

Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND COFFEE

is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. Protected by our Seal, the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.

For Boys And Girls

The Highwayman.

Did you ever meet a robber with a pistol and a knife,
Whose prompt and cordial greeting was
"Your money or your life?"
Who, while you stood a-trembling, with
your hands above your head,
Took your gold, most grudgingly offering to
repay you in cold lead?

Well, I once met a robber. I was going
home to tea;
The way was rather lonely, though not
yet too dark to see,
That the sturdy rogue who stopped me
there was very well armed—
But I'm honest in maintaining that
I didn't feel alarmed.

He was panting hard from running,
So, I being still undaunted,
Very boldly faced him and demanded
what he wanted;
I was quite as big as he was, and I
was not out of breath,
So I didn't fear his shooting me,
or stabbing me to death.

In answer to my questions the highwayman
raised an arm
And pointed it straight at me—though
I still felt no alarm;
He did not ask for money, but what
he said was this:
"You cannot pass, papa, unless you
give your boy a horse."

—Allen G. Bigelow.

Engineering by a Mouse.

"While digging holes for telegraph
poles at Byron, Me., said a Western
Union man, 'I became interested in
watching the ingenuity and perseverance
of a mouse. He fell into one of the
holes, which was four and a half
feet deep and twenty inches across.
The first day he ran round the bottom
of the hole, trying to find some
means of escape, but could not climb
out. The second day he settled down
to business. He began steadily and
systematically to dig a spiral groove
round and round the inner surface of
the hole, with a uniformly ascending
grade. He worked night and day;
and, as he got farther from the bottom,
he dug little pockets where he
could either lie or sit and rest. In-
terested witness I was in food.
"At the end of two weeks the mouse
struck a rock. This puzzled him. For
nearly a day he tried to get under,
around, or over the obstruction, but
without success. With unflinching pa-
tience he reversed his spiral, and went
on tunnelling, his way in the opposite
direction. At the end of four weeks
he reached the top, and probably sped
away to enjoy his well-earned free-
dom. His escape was not seen. When
his food was put in in the morning,
he was near the surface; but at night
the work was seen to be complete, and
the little engineer, whose pluck and
skill had saved his life, had left."
—New York Sun.

Not His Day for Being Whipped.

Little Johnny was 8 years old, there-
fore he could look back to several
Christmas holidays with a lively re-
membrance of what they were like,
and what had taken place on these
festal occasions.
One of Johnny's ideas (not original
with Johnny by any means, as many
a parent can testify) was that it is a
boy's mission to make as much noise
as possible in the world, and in spite

CATARH SUBJECTS



This dread malady lurks behind the most
insipid head colds, and when the seeds of disease
are sown steals away the beauty bloom and makes
life pleasures a dreary.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRH POWDER
will cure the insipid cold and the most stub-
born and chronic Catarrh cases. It puts back
the beauty pink and sheds sunshine in its trail.

My wife and I were both troubled with dis-
tressing Catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from
its distresses since the first application of Dr. Ag-
new's Catarrh Powder—it acts instantaneously—
gives grateful relief in 10 minutes, and we believe
it is no case too deeply seated to battle it in a
cure.—Rev. D. Bodman, Buffalo, N.Y.

of frequent admonishing and more or
less frequent whippings, he persever-
ingly carried out the idea on all occa-
sions, except when he was asleep.
Johnny was fulfilling his mission
with more vigor and enthusiasm than
usual on Christmas morning, but no-
body paid any attention to him except
his aunt Jane, who was visiting
Johnny's parents during the holidays,
and she finally grew tired of the noise
and said:

"Johnny, it is very naughty to keep
up such a din and racket all the time,
and if you don't stop it I shall have
to speak to your mother about it."
"Huh! Wot good'll that do?" scorn-
fully demanded Johnny.

"Why, she will whip you if you don't
stop," threatened the young man's
aunt.

"Guess not," retorted Johnny, with
an air of triumph. "Chris'mas ain't
my day for getting whipped. I always
get whipped the day before Chris'mas
and the day after, but I never do on
Chris'mas."—From the "Editor's
Drawer," in Harper's Magazine for
December.

The Poets.

The Week She Died.

She came and leaned against my tired
knees,
And questioned me of this and then
of that;
Asked if the dark was made to hide
the light,
And the little stars were round or
flat.

I felt I had so many troubling cares
And worried thoughts, that I could
not abide
Her restless motions and her tireless
tongue;
Ah me, that was the very week she
died.

It seems to me, as silently I sit,
Nothing would rest me like her lean-
ing form;
And if she gayly sprang and closed
my neck,
I should not think her arms too close
and warm.

I might have answered her more pa-
tiently,
And borne her noisy glee. Oh! I have
cried,
Thinking of all the things I might
have done
That would have made her glad the
week she died.

The snow is cold above her little
grave,
Above the little feet and dear young
head.
The springtime sun will shine, and
warm and bless—
Alas, alas! it cannot reach my dead.

The birds will come and sing their
happy notes,
And grass again will green the val-
leys wide,
But ne'er can grass and flowers and
songs to me
Seem what they did before that week
she died.

—C. A. M. Webb.

The Hame Lan'.

[Wm. Lyle.]

Will my een e'er see the hame lan'
Whaur a' my forbears sleep—
Whaur the rivers tell their secrets
To lka mountain steep—
Whaur glen to glen the weird echoes
Crack o' the deid an' gane,
An' mlie the group o' the hame lan'
That never bore a stain?

Will I ever see the hame lan'
Whaur blue bells fill the air
Wi' jubilee o' remembrance
For hearts that beat nae mair—
Whaur the thistle, tall an' lordly,
Nods to the breeze o' morn,
An' whispers, "Treat me fairly,
Or war the guardian thorn!"

Oh! I lang tae see the hame lan',
Whaur I, a thochless bairn,
Droov up an' doon the witchin' dells,
An' worshiped ilka cairn—
Whaur I dreamed the warl' was Scot-
land,
An' kenned ne'er theer shrine;
Oh! there ne'er been her rival
In my puir heart sin' syne.

Yes, I shall see the hame lan',
For when life's work is done,
I'll steal a look at the dear lan'
Afore I gang abune;
An' there I want nae guarantee
Besides His name wha saves
That the simple faith o' hame lan'
That crouns her martyr's graves.

An Irish Love Song.

In the years about twenty,
(When kisses were plenty)
The love of an Irish lass fell to my
lot;
So winsome and slightly,
So saucy and sprightly,
The priest was a prophet that christen-
er Kate.

Soft gray of the dawnin',
Bright blue of the morning,
The sweet of her eye there was nothing
to mate;
A note like a fairy's,
A cheek like a cherry's,
And a smile—well, her smile was like—
nothing but Kate.

To see her was passion,
To love her, the fashion;
What wonder my heart was unwilling
to wait!
And, darning to love her,
I soon did discover
A Katharine masking in mischievous
Kate.

No Katy unruly,
But Katharine truly—
Fond, serious, patient, and even sedate;
With a glow in her gladness
That banishes sadness—
Yet stay! Should I credit the sunshine
to Kate?

Love cannot outlive it,
Wealth cannot o'ergive it—
That saucy surrender she made at the
gate.
O Time, be but human,
Spare the girl in the woman!
You gave me my Katharine—leave me
my Kate!

[Robert Underwood Johnson, in the
November Century.]

DIED OF LAUGHING.

William Thornton, of Lapine, a well
known French resident of Ware, liter-
ally died of laughing yesterday after-
noon. He was talking with some young
men in his store in Collins' block about
2 o'clock and was laughing immoder-
ately at some jokes they were telling.
While doing so he stooped to lift some-
thing out of the window, and was taken
with a severe hemorrhage of the
lungs. He staggered back to a chair
and in five minutes was dead. He had
been a sufferer with lung trouble for
some time, and his lungs were very
weak. He was 32 years old.

A London Girl in the Highlands.

An Interesting Letter on Odd Customs of the Scotch.

Queer Things Seen During a Ramble in the Western Highlands—Quaint Inns and an Old Cemetery—Round and About Adirialah.

[Special Correspondence.]
The Western Highlands, Scotland.—
"Evidently they have removed the lad-
der, and what I want to be informed
is, how am I ever to get to bed?" said
Heterodocia tragically.

"Take a chair," I suggested, without
turning round.

"I can't," wailed the damsel in dis-
tress. "One isn't sufficient, and you are
sitting on the only other here."

We were up in the Highlands, and at
first sight it appeared as though the
furniture had been removed from the
room of Mary, Queen of Scots, in Holy-
rood, right on here to our apartments.
Only a second glance assured us that
poor Mary's bed had never been so
high as the catafalque wherein we were
asked to repose our weary bones for
the night. It had four posts, and a dis-
mal canopy. It had curtains to be
drawn on either side and around at the
foot, so that one might sleep isolated
from the rest of the world in a very
island of a bed, and its height was ap-
palling. How many mattresses and
feather beds it took to build up that
tremendous structure I never discovered,
but two chairs being tried and
found wanting, one of us lit upon the
happy expedient of climbing on a tall
bureau adjacent and then gently roll-
ing off. It worked to perfection, and
when one chose to arise at the sound
of the bell it was as a festive toboggan
slide before breakfast.

Such is the Highland hotel, and even
so high are the bills thereat. You are
not cheated, oh, dear, no. But you have
to pay roundly for being in the "sea-
son," for being thrust into out-of-the-
way corners, for being elbowed by
men in shooting costume and walked
over by hunting dogs. Go to Scotland
and the lake country in June, in April,
in November, when you will, but unless
you have the purse of Fortunatus, es-
chew both places in October. Yet, I
have a fondness for those odd little
Highland hotels—they are so scrupul-
ously clean, the food is so well cooked
and seasoned, and when the guests sit
down to dinner the joints are disposed
as best balance the table, and who-
ever sits handiest must carve. This is
a great aid to friendliness—you cannot
sit mute and glum among your fellow-
travelers when you have to beseech
them to have a little more mutton or
request their likings as to white or dark
meat of the fowl when it comes time to
pass the oyster.

Of course, the easy-going method has
its disadvantages. Imagine the shy
young man who cannot carve being
suddenly confronted with a brace of
roast ducks and the knowledge that the
company waits. Still, he is not penit-
ent. Every young man who knows
anything knows how to carve, and
knows that item well. Moreover, he is
seldom shy.

Beautiful was the evening, with the
low sun crimsoning the flower of that
perfect scene—loch and mill and moun-
tain top, round and rugged. Still more
beautiful at 5 o'clock the
next morning, when Loch Gilp and
Loch Fyne lay like burnished mirrors
under a flushing sky, and the little brown
fishing boats of the night were as pol-
ished copper to the sight. Sweet and
strong the mountain breezes, scented
with heather; sweet and strong the
breath of the fragrant lochs. It was
an enchanted scene, and to sleep
Tarbert, with the peaks of Ben Cru-
chan on the north, and the Arras
mountains on the south, was a dream
with never a mist or a shower to spoil
the lovely passage through the narrow
Kyles of Bute, where the land seems
to shut up all possibility of exit, un-
less you round a green point, and the
watery way lies smooth before us. By
verdant islands and burnished hills,
with our eyes glad because of the calm
and the might of it, we speed back to
Glasgow town. Aye, but it is a smoky
place after the lochs and the Clyde.

Yet we will not miscall it too much.
Its cathedral holds some compensation.
In that gray and tremulous light, when
I sat the Sunday morning and heard
the choir chant from their carved gal-
lery, "To Thee, O Life Up My Soul, Oh,
Lord," until the burst of triumphant
sound welled up through the echoing
groined arches like a psalm of saints!

The Presbyterian service has few
accessories, but the great cathedral of its-
self, with its seven centuries of his-
tory, its glorious windows, its draped
vestibule, its stately nave, its soaring
and more sublime than anything but use
and storm and stress and history could
make it. It was not until I had seen
Francis Osbaldestone, Andrew Fair-
weather and Rob Roy were gathered there,
and I was wedged in a purgatorial seat
which gave no scope for a woman's
back hair or the outlines of her hat.

The preacher was lengthy of sermon
and tedious, and I longed
so that I might see the sweep of some
gothic arches and the great, grand
modest and simple as the nave, instead,
when I raised my eyes I beheld a
triple window, representing St. Try-
phosa, in a bronze robe, St. Eliza-
beth in green and brown, and St.
Tryphosa in blue, all three saints
apparently suffering as much in their
uncomfortable state as the members
as I in my high-backed pews. Misses
loves companionship, and it isn't every
day that we may have the saints for
company.

"But they that wait upon the Lord
shall renew their strength," announced
the preacher, sonorously, and the old
Scots who sat hard by because of deaf-
ness lifted up their eyes and listened
wistfully as though looking for a new
miracle that should defeat the alchemy
of time.

Alack for the hope! Outside the slant-
ing churchyard is literally paved with
stone slabs, and across the "Bridge of
Signs" rises the necropolis on its hill,
background to the ancient church. It
is the most remarkable cemetery I ever
saw, the paths winding round and
round until the whole city of pillars and
shafts and pointed stone ends in the
gigantic monument to John Knox, fitly,
from a Scotch view, the greatest of the
great, and the most learned names in this
great necropolis, Dr. William Black,
Rev. Dr. Dick, Major Monteth, among
the others, and if the monuments seem
of opinion of the state that marks the
simplicity of death, for the plain slab
that covers the dust of a Shakespeare,
or the brief slate that marks the rest-
ing place of a Wordsworth. One thing
I was glad to see, and that was a
Scottish stone, and the grave of
William Muller, the "Laureate of the
Nursery," who wrote "Wee Willie
Winkie." The high relief medallion on
his tomb showed features gentle and
benign, and I liked to think that some
loving child had placed these flowers
on the grave of a poet who died before

the wee decorator was born, all for
"Wee Willie Winkie's" sake.
Though in our thoughts we still abuse
Glasgow, the last thing to me came
ed with the busy town is an act of
kindness. One of us had been ill, and
the hotels were expensive. There was
not for some more money, and not a
letter of credit among us. The sick one
had a sterling draft on London. Would
that do at the Bank of Scotland? We
feared not, but tried. The bank clerk
confirmed our fears, but suggested that
we see the manager. This seemed to
be giving quite too much trouble, and
we were about to turn away when the
weak one begged for a chair and a few
minutes' rest. In the meantime the
clerk had summoned the busy man-
ager, and we all felt abashed when that
dignitary came up and stood before us.
The draft suddenly seemed such a very
little thing, and our business so insignif-
icant. Could we be identified by any-
one in Glasgow? No, we could not.
Would we be content to wait for the
amount of the draft until a wire could
be dispatched to London to ascertain its
authenticity? No, we were aware that
our conduct looked suspicious, but we
must go on that very day. We would
forgive us for taking up his time and
giving this unnecessary trouble? We
would manage very well, somehow, we
were quite sure.

But the keen Scotch eyes were search-
ing the pale face of the applicant, and
with a word to a clerk and a sign the
draft was sent to the cashier. "We
will do this time what we often have to
do by faith; and I hope we have been
of service," was the courteous word
of parting. And when, all bewildered,
we remanded the clerk who counted out
the money that he had taken no com-
mission, he, too, answered: "Oh, we
don't charge any." But I hope we've
been of use to you.
Of use! Nobody at that bank had
ever seen us before nor might again,
yet here they had cashed an unidenti-
fied check for nearly \$150 and not
charged a halfpenny for it. They do
these things better—at least, more
courteously—in Scotland.

EVE BRODRIQUE.

A Smile: A Laugh.

Lady (to nurse)—You say that baby
has got the measles?
Nurse—Yes, ma'am.
Lady—Then you must take care that
dear little Fido doesn't go near her.

Bessie—I met Mrs. Shaply out shop-
ping today, and I never before realized
what a loud voice she has.
Jennie—But you must remember, my
dear, that she was asking for a pair of
No. 2 shoes.

Very Consoling.—"It's always a re-
lief to me when it comes time to pay
off Bridget," said Mrs. Howskeep.
"Why?" inquired her husband.
"Because it is the only time when I
feel positive that she doesn't employ
me."

"See here, Lucy," said the teacher to
one of her bright scholars, "you have
written the word oyster without an r."
"Oh, yes," exclaimed the scholar,
reaching for the slate to make the cor-
rection: "I must have been thinking
this was one of those months when
there is no r in oysters."

A fly had fallen into the ink-well
of a certain author, who writes a very
bad and a very inky hand. The writer's
little boy rescued the unhappy insect,
and dropped him on a piece of paper.
After watching him intently for a
while, he called to his mother, "There's
a fly, mamma, that writes just like
papa."

Knowledge of Trees.—"Michael, what
kind of a tree is that?"
"The one beyond the birch, mum?"
"Oh, yes," exclaimed the scholar,
reaching for the slate to make the cor-
rection: "I must have been thinking
this was one of those months when
there is no r in oysters."

A Georgia farmer has a son who
writes verse, but is too modest to sub-
mit it for publication. One day, when
the farmer was going to town, he
took a bundle of poems along with
him and handed them to an editor.
"They're pretty fair," said the edi-
tor. "To Thee, O Life Up My Soul, Oh,
Lord," until the burst of triumphant
sound welled up through the echoing
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There are thousands of
sickly school-girls all over
this broad land that are
dragging their way through
school-life who might enjoy
that abundant life which be-
longs to youth by simple at-
tention to hygienic laws and
a proper course of treatment
with Scott's Emulsion. This
would make the blood rich,
the heart-beat strong; check
that tendency to exhaustion
and quicken the appetite by
strengthening the digestion.
Our book tells more about
it. Sent free.

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