

POETRY.

"AID YOURSELF, AND GOD WILL AID YOU."

"Aid yourself, and God will aid you,"
Is saying that I hold
Should be written on letters
Wrought of silver or of gold,
But upon hearts of men,
A command from God in Heaven.
Tis the law of Him who made you—
Aid yourself and God will aid you.

Aid yourself—who will not labor
All his wants of life to gain,
But relies upon his neighbor,
Finds that he relies in vain.
Till you've done your utmost, never
Ask a helping hand, nor ever
Let the toils of life oppress you—
Aid yourself, and God will aid you.

Aid yourself—who know the fable
Of the wheel sunk in the road;
How the car was not able
By its prayers to move the load
Till, urged by some more wise beholder,
He moved the wheel with lusty shoulder,
Do your own work—your Maker made you—
Aid yourself, and God will aid you.

It is well to help a brother
Or a sister when in need,
But believe me, there's another
Not-to-be-forgotten creed.
Better how did never science
Teach to man than self-reliance,
Tis the law of Him who made you—
Aid yourself, and God will aid you.

SELECT STORY. AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

BY H. G. B.

The July sun rode high in the heavens,
And from the dusty crowded street, rose
The harsh din of the surging, impatient
Crowd of buyers and sellers, the clatter
Of wheels and the oaths and chirrup of their
tired heated drivers—rose even to the
small, dingy back office where Dorothy
Saunders sat before an ink-stained desk,
copying law papers.

The girl's face was fair and sweet, al-
though much of the brightness of girlish
hope and anticipation had faded from it,
and was replaced by an expression of
anxious care that fitted idly with the
clear, brown eyes, and rosy, dimpled
mouth that seemed only made for smiles
and kisses.

Her pen moved mechanically over the
paper, and as she paused now and then
to wipe the drops from her heated fore-
head, she glanced curiously at the two
gentlemen occupying the other side of the
room, who were too deeply interested in
the subject of stocks and bonds to notice,
even if they had been so disposed, the
brown eyes peeping at them over the top
of the desk opposite.

One of them was her employer, a
shrewd, hard-fisted man, but by no means
unkindly man, who had always paid her
fairly and promptly for her work, while
he treated her with an old-fashioned
courtesy that went far toward making her
forget the inferiority of her position, and
that his fashionable laughter, which was
once her dearest school friend, now
failed to recognize her when she dropped
into her father's office, as she often did
when her porte-monnaie needed replen-
ishing.

The other gentleman was a man of
sixty, or thereabouts, whose gray hair was
already white about the temples, while the
deep-drawn lines around his eyes and
mouth showed that his life had been one
of careful and anxious calculation and
mental toil.

Dorothy knew him well as one of the
wealthiest men in the city, and almost
unconsciously her thoughts reverted to
the elegant mansion, whose lovely
grounds she had so often stopped to feast
her eyes upon, and the wonderful stories
that she had heard of the richness and
beauty within—and all for what? for
what?

A course, untamed, wayward girl of
fifteen, his only child and motherless from
her birth.

She remembered the many times that
she had seen her, driving her span of
spirited bays down the principal streets of
the city, her black eyes gleaming with
excitement, and her long hair—straight
and black as an Indian's—streaming out
from beneath her jockey cap, with whip
and voice she urged the fiery animals to
their utmost speed.

Rumor whispered that her father, in a
vain attempt to civilize and tame her
down, had employed a score of governesses,
one after another, not one of whom
succeeded in keeping her position more
than a month at most, and as a last
resource, had packed her off to a boarding
school, from which she returned in a week
—dismissed for utterly refusing to con-
form to the rules of the institution.

Dorothy thought of all these things
with a secret bitterness of which she was
herself scarcely aware. That this girl, so
inferior to herself in all the qualities that
go to make up a lady, should be the petted
darling of a rich and dotting father, with
every luxury and privilege that wealth
could procure always at her hand—while
she, who would have known so well how
to prize and make the most of those
privileges was but a paid dependent, toil-
ing from morning to night for her bread,
with neither father nor mother to love
and care for her.

Perhaps, too, the remembrance of those
other and more prosperous days when
toll and she were strangers, and when the
greatest anxiety that her life had ever
known was in regard to the construction
of a Latin sentence, or the fashion of a
new suit. It did seem as if things were
unevenly distributed in this world, in
spite of all the arguments that religionists
use to prove the contrary. And with a
feeling of unusual discouragement, she
went on with her work, bending her head
lower behind the shelter of her desk, that
no stray glance might detect the tears
that filled her eyes in spite of her.

As the visitor rose to go she heard him
say, with a comfortable, self-complacent
laugh:
"Well, I have already cleared thirty
thousand by the operation, and I shall ex-
pect to make as much more out of it be-
fore the end of the year."
Thirty thousand dollars!

Dorothy drew a long breath, as her
mind took in the full meaning of the
words. If she had thirty thousand dol-
lars what would she do with it? She
smiled half mockingly at the ridiculous
impossibility, and yet she could not quite
put aside the delightful fancy.

The first thing should be to renovate
her shabby wardrobe—for she had all a
real woman's love for beautiful and taste-
ful attire—then she would go abroad,
visit all the beautiful and wonderful
places that she had read about; and, at
last, indulge herself and improve her
musical talent by a sojourn in one of
those quaint old German towns where
music seems an indigenous growth of the
soil, and the musical training of the chil-

dren begins so soon as they can sit erect
in a high chair before the piano.

She laughed softly, very softly, for her
employer, Squire Hobart, was at his own
desk—and with that laugh all her
momentary bitterness vanished away, and
she "took up her burden of life again,"
with a patient if not a glad heart, whose
equanimity was not even ruffled by a
visit from Miss Maud Hobart, who, look-
ing dainty and cool in a lovely cantripe
wrapper and shade straw hat, flitted into
the room with a message for "papa," and
a costly supercilious stare for his "copy-
ist." If it made her happier to flaunt
her prosperous plumage in the face of her
oldtime schoolmate and friend, why, let
her do so. There was really no harm
done, and Dorothy worked away with a
will, in pleasant anticipation of the fast
approaching dinner hour.

As the clock struck one she laid aside
her work, and leisurely donning hat and
mantle passed with a sigh of relief into
the cooler atmosphere of the dark landing
at the head of the street stairs. She
paused for a moment to fasten her gloves
when suddenly a dark object just at her
feet attracted her attention, and stooping
down she found to her surprise what
seemed to be a well-filled pocket book,
dusty and crushed as if more than one
pair of feet had trampled over it in the
obscurity without noticing it.

It was only the work of a moment to
return to her own desk, where she could
examine the "find" at her leisure. It
was well supplied, as she had guessed,
with bank-notes, but these were of little
moment compared to the papers, which
she hoped would give her a clue to the
owner. Nor was she disappointed. Al-
most the first paper that she unfolded was
a memorandum with the name of Henry
Drayton appended to it.

"He must have lost it this morning
when he left the office," she thought.
"How odd, that of all the people tramp-
ing up and down these stairs nobody
should have seen it before me."

She must return it to him; but when
and how? There was no time then, for
she had hardly time to eat her dinner and
be back to the office at the hour that
Mr. Hobart expected her to be in her
place. It would have to be put off until
evening; meanwhile it would be safer in
her possession, she thought, than any-
where else, and having thus disposed of
the subject she turned off to another memorandum
to make up for lost time, that she ran, with-
out knowing it, plump against a gentle-
man who, with his foot upon the lower
stair was about to descend, when Dorothy's
substantial little figure struck him full in
the chest, without a word of warning, and
almost threw him off his equilibrium for
an instant, as in reply to her embarrassed
apology he laughed good-naturedly, for
he was too much out of breath to speak,
while she added, with a glance at his face:

"Oh, Mr. Drayton, I'm very glad to
have met you just now, for I've found
a pocket book belonging to you, and I
didn't know how I should find a chance
to return it."

She placed the pocket book in his
hands, replying to his thanks in the
frank, unaffected fashion peculiarly her
own.

"Don't thank me, sir, it's been no
trouble to me. I found it only a moment
ago, on the upper landing, and seeing
your name on some of the papers, I knew
you must have lost it this morning as you
went out of Squire Hobart's office."

He was looking at her flushed, eager
face with evident admiration and interest.

"You are—Miss Hobart?" he asked,
with a shade of embarrassment.

Dorothy smiled mischievously—if
Maud could only have heard that!—but
she only said:

"Oh, no, I'm only a copyist in that
gentleman's office."

And without waiting to hear the thanks
that he was evidently eager to speak, she
hastened away, intent only upon being in
season for her afternoon's duties.

All through the long summer afternoon,
she had the office to herself, and as she
wrote line after line, with only the near
buzzing of the flies and the far away hum
of the city for companionship, her
thoughts reverted more than once to the
smiling face and courteous speech of the
gentleman whose pocket book she had
been fortunate enough to find.

That evening an unexpected pleasure
awaited her, for Mr. Drayton called upon
her, and after expressing in his courteous
fashion his thanks for the service that
she had rendered him, offered her a
situation in his household as governess
and companion to his daughter.

"I find," he said, "by consulting Mr.
Hobart, that you are perfectly qualified
for the trust so far as your education
abilities are concerned, and for the
position, the sweetness and good judg-
ment that my motherless girl stands so
much in need of, I trust to my own judg-
ment in reading faces, that you will not
fail us."

It was a tempting offer, and yet Dorothy
hesitated, in a painful embarrassment.
What could she, a mere girl herself, do
with that unchecked hoyden, whom so
many had tried unsuccessfully to tame?
It was a risky experiment, and she fully
realized it, even while accepting the pos-
sion so unexpectedly tendered her.

"I only make one stipulation," she said
gravely, "and that is, that if I fail in
the respect and affection of my charge,
after a fair trial, you won't hesitate to
let me know that my services are unprof-
itable to you."

The promise was rather reluctantly
given, and Dorothy thankfully laid down
the copyist's pen to enter upon her
new duties as governess to one of the
wildest, most unmanageable pupils that
ever vexed the soul of a zealous, pains-
taking teacher.

She had expected to meet with insubor-
dination, possibly open rebellion, and she
was as much surprised as pleased at the
cordial greeting of her young charge.

"I'm real glad to see you, Miss San-
derson," and she held out an ungloved hand,
not over-clean, and smelling suspiciously
"horsey," as if its owner had just come in
from the stable where her pet span was
domiciled.

"Papa has told me all about you," she
went on with refreshing frankness, "how
you found his pocket book, and he wanted
to repay you by giving you an easier
chance than to write all day in old
Hobart's office. Now, I'm awful hard
on the bit, I'll allow, but if you could
have seen the slow old coaches that I've
had at my heels ever since I was born,
you wouldn't blame me for kicking over
the traces, when I couldn't stand it any
longer. First, there was Prim, and she
buckled me up in corsets, and made me
wear my hair in a pigtail. I threw her
and papa got Trim, and she roared about
my not wearing gloves if I went into the
garden for five minutes, and called my
beautiful coach dog Spottie a 'howdy
creature.' I couldn't stand that, so I
talked, and Grim came and took her
place. Now Grim couldn't be satisfied
with driving me, but she insisted upon
driving my horses too. I didn't like to
refuse, and in a week she had just about
ruined them; for she didn't know any-
thing more about handling horses than
she did girls. They ran away with her
one day, and almost broke her neck, and
because I said it served her right, she
packed up and went off in a huff. So you

see," with a deep sigh of self pity, "I've
had a dreadful hard road to travel as far
as governesses are concerned, and I do
hope you and I will get along comfortably
together, for you're young and pretty, and
I think I shall like you."

Dorothy laughed and blushed a little
at the innocent compliment, but she said
kindly:

"I promise you that I won't interfere
with your pets, or insist upon your
adopting fashions in dress that you dis-
like. But in return, I shall expect you to
learn the lessons that I set you, and
whatever suggestions I may make in re-
gard to dress and behavior that you will
receive them respectfully, and adopt
them, if you have no good reason to show
for not doing so."

The girl remained silent for a moment,
evidently turning over the subject in her
mind, then she answered with slow, de-
liberateness:

"I'll get the lessons, Miss Sanderson,
for I don't want to be an ignorant, of
course, and as for the rest of it, well, I
promise not to take the bit in my teeth
until there is a good and sufficient reason
for it."

And with this guarded promise her
governess was forced to be content. It
was wonderful how well the two got
along together, and as the weeks went by,
each showing a decided improvement in
the long mismanaged Sallie, Mr. Drayton's
delight knew no bounds. Taking the
hint from Sallie's own equine smiles, the
young teacher treated her with the same
polite intermingling of firmness and
gentleness that she would have used in
training an unbroken colt.

Her lessons were judiciously chosen,
and carefully learned, no matter how in-
dolent or capricious the pupil might hap-
pen to be, or how threadbare her own
patience might have grown during the
often tedious process, but in other things
she taught more by example than precept,
trusting to the womanly instincts of the
girl herself to learn the little niceties of
speech and toilet by imitation rather than
rule.

There was little to unlearn, for in spite
of her fifteen years, Miss Sallie, who had
never in all her life cared to mingle with
girls of her own age, was as unaffected
and simple as a child in all her thoughts
and ideas. Best of all, any notion of her
own superiority as the heiress of one of
the richest men in the city, seemed never
to have occurred to her. But as she grew
older, she grew more observant, and her
governess was delighted when for the first
time, she expressed a preference in re-
gard to a certain style of dress.

It was only a little thing, to be sure,
but it indicated the dawn of womanly
feeling, and showed that, with suitable in-
fluences about her, the hoydenish girl
might develop into a refined and elegant
woman, with tastes and habits befitting
her station.

As yet her own real affection for
her pupil, it was just to Dorothy to see the
pride and delight that Mr. Drayton was
beginning to take in his daughter, but she
was scarcely prepared for the an-
nouncement that he made her one morn-
ing in the solitude of his library.

"I have been thinking, Miss Sanderson,
that a residence of two or three years
abroad would be a benefit both to your-
self and your charge. I can go with you,
but I cannot spare more than a few
months from my business, so, that, hav-
ing made the tour of Europe together, I
propose to leave you two in some German
town, where she can have facilities for
study, and both of you can get a good
musical education."

Dorothy's head spun round like a top,
and for a moment she was too bewildered
even to thank him. Her heart was
in the bright dream of her life about to
be realized in all of its fulness, and she
shyly pinched herself to make sure that
she was not dreaming.

Mr. Drayton smiled indulgently. He
understood, far better than she imagined,
the expressed longings of her nature for
something higher and better than she
had hitherto known, and this plan had
really been arranged with an eye to her
benefit as well as his daughter's.

Sallie was pleased, but by no means so
enthusiastic as her governess had ex-
pected. She had never dreamed of her
home, her father, and her pets, while
many of the charms connected with
foreign travel were as a sealed book to her.

But Dorothy—bright, eager Dorothy—
brightened like an impatient flower in
the congenial atmosphere of the grand
old places, rendered sacred by old mem-
ories and time-honored legends. Her
sweet face saddened, and her tones were
strangely pathetic, as, standing at the
foot of Charing Cross, she recalled that
funeral procession more than six hundred
years ago, in which a morning king fol-
lowed for thirteen dreary days the
coffin of his dead wife, and, in token of
his love and grief, caused to be erected at
each resting place a stone cross to the
memory of his "dear wife," as he
tenderly called his lost wife, while at
Stratford-upon-Avon she charmed and de-
lighted her companions with extracts—
heroic, sweet, or witty—from the great
poets of the world.

No spot was so remote, no castle or
church so ancient, that she had not some
interesting history connected with it,
packed away in her well stored brain.

Mr. Drayton enthusiastically declared
that he had grown learned in a single
month under her tuition, while Sallie,
whose imagination was fired by the ro-
mantic legends that her governess had at
her finger ends, declared that she would
never study history from books after this.

It was very lonely in that quiet Ger-
man town, surrounded by strange faces
and still stranger tongues, and Mr. Dray-
ton, when he started for home left behind
him two very sad and lonely girls, in
spite of the evident effort that they made
to conceal their grief at parting. Nor is
it strange that the discovery of one of
their own countrymen, in the person of a
fellow-boarder, should have filled their
homesick hearts with joy and thankfulness.

Ross Barton was a medical student, and
had already been in Gutenberg more than
a year, so that he was well qualified
to act as escort and adviser to his young
countrywomen, who made no secret of
that satisfaction in finding so agreeable
and competent a guide. In short, before
long, the three became inseparable, riding,
walking, studying and singing together,
happy in the present, and with the
natural thoughtfulness of youth, taking
little heed of possible heartaches on the
morrow.

Dorothy was the first to wake from her
dream of pleasant unconcern, and the
awakening came in this wise:

She had been asleep, and had seen her flushed
cheek resting lovingly upon a crushed
rose, that she instantly recognized as the
gift of the handsome, young doctor only
that very day.

Her own cheek flushed, then grew very
pale, as with noiseless step she crossed
the room, and possessing herself of the
book for which she came, as noiselessly
withdrew to the quiet and solitude of her
own room.

None ever dreamed, as none but God
saw, the dreadful struggle that, all that
fright night, went on in the heart of the
solely tempted girl. She knew, only too
well, how easily the young student's
friendly admiration for herself might be
fanned into a flame, and the love in her
own heart dammed piteously to have its
own way. But, on the other hand, her
was her charge, who loved and trusted
her so implicitly, and whose friendship
had been the means of her reaching the
accomplishment of the darling project of
her life. Should she selfishly plant a
thorn in her path, whose hand had so
freely strewn roses in her own?

It was a fierce contest, but the nobler
nature triumphed, and the morning sun
looked in upon a pale but peaceful face,
from which all traces of mental conflict
had vanished, having only the calm of a
steady purpose, that nothing could by any
possibility shake.

With a woman's tact, Dorothy contrived
to avoid, without seeming to do so, any
solitary interviews with her fellow-
boarder, while, in a thousand and one
little womanly ways, she made conspicu-
ous the girlish charms of mind and per-
son that her pupil was every day, de-
veloping. It was wonderful, too, how
quickly her own mind, under this dis-
cipline, regained its ordinary equilibrium,
or with what perfect equanimity she
noted the daily increasing interest that
the young doctor showed in the pretty
heir, and the unconscious tenderness of
his tones, that never failed to bring a
deeper glow to the girl's dark cheek, and
a light to her eye that spoke volumes to
this watchful friend.

Before many months had passed, Sallie
came to her governess, with a shy, sweet
light in her downcast eyes, and a wonder-
ful love story trembling upon her lips.

"Rose will write papa, asking his con-
sent to our engagement," she whispered.
"But, dear, dear Miss Dolly"—using the
pet name by which she loved best to call
her—"will you write him too? I know
he thinks so much of your good sense
and judgment that your recommendation
of Ross will be enough to satisfy him."

Dorothy consented, and in due time the
answer came, a part of which Dorothy
read aloud to the anxious pair.

"Mr. Barton is not entirely unknown to
me by reputation, and I have the heartiest
respect for him, but as I intend
to cross the seas myself next month, to
bring my banished home again, I will de-
clare the desired 'paternal blessing' until I
can bestow it in person."

The part that she did not read aloud
contained the following sentence:

"I can only part with my girl on one
condition, and that is, Dorothy, that you,
as my wife, will consent to be the old
man's darling in her stead."

Next month there was a double mar-
riage in the pretty Lutheran church where
the girls had attended, and Mr. Drayton
soon sailed for home, carrying with him
his bride, leaving the younger couple to
stay where they were until the doctor
should be ready to return to his native
land, a full-fledged doctor.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE.

The Man He Killed Wasn't Much Use
Anyhow.

"Your honor," said a prosecuting at-
torney in an Alabama backwoods court,
according to the Arkansas Traveller,
the prisoner at the bar is charged with
killing one of the most exemplary citi-
zens of this country. Andrew D. Boyson,
your honor, was in every respect a model
man. He was a beloved member of the
church, and was never known to be
guilty of an unchristian act. Why, your
honor, he was never known to bet on
horses, play poker, drink whiskey or use
tobacco. He—

"Hold on a minute," the judge broke in;
"you say he didn't bet on horses?"

"That's what I say, your honor."

"And he didn't play poker?"

"Never was known to play a game."

"And he never drank liquor?"

"Never drank a drop, your honor."

"And he didn't chew tobacco?"

"Never took a chew in his life."

"Well, then," said the judge leaning
back with a sigh, "I don't see what he
wanted to live for. There wasn't any-
thing in life for him, and I don't see why
he ain't about as well off dead as alive.
Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff, and
call the next case."

WHERE NO FEMALES LIVE.

There is one place in the world, nam-
ely, the mountains of Athos, in the Aegean
sea, in European Turkey, where women
are unknown. The population, about 6,
000, all monks, form a kind of monastic
republic, consisting of twenty large monas-
teries, besides numerous hermitages and
cells. The whole community is govern-
ed by an administrative body of four
presidents, one styled "First Man of
Athos," and a representative body called
the holy synod, consisting of twenty
members, one from each monastery. They
enjoy complete autonomy, subject to pay-
ing the Turkish government an annual
tribute of about £2,500.

The monks follow the rule of St. Basil
and lead an ascetic life, restricting their
diet to herbs, fruit and fish. They are
employed in agriculture, gardening, the
arts and crafts, and the manufacture of
statues, images, crucifixes and wooden
articles of furniture, which they sell, while
they also reap profits from the numerous
visits of pilgrims. No female, even of
the lower animals, is permitted to enter
the peninsula.

THE SOAP OF THE ANCIENTS.

Philologists critics have observed that
the words translated as "soap" in the
Old Testament and in Bohn's "Piny" are
properly alkali, and that the an-
cients generally used only mechanical ab-
stergents, such as bran and fine sand.
Perfumed ointments, however, were con-
sidered an indispensable requisite of
every civilized household, though they
have now gone as strangely out of fashion
as the incense of the Mediterranean na-
tions. The Greeks and Romans used a
special ointment, often mixed with
mineral dyes, for the hair, and another
for purposes of general incensation, and,
after returning from a journey, even
travelers of moderate means took a bath,
followed by an all-over rubbing down
with vegetable oils. Black hair dyes
were prepared by the low-headed Visigoths,
while the Roman ladies coveted the
golden locks of the transalpine barbarians.

TO PRESERVE AND STRENGTHEN
THE EYES.

Somebody says that this is an excellent
plan to preserve and strengthen the eyes:
Every morning pour some cold water
into your washing bowl; at the bottom of
the bowl place a silver coin or some other
bright object; then put your face in the
water with your eyes open and fixed on
the object at the bottom; move your
head from side to side gently, and you
will find that this morning bath will
make your eyes brighter and stronger,
and preserve them beyond the ordinary
allotted term.

"Whew! how my stomach aches."
Take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in
sweetened water.

If ignorance is bliss, the wonder is why
so many people complain of being miser-
able.

WHY MEN CROSS THEIR LEGS.

Some Quaker Characteristics of Men of
Faint Working Hours.

Men generally cross their legs when
there is least pressure on their minds.
You will not very often find a man actu-
ally engaged in business with his legs
crossed. The limbs at these times are
straighter than at any other. A man en-
gaged in auditing accounts will seldom
cross his legs; neither will a man writing
an article, or who is employed in any
manner where his brain is actively en-
gaged. When at work in sitting posture,
the limbs naturally extend to the floor in
a perfectly straight line. A man may
cross his legs if he is sitting in an office
chair discussing some proposition with
another man, but the instant he becomes
really in earnest and perceives something
to be gained, his limbs uncross, he bends
forward toward his neighbor and begins
to use his hands.

But these observations are made to
mankind in general. There are particular
cases that are otherwise. There are cer-
tain men of distinguished talents who,
when engaged in literary work, twist
their legs into intricate coils. One of the
most eminent dramatists in this country
never abandons himself to deep thought
without contorting his limbs, which are
long and slender, into a kind of an an-
gular scroll work under the table. Another
man, whose poems appear most frequently
in the magazines, seems actually to wring
his emotions out of his legs as if they
were sponges dipped in the divine afflatus.

However, these are exceptional cases of
mannerisms by which certain men of
brains are inauspably affected. Some men
twist their heads when they are in deep
thought, others scratch their heads ab-
stractedly, while others again chew their
nails. To this absent minded genius be-
long now and then a man who cannot
ponder severely without making his legs
express all the emotions of thought.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been
used by millions of mothers for their
children while teething. If disturbed
at night, or broken out by a sick
child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth,
send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs.
Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children
Teething. It will relieve the poor little
sufferer immediately. Depend upon it,
there is no mistake about it. It
cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach
and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the
Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant
to the taste. The prescription of one of
the oldest and best female physicians and
nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25
cents per bottle by all druggists throughout
the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Win-
sow's Soothing Syrup."

NO DEFORMED CHINAMAN.
"Did you ever see a deformed or crippled
Chinaman?" asked a gentleman of
another yesterday. There was a negative
reply, and the questioner continued:
—"I don't think you ever will. If a
Chinese child is born deformed it is made
away with as soon as possible. Just how
the babe is killed I do not know, but it is
never permitted to live. You may travel
all over the world and you will never see
a crippled Chinaman. When an accident
befalls one of them he is made away with,
too. This is a part of their religion and
they adhere to it closely."—Washington
Post.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.
Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching
and stinging; most at night; worse by
scratching. If allowed to continue tumors
form, which often bleed and ulcerate, be-
coming very sore. Swamy's Ointment
stops the itching and bleeding, heals ul-
ceration, and in most cases removes the
tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50
cents. Dr. Swamy & Son, Philadelphia.

THE GOD
That Helps to Cure
The Cold.
The disagreeable
taste of the
GOD LIVER OIL
is dissipated in
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
OF Pure Cod Liver Oil with
HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from
CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, OR
WASTING DISEASES, takes the