en disrupt the family circle, by even extend their poisonor to the next generation. If you a victim of early singul habit er the seed is sown, and sooner on will reap a harvest. If you so been diseased from any cause of a return later on. Our Ne Freatment will positively care yoursely never here you return of meed never fear any return. We will give you a guathat effect. We would wa

WE CURE OR NO PAY Let your Life be Drained Aw al, physical or sexual dwarfs. Our Method Treatment will Stop all Larsel Losses, Parify the Blood, Strengthe Nerves, Restore Vitality, and make no fyoi. If you are in trouble, call consult us. Consultation is Free. We and core Drains, Blood Diseases, Varies, Stricture, Unnatural Discharges, t, Kidney and Bladder Diseases. No gor operations. No detention from mess. Everything confidential. Consultation Free. Books Pree. Questice & Free for Home Treatment.

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THE WOMAN THAT'S GOOD

Ho, gentlemen! lift your glasses up-Each gallant, each swain and A kiss to the beads that brim in the

A laugh for the foam spilt over! the soul is a-lilt and the beart beats high, And care has unloosed its tether:

"Now drink," said the sage, "for to-morrow we die!" So, let's have a toast together. Swing the goblet aloft; to the lips ic;

Then bend you the knee to address And drink, gentle sirs, to the Quest of us all-To the Woman that's Good-God

bless her! Ah, Bohemia's honey was sweet to the sip.

And the song and the dance were alluring-(The mischievous maid with the mu-

tinous lip Had a charm that was very endur-But out from the music and smoke-

wreaths and lace Of that world of the tawdrily clever, There floats the rare spell of the puro

little face That has chased away folly for ve ! And I pledge my last toast ere 1 go to my rest- 1 O fortunate earth to possess he !-

To the dear, tender heart in the it la white breast Of the Woman that's Good-God bless her!

******** AUNT CHARETTE.

They had raided Aunt Charette. In answer to repeated complaints from the respectable element in Fort Kent the officers had come up there and had swooped on the liquor dealers. And chief among the liquor dealers was Aunt Charette. In fact, she was the local wholesaler. She was thirty, was Aunt Charette. She had credit. She could roll in \$500 worth of "morson," or white rum, at one time. The smaller dealers up and down the St. John from St. Francis to Frenchville found it

more convenient to buy of her. Gold beads and a black silk dress o Sundays did Aunt Charette wear. Broad was she, with ampitude of waist and scarcity of lap. She sat all day long in her little sitting room and interrupted her knitting only long enough to answer calls at the door. Sometimes the caller would be a man from Connor with gray wool trousers and peaked hat. Another would be a Frenchville citizen with empty juge under the seat of his narrow buck-

They told her whether they wanted morson or cherry rum or "wheesk" or alcohol. Then Aunt Charette went out in the little dark leanto shed and rattled the funnel and clinked the jugs, and at last came pudging back with a mile between her big gold ear-

And she always knew whether to

give or refuse credit. All sorts of queer accounts had she-scattered all over the countryside.
Uncle Charette was a very silent partner in the firm. He used to tell the priest that he had tried and tried to induce Aunt Charette to give up the business of selling liquor. Still Uncle Charette has discovered years before that he would not have to go into the woods winters any more; that there was always spare change for him to buy his tobacco; that he was never asked to earn any money for the gro-Twice a year Aunt Charette purchased new wool trousers of Canadian gray. As for his long-tailed coat, Uncle Charette seemed unable to wear that out for the reason that most of the time he went about in his shirt sleeves. And though Uncle Charette never went out into the dark leanto, still on a corner of the kitchen shelf stood a

little earthen jug that Aunt Charette never allowed to be less than balf full of brandy. She had to pour some into it from the keg every day. Uncle Charette declared that it helped his

rheumatism. When the officers came riding up to the door on a big sled drawn by two horses and ran in without knocking, Aunt Charette clung to the arms of her

"Le bon Dieu! W'at ees eet?" sho

"Aunt Charetie, you've been com-plained against," said the local deputy sheriff, "and we've got to take what stuff you've got on the premises. I suppose it's all in the leanto, as usual.

When the discovery is made in Prohibition Maine that there is liquor selling in a community, the local deputy is usually well acquainted with the loca-tion of all the liquor deposits.

'W'at!" screamed Aunt Charette, but in sorrow, not in anger. "W'at, tak' ma leetle stock? Why, m'sieu, yo' can't do nottains lak dat. I geet ma pairmeet from dat man-'at yo' call heem, de Conty Attornee. Here-here it be," and with trembling hand she poked under the deputy's nose the receipt showing that she had paid a fine at the last term of court. She insisted that it was a permit to sell liquor. Auht

Charette believed that it was, "I hain't got anything to do with that," said the deputy. "I've got a search warrant, and I'm ordered to

search and seize." He ducked past and started for the leanto. And Aunt Charette, her keys jangling, her hands upraised, her tongue flying like a shuttle, followed on his heels. Uncle Charette sat wholly silent in a corner. The only sign of emotion he displayed was to blink every thirty seconds. So absolutely impassive was he that I, unseen, took his photograph in a twenty seconds exposture and there wasn't a smooth on the negative.

the negative.
Aunt Charette protested against opening the door. The deputy, with one blow of his boot, shattered the lock. Then he and his men rolled out the barrels and the kegs and the demijohns. Aunt Charette, as they laid their hands on each article, screamed, "Ah, mon Dieu! Non! non! You've taken enough! Leeve dat wan!—leave dat wan!"

But the officers were inexorable.
They rolled everything out. They had
to send for another sled. There were
loads for two heavy teams. The last

man to go out was the deputy with a jug, the last be could find. He had dug out the remotest corner. As he went through the kitchen his eyes fell on the jug on the shelf. He took it down and smelled of it.

and smelled of it.

"Ah, offeecaire! offeecaire!" she
wailed, "dat be just de little sup of brandy for poor M'sieu Charette, dat poor man dat set ders. Don' tak' dat! Uncle Charette, pulling at his pipe, only blinked an extra time or so. "Eef yo' tak' dat, offeecaire, w'at dat poor man do for hees dreenk tomorrow mornin'? Please leeve dat." The of-

ficer could appreciate the situation. He Aunt Charette stood at the door until the teams disappeared in the dusk far down the street. A rough inventory at the storehouse

that evening indicated that Aunt Char-ette had \$700 worth of liquor in stock, The officers left word that Aunt Charette must be at the office of the local trial justice the next forenoon at

At eight o'clock Uncle Charette eased her down out of the old-fashioned chaise on to the platform before the justice's office. It was a slow and tedious job, for Aunt Charette's avoirdupois is disposed in most unwieldly fashion. She was arrayed in her best black dress. Uncle Charette-this being a state occasion-had on his long tailed black coat. The faces of both were perfectly expressionless. Evidently Aunt Charette had exhausted all her emotion

'he afternoon before. They sat side by side in the justice's office, mute, never moving, never even turning their heads while all the other cases of seizure were disposed of.

It had been a wholesale raid through the village. All the men and women who had been raided owed money to Aunt Charette. All gave bonds to appear at the higher court. All went away.

"Well, Mrs. Charette," said the justice, "you are charged with single sale, with nuisance and keeping a tippling shop: Have you any lawyer here or any defense to put in?" To the surprise of all, Uncle Cha-

rette, who had been all these years the silent partner in this firm, was the one to speak. "She have no lawyer," said he; "she have nottins to say."
"Well, I shall have to impose fines

arounting to about \$500 on her," said the justice. Aunt Charette gaspedthat was all. Uncle Chare te said noth-'You appeal, don't you?" asked the You know you can appeal justice. "You know you can appeal and give bonds and then your wife won't have to go to jail. You will also have time to get money collected to pay

"We don ' do nottine 'tall 'bout dat t'ing." said tincle Charette doggedly.
"What, you don't mean to say that
you are going to let your wife go down to jail?, and await the sitting of the court. That is two months off. Then she will have still more time to serve in carrying out her sentence. She is likely to stay there the most of a year. Aunt Charette has been a good wife to you, Uncle Charette. Your home place stands in your name. All you have to do is to sign her bonds, and then she can stay here till court sits. And by that time you will have a chance to talk with your friends. I'll

make out the bond.' "No," declared Uncle Charette. "Eet yo' want to tak' her down to jail she go. She all dressed up. She go any time."

Now, you and I and all the rest of us know that this isn't the way the prohibition statute usually operates-and it isn't the way the authorities like to have it operate. And then, too, here was an old woman, who had never been away from home in all her life, who had grown up children, who had knitted in that little kitchen there in the village of Fort Kent and had looked out through her little window at the passers until she had become one of the local landmarks. There wasn't a person in the village who wanted to see her go down to Houlton in that man-

But there she and Uncle Charetto sat without looking at each other. Every one knew that Aunt Charette had money enough to pay the fine. Uncle Charette's name on the bon?

would keep her at home.

But Aunt Charette would not answer a word. And all Uncle Charette would say was:

"She t'ink she better go. She'll be all r-r-at. I'll kip house till she com' back. We've talk 'bout dat t'ing som', and we t'ink dat p'rap she better go down dere."

Well, under those circumstances the law had to take its course. The old couple shook hands on the platform outside the door. The husband got into the crazy chaise and rode away behind the fuzzy old white horse. The deputy sheriff, after great effort, boosted Aunt Charette in over the side of his piano box buggy and started on the sixty-mile drive to Caribou, there to take the train for Houlton.-Lewistop

Journal. Missing Shoes and Breeches. "As I understand this case." remarked the recorder when "Will" Smith presented himself at the matinee, "there were a pair of pants and a pair of shoes missing, and as they didn't have wings and were legless and 'Will' was the only mobile power round missing shoes and breeches

about, it is charged that he stole the "That's just about the size of the case," stated the arresting officer. 'Will' swung himself into full view the recorder and exclaimed: "Jedge Briles, I wishes fer yer to look

de breeches I habs on an' den look at de shoes on my foots. Den ax yer-self ef dey hain't good ernun fer enny

self ef dey hain't good ernuff fer enny nigger ter w'ar, an' if dat am de case, den whut fer does I wants ter steal breeches and shoes?"

"I fall to attach any importance to the allegory," said Recorder Broyles. "The police say you do not work any, whereas you may be trying to clothe yourself like a lily of the field," the recorder said. "Here are pants and shoes missing and everything points to you as the lifter. Tour sole excuse is that you have good shoes and breeches. Men oft commit breaches of the peace without provocation. I will fine you \$15.75, and if you can't pay that without provocation. I will fine you \$15.75, and if you can't pay that amount it will take you thirty days to work it out."

"Jedge Briles," said the prisoner, "doan yer take inter kornsiders.

"doan yer take inter kornsiderashu dat I'se got good shoes and breeches! "Can't recognize affluence as a pre-ventive of crime," replied Recorder Broyles as the clerk called another case, —Aflanta Constitution



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RADLEY'S

A Matter of Dialect. An elderly Scotsman was tried for slight offense and was put in prison. The warder handed him a pail of water next morning, with the remark, "That's to clean your cell." What was his astonishment on returning to find Sandy, who had divested himself of his clothing, having a bath.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the warder. "What are you doing Sandy?" Sandy (turning round quite innocently)-Didn't ye say it was to clean ma-

The Right Side. "I wouldn't fight, my good man," said the peacemaker. "But he called me a thief, sir!" ex

claimed one of the combatants. "And he called me a lazy loafer cried the other.' "Well," said the peacemaker serenely "I wouldn't fight over a difference of

opinion. You may both be right,"

Why She Warted It. Mr. Bowers-1 don't see why you want to spend money for a new thermeter when we have a balf dozen

already. Mrs. Bowers-But this one bas a barometer, and barometers are so handy. See, it says "rain," and just look how it is raining!

Sarenatie. He looked about ? years old, and he sat beside his mother in a Breadway car one day last week. "He's 4," remarked the mother as the conductor held out his hand for the fare. With never a smile, "Is be married?" asked the conductor.

The dog star is the brightest star in the ormament. It was so called by the Cryptians because it watched the risthe of the Nile.

PAST AND FUTURE. 'The secret of happiness is to live n the present."

"That's so; but my wife is always vanting money for to-moorw, and bill-collectors, you know, won't let you forget yesterday.



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HAD SEEN GOLDEN IMAGES

The Row Started in a Negro Sunday School by a New Teacher

The daughter of a man prominent in Washington tells an amusing story of her recent experience in negro Sunday She has taught a Sunday school class

for years, and, being used to colored servants, flattered herself that she un-derstood the negro temperament. So when a Washington friend who taught class of negro children in the poorer quarter of the town was taken ill and obliged to miss her Sunday school class, the young woman of experience blithely volunteered as substitute. The teacher looked doubtful.

"They are awfully ignorant little

"Of course." "And they don't always behave well." "Now don't worry for a minute. I reckon I can manage a roomful of

nickaninnies." So the matter was arranged. Then the substitute teacher betook herself to earnest thought. She wanted to make a hit with the children, and she didn't intend to be tied down to any biblical order of sequence. She would pick out a lesson whenever she could

find one to suit the emergency. The only problem was the choosing of the chapter that would prove most thrilling and appeal most strongly to the juvenile darky. The teacher-elect went at the question intelligently. What did negroes like most? she asked herself. She meditated a long time and went back over her experiences. Finally she decided that long names, gorgeousness and heat were as dear to the darky heart as anything in the

That fact being established she ran mental eve over the chapters of the Bible. At Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego she stopped in triumph. There was a subject ready to her hand long names, pomp and circumstances,

flery furnace and all. She studied diligently and on Sunday morning sallied forth full of enthusiasm. In a stuffy little room on a narrow alley she found fifteen preternaturally solemn little darkies waiting for her. They rolled their eyes at her arrival and looked a shade more solemn The teacher felt a throll of pleasure at the thought of the coming triumph. She had decided that since grandeur was beloved of the colored race she would preface the entry of Shadrach. Meshach and Abednego by a vivid description of the magnificence and exravagance of the times. Then, having captured the attention of her pupils, she would go on to the men of im-

posing names and the fiery furnace. Her reasoning was good, but her knowledge of pickaninny nature was defective. She began her description of the times. Rapt attention. Then, unfortunately, she was moved to talk of golden images and she asked a ques-

"Did any of you ever see a golden image?" she asked. Of course, she said to herself, no one could have seen a golden image, but e interrogative form chains childish

attention. She reckoned without her audience. The question had hardly left her lips before a fat little darky on the front seat held up his hand and tumbled breathlessly into speech. "Yes, lady; I done seen golden im-

age, big as de doh." The boy next to him gave him a vicous nudge. "G'way, you niggah! I seen image

biggah'n dis room," said the second boy. They were off. Every child in the class had lived a life full of golden images. Each image mentioned was bigger than the last; each voice was loud-

er than the last. The teacher gasped and tried to still the tumult; but she was helpless against the storm she had raised. The

gir was full of golden images. Golden images as big as the White upon her. Verbal contest led to brute House, as big as the Capitol, rained force. The assertions of image sneers were emphasized by hair pulling and slapping. Shadrach. Meshach and Abednego never had a chance to show their heads. The class broke up in s

When she saw most of her pupils engaged in a free for all on the floor, amid a babel of image testimony, the teacher gathered up her belongings and fled. As she escaped through the door she heard a loud voice insisting: "I seen a gold'n image big enuf tuh put the Washnton m. nument in his

pocket." "You don't want to get a negro Sunday school class too much interested right at the start," says the ambitious teacher, sadly.

A Moral Tale.

Her earliest and only ambition was to marry a rich husband. For twenty long weary years she sparred for some such opening. Then she met Van Soaque, who was worth \$12,000,000 a day, and had delirium tremens every morning before breakfast.

plished. She was to have a rich husband. So she married him one morning between horrors.

But she had sidestepped from the ubstance and clinched the shadow (as

She felt her life work was accom-

Byron hath it). For though Van Soaque could roll in diamonds without cutting himself. his habits made him the poorest husband that ever percolated the pike. So she missed that shot after all.

The Jester and the Czar, The Russian court jester was trying his best to cheer up his imperial maswere dean of the college of ezars," he playfully remarked, "what would you then become?"
The Czar looked at the jester coldly.
"Well, what?" he asked.

"A-a czar-dean, your majesty, ol The Czar scowled.

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