delivering a homily, I'll just take my departure. Au revoir, my dear fellow."

Halting at the closet door, the skeleton waved its adieu and disappeared within. Gordon sat in his chair, deep in thought, while his cigar burned itself out between his fingers.

At last he got up and shook his broad shoulders as though freeing himself of a disagreeable burden.

"Society has dared me," he muttered, "but I know my heart now, and I'll do as I please!"

After Harry Gordon and Amy Hepburn had been married and had returned from their honeymoon, Harry brought his bride upstairs to his old bachelor's den and seated her in a chair.

"My dear," he said, "I have a confession to make to you. My father once did you father a grievous wrong, and I have made myself the happiest fellow in the world undoing it. However, as we are not to have any secrets from each other, you must know about this."

A look of astonishment came into Amy's blue eyes as she watched her husband proceed to the closet, throw open the door and go to rummaging about inside.

"What in the world are you looking for, Harry?" she asked as he returned to her side.

"I'm looking for something that doesn't seem to be there—the Gordon family skeleton, Amy. For the first time in fifteen years it is not to be found in that closet."

Just then a clanking tread was heard in the hallway without, the door was pushed slowly ajar and the skeleton limped in, supporting himself on a crutch and looking very much the worse for wear.

"There it is!" cried Gordon. "What's the matter with you, old chap? Here, sit down. I want to make you acquainted with my wife."

The family skeleton dropped into a chair and shook until it rattled like a score of castanets.

"I'm done for," it groaned. "You've fixed me, young man. I just dropped in to say good-by forever. But don't introduce me to your wife. We met before."

"That's so, Harry," said Amy. "I know all about this family skeleton of yours. Don't let it worry you, my dear," and she threw her soft arms about his neck. "Let the dead past bury its dead. If we are happy, isn't that enough?"

"Enough, yes!" and he pressed a rapturous kiss upon her fair cheek.

That kiss pronounced the doom of the Gordon family skeleton. Forthwith it began to fade into the air, finally vanishing and leaving not a wreck behind.

Mean people say that the man a widow selects to support her at her husband's funeral is the one she usually marries afterward.



Every young man who has a civil war veteran for a father will appreciate the revenge which Lieut. Callahan, of the Twentieth Kansas, is looking forward to. Writing to his venerable paternal ancestor at Junction City, the lieutenant says: "I will have grand army tales that will make you turn green with envy. I have lots to tell you and you will have to listen to my tales of war as I have listened to yours in years gone by."

Of the several hundred Hobson, Sampson, Dewey, Schley and other war hero souvenirs that have been sent to the president only three have been retained in the president's room. Every manufacturer of a toy novelty that is based on one of the famous men of the late war sends a sample of his product to the president, with the result that during the past few months enough pictures, pencils, knives, statuettes, badges, inkstands and other trifles turned out in commemoration of incidents of the Spanish war have been delivered at the white house to stock a small store. The great bulk of these is carted up to the spacious garret, which is the storeroom of many a gift intended for the personal use of the president. In the cabinet room, however, three Dewey relics have found resting places. One is a good photograph of the Dewey bust, being about thirty inches square.

According to Inspector General Breckinridge, who has recently returned from Cuba and Porto Rico, the sense of moral responsibility of the average Cuban is extremely limited. This was strongly impressed upon him one day at a military station near Santiago. A gang of bandits had been rounded up by the troops, and with them a dozen horses stolen from a plantation in the vicinity. The general took a look at the prisoners and noticed among them a man who appeared to belong to a better class than his companions. He was called forward and through an interpreter the general questioned him.

"How did you get mixed up in this?" asked the inspector general.

"I had nothing to do with the affair," was the reply. "I am the school teacher in the district where these men live and I give them advice. I give every one advice who comes for it."

"But," suggested the officer who accompanied Gen. Breckinridge, "that fellow told the robbers to cut off the hand of the owner of the horses."

"Ask him why he made such a malignant suggestion," said the general to the interpreter.

The question was put and the school teacher shrugged his shoulders. "The 'caequa' does not understand," he said. "It was I who saved the proprietor's life. These men came to me with him and said: 'He will not pay us what we demand. Shall we kill him?' Then, as they asked me for advice, I said: 'No, do not kill him. Cut off one hand; he will pay you then.' They did as I advised, the money was paid and I saved the man's life. There is surely nothing malignant about that. I am his friend."—Washington Star.

### A GUN IN THE PULPIT.

Colored Preacher Who Keeps a Loaded Shotgun by His Side.

The Rev. George W. Kincaid, a colored preacher of Pittsburg, Pa., is a dead sure shot with a gun and when he goes south into what is called the "black belt" to preach he keeps a load-



ed shotgun beside him in the pulpit.

The Rev. Mr. Kincaid is an ardent supporter of the rights of his race, and for this reason he has been several times assaulted by a mob of white men.

### High Life Among the Birds.

Sparrow—Old Bluebird looks bluer than ever this morning. Wife got in a pet, and went off and left him, I suppose.

Tom Tit—Yes; but she'll never get in another.

Sparrow—How's that?

Tom Tit—Miss Jones' tabby cat has just swallowed her.—Harper's Bazar.

Everyone is at least this mean: If he pays tax on his dog, he wants other people to pay on their dogs.

Glue may be obtained from pigs' feet and sugar from a hogs' head.

The egotist naturally leads a lonely life.

### NAME RECALLS A TRAGEDY.

Stream in Colorado Christened by Spaniards The River of Lost Souls.

When Juan owned all Mexico and Florida, as the vast region of the Mississippi Valley was called long before the United States had an existence as a separate government, the commanding officer at Santa Fe received an order to open communication with the country of Florida. For this purpose an infantry regiment was selected. It left Santa Fe rather late in the season and wintered at a point on the old trail now known as Trinidad. In the spring the colonel, leaving all camp followers behind him, both men and women, marched down the stream, known to the Mexicans as the River le Purgatoire, but to the Americans in Colorado, through which the river flows, as the "Picketwire," which flows for many miles through magnificent canyons. Not one of the regiment returned or was ever heard of. When all hope had departed from the wives, children and friends left behind at Trinidad, information was sent to Santa Fe and a wall went up through the land. The priests and people then called this stream "El Rio de las Almas Perdidas" ("the river of lost souls"). Years after, when the Spanish power was weakened and French trappers came into the country under the auspices of the fur companies, they adopted a more concise name; they called the river "Le Purgatoire." Then came the great American bullwhacker. Utterly unable to twist his tongue into any such Frenchified expressions, he called the stream with the sad story "Picketwire," and by that name it is known to all frontiersmen, trappers and the settlers along its banks.

### An Animal Parac.

In the year 1874, at the suggestion of Miss Elizabeth Morris, the idea was originated in Philadelphia to found a refuge for homeless and suffering animals of all sorts, says the Philadelphia Times. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals could prevent, but were unable to obviate or alleviate. They had no home. So Miss Morris and some women friends, in conjunction with the women's branch of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., the latter consenting to pay the salary of an agent if the others would collect funds for the maintenance of the work, founded what is known as the Morris Refuge Association. From this small beginning originated the first and at the present time the only institution in the world receiving any and every species of animal needing shelter.

As the society and its work became known it won many friends and in 1897, through the munificence of Mrs. George McClellan, a new and enlarged home was purchased, built on a lot 47 feet wide with a depth of 375 feet. It has a stable with three rooms, one containing stalls for two horses, one for a wagon and another in every respect suitable for dogs.

The yard is floored with concrete on a slight slope and one portion of it is divided into four inclosures to separate the different sized dogs. In each of the inclosures a small shed has been erected to shelter the animals from the heat and under these stand the comfortable kennels filled with clean straw. At the far end of the yard are two more inclosures, one of which is grassy ground, in which the dogs are taken to exercise twice or three times a day. In the course of last year 128 dogs were taken to the temporary home, for forty-two of which permanent homes were found. Many of them were boarders, and there are now nineteen in the home.

### Wool Isn't Scarce.

He looked as if he had not seen a cake of soap for several days, and the soft blue of his eyes looked like a bit of sky gleaming from sullen clouds. He was a little fellow of perhaps 11 years, but he was walking down Woodward avenue as if he had the world at his feet, whistling "My Girl's a Highborn Lady" with all his might. When he came to the bed of pansies in the Grand Circus park he did not stop, but walked deliberately along to the end of the bed and on to the grass. Then he stooped down and reached over, picking one of the flowers.

"Here, what are you doing?" shouted a passerby who wanted to scare the little fellow.

"Picking pansies," was the reply, and he picked several more blossoms.

"Don't you know that that is against the law? The policeman will arrest you if you don't look out."

"Ah, go on. You can't scare me. This ain't no April fool day, and they ain't no copper around. These is for my girl."

This last was said with a sarcastic grin. Then he gathered up his handful of pansies and started on down the avenue, whistling "My Girl's a Highborn Lady."—Detroit Free Press.

### Origin of Quarantine.

In the fourteenth century one-fourth of the population of Europe are computed to have died of the bubonic plague, introduced from the East. The first measures to check its spread were adopted by the city of Venice, which appointed in 1348 three guardians of the public health. In 1463 Venice established a lazaret, or contagious disease hospital, on a small island adjoining the city. This was the beginning of quarantine. The word itself means "forty," and implies forty days, the period of detention imposed on vessels at this first Venetian quarantine.

### Short-Lived Teeth.

A dental authority declares that it is not uncommon at the present time to find infants with decayed teeth, and girls of 14 or 16 wearing artificial teeth.

### China a Heavy Borrower.

According to the London Statist, the Chinese government has borrowed in Europe since 1894 \$278,775,000.

# A Great Name is a guarantee of superior worth.

There are many brands of baking powders, but "Royal Baking Powder" is recognized at once as the brand of great name, the powder of highest favor and reputation. Everyone has absolute confidence in the food where Royal is used.

Pure and healthful food is a matter of vital importance to every individual.

## Royal Baking Powder assures the finest and most wholesome food.

There are many imitation baking powders, made from alum, mostly sold cheap. Avoid them, as they make the food unwholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Duchess of Fife, accompanied by the duke, is often seen walking in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, London.

When a chameleon is blinded it loses all power of changing its color, and its entire body remains in a uniform tint.

"Our Duchesses" of Marlborough by her sweet and winning ways is fast becoming one of the most popular women in England.

A successful firm of tea merchants in London is composed entirely of women. The blenders, tasters and packers are also women.

The largest number of Chinese women in America is found in California. In the various cities of that state there are perhaps 2,500 women.

There are three varieties of the dog that never bark—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog, and the "lion-headed" dog of Thibet.

Orchids at \$20,000 each ought to encourage floriculture. An offer of this amount was made and refused for the three recently exhibited at the Antwerp horticultural show.

Empress Charlotte, of Mexico, recently celebrated her 60th birthday at the Chateau de Bonchoto, where she is confined. Although she does not look her age, her mental condition is hopeless as ever.

The losses by fire in this country during the first four months of this year amounted in round numbers to \$50,000,000, against about \$38,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1898. A like rate of destruction continued during the year will bring the figures

for 1899 to the enormous total of \$150,000,000 or 10 times as much as all our battleships together cost to build.

The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in 12 hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,030,200 notes.

A large turkey buzzard, with a bell fastened to one of its feet, has made its appearance in Cumberland county, N. J., for the tenth successive spring.

A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

The Swedish bride fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to every one she meets on her way to the church, every piece she dispenses averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

A tramp stole a flock of 200 sheep from an English farmer, drove them to a neighboring village, and had disposed of several of them before he was caught.

Five years ago a Chester (Penn.) woman gave a tramp his breakfast, and the other week he called on her and offered to pay for it. He is not a tramp now.

The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in 12 hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,030,200 notes.

A large turkey buzzard, with a bell fastened to one of its feet, has made its appearance in Cumberland county, N. J., for the tenth successive spring.

A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

The Swedish bride fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to every one she meets on her way to the church, every piece she dispenses averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

A tramp stole a flock of 200 sheep from an English farmer, drove them to a neighboring village, and had disposed of several of them before he was caught.

Five years ago a Chester (Penn.) woman gave a tramp his breakfast, and the other week he called on her and offered to pay for it. He is not a tramp now.

The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in 12 hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,030,200 notes.

A large turkey buzzard, with a bell fastened to one of its feet, has made its appearance in Cumberland county, N. J., for the tenth successive spring.

A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

The Swedish bride fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to every one she meets on her way to the church, every piece she dispenses averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

A tramp stole a flock of 200 sheep from an English farmer, drove them to a neighboring village, and had disposed of several of them before he was caught.

Five years ago a Chester (Penn.) woman gave a tramp his breakfast, and the other week he called on her and offered to pay for it. He is not a tramp now.

The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in 12 hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,030,200 notes.

A large turkey buzzard, with a bell fastened to one of its feet, has made its appearance in Cumberland county, N. J., for the tenth successive spring.

A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

The Swedish bride fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to every one she meets on her way to the church, every piece she dispenses averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

A tramp stole a flock of 200 sheep from an English farmer, drove them to a neighboring village, and had disposed of several of them before he was caught.

Five years ago a Chester (Penn.) woman gave a tramp his breakfast, and the other week he called on her and offered to pay for it. He is not a tramp now.

The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in 12 hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,030,200 notes.

A large turkey buzzard, with a bell fastened to one of its feet, has made its appearance in Cumberland county, N. J., for the tenth successive spring.

A custom peculiar to Buddhists is that of wandering about the country with hammer and chisel and carving holy symbols upon rocks by the wayside.

The Swedish bride fills her pockets with bread, which she dispenses to every one she meets on her way to the church, every piece she dispenses averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

A tramp stole a flock of 200 sheep from an English farmer, drove them to a neighboring village, and had disposed of several of them before he was caught.

Five years ago a Chester (Penn.) woman gave a tramp his breakfast, and the other week he called on her and offered to pay for it. He is not a tramp now.

The record of the greatest number of notes struck by a musician in 12 hours is said to have been made by Paderewski, who struck 1,030,200 notes.



### An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinal laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal.

Louisville, Ky. New York, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists—Price \$5. per bottle.