



NO "AWFUL PAUSE."

A Thrifty Family—The family consisted of three boys and three girls.



Helen was the oldest, so it became her lot to look after and protect the younger ones. Helen saw that poultry business paid, so she started in it. She raised 300 each year, and sold the same amount. Sue's mind ran in a different channel; she learned to be a first-class butter-maker. Ella loved the garden, and a fine one she had, with the fruits in season and the best fruits, too. The boys did their parts well. Each one took up a different line of work, as well as the girls. John loved to raise grain. He studied hard how much seed it would take to sow on an acre to obtain the biggest yield, and how much it would require to feed Helen's chickens. Will loved to raise cattle; the increase in a few years brought several milch cows besides the male calves, which he sold, and also the butter, which Sue made and always brought a high price. This netted Will quite an income. Henry was a lover of vegetables; he spent all his time in the garden in preparing the soil and making seed beds for Ella, and there was plenty to eat in that line and to spare. In 15 years afterward these boys and girls got married and went on farms of their own. They paid the small mortgage off, because they knew how to go to work to do it. They could always look back with joy and pride over the lessons they had learned on the old homestead in saving money. What the boys and girls need to-day is more practical common sense.—[C. E. Chambers.]

Mrs. Kink—The bachelor who cannot count the furrows on his brow nor trace on his cheek the tear stains remembers his sorrow only by the thought of the girl who left him behind her, and he is a confirmed "bachelor" because he thinks all girls are deceitful. It isn't because the girls are deceitful that there are so many bachelors. It is more likely that there is some deformity of the head which prevents bachelor's seeing that the marriage institution is the bond of social order, and if treated with due respect, care and consideration, greatly enhances individual happiness and consequently general good. To the several friends who inquire for Kink, will say that she has listened to that story which is the sweetest of them all (to maidens), and for that story was signed Mrs.—[Mr. Critic.]

A Teacher—A teacher's requirements are not numerous. She only needs to be a primary, intermediate and high school teacher combined. She must be able to build fires, put up window panes, adjust fallen stovepipes, split kindling, sweep, keep out of neighborhood quarrels, raise money for libraries, buy books for some children and plant trees on Arbor day.—[C. Morris.]

Self-Sacrifice—I want so much to tell Bachelor that there are some true women who are not deceitful. If he will dash those cobwebs of doubt from his mind, these true women may be revealed to him. God's holy blessing rest upon you, Happy Wife. How many more happy homes there would be if we followed your rule. "Aye" I do firmly believe love can rule most wisely of all powers. Vernon Mangum's talk reminds me of Longfellow's poem, "The Happest Land." Vernon, read it first chance you have unless you have already read it. Ah, Bishop, I am shocked at your greed of money. So you to the knot for the money there is in it, do you? Come again, Plover Boy, you are very interesting. How kind of Florida Girl to interfere in behalf of our friends. I

am thankful for her advice, for I "kind-of" feel as though I needed it as well as Lena W. I won't try to discuss love with any of you now. It is such a painful pleasure and so delicate, my hard-worked hands are not fit to handle it. Those quarreling stepchildren and stepparents might make their surroundings happier by self-sacrifice. Is not self-sacrifice close kin to love?—[Groper.]

Treasures of Darkness—Some time ago a sister spoke of her loneliness because her husband spent his evenings away. I was once delayed in the center of the city till night overtook me. It had overtaken my heart long before. I stood on a corner waiting for a car, crowds surging past me on all sides. I was alone. I looked up, up toward the starry world. The narrow strip of sky seemed to move farther and farther from me. Would God forsake me, too? As I gazed skyward, suddenly from a near building a joyous chorus broke forth; the words came clear and sweet, drowning out the din around me.

"Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Is there trouble anywhere?"

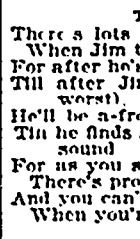
We should never be discouraged.—

Take it to the Lord in prayer."

Lonesome! alone. Let it be alone with God. "The darkness shall be light about thee." "He will give thee the treasures of the darkness." Three favored are those who find them.—[Good Faith.]

Bargain—While in one of our dry goods stores recently my attention was attracted to a card upon which was printed in large letters, "Great reduction in price of overcoats for the next 30 days." I thought, "What an opportunity for Niskayuna!" One of the number I know would just suit him, quality of cloth good, buttons warranted not to pull off, pockets well made and large enough to hold his weekly supply of groceries, also copy of F & H. Such a bargain, too! Price reduced from \$25 to \$24.97!—[Shiftless Simpson's Great-Granddaughter.]

Knots—Remember, dear Councilors, that we live in the glorious free domains of dear old Uncle Sam, where everyone has a right to think, and, yes, love, as he or she chooses. And furthermore, as far as my knowledge of our admirable constitution extends, I don't remember having noticed any provision denouncing the perfidious act of "falling in love with school teachers" or anyone else. Rev. Bishop, are you not giving the financial part of your "knot-tying" a little the precedence? But, nevertheless, your meaning is undoubtedly of the best, and so I bid you rest assured of the patronage of every loyal Councilor who may ever feel the need of the "unravelling knot."—[Amicus Mensae.]



TRADIN' HOSSES.
There's lots of worriment ahead for me
When Jim trades hosses.
For after he's traded along a spell at first,
Till after Jim's found out the best (or worst),
He'll be a-frettin' and a-grumpin' round.
Till he finds out for certain if the hoss is sound.
For as you surely must by this time see
There's profits and there's losses.
And you can't always tell which it'll be
When you're given to tradin' hosses.
JIM'S WIFE.

A Sad Case—At the age of four years I was my unlucky fate to fall into the mer- of a stepmother whose chief principles were selfishness, treachery and ignorance. Father in comfortable circumstances, peaceful disposition and ambitious nature, was seldom home except Sundays and at meal time. Although previously indulged, at that early age under such favorable circumstances I was easily brought into complete submission. Before her marriage she had experienced nothing but poverty. When I reached the age of nine a sister was born to the household, and from that date there was a marked change for the worse in her treatment of me. Her daughter, who became quite a lovable young lady, inheriting her father's disposition, died on the threshold of womanhood. I was married quite young, glad to escape the con-

tinued torture she gave me, nor over afterward received a daughter's welcome when I returned to that home my father and mother earned and she occupied. It is an unforgotten offense in her mind for father to visit me or to speak to me in company.—[Stepdaughter.]

Tamed—Stepdaughters, you are right, "do as you wish to be done by,"



or in other words, if you expect kind and loving treatment from your stepmo first show her you respect her as you would your own mother. My mother died when I was five years old; now I am 25. When I came to know my new mother I was a perfect Indian. When she punished me, I took my troubles to the hired men or the neighbors. Now I thank her ten thousand times for her guiding hand. She made a man of me. Stepdaughters, don't think I was the family pet, for there are seven others besides me. Bishop should not use such language. His vocation calls for loftier thoughts. I am a farmer and a bachelor, living all alone on a 160-acre farm. My sister, who generally keeps house for me, is away this year studying music. I used to be a locomotive fireman, but farming is my calling.—[Spading Joe.]

The Passion Vine—I want to tell the Councilors about the lovely wild flowers of Texas (my home is on the coast): The flowering maples or abutlons, wild tulips, phlox, verberna, and oh, the lovely palms! The finest kind of broad, fan-shaped leaves, same as the Latania Borbonica, grow here in the greatest abundance. Every year they blossom and produce any quantity of seed. Wagon loads of the beautiful green leaves are used to decorate. Every Christmas boatloads are taken to Galveston to decorate the churches. Then there is a flower somewhat like a thistle; the buds look as though covered with small pink-edged ostrich feathers. The blossom is twice as large as a thistle, and single, with a peculiar, beautiful center. But it is of the passion vine I wish to particularly tell you. I remember when I lived in the north, I so much wanted to see a blossom of this kind, after hearing the fascinating description of it. I bought a plant at the greenhouse and petted and coaxed and gave it every care; I even sat up nights to keep it from

Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made a New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 64,492]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to write to you expressing my sincere gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried different doctors, also different kinds of medicine. I would feel better at times, then would be as bad as ever.

"For eight years I was a great sufferer. I had falling of the womb and was in such misery at my monthly periods I could not work but a little before I would have to lie down. Your medicine has made a new woman of me. I can now work all day and not get tired. I thank you for what you have done for me. I shall always praise your medicine to all suffering women."—MRS. E. E. KUHN, GERMANO, OHIO.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of your Sanative Wash, also some of the Liver Pills, and I can say that your remedies will do all that you claim for them. Before taking your remedies I was very bad with womb trouble, was nervous, had no ambition, could not sleep, and my food seemed to do me no good. Now I am well, and your medicine has cured me. I will gladly recommend your medicine to every one wherever I go."—MRS. M. L. SHEARS, GUN MARSH, MICH.

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