Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

BULLIS'

STEAM MILL

We are prepared to saw all kinds of

DIMENSION LUMBER

from our own logs or from timber brought in by Customers. Also to do

Ripping, Planing, Matching, Band Sawing, Turning Newel Posts, Mouldings all patterns, Heavy Scroll Work, &c. Also, Doors, Sashes, and Frames.

- Our Gristing Mill -

is now in perfect order. Corn in the cob, and all kinds of coarse grain ground while you wait

—Just Put In—

A CORN SHELLER & CLEANER

We do All Kinds of

IRON TURNING

and repair Reapers, Mowers, and Threshers Call and get estimates for anything in the above lines before you place your orders.

I am prepared to purchase all the saw logs that offers of the kinds we require and keep a stock of lumber of all kinds for sale at the mill yard. Call and see me before buying lumber or selling logs.

S. Y. BULLIS.

The Old Shop

A New Prop'r

D. R. REED

LATE OF ELGIN

Having moved to Athens and bought out the Barber business lately carried on by C. G. Wing, and engaged Mr. Tullis of Perth, a first-class Barber, I am now prepared to do first-class work. The place—

Old P.O. Building

Next H.H. Arnold's

where he will be found ready at all times to attend to the wants of customers

Razor and Scissors sharpened.

WHY DON'T YOU USE A FOUNTAIN PEN?

THEY SAVE TIME AND TEMPER.

We Handle the Celebrated

LAMPHAM'S RIVAL.

It has the Slotted Capillary Feed Piece therefore will not flood or drop ink.

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JUST AS GOOD,

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FUNNY FLASHES.

The Best Paragraphs Produced by the Newspaper Wits.

An Inscrutable Mystery.—Jimmie (with intense disgust)—"Say, Billy, how is it dat w'en we go fishin' on Saturday, wid our mudders' permission, we don't ketch even so much es a 'shiner' ter take home wid us; but w'en we play hookey from school, and dasn't take home wot we ketch, we ketch every fish in de whole pond?" Harper's Weekly.

"You are not friendly with Mrs. Fitz-Ducats?"

"No. I hate the sight of her. She rented the pew we wanted in church."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Isn't that the young man you were engaged to?"

"Yes, auntie."

"But why did you break it?"

"He believes in the germ theory and that kissing is dangerous."

"But surely that is right and proper."

"In a scientist, yes; but not in a husband."—Life.

Mother—Did you steal the cake, Eddie? Eddie—No, ma! Did I, Elsie? Elsie (who got a piece of the cake)—No, 'deed, mamma—I saw him didn't.—Illustrated Bits.

"Gentlemen," wrote the editor of The Boomville Terror, "the Klondyke fever has hit this community hard. Please send me at once by express four pounds of cap Ks and the same amount of lower case Ks. Can't get this week's paper out till they come."—Hartford Courant.

Customer (looking at hosiery)—"Is this a fast color?"

Saleslady—"Oh, yes, it is designed for a 98-gear."—Detroit Journal.

It was a children's party, and supper time. Little Tommy Tucker had eaten and was filled, but he would not give in. "Have some more cake, Tommy?" said his hostess. "I think I could," said Tommy, "if I stood up."—Pick-Me-Up.

Still Uncertain.—Barclay Wyckoff—So your uncle was 88 years of age when he died. Did he retain full possession of his faculties?

Pelham Parker—I—er— really couldn't say. The will hasn't been read yet.—London Tit-Bits.

Explained.—"Charley," said young Mrs. tics," replied her husband, apprehensively. "I hope it isn't anything about athletics," replied her husband, apprehensively.

"It is, though. I now know why nature does not put any hair on the heads of young children. It is to keep them from becoming football players too early in life."—Washington Star.

A Clew.—Papa (to mamma)—It is wonderful what becomes of all the pins made!

The Baby (suddenly)—Wow! Yow! Yow!—Puck.

Quite a Difference.—"I saw a bonnet that just suited me, George. It was $35."

"But you didn't pay that infernal price for it, did you?"

"N-no, George. I didn't. I had it charged."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Possible Triumph.—Sam—Dat ole preachah hab got de notion dat de world am gwine to run inter de sun next month an' get burned up.

Bill—I doan' take no stock in sech t'ings happenin'.

Sam—Well, if it do happen he'll hab de grand laugh on us!—Puck.

Two Kinds of Young Men.—Some young men take after their fathers, and some take after the neighbors' girls.—Somerville Journal.

A Story of the Klondyke.

CHAPTER I.

He couldn't have told why he went. He simply did it.

One day he came to himself on the banks of the Klondyke River, with a stomach full of baked beans, a spade in one hand and a pair of blisters in the other.

CHAPTER II.

Work—work—work.

Our hero, bronzed and blistered by the summer sun and frozen and bleached by the winter winds, toiled on.

One day he struck it rich. Heaps on heaps of shining metal he shoveled into wheat sacks, and heaped the sacks high in the air.

Then on the top of the heap he stood with arms in air.

"The world is mine!" he shouted.

Monte Cristo has been outdone.

CHAPTER III.

"How much take liffee over pass—Dyea?"

The chief of the Indian packers was silent.

"How much take?"

The Indian could not understand.

"Don't know? Well, say, you pigeon-toed numskull of a Siwash, bring on your procession, anyhow; I'll settle at Dyea through an interpreter."

And then for days and nights they toiled toward civilization.

CHAPTER IV.

"How much?"

The scene was Dyea, and an interpreter put the question to the panting men, who were rubbing arnica on thir shoulder corns.

The Indian jabbered and gesticulated and grunted.

"What's the bill?"

"He says," began the interpreter, impressively—"he says he'll take the gold and $196.87 and call it square!"—New York Journal.

Where He Agreed With Him.

"What! What!"

The irate old man almost choked with indignation——

"You want to steal my child from me, to rob me of my daughter? Why, sir!——"

His rage got the upper hand of him and he gasped some more——

"Rascal is no name for you!"

The young man was perfectly calm. "You bet it isn't," he said slowly; "and if anybody says otherwise there's liable to be trouble."

In the face of such sublime gall what could the old man do?—Puck.

Race Was to the Swift Alone.

Higgins—I understand the Spanish forces have had a run of success.

Wiggins—Yes; I read about it. They had to run pretty fast, however.—Puck.

Unconditional.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, shall we see you here again on Saturday?"

"Yes, mum, the Lord willing; and on Monday, anyhow."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Proper Tune.

This story is told of an eccentric Hastings parson: One day, on visiting the belfry, he found a whitewasher whistling a dance tune as he worked. The parson reproved him sharply for choosing such music for such a place.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "but I forgot where I was;" and then, to show he was sorry, he started whistling the "Old Hundred." His hand, however, kept time with the music, and so the "Old Hundred" made the whitewash brush go wonderfully slow.

"Oh, get back to your dance tune," the old parson shouted, "or the job'll never be done."—London Tit-Bits.

A WIDOW'S STRUGGLE.

HARD WORK BROUGHT ON A SEVERE ILLNESS.

Nervous Prostration, Dizziness and Extreme Weakness—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Rescue After Hospital Treatment Failed.

From the Fort William Journal.

In the town of Fort William lives a brave widow, who for years has by dint of constant labor kept the wolf from the door and her little family together. From morning till night she toiled to provide comforts for her loved ones until nature at last protested against such a constant drain on her strength, and so she began to lose health. Soon the slender frame became unable to bear its daily load of toil, and the poor mother was at last forced to give up the unequal contest, and become a burden where she had once been the chief support. Nervous prostration, heart disease, consumption, and other names were given to her malady by local physicians, but months passed, during which she suffered untold agony, without finding any relief from her sufferings. Palpitation of the heart, dizziness, extreme pain in the chest, loss of appetite and nervousness were some of the symptoms of the disease, gatherings that caused excruciating pain formed at the knee joints and other parts of the body, and at last she became perfectly helpless and unable to walk or even sit up. At this stage she was advised to enter the hospital, that she might have the benefit of skilled nurses as well as best medical treatment; but after spending some time there without obtaining any relief the poor woman gave up all hope of recovery and asked to be taken home. So enseciated and weak had she become that her friends were shocked at her appearance, and so utterly hopeless was her condition that it was like mockery to speak hopefully of her ultimate recovery. What then was the astonishment of all who had known her dreadful condition to hear that she had at last found a remedy whose magical power at once demonstrated the fact that where there is life there is hope. The name of this remedy that worked such a wonderful change in such a short time was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking five boxes she was able to walk about and visit her friends. Her strength gradually but surely returned and in a few months from the time she began using the medicine she was able to resume her work. The subject of this article, Mrs. Jane Marceille, is well known, and her youthful and healthy appearance to-day causes people to exclaim—wonders will never cease. She attributes her restoration to her family, solely to the virtues to be found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and her experience she hopes, may put some other sufferer on the right road to health.

This great remedy enriches and purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and in this way goes to the root of disease, driving it from the system, and curing when other remedies fail.

Every box of the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Glen Buell Honor Roll.

The following is the honor list for Glen Buell school for the month of September:

IV.—Frank Harper, Blanche Howe.

Jr. IV.—Levi Howe, Violet Westlake.

III.—Stella Anderson, Chloe Sturgeon and Clement Sturgeon (equal).

II.—Wilfrid Sturgeon, Harold Moorehouse.

Pt. II.—Lizzie Hopkins, Wesley Dack.

Pt. I.—Clare Sturgeon, Claude Stewart.

Average attendance 26.

ADELLA SCOTT, Teacher.

WHAT AILS YOU?

A Cold in the Head! Some Sneezing! Pains Over the Eyes! Disgusting Dropping in the Throat! Headache!—It May Mean that the Seeds of Catarrh Have Been Sown—Don't Neglect it an Hour—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, will Give Relief in 10 Minutes.

"I had chronic catarrh for a number of years. Water would run from my nose and eyes for days at a time. I tried many cures without any permanent relief. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It cured me and I have had no return of the malady. I find that for a cold in the head it gives almost instant relief. I would not be without it and recommend it most heartily." C. G. Archer, Brewer, Me. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Mr. W. C. Binion of Morrisburg committed to the Central Prison on March 6th last for failing to account to his patrons for cheese money, has been pardoned by the Minister of Justice. The Courier says that the Minister's action is generally approved in that section.

Have You Any of These

Palpitation, fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, smothering spells, swelling of the ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger and exhaustion These are most pronounced symptoms of heart disease. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will give relief inside of 30 minutes, and will effect a speedy cure in most stubborn cases. It's vegetable, it's liquid, it's harmless, it's wonderful. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

Washburn's Honor Roll.

Following is the honor roll of Washburn's school for the month of October:—

IV.—T. Whaley, H. Coleman, John Moulton, Sara Bulford.

III.—Estella Loverin, Amy Moulton, Oscar Webster, Bertha Moulton, Jane Moulton.

II.—Jonas Churchill, Wesley Stevens, Julia Washburn, Oscar Moulton.

Pt. II.—Leonard Wright, Charles Yates, Archie Hudson.

Sr. Pt. I.—Willie Follest, Lucy Judd, Milton Hudson.

Jr. Pt. I.—Louis Judd, Stanley Bulford, Nellie Johnson.

BURTON B. BROWN, Teacher.

The Toronto Weekly Globe has been enlarged to sixteen pages and is in every respect a high-class family journal in which every department receives careful attention. The Globe and Reporter may be had from the present time until end of 1898 for only $1.50, which must be paid in Advance.

TOLEDO.

MONDAY, Nov. 1st.—The young men who went to Manitoba this fall are returning one by one.

Mr. A. Sharkey of Iroquois gave us a short visit last week.

Our merchant tailor, Mr. R. H. Percival, has about finished his new house. All he needs now is the "bird."

Two of our sports, Mr. G. C. Marshall and R. T. Stratton, took in the Rugby football match at Brockville on Saturday.

The trustees of our public school have re-engaged Miss Ada M. Sexton as principal teacher in the school. Miss Richards of Frankville has been engaged as assistant.

LANSDOWNE.

MONDAY, Nov. 1.—Miss Etta Warren is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. M'Cready, at Sand Bay.

Miss Fredenburg and Mr. and Mrs. Vancamp of Well's Island are guests of Mr. and Mr. C. Fredenburg.

Threshing is the order of the day at present.

A new baby at W. B. Foley's.

People are wishing for rain—cisterns and wells are going dry.

Rev. Mr. Fairlie, Presbyterian minister, preached for the Odd Fellows on Sunday, Oct. 31.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour and daughter of Athens and Mrs. E. Webster and son of Oak Leaf were here last week visiting at N. E. Webster's.

Miss Eliza Webster of Athens returned home last week after spending a week with her sister here.

Miss Quinsey of Mallorytown is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. David Shipman.

FRONT OF YONGE.

MONDAY, Nov. 1.—Some of the members of the temperance lodge in Caintown strained their obligations by using stimulants as a medicine.

The wife of Thomas Graham of Fly Creek, after a short illness, died on the 28th ult. The funeral took place on Saturday last. The remains were interred in the English cemetery at Wexford.

Mr. D. Ladd, with the assistance of some society ladies, will early this week erect a splendid fence around the Methodist church. Go ahead, good ladies.

Mr. I. Tennant, who lost the first joint on his big toe by a threshing machine, is now doing nicely.

It is now the open season for skunks and many sportsmen know this to their cost.

Mr. John Lakens has some fine fowls, particularly his two chanticleers—the Plymouth Rock and Stone Crushe. These two birds took first prize at Lansdowne fair in 1896.

S. T. Andress of Mallorytown had a fine barn erected on his premises in said village on last Friday.

Mr. Wm. Burnham of Sleepy Hollow is a first class barnist. The last barn he built was like Solomon's temple: it was framed ready to set up in the mountain of Hiram.

MALLORYTOWN

MONDAY, Nov. 1.—The Recorder comes out very clear in the Pontou case by saying that any respectable citizen is likely to be accused by these hired interlopers of some crime. What protection has any man from such charges? Yankee detectives or any other detectives seem to be anxious to build for themselves a reputation, regardless of who they may hurt. A few individuals may have a hostile or jealous feeling towards a citizen and take this way to persecute him. A certain few will swear anything if properly recompensed. The informer may be misled. He may think he is after a criminal when it is the informer he should be looking after.

S. J. Turkington is still on the sick list. He will be removed to the Brockville hospital this week.

Mr. Rob't Lathan has rented F. Thompson's residence and takes possession in a few days.

Mr. Rob't Brown of Chicago spent a few day visiting friends and relatives in this place last week.

Mr. H. Mallory sowed two bushels of barley and ten cents worth of turnip seed together last spring. He raised forty-five bushels of barley and seventy-five bushels of turnips, without any cultivating.

P. W. Andress has returned home after spending a few days in Brockville.

Mrs. A. Davis of Brockville, and Mrs. H. Fields of Addison were the guests of W. D. Mallory last week.

The G. T. R. section men were all working near Kingston last Sunday.

The farmers are very anxious for rain so they can get some ploughing done.

Mrs. Thornehill of Athens spent Sunday at Frank Blanchard's.

Cows sold at from $25 to $39 at Budd's sale at Lansdowne on the 27th.

Mr. Geo. Buell of Lyn was in the village on Sunday.

Mr. Herbert Horton and wife and Alien Earl of Lansdowne have gone to Georgia.

Mr. Frank Surplis spent Sunday with friends in this village.

ADDISON.

MONDAY, Nov. 1st.—Mr. Samuel King and lady are paying their many friends at Bishop's Mills a visit for a few days.

It will be a pleasure to the many friends of Mayor Wiltse of Silver Brook to hear that he is improving so as to be able to be around again. Although he had a very narrow escape, he thinks he will be all right in a few months.

As one of our King St. gents and his best girl were returning home after spending a few hours tripping the light fantastic at Frankville, they became a little drowsy, lost their bearings, and wandered until they found themselves at the shores of the beautiful Lake Eloida. With some little difficulty, they found the road again and went on their way rejoicing. We would advise taking a lamp on dark nights.

Miss Ray King is visiting friends in Brockville for a few days.

Mr. Joseph Moulton has engaged as foreman with Mr. Edward Davis for the balance of the season.

Messrs F. W. and C. H. McKim and family of Smith's Falls, were guests of our village last week.

Mr. A. McVeigh has leased a farm at Mt. Royal and will sell or rent the Grand Central on the corner of King and Selina Sts.

Mr. George Booth of Silver Brook has been quite indisposed for a few days. We hope it will not prove serious.

Your correspondent paid a short visit to the Experimental farm at Slab street, last week and found the genial proprietor, Mr. Corry, busily engaged in improving things generally. He intends next year making it one of the finest farms in this section.

At the horse fair in Toledo last Friday Dr. Brown secured the celebrated North Star, and is ready for the boys now.

Mr. William Gibson and lady were visiting friends in the village on Sunday last.

Mr. James Gibson intends going to Manitoba next spring. We are sorry to lose so good a citizen, but wish him every success.

Palace factory has quit making cheese and will make butter for the winter, so we expect to see milk coming into our village from all points of the compass in a few days.

Pile Terrors Swept Away.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35c. Sold by J. P. Lamb & Son.

To be Given Away.

At the Tea Store and China Hall, Brockville, a $45.00 Dinner Set will be given to the person guessing the nearest to the number of Beans contained in a Sealed Can. One guess allowed with every pound of tea or coffee purchased, and one guess allowed with every Fifty Cents worth of Crockery, China, or Glassware. The best of good value is always given. This set may be yours.—T. W. DENNIS

Farewell Address.

After prayer-meeting in the Presbyterian church on Thursday evening last, the following address was read and presented to Mrs. S. B. Williams, in view of the near approach of her removal to Gouverneur, N.Y.:

DEAR MRS WILLIAMS,—

We, as members of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, on the eve of your departure from amongst us, desire to express in a small measure our appreciation of your faithful services while in our midst. Not alone in the mission work has your influence been felt but throughout all departments of church work. Your diligent and untiring services have been given as organist, your faithful and earnest work in the Sabbath-School and prayer meeting has been appreciated and in every time of need we could count upon you as one to lend a helping hand.

We regret very much your severance from our midst but rejoice to know that our loss will be gain to those with whom you will soon associate. Your kind and amiable disposition will make for you many friends in a new land but we trust these will not supplant the fond recollections of dearer ones of childhood's days who have been influenced by that meek unassuming christian spirit which has won the affections of us all and makes the tie which binds us in christian love more hard to sever.

Be pleased to accept this slight token of esteem which shall remind you that though far away you still have a place in our thoughts.

Now, dear friend, may God's blessing follow you and yours through the remainder of life's battle, and when He who shapes the destiny of us all will summon us into that better world, may we there meet again ne'er to part more.

Signed in behalf of the members of the W.F.M.S.

E. CLOW.
MRS R. THOMPSON.

Two Fiends Sentenced.

Thomas Lapierre and his second wife, found guilty on the charge of attempting to cause the death of the former's little daughter by means of ill treatment, were sentenced Saturday morning at Sherbrooke, Que., to five years each in penitentiary. The light sentence is a surprise. Were Lapierre in a less calm and staid section he and his wife might both have been lynched. It is a marvel that the child lives. When found in June two toes had dropped off her feet. She had been forced to sleep in an attic in the coldest months and her feet and hands were frozen. She was a mass of bruises and suppurating sores, dirty, and suffered the most frightful tortures. Worst of all and chiefest of the offenses was the putting of peas up her nostrils, and they grew and sprouted there, causing her most frightful agony. Her story, as told in court, was probably the most horrible ever related to a jury. Nothing in Dickens' could touch it. This cruelty was kept up all winter.

Suffering at Klondyke.

Victoria, B.C., Oct. 26.—That Capt. Hansen of the Margaret, has not risked his life in vain in forcing his way to Dawson to warn all there that no supplies can reach them is evidenced by two parties arriving here yesterday from that famine-threatened city, one of which captained by Grey Stuart, left Dawson Sept. 16, overtaking Charles Fries' party leaving two days earlier. Hundreds then were pressing to escape, but were helpless, as supplies could not reach them; while hundreds more were arriving daily from down the river, having made their way over the pass in search for gold, only to find starvation ahead of them in the Arctic winter.

In Dawson on the 16th ulto., there were 8,000 people, with 200 new arrivals daily, and only four sacks of flour to the man, counting private stores as common property. Many who have fought with death to get into the country will now be forced to continue the battle and get out.

Fries, on his way out, picked up two Dawsonites—O'Donnell and Schwatka—who had lost their way in the snow, and were just breathing when found. More than 400 miners who had counted on going down the stream on the imprisoned steamers are now in Dawson.

We have made arrangements by which we are able to offer the Weekly Globe and the Reporter from now until January, 1899, for only $1.50. Of course, this small sum must be paid in advance, and in the case of old subscribers all arrearages must be paid in full before advantage can be taken of this offer.

BE THYSELF.

"Twas once well said, if thou be true
Unto thyself, as God to you,
It follows as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be falsely play
To anyone. So look you well,
Let every act the truth foretell,
Proclaim to all from sea to sea,
Let come what will, myself I'll be.

Yes, be thyself, where'er thou art,
In honesty act well thy part,
Choose thou to do thy heart's command,
And fearlessly employ thy hand.
In building firm each friendship strong;
Avoid deceit, eschew the wrong,
In truthfulness make good thy name,
And just and true shall be thy fame.

HARVEY'S ROMANCE.

It was during the freshman year at Harvard that I first became acquainted with Harvey. He had come to college from a thriving western town, where his father was a banker and leading citizen. Harvey was a remarkable fellow in many ways. In the first place, he was one of the handsomest fellows I have ever known. He was possessed of rare talents, and bore upon his face the unmistakable stamp of good breeding.

And yet, when I first knew Harvey, he was a freshman in every sense of the word. You could hardly call him green; he had seen quite a bit of the world, and society, too, for all that, but it was of such as a boy sees under the chaperonage of a fond and indulgent mother. His experiences, while quite varied in their nature, were of a tame variety, so you will not deem it strange that when he arrived at Harvard, with an allowance of $300 per month and no chaperons but sophs and seniors, a new world was opened to him.

Like all freshmen of his type, Harvey fell in with a fast set, joined a swell fraternity and went right to the bad. And what a winding and mellifluous path his satanic majesty has provided for his college devotees. Of course Harvey's apartments were the best in the city. His dog had whipped everything that had been pitted against him and his wine suppers to the fast set of which he was a part were the talk and envy of every cheap Cholly man in the college.

Long before the end of the first term Harvey was an acknowledged king of the bloods. He was a greatly changed lad; all that simple charm and frankness that had marked him when he came were gone. His manner, talk and dress had all changed, and now conformed strictly to the ideas of the set of which he had become a part. At the junior hop occurred a little incident which was to mark an epoch in the affairs and life of the freshman, and, in fact, to give birth to this story. The junior hop is the social event of the year at Harvard, and at all great American colleges, for all that. This is the high tide of the year when the freshman sends home for his girl to show her something of college life and to show her how important he has become in one term. A few days before a beautiful young lady, the daughter of one of the Back Bay millionaires, had made her debut in Boston society. Bessie Hill was so refined and so charming that it was but a short time before all the young men, both in Boston and in Cambridge, were wild about her. She was a model of beauty, but to stop here and say no more would be doing her great injustice, for she was also possessed of all the other qualities necessary to make her a type of perfect womanhood. Of course she would be at the hop, and every fellow who had not met her had set his heart upon an introduction. Every swell fraternity in the college attended in a body, and every big fraternity man individually did all in his power to bring Bessie Hill to his booth and make her a part of his Greek letter circle. Harvey looked that night as I had never seen him look before. With the efforts of nature and the tailor combined he was by far the handsomest man in the ballroom. He was introduced to Bessie Hill, it was Greek meet Greek. They exchanged glances, Harvey bowed low; she extended her hand, while the polite audience of students' mammas and sisters held their breath in astonishment. Never before had Bessie Hill extended her hand to any new acquaintance. She had been with Harvey but a short time when the cold and steel-like glitter left her eyes and her cheeks were suffused with the rose of nature's rarest red.

They danced together. Harvey was a perfect terpsichorean. They glided off to the conservatory. Harvey's heart beat faster than usual and his bosom swelled with pride. But surely he had good reason to feel proud, for he had by his side the most admired woman of all Boston. The freshman had won the greatest of all social triumphs. It cost him a wine supper at Harvard and no little notoriety in Boston. Their meeting at the ball had caused quite a sensation. The daily papers reviewed his life and family history, and Bessie Hill was convinced that she had made no mistake. But Harvey was a beginner. He could not understand that a social triumph and a love affair were one and the same thing, and that at best should last only so long as people talk about them. Like a foolish freshman that he was, he allowed his head to be turned. He underwent a change. The wine at the midnight revelries grew insipid; the songs, however spicy, lost their charm. There would come stealing into his mind now and then a fancy that he should study. But whoever heard of Greek and love uniting in the same character.

"Philosophy be hanged!" he used to say. "I will win the girl I love; I will be a man of business; let other freshmen wreck their bodies, sell their eyes and lose their souls trying for a degree. I will marry the woman I love."

Harvey spent the major portion of his time in Bessie's company. They rode together, compared notes and spent their time as all lovers do in that delicious pleasure of doing nothing.

Harvey came home one night on a car from Boston. He rushed violently into my room; his face was flushed; he was somewhat wrought up; I thought he had been drinking. "Congratulate me, old fellow," he exclaimed, "I have won her, but keep it still. The wedding is to be in June. I know father will consent. We'll have the affair in Boston, so all the fellows can be there. We'll go to Europe for the summer, and I will go into business with father when we return. I came to Harvard to scale Pernassus, but find myself worshipping at the shrine of Diana. Blast it, old man, brace up and congratulate me, and let's have a bottle." If I had only stopped with one bottle probably I would have done better in my philosophy examination next day. I only celebrated occasionally in college, and this was one of the occasions. Oh, what a night!

As it neared the first of June Harvey was almost constantly in Boston. He and his bride-to-be were ever together. The fellows all wondered what the freshman was going to do when examination day came round. Harvey, however, was preparing a surprise for them, but, alas, for the poor old chap, there was in store for him the greatest of all surprises. He came into my room one night; I shall never forget the look upon his face. I have seen men die in the throes of mortal agony, but pain was never pictured more vividly on any face than it was upon that of poor Harvey that night.

He held in his trembling hand a telegram; I knew some terrible calamity had happened. His father—his old and respected father—was a bankrupt and a defaulter. It was too painful even at this time to go into details of that sad night.

How all the fellows looked and acted. None could say a word. Harvey, poor Harvey, cried like a child. And when I saw him who yesterday was the man of all men to be envied; when I thought of his broken home—this stigma of disgrace the world would put upon his name; of how, perhaps, the prison cell yawned for his father; and when, above all, I guessed the thing that galled him more than all else, his love affair, I cried myself. The news was spread broadcast throughout the country by the morning papers, "Big-headed Harvey Railroad Manipulator, Bankrupt." Harvey's heart was broken; his spirit was crushed.

Hastily penning a few lines to Bessie in which he referred to the sudden downfall of his family, of his disgrace, their present difference in position, life, etc., he gathered his belongings together and in half an hour was off on a midnight train for New York. He would not stay over a day. He said on leaving: "Fellows, I want you to remember me as Harvey, and not as a beggar."

He would not and could not go home. He would only be useless to his parents in their hour of woe. He could not bear to go back to town a beggar where he had once been a prince.

Harvey shipped out of New York on a steamship bound for San Francisco. She was to take the place of a liner that had gone down off the coast of Lower California. After a vain effort to find something worth doing in the city of the Golden Gate, he shipped out of 'Frisco as a common deckhand on the fast boat for Japan. After a few months of knockabout life in Yokohama and Tokio he fell in with a party of pearl fishers and was faring well until a heavy sea washed them all upon the rocks of Australia. He went to the hills, where he lived away back in the hills, where he lived with no company but his dog and his sheep. He was stricken down with a deadly fever while one of a party of adventurers who were searching for a quick fortune in the diamond mines of South Africa. Three months later, more dead than alive, he found his way to Johannesburg. He here fell in with an English captain and made his way to London and then to Liverpool, and after four years of adventure, trial and sickness he landed once more in New York.

Harvey was a changed man—changed this time in earnest. He had learned a most valuable lesson, one worth going all the way to Africa to learn, my boy. He had learned to know the value of a dollar.

Being a persevering fellow, he desired to raise himself to a better position in society. Knowing that an education would be necessary, he looked for a school where his limited means would hold out for the longest time, and in a few weeks after we find him enrolled as a student of law at Ann Arbor.

North of University Hall to-day still stands a building that, had it tumbled down twenty years ago, would still have been old. This building is owned by some church corporation which furnishes students with rooms in the old shack at miserably low rates.

But most miserable than all else are the rooms; these are devoid of furniture, save a rickety old table, a chair and a rusty stove with a crazy pipe, some dry goods boxes and a broken looking glass. The decorations were the work of flies and spiders of generations gone. The windows, for the most part, were minus glass and stuffed up with copy books and old paper. Here Harvey was located. Just across the way was the local chapter of his fraternity. Little did his wealthy brothers think that the "Tramp Law," as they called him, possessed their most sacred of secrets, knew their grip, had memorized their ritual and was indeed a brother in good standing.

It was the night of the junior hop. Across the campus the gay young dancers assembled from all parts of the country were whirling, enmeshed in the mazes of the waltz.

It was just midnight; Harvey had put in a hard night over a still harder lesson in common law pleading. He crossed the floor to the window. The dingy old building shook in the wind that moaned bitterly out of doors. He brushed aside the frost from the pane and looked in silent meditation toward the scenes of gayety and grandeur. He reflected on his own position, thought of a time when he was a part of a similar gay assemblage, and how now he was poor and more miserable than the coachmen that were knocking their heels together without.

He sat down before his dim fire, and thoughts of another junior hop came to him. He was back again in the good old days; Bessie was by his side; he saw her tender eyes looking into his; she seemed just as she did that night in the conservatory when, for the first time in his life, he felt the warm and gentle pressure of the hand of the woman he loved. His heart beat lively and his body thrilled through and through.

"Strange it is," he said to himself, "that a beggar dares love." As the blaze dimmed and the coals blackened he thought of his career, of his wealth, his life, his adventures and last of all, his poverty. "Such is life?" he said to himself. "Why not write a story about it all? It seems more romantic than real, anyway. People would read it, and be interested in the characters they can never know, and besides, I need a pair of shoes and a new coat badly."

A few weeks later in a Sunday paper there appeared a most interesting college romance about the junior hop at Ann Arbor.

A pale and sickly new boy was vainly trying to sell his wares in a crowded parlor car. Travelers fatigued with a long and hard journey, and chilled with the cold even in the car, were not interested in the paper, and only one was affected by the pale look upon the face of the thinly-clad boy.

This was a very handsome young lady; she was tired with her journey and seemed weary of the world. She purchased all the papers because she pitied the boy. She looked them over; her eye chanced upon a college echo. She read the story for she used to know college girls and fellows, too, for all that.

The story finished, the paper at her feet, this very handsome young lady unconsciously lent a charm to her beauty by the tear in her soft blue eyes.

The next day shortly before noon there was a light step upon the dingy old staircase that led to Harvey's room, and there was a light rap at the door. Harvey, thinking it was his washwoman, called out: "Come in, but I have no washing for you to-day." The visitor came in, and Harvey looked up; he almost fainted, for before him he saw his sweetheart of other days, Bessie Hill.

I have just received a letter from Harvey to-day in which he says: "Invitation, etc. Well, old man, the affair is to be in Boston, so as all the fellows can be there, and it is a special request of Bessie's that you be the best man."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

A Sentiment From Bismarck

A young English woman once petitioned Bismarck most pathetically for his autograph, declaring that a few lines of his handwriting would make her happy for life. So the chancellor wrote on the front page of the book, "Beware, my child, of building castles in the air, for they are buildings which we erect so easily, yet they are the most difficult to demolish."

WHY IS IT?

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on.
I sometimes wonder which is best.
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the weary night hours go.
Some hearts beat where some hearts break.
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some will faint where some will fight;
Some love the tent and some the field.
I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive or those who yield.

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife,
And so through ages and through lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek when others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash;
Some fall back where some move on;
Some flags furl where others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name above a grave.

—Father Ryan.

The Need of the Sunday Barroom.

Old Man—Ah! It ud be [illegible] to pass a law to shut up [illegible] on a Sunday.

Parson—But you [illegible] what you wanted o[illegible]

Old Man—Aye; but [illegible] sleep if I knowed th[illegible] th' 'ouse?—Sketch.

Be Merry Whil[illegible]

"Your daughter has [illegible] tion."

"Yes; we always let h[illegible] way about everything."—C[illegible]

"Don't you go wild over [illegible] of autumn?"

"I don't know; they don't lo[illegible] prettier to me than the summer [illegible]—Detroit Free Press.

First Citizen—I never was s[illegible] I am now.

Second Citizen—What are you [illegible]

First Citizen—I'm looking for a [illegible]—Brooklyn Life.

Talking about freaks—A Ken[illegible] man last week patented a water fil[illegible]—Kansas City Times.

THE FROG.

Once on a time and in a place
Conducive to malaria
There lived a member of the race
Of Rana Temporaria.

Oh, more concisely still, a frog
Inhabited a certain bog.

A bull of Brobdingnagian size,
Top proud for condescension,
One morning chanced to cast his eyes
Upon the frog I mention.
And being to the manner born,
Surveyed him with a lofty scorn.

Perceiving which, the bactrian's frame
With anger was inflated,
Till, growing larger, he became
Exceedingly elated.
For inspiration's sudden spell
Had pointed out a way to swell.

"Ha! ha!" he proudly cried, "a fig
For this, poor mammoth torso!
For I shall shortly be as big
As you—or even more so!"
To which magniloquential gush
His bullship simply answered "Tush!"

Alas! the frog's success was slight,
Which really was a wonder,
In view of how with all his might
He strove to grow rotunder.
And standing patiently the while,
The bull displayed a quiet smile.

But ah, the frog tried once too off,
And doing so, he busted—
Whereat the bull discreetly coughed
And moved away disgusted.
As well he might, considering
The wretched taste that marked the thing.

ANTIDOTES FOR THE BLUES.

Current Fun That Will Cause You to Smile Before Breakfast and After.

"Hello, Brown. How did you get your face scarred so?"

"Got run over by a truck."

"Didn't you see it coming?"

"No. I was looking over my shoulder at