

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost short weight adulterated powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N.Y.

MGR. PERSICO'S ILLNESS.
LONDON, Jan. 17.—Mgr. Persico, the Papal envoy to Ireland, has left Cork for Bristol. His health is feeble, and he proposes to pass the rest of the winter at Torquay. He says that his mission has not been finished, and he will return to Ireland in April. John Morley, who is recruiting at Torquay, will meet Mgr. Persico.

FRYE ON FREE TRADE.
THE SENATOR DESCRIBES ENGLAND'S REAL ATTITUDE, AND SAYS SHE DOES ALL IN HER POWER TO INSURE THE UNITED STATES.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—Senator Frye addressed the Senate to-day in an extended speech on the President's message. That document and its endorsement by prominent senators, representatives and party leaders of the same political faith as the President, convinced the speaker that the Democratic party faith was free trade. The President's message, said Mr. Frye, has been received with unbounded joy in Great Britain. The British press had at once proceeded to self-congratulation and to strip off mercilessly the President's disguise. These congratulations, heralded, would have continued if a voice of warning had not been heard. The warning was that such English expression of opinion had to be curbed or the full fruition of English hopes would never be enjoyed. Immediately there had been a transformation. The free trade papers of Great Britain had dropped their self-congratulations and had proceeded to congratulate the United States and to prophesy unbounded prosperity for this country. Great Britain had seemed suddenly to recognize the fact that this country was her daughter and to evince to her friendship and affection. He declared that England had never in one single instance evinced any sympathy for this country, and that she never had permitted an opportunity to injure this country to pass unimproved. He declared that the counsel, the advice, the friendship of Great Britain to our nation in commercial matters had invariably and inevitably resulted in injury to the nation which had accepted it. One of the leading free trade speakers in England had declared years ago that the greatest triumph of Great Britain would be the subjugation of the markets of the United States. In the promise of the President's message they could see that subjugation nigh at hand. Great Britain to-day had her markets open to the world while other countries had their markets partly closed to her. She found now within her borders the fiercest kind of competition, and her industries were falling off. Her silk industry, for instance, had been absolutely destroyed. Fifteen years ago there were 90,000 persons employed in the silk industry in London, and to-day there were only 8,000. Her cotton manufacturers were crippled. Germany and Belgium were raising her iron and steel industries and were already controlling one-half of her foreign trade in that line. Her agricultural lands were decreasing in value and from one-third to one-half of her agricultural laborers were out of employment, while those who had employment only earned from a shilling to one-and-sixpence a day. But England heard the President of the United States declare in his annual message that the tariff (the only obstacle to English possession of the American market) was vicious, illogical, inequitable, and what wonder that the English people defamed American ears with their cries of "Hear! Hear!" They saw him adopt as the slogan of the Democratic party for the Presidential battle of 1888 the old fundamental doctrine of free trade, that "duty is a tax paid by the consumer." What wonder that they hailed Mr. Cleveland as their champion? They saw him promising to them participation in the American market, and they knew that that participation would start their halting looms and feed their hungry, unemployed men and women. What wonder that the approval of the President's message went ringing over the world?

COMMERCIAL UNION.
A RESOLUTION IN ITS FAVOR BEFORE THE U. S. SENATE.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 23.—In the House to-day Senator Battersworth of Ohio, offered a resolution in favor of Commercial Union with Canada. In his preamble he set forth the contiguity of the two countries. Their close union of interests and the importance of adjusting existing differences. He quotes some remarks made by Mr. Chamberlain before he left England, showing that any arrangement of the fishery dispute must be temporary, because commercial union is in the near future. He quotes the unanimous resolutions of the recent conference of Dominion Premiers and other Cabinet Ministers of several provinces declaring that a fair measure providing for unrestricted trade relations with the United States would be of advantage to all the provinces, and the resolutions adopted by various Boards of Trade to the same effect. The resolutions should use all proper means to secure an honorable, speedy and permanent adjustment of all differences and controversies with regard to the fisheries and in aid and support of the permanency of such adjustment to remove all obstacles and hindrances to complete and unrestricted trade and commerce between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. He compares Canada for not doing her share in bringing about these cordial relations by a more liberal construction of the treaty of 1818.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

A GOOD THING FOR BOYS.
Manual training is one of the few good things that are good for everybody. It is good for the rich boy, to teach him respect for the dignity of the beautiful work. It is good for the poor boy, to increase his facility for handling tools, if tools prove to be the thing he must handle for a living afterwards. It is good for the boy who is idle, to give him something to do. But most of all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in showing him that there is something he can do well. The boy utterly unable, even if he were studious, to keep up in book-knowledge and percentage with the brighter boys, becomes discouraged, dull and moody. Let him go to the workshop for an hour, and find that he can make a box or plane a rough piece of board as well as the brighter scholar, may very likely better than his brighter neighbor, and you have given him an impulse of self-respect that is of untold benefit to him when he goes back to his studies. He will be brighter and a better boy for finding out something that he can do well. Mind you, it is not planning the board that does him good; it is planning the board in the presence of other boys who can no longer look down upon him when they see how well he can plane. He might go home after school and plane a board in the bosom of his family, or go to an evening school to learn to plane, without a quarter part, nay, without any, of the invaluable effect upon his manhood that it will let him plane side by side with those who in mental attainments may be his superiors.—From "Manual Training in Schools," by Alice Wellington Rollins, in *The American Magazine* for January.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.
I had a long talk with a prominent lawyer, who is a special friend of the Prince of Wales. This lawyer, who has transacted a great deal of business for the Prince, has made a careful study of the English and American constitutional methods. He said that he thought the strength of the Prince of Wales with the people lay in the fact that he carefully refrained from having anything to do with politics. Upon this line of action depends, said he, the success of the monarchial system in England. The Queen will never be disturbed in her lifetime in a single one of her prerogatives, simply because he never dictates any political policy or seeks in the slightest degree to influence the Ministry. The monarchy will endure in England until there comes a king or ruler who shall seek to take in his hands the reins of real power. Then you would see once more prompt and decisive action by the House of Commons. This House of Commons to-day is the only responsible government for Great Britain. This body has unlimited powers. It is not generally known in America that the very best lawyers in England agree that the Prince of Wales alone has the right to abolish the monarchy tomorrow if it should see fit, or to change the line of succession. Parliament could, if it should choose, eliminate the Prince of Wales from the succession and pass it over to one of his children, or transfer it entirely to some other family. In the United States your Congress does not begin to have the unlimited power which the House of Commons has. To change your Constitution requires a two-thirds vote of the two branches of Congress and after that approval by three-fourths of the States. This is a very long road, and naturally, changes are made much more slowly with you than is possible with us. Now everything is quiet and passing along well. The people do not object to the monarchical system here because it works very well. It has been reduced simply to a show figure, and you know how much we Englishmen hold on to ceremonies and traditions. Royalty now is nothing but a tradition.—*London Correspondence.*

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.
There is no more romance, more warmth, more homelike friendliness in a small house with big rooms than there is in a big house with small rooms. The big house bewilders, separates, silences and subdues its inmates. They have not the elbow touch of companionship.—*Philadelphia Record.*

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.
I had a long talk with a prominent lawyer, who is a special friend of the Prince of Wales. This lawyer, who has transacted a great deal of business for the Prince, has made a careful study of the English and American constitutional methods. He said that he thought the strength of the Prince of Wales with the people lay in the fact that he carefully refrained from having anything to do with politics. Upon this line of action depends, said he, the success of the monarchial system in England. The Queen will never be disturbed in her lifetime in a single one of her prerogatives, simply because he never dictates any political policy or seeks in the slightest degree to influence the Ministry. The monarchy will endure in England until there comes a king or ruler who shall seek to take in his hands the reins of real power. Then you would see once more prompt and decisive action by the House of Commons. This House of Commons to-day is the only responsible government for Great Britain. This body has unlimited powers. It is not generally known in America that the very best lawyers in England agree that the Prince of Wales alone has the right to abolish the monarchy tomorrow if it should see fit, or to change the line of succession. Parliament could, if it should choose, eliminate the Prince of Wales from the succession and pass it over to one of his children, or transfer it entirely to some other family. In the United States your Congress does not begin to have the unlimited power which the House of Commons has. To change your Constitution requires a two-thirds vote of the two branches of Congress and after that approval by three-fourths of the States. This is a very long road, and naturally, changes are made much more slowly with you than is possible with us. Now everything is quiet and passing along well. The people do not object to the monarchical system here because it works very well. It has been reduced simply to a show figure, and you know how much we Englishmen hold on to ceremonies and traditions. Royalty now is nothing but a tradition.—*London Correspondence.*

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.
There is no more romance, more warmth, more homelike friendliness in a small house with big rooms than there is in a big house with small rooms. The big house bewilders, separates, silences and subdues its inmates. They have not the elbow touch of companionship.—*Philadelphia Record.*

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.
I had a long talk with a prominent lawyer, who is a special friend of the Prince of Wales. This lawyer, who has transacted a great deal of business for the Prince, has made a careful study of the English and American constitutional methods. He said that he thought the strength of the Prince of Wales with the people lay in the fact that he carefully refrained from having anything to do with politics. Upon this line of action depends, said he, the success of the monarchial system in England. The Queen will never be disturbed in her lifetime in a single one of her prerogatives, simply because he never dictates any political policy or seeks in the slightest degree to influence the Ministry. The monarchy will endure in England until there comes a king or ruler who shall seek to take in his hands the reins of real power. Then you would see once more prompt and decisive action by the House of Commons. This House of Commons to-day is the only responsible government for Great Britain. This body has unlimited powers. It is not generally known in America that the very best lawyers in England agree that the Prince of Wales alone has the right to abolish the monarchy tomorrow if it should see fit, or to change the line of succession. Parliament could, if it should choose, eliminate the Prince of Wales from the succession and pass it over to one of his children, or transfer it entirely to some other family. In the United States your Congress does not begin to have the unlimited power which the House of Commons has. To change your Constitution requires a two-thirds vote of the two branches of Congress and after that approval by three-fourths of the States. This is a very long road, and naturally, changes are made much more slowly with you than is possible with us. Now everything is quiet and passing along well. The people do not object to the monarchical system here because it works very well. It has been reduced simply to a show figure, and you know how much we Englishmen hold on to ceremonies and traditions. Royalty now is nothing but a tradition.—*London Correspondence.*

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.
There is no more romance, more warmth, more homelike friendliness in a small house with big rooms than there is in a big house with small rooms. The big house bewilders, separates, silences and subdues its inmates. They have not the elbow touch of companionship.—*Philadelphia Record.*

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, anxious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this, he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage of his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You love your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the three hundred dollars first, and then build your barn. If you borrow the money, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your young wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a three hundred dollar skeleton in your house, and ten to one, you will fret and grow peevish and drive a row with your wife. Don't go into the mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you will be as proud of it as an English man is of his castle."

For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all were silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. Though only a tiller of the soil, the man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said:

"Thank you, sir. To tell you the truth, sir, my wife was a crying when I left home because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me, you bet!"

"There," said the Bangor man; "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

REDUCING THEIR RENTS.
LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lords Harwell and Orkney have granted their Irish tenants reductions in rent hitherto refused.

THE FARM MORTGAGE.
AN HONEST DRUGGIST'S CONVINCING ARGUMENT AGAINST INDEBTEDNESS.

There is in Bangor an ancient drug store which for over forty years has been the headquarters of the farmers trading in that city, says the *Levinston (Me.) Journal*. These they go for goods, to have whips, robes and bundles to loaf away the evenings when "down on the jury," and when in search of information. Into it the other day there walked a sturdy yeoman, his bronzed face and hard, horny hands telling of exposure to the weather and of days of hard toil. His clothing was of good, honest material, and on his feet were solid cowhide boots. Walking to the proprietor of the store he inquired for Lawyer Blank.

Now the man from the farm had such an honest face, such an innocent expression, that the druggist, knowing the man sought for to be a "sharp" in fact not a real lawyer at all—departed from his rule of minding his own business and asked the farmer what he wanted of the lawyer. In a few words the story was told. It seems the man had worked hard all his