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So it is not to be wondered that the beverage made from

**Chase & Sanborn's
Seal Brand Coffee**

is *par excellent*.

And it is not strange that thousands of homes delight in the joys of a drink made from such material.

Every grocer who prides himself on handling the best class of goods sells Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, in one and two pound cans, sealed with a seal and guarantee of perfection.

Boys and Girls.

A Change of Heart.

[By Mary F. Butts.]

"I care for nobody,
And nobody cares for me,"
Sang Tommy at play, in the sweet new
hay.
Where nobody could see.

So his mother made the fire,
And searched for the old hen's nest,
While the sun from his place high over-
head,
Went sliding into the west,
She filled the water-pail,
And picked the berries for tea,
And wondered down in her tender heart
Where her little boy could be.

Alone in the dim old barn,
Tommy grew tired of play,
When the cows came home and the
shadows fell
Over the new-mown hay.

So into the kitchen he ran,
With a noisy hi! y! y!
His mother had made him a frosted
cake,
She had made him a saucer pie.

So he gave her a loving hug—
"I will help next time," said he.
"I care for nobody,
And nobody cares for me."

Unruly boys.

The different methods used by teachers and head masters to check a boy who is running headlong down the wrong road are a curious subject of study for those who have the same work to do.

We all remember Tom Brown's description (doubtless a fact) of his treatment by Doctor Arnold when he and two other boys were "sent up" for being out after hours. How the doctor, busy with carving a toy boat for one of his own children, questioned the boys with twinkling eyes about their scrape, examined their muddy clothes, and then sent them to the housekeeper for a wash and bread and jam, adding a friendly hint to put off such long runs until they were older, so making of them friends for life.

Lord K. when he was a young man told of a miserable, drunken row in which he took part at Oxford, when he was 16. The next morning he was summoned before Dr. X., and went up resolved to be defiant and impudent. To his surprise he was ushered into the doctor's sanctum with marked respect as a most honored guest. The old man courteously motioned him to be seated, and turned to an open copy of Burke's Peersage.

"I find here," he said, "that your family name is C."
"Yes," said the delinquent.
"Your grandfather," his long finger on the book, "at your age was serving his king in India, which country he helped to gain for England by his valor."

"I believe that is correct," said the boy, stiffening himself.
"Your uncle, when younger than you, began those scientific discoveries which have made his name known to all the world."

K. bowed.
"Your father was a leader in parliament and in the nation. He gave his life to the reform of abuses."

Again K. bowed his assent proudly.
"And you—yes," in a voice which brought him to his feet, "I hear that you spend your days in fighting cabmen, and your nights in gin shops. I cannot believe it of the son of your fathers. Come back to me in a month and tell me the truth about yourself."

More laconic and direct was the dealing of the master of Rugby with a certain H., who was neglecting his books for athletics. The story is reported by Mr. Lees Knowles, M.P.

"Ah, Mr. H., I think?"
"Yes, Doctor Arnold."
"H., you run well, I hear."
H. blushed and nods.
"So did I. You hold the school-
backs?"

Another blushing nod.
"So did I. You don't work, H. I did. You must. Good morning."

Both of these last methods proved effectual in their purpose. No second interview was needed.—Youth's Companion.

The Travels of a Fox.

[By Clifton Johnson.]

A fox digging behind a stump found a bumblebee. The fox put the bumblebee in his bag, and traveled.

The first house he came to he went in, and said to the mistress of the house, "Can I leave my bag here while I go to squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.
"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.
But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman just took a little peep into the bag, and the rooster flew out, and the pig caught him and ate him all up.

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his rooster was gone, and he said to the woman, "Where is my rooster?"

And the woman said, "I just untied the string, and the rooster flew out, and the pig ate him up."

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his pig was gone, and he said to the woman, "Where is my pig?"

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After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his bumblebee was gone, and he said to the woman, "Where is my bumblebee?"

And the woman said, "I just untied the string, and the bumblebee flew out, and the rooster ate him up."

"Yes," said the woman.
"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman just took a little peep into the bag, and the rooster flew out, and the pig caught him and ate him all up.

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And the woman said, "I just untied the string, and the rooster flew out, and the pig ate him up."

After a while the fox came back. He took up his bag, and he saw that his pig was gone, and he said to the woman, "Where is my pig?"

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The Poets.

Ready.
They might not heed me—
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight—

A smile so small
As mine, might be
Precisely there.
—Emily Dickinson.

Death the Leveler.
The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in sweet dust
All alike shall lie,
And with the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field;
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds;
Your head must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell eternally on the dust.

—James Shirley (1596-1663).

Fear Time, but Fear Not Death.
Fear Time, but fear not Death,
O fearful Lover;
Death will lay Love to thee for ever
Bequeath:
Time may discover
How Love with Time weighs little,
And seeming trust, as crystal glass, is
brittle.

Fear Time, but fear not Death,
For Death is sealing
The lips for thee from which their fragrant
breath
Thy touch is stealing.
Then fear not Death, O Lover:
Time, and not Death, may flaws in her
discover.

—Ella Fuller Matland.

Home.
It is good to have a corner just to call
one's own,
Though it be a corner in branches by the
west wind blown;
Though it be a crooked window under
mossy old eaves,
Known but to daring swallows and to
autumn's drifting leaves;

Though it only be a little room of four
bare walls,
Caught in 'mid smoky chimneys and
the city's noisy calls,
The heart must rest awhile, and the soul
may be alone,
If yet one has a corner just to call one's
own.

The busy world is beckoning and lures
us away,
And life seems all tomorrow, though
'tis leaving us today;
But there's nothing half so rare, in the
golden days of youth,
As a little roof, a low roof, that we call
Home.

There is nothing half so precious in the
wide world and free,
As the dear hearts, the near hearts,
close to you and me,
Oh, when the dream is broken, and
a-wandering we roam,
We'll find no other shelter like the one
called Home!

Fame may be awaiting us, and glory
on the way,
But the humble things, the sweet
things, are ours every day;
And for loss or for gain, there is nothing
more to be said,
Like a heart and a corner just to call
one's own.

—[Virginia W. Cloud.

Picked Up in Passing.
It is said that the price paid to
Mark Twain for his new book is \$400,
and that Major Pond has recently
made him an offer of \$50,000 for a
series of lectures.

The Duchess of York has ordered a
magnificent embroidered dress from
the Poor Ladies' Work Society of Ire-
land. It will be begun at once, as it
can be divided and given to different
embroiderers. It will be of rich white
satin, ornamented in diamond and sil-
ver. The dress will cost \$300 and will
be made up by a Dublin firm.

Of the various plans for fitting
one's self for going to the Klondike,
the advice of the Chicago Tribune
seems most sensible. "Acquire habits
of self-control and industry," it says,
"be prepared to meet with firmness
whatever discouragements may arise;
scrape together two or three times as
much money for the journey as the
best estimates render necessary; and
then don't go."

A story is told by Mrs. Alice Free-
man Palmer illustrating the modesty
of the poet Whittier. Once when
Whittier was visiting at a house in
Boston, a woman forced her way to
him, and, clasping both his hands in
hers, exclaimed: "Mr. Whittier, this
is the supreme moment of my life!"
Whittier stood first on one foot and
then on the other, withdrew his hands
and clasped them behind his back, and
replied, prosaically, "Is it?"

When Queen Victoria ascended the
throne there were not more than 100
abstainers among the ministers of the
various religious denominations in the
United Kingdom, no bishops, and only
a dozen members of the medical
profession. Today there are, accord-
ing to returns just issued, two arch-
bishops, fourteen bishops of English
dioceses, many thousands of clergymen
of every denomination, and 1,800 physi-
cians who are total abstainers. More-
over, one man in every three in the
army is a teetotaler.

Li Hung Chang, the prime minister
of China, has just appointed a Chinese
household doctor to the women of his
own household. The woman is Dr. Eng,
the daughter of a mandarin, and she
graduated from an American universi-
ty. Later on she obtained her degree
of doctor of medicine at the Woman's
Medical College in Philadelphia. This
fact did not prevent the great China-
man from allowing her to practice her

profession. It appears that the lady
of English-speaking women pleased Li
Fung Chang greatly, and the enlight-
ened of the empire may be said to
begin by his appointment of the first
Chinese woman doctor.

The record of the life of three of
the younger sons of the Emperor of
Germany gives the indulgent heart of
the American mother a twinge of pain.
The eldest of these is 13 years old, the
youngest 3. All three rise at six, and
have an hour's study before their
breakfast at 7:30. For this, as for
their morning toilet, they are allowed
but fifteen minutes, and they then go
to the hunting box at Lenstedt, where
they study two hours more. At 10
comes a 20-minute recess and a small
lunch, which they are obliged to eat
while exercising. After this more
study, until 1 o'clock, when they have
a simple dinner. At 3 comes another
study hour; at 4, a lesson in Latin
and a lesson in French; at 5, a lesson
in German. The record of such a day
gives an entirely new meaning to the
phrase "To live like a prince."

A Smile: A Laugh.

The sultan will go, what he asks in
Crete, as no one opposes him except
the six great powers.

"Why, Nellie, dear," said the little
girl's teacher, "haven't you told me
yet?" "None," replied Nellie.
"I've been on an exertion with mam-
ma."

"No, I can't give you a job. I've
many hands as I can find work for."
"Well, that needn't stand in your way,
governor. The little I'd do wouldn't
make much difference."

A man sent this answer to a book-
seller who sent in his account for a
book some time before delivered. "I
never ordered the book. If I did, you
did not send it. If I got it, I paid for
it. If I didn't, I won't."

"Here, my little fellow," said the
benevolent old gentleman to a weeping
boy. "I wouldn't cry that way if I
were you." "I know you're right,"
said the boy, "but I can't help it. I
was a little boy," asked the weep-
er during a temporary cessation of
tears.

A clergyman, sorely tried by a dozing
majority of his audience, stopped speak-
ing. When they all awoke, he said:
"My friends, this sermon cost me a
good deal of labor, and I do not think
you have paid it the attention it de-
serves. I shall, therefore, go over it
again."

Two dusky small boys were quarrel-
ing; one was pouring forth a volume of
superior epithets, while the other
leaned against a fence and calmly con-
templated him. When the flow of lan-
guage was exhausted, he said: "You
are too good for me. You ain't got nuf-
fin more to say?" "No," "Well, all dem
t'ings what you called me, you is."

A town councilman of Cork, Ireland, is
credited with the remark: "There can
be no doubt of the virulence of this
epidemic. For I know of people lying dead
in it who were died before." The
same gentleman thus chivalrously de-
fended a colleague. "I strongly protest
against this attack on my absent
friend. It is not right to hang a
man behind his back."

A Chinese philosopher has been
found in the kitchen of one of our
Western college presidents, who makes
this distinction between the Orient
and the Occident: "In China the men
boss the women; in America the wo-
men boss the men." "Do I boss?" in-
quired Madame President. "No, you no boss him,"
rejoined an astute Chinaman, "but he
do what you say."

An English traveler coming to Ta-
breez, a town near the boundary
between Persia and Georgia, had great
difficulty in finding lodging for the
night. A German merchant of the
place came to his help with happy re-
sult.

After a good deal of doubt and de-
lay on the subject, it was finally set-
tled, toward evening, that we should
take up our abode with a Nestorian
Christian who had been employed as
dragoman by several embassies going
to Teheran, and who was said to
speak English.

We were greatly amused by our fu-
ture host's manner of introducing
himself.

"You come with me, all right. You
know me? I Lazarus; find me 11th
John in middle chapter, all missionary
gentleman know me, all right."

The old-fashioned man who
prowled about the streets of
medieval London, with a lan-
tern in his hand, to proclaim his
coming, and who
his passage
through the
streets by
shouting "All's
well," was a
very inefficient
protector when
compared with
the metropoli-
tan police of
New York City,
commonly
known as the
"Finest." The
modern policeman does not proclaim his
coming to the evil doer by shouting or by
carrying a lantern. He does his work more
quietly and effectively than the old-fash-
ioned town watchman.

It is thus that in all the walks of life
and in all occupations, times change and knowl-
edge and efficiency increase. In this re-
spect medical science has kept pace with
the advance in other lines. Physicians and
chemists have grown rapidly more skillful.
There are medicinal preparations now-a-
days that cure diseases that were a few
years ago considered absolutely incurable.

The final triumph in this respect is Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It was
first given to the world thirty years ago,
and has stood the test ever since. It
cures 98 per cent. of all cases of
consumption, bronchitis, throat and kindred
affections, and of all who were hopeless
sufferers, and had been given up by the
doctors, have testified to its marvelous
merits. It is the great blood-maker and
fresh-builder. It makes the appetite hearty,
the digestion and assimilation perfect, the
liver active, the blood pure and rich with
life-giving elements of the food, and the
nerves strong and steady. It acts directly
on the lungs and air-passages, driving out
all impurities, and making the system
rest dealer will not try to persuade you to
take an inferior substitute for the sake of a
few pennies. It is the
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure consti-
pation. At all medicine stores.

Irresolute.

A writer on French politics in the
London Truth tells a significant anec-
dote of the Duc d'Aumale, who died
a few weeks ago. The duke was a
prince of the House of Orleans, enor-
mously wealthy, and so popular in
his youth that it was thought he could
easily play the role of Louis Napoleon,
and secure his own election as presi-
dent or stadtholder of France. But he
died in the position to which he was
born.

The English writer who tells the
story was standing near the door at a
state ball when the duke entered.
"Announce me," he said to the ser-
vant, "as General le Duc d'Aumale."
The man stepped forward, but the
duke stopped him. "No. As le Duc
d'Aumale, simply," he corrected.
Before the servant could open his
mouth the duke interrupted him again,
anxiously, "Announce me as His Royal
Highness, the Duc d'Aumale."

But again he stopped him. "I will
not be announced at all," and passed
into the room in silence.

"The case is a writer," "I under-
stood why he never had been king or
stadtholder of France!"

The story with the same meaning is
told of the nomination of a few years ago
of a governor of the State of New
York. A popular candidate of
brilliant talent was considered favorably
by the party leaders who were to make
the nomination. They met him at
the house of a friend, and the caucus
began. "I won't have any game at all,"
he said, "I won't have any game at all."

"What have you? Ah, quail! Bring
me quail—or, no! Here is pheasant. A
bit of pheasant, if you please."

While the man was gone he was si-
lent and anxious, and when the pheas-
ant appeared, he whispered, "I think I'll
try both." But when both plates were
set before him he shoved them aside
with disgust, exclaiming, "Take them
away! I won't have any game at all."

When the dinner was over and he
had left the room, an almost unani-
mous expression of opinion passed
among the table.

"No, gentlemen," said the leader,
"the man who is so irresolute that he
cannot decide what meat to eat lacks
an essential quality that is needed as
the governor of the State of New
York."

The nomination was given to a man
who as governor, and afterward as
president, whatever his shortcomings,
was never accused of irresolution or of
unnecessary delay in making up his
mind.

Female Itching.

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many cases amounts to agony. In
bed at night it grows worse and
scratching intensifies the trouble.

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