

Love's Subterfuge.

I was sitting out in front of the tavern in a mountain town where I made my headquarters one summer when a lank mountaineer, about twenty years old, rode up on a mule and greeted me by name, although I could not exactly place him. He dismounted, and coming to where I was, he sat down quite close to me.

"Colonel," he said, in a low, cautious tone, "you kin respect a man's feelin's cain't yer?"

"I think I can, if I know what they are," I answered, slightly uncertain as to what was expected of me.

"Well, I'm in this sort of a fix," he proceeded, very confidentially, after giving a hitch to the box he was sitting on. "I've been goin' ter see old man Mullins's gal Susan, an' she's tuck to me like a wet kitten to a hot brick, but she kinder hankers after money."

"Most women do," I ventured.

"I reckon yer more'n half right," he admitted, with a sigh. "Anyhow Susan tol' me to-day I wuz too pore, an' when I disputed the p'int she said ez how I didn't have a cent ter my name, an' when I tol' her she didn't know what she was talkin' about, she up an' said, she did, that ef I could show her seven dollars she'd nab me in two shakes uv a lamb's tail. Then I said, I did, ez how I'd have to go home after hit, an' I come ter you. You g'ime the money, an' hol' that mule fer hit till I git back yer agin won't yer?"

The proposition seemed fair enough, for the young man was honest and very earnest, so I held the mule, and he went away on foot holding the seven dollars. While he was gone I got to thinking and when he came back I lay for him.

"Did you get her?" I asked, as I returned the seven dollars to my pocket.

"In course I did," he replied, triumphantly, "fer Susan's a gal uv her word."

"By-the-way," I asked, as he mounted the mule "why did you come to me for the money? The mule was worth a good deal more than seven dollars. Why didn't you call the young lady's attention to that?"

He winked slyly as he dug his heels into the mule's ribs.

"Caze, Colonel," he laughed. "Susan knowed hit warn't my mule."

Then as he rode away merrily toward Susan's I pondered profoundly on what a queer little cuss Cupid is.

Umbrellas and Overshoes.

"I took a favorite umbrella to be recovered," said a man the other day. "It was raining at the time, and the umbrella-maker, who was somewhat cynical, remarked that many of his customers never looked at their umbrellas till it began to pour. Then they discovered that they were in an evil case, with nothing to hold between them and the sky."

Umbrellas and overshoes should be at hand for every member of the family, and should, of course, es-

pecially the former, be held strictly as personal property. It is not a bad plan, however, to have two or three lending-umbrellas on hand, so that if a guest be overtaken by a tempest, he or she may be accommodated without occasioning inconvenience to the family. Servants should be enjoined to keep their own umbrellas, and also to be provided with rain-cloaks and overshoes. They are notoriously careless in this regard.

"Children Cry For It."

Not to Castoria, which may be good enough in its place, do I have reference, but a simple home-made remedy for constipation, one that is cheap, easily made, and that can be always on hand. Costiveness is the bane of many a young child's life, and many mothers aggravate the evils they endeavor to obliterate by their injudicious use of medicines.

Until I learned of the prune syrup, I was opposed to all laxatives, using only glycerine suppositories, and I still maintain that they are highly beneficial in their effects. But finding from experience that in some out-of-the-way places they are hard to obtain, I recommend the following:

Procure the finest quality of dried prunes that can be obtained. To one half pound of this fruit add rather more than one pint of water, and set upon the back of the stove where they will cook slowly. When they are thoroughly reduced to a pulp, pour into a cheese-cloth bag (previously prepared) and squeeze carefully, so that all the juice and "meat" of the fruit will be extracted. Pour into a bottle, cork well and set in the refrigerator.

About a teaspoonful when "baby-kins" awakens will keep him regular. An older child will perhaps require a tablespoonful both morning and evening. This taken in connection with nature's physic—fresh air and exercise, and simplicity of living—will soon effectively cure the worst cases of constipation.

A mother who is always drugging her child is certainly good to two persons, the druggist and the doctor, but that is about all. A babe who is always, "without rhyme or reason," being physicked, is sure to be puny, delicate and unhealthy and is ready at any moment to drop into an untimely grave. If you once begin to give aperients, you will find a difficulty in discontinuing them. But the giving of this prune syrup is attended with no deleterious effects.

The "chapel cars" that have been run in the West by one or two denominations have now been followed by a Sunday-school car, the "Good News," which has been built and fitted up, at a cost of about eight thousand dollars, to propagate Sunday-school work throughout the West. Its use is given free by a man who withholds his name at present, and a corps of competent Sunday-school workers will travel on it from place to place, holding services in each town and village.

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YOU will find that it will do what no other soap can do, and will please you every way.

It is Easy, Clean, and Economical to wash with this soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The Italic Method.

The following is the best imitation we have ever seen of the society girl's manner of conversing. "Don't you ever *breathe* a word to anybody about it, on *any* account," whispered one of the young ladies who had made so much excitement, to her room-mate that night. "But that handsome fellow with the guitar *did* meet us just outside the Cathedral this morning, and *did* ask us to go down to the shore, and say he would sing for us, and *did* get us into a boat, and *did* row us away into one of those caves under the cliffs on the shore, and sing a little while—too lovely divine for anything, too! and then proposed to *both* of us, and said he understood he could have as many wives as he wished in *America*, and Jen *just* enjoyed it, but I didn't; and when we *both refused* him, he threatened to keep us there on *maccaroni* and water *till* we consented, and *just* as we were getting ready to cry, the Dolebeers came in there with their boat and a boatman, and *we* asked them to let us go with them, and *so* we transferred to their boat, and *he* left in a hurry, and we *made* the Dolebeers promise never to tell anybody of it, and *you* won't, will you now, forever and ever, dear?"

And of course all of them kept their word; but the whole party were talking it over before they arrived at Messina.

Injurious Effects of Too Much Haste.

In prescribing for a patient the other day, a physician, who is a specialist in nervous difficulties, declared that a young woman under his charge was literally killing herself by too rapid movements.

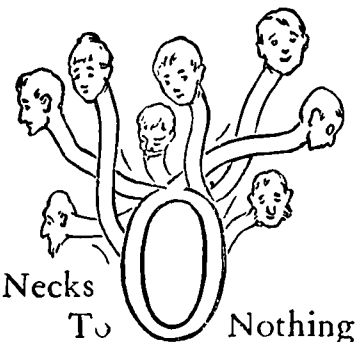
"She is not satisfied," he said, "with going about and doing things in a quiet, ordinary way, but actually rushes through with her work and continually overtaxes herself. She cannot be convinced that a little more deliberation might accomplish just as much and save her strength. So firmly is this habit of haste fixed upon her that she will run up and down stairs when there is no need for hurry, and indeed when there is no possible pretext for doing it."

The doctor's prescription was: A good deal more deliberation, a large

amount of rest and pleasant occupation. The world is full of people who are rushing themselves to ruin of health as fast as they can go. They not only rush, but worry, and between the two, subject their nervous systems to more wear and tear than anything short of wrought steel would endure.

He: How do you like Lord Fopington, Miss Barrow? Miss Barrow: Not at all. He can't pronounce his r's, and I do detest being addressed as Miss Bowwow.

Mrs. Margaret Plotser, recently challenged any woman of her age in the world to ride a bicycle race for a prize Bible. The challenge will probably not be accepted as she is ninety-three years of age. Mrs. Plotser says her challenge is issued in good faith and she hopes it will be accepted. She makes daily excursions on her wheel and maintains that she has been greatly benefited by its use.



Necks To Nothing

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Beware of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. *PEARLINE* sells on its merits, and is manufactured only by THE LARSEN PAPER CO., New York.