CHOES OF LONG AGO.

I hven't seen a katydid ace I was one and twenty Lib those that in the maples hid then I had time a-plenty To see them strutting like a daw,

heir dress coat tails a-drawing; Cals said they sang; they only saw them when they weren't a-sawing. weeks before the frost they come

At least, that's the tradition; ut things are regulated some To suit the disposition f Madame Katy and the law That tries to rule the weather, and they don't regularly draw Like things that draw together

I used to lie upon my bed When quite a little fellow, And wonder who the chorus lei That made the moon look yellow; For, over here and over there, Tween earth and Little Dipper, This one would use a crosscut where That one would use a ripper.

Close to my window there was on? Whom others seemed reviling, Whose saw, it seemed to me, had run Too long without a filing; But pluckily he kept at work, At intervals erratic, And when he gave his saw a jerk

At length came gentle, dreamy st. Her curtains 'round me drawing. And only echoes could I keep Of all the constant sawing: And when, at early morn, I woke, So solemn was the stillness. I thought a paralytic stroke Was the prevailing illness.

Its tone was quite asthmatica

But youth departed with the years, And boyhood left behind it Like something missed that di ap-

And Echo leaves to find it; But memory kindly comes when bid To me in dreams a-plenty: But comes no more the katydid I knew at one and twenty!

-W. S. S.

### ...................... The Mystery Explained. \*\*\*\*\*\*

It was the day before quarter-day when my cousin Peter Post came into the office, threadbare and shabby as usual, with the nap worn off his hat, his garments threadbare with much wear, and excessive brushing, and a pair of fingerless gloves upon his

I cannot say that I was glad to see him. My cousin Peter Post was one of those luckless fellows who are aiways losing property, making unfortunate investments, and borrowing sma'l sums of money which are to be repaid without fail at the expiration of precisely one week from the date of the loan. But he was a good sort of fel-low, too, in his way. He had made a love match with a pretty blue eyed girl without a penny, and had half-adozen children, and how they lived no-

"Going to move next quarter, Ja-cob?" said he beamingly.

"I suppose so," said I.
"So am I," said Peter. "Rent's getting too high-landlady has raised it —all that sort of thing. So we're going to No. 11 Smith street." I looked hard at Peter Post and made

no remark. Was he going to ask me to lend him five pounds, or to demand that I should become security for his rent? I resolved in my innermost mind to say "No" to either proposition at

"And, as we're pretty low for furniture," said Peter, "it occurred to my mind that perhaps you'd send us any old odds and ends that you've no particular use for. Children's cribs, chairs, tables, washtubs-anything, in fact! with a comprehensive wave of the hand which seemed to embrace the whole

"Peter Post," said I wrathfully, "do you think I've nothing to do but to buy furniture to give away?" "Any old thing, you know," inter-

posed my cousin, with imperturbable good humor. "We aren't particular." "I shall do nothing of the sort." said "I have no 'old things.' My furniture is all substantial and excellent—"
"Wish mine was!" interjected Peter, rubbing the palms of his fingerless gloves together briskly.

"And I do not propose to part with ft. So I wish you a very good morn-

You aren't angry, I hope," said Pe-"Good mornin " I repeated frigidly; and just then my clerk came in to tell me that the van driver was waiting

outside for orders as to the moving ceremonial of the morrow. I went home after business hours and told my wife about it.

"I'm sorry, Jacob," said she, a slight shadow coming over her face. 'Sorry!" I echoed. "Because, dear, there are plenty of

fittle odds and ends we could have spared just as well as not," said my \*Furniture does accumulate so when one has been keeping house a long time; and I do feel so sorry for that poor little Nelly Post, with her "I don't," I resolutely asserted. "As

put up with it. And I've no-patience

"He has had very bad luck through fife, dear," pleaded my wife. "Your path has been in the sunshine; his has lain in the shadow. We ought not to be hard upon each other in this world,

"That's all nonsense," said I stoutly. "That's all nonsense," said I stoutly. But I won't deny that my conscience did prick and sting me when I looked round at my own abundance of stuffed easy chairs, Brussels carpets and springy chintz lounges, ready packed for transportation, and thought of poor Post and his six little Posts, with their humble plea for a few sticks of castoff furniture.

The morning came—the cruel quarter-day, with its raw wind and the inevitable showers which come down as if by mailice prepense just as the mattresses and the silken sofas are being carried into the huge vana. I was compelled to be at my office, but my wife

the furniture, while Bridget, our ancient and reliable housekeeper, dispatched it from the deserted domicie.

'At one o'clock I contrived to escape At one o'clock I contrived to escap-from clients and parchments, and hur-ried to 111 Browning Square—a fine, well-to-do neighborhood, with a green jewel of a public garden in its midst, and a general air of genteel seclusion about it which suited my idea of a location exactly.

Mrs. Jacob Goldleaf sat alone on a

campstool in the middle of the large, empty dining room, a shawl wrapped round her shoulders, and a mingled ex-pression of weariness and anticipation on her face.

I looked round in surprise.

"Where's all the furniture, my dear?" "That is the question," said Mrs. Coldleaf. "Where is it?"

"Hasn't it come?" "Of course it hasn't," said Mrs. Goldleaf, a little impatiently. "I should think you could see that for yourself." "There's some screw loose in the arrangements," said I. "I'll hurry back to the old house and find out what it

I did so at once. Bridget, with an old handkerchief tied round her head, and a red shawl enveloping her, a la Boadicea, Queen of the Britons, wan just locking up the house. "Sure, I was goin' round to me cousin's for a bite of somethin' to eat,"

said she. "The second van has gone, and the man won't be back for an hour "Bridget," said I sepulchrally, "where has it gone?"
"To the new house, sure," said Brid-

"Where should it go?" "Did you tell him where to drive?" I asked. "Sure, he had a bit of a caird that

you wrote yourself," said Bridget.

I tore my hair. Who ever heard of a load of furniture getting lost in the streets of a metropolis, like a black-and-tan terrier or a barefooted baby? "What on earth does this mean?" I demanded, apostrophising the dismantled windows, the fireless grate, rather

than any actual personality.
At that moment Mrs. Goldleaf came hurriedly in. "I couldn't rest quietly without com-ing to see what all this could mean," said she: "Oh, Jacob, shall we be left

without a pillow to lay our heads on this night?" "If the worst comes to the worst, we can go to an hotel," suggested L.
"But it's the most mysterious example

of an unaccountable disappearance that I ever heard of " Just then there came a loud ringing at the door bell, and in tripped cousin Peter Post's blue-eyed little

"Dear, dear cousin Jacob," she cried, running up to me in tears, "I must thank you with my own lips." "Thank me! For what?" I demanded, wondering if trouble and impecu-niosity had driven the little creature mad.

could hardly believe my own eyes," said she breathlessly. "And I'm so sorry I called you a 'hard-hearted flint' last night when Peter came home and told me how coldly you had re-pulsed him. How was I to know that you were all the time meditating this delightful surprise?' I turned to my wife,

"Speak to her, Alice," said I, in a soothe her. I'm very much afraid she's going insane." Mrs. Goldleaf, who has always been partial to my cousin Peter's wife, went

up to her with outstretched hands. 'Tell me about it, dear," said she. "Don't you know?" said Nellie. "Ah, he's so good! He never lets his left hand know what his right one does. It's the way with all real philanthropists. It's the beautiful furniture, Mrs. Goldleaf—chairs, sofas, tables, matses, a lovely set of china all packed in barrels, carpets, engravings-oh, everything that you could possibly think of! Our little house is furnished completely. And oh, we did so need

"Stop!" said I huskily. "How did you know all these things came from me?"

"I asked the van driver," she said; "and he said Mr. Jacob Goldleaf had sent him; and he showed me a card with 'No. 11 Smith street" written on it in your own handwriting."
This then explained the mystery. In

my angry preoccupation of the day before I had written the address of the se which my cousin Peter Post had told me he was about to move into, instead of my own!

My wife looked at me with sparkling

eyes of love and admiration.
"Dear Jacob," said she, "I knew—I knew you could be noble and magnanimous when you chose!" "Oh, how—how can I ever thank you sufficiently?" sobbed Nelly, her pretty blue eyes overflowing with grateful

I said nothing. What could I say? To this day the Posts believe that I had a spontaeneous burst of generosity on that day before quarter-day. But I had to explain matters to my wife, and I checked the career of the

yan driver at once. "Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Goldfeat. "We can buy new furniture. And your cousin Peter Post needs it so much, and Nelly was so grateful!" And that was all the consolation I

Texts for the Troubled.

If you are down with the blues read the twenty-third Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart read the third chapter of

If you don't know where to look for nth's rent read the twentyseventh Psalm.

If you are lonesome and unprotected read the ninety-first Psalm.

fead the ninety-first Psalm.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the cook gone off in a pet put up the pipe and wash your hands and read the first chapter of James.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men read the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians.

If people pelt you with hard words read the fifteenth chapter of John and the fifty-first Psalm.

If you are getting discouraged about your work read Psalm xxvi. and Galatians vi. 7-9.

If you are out of sorts read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

If you are troubled about what you ought to say to some one who is seeking salvation read the fifty-first Psalm—Uplook.

## NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The stomach is the vital center of the body. It is the organ from which all other organs are fed. A weak stomach means a weak man. There never was a strong man with a weak stomach. What is called "weak stomach" is in general a diseased condition of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, which prevents the proper digestion of the food which is taken into the stomach and so reduces the nutrition of the the food which is taken into the stomach, and so reduces the nutrition of the body. When all food is taken away the body starves. When the food eaten is only digested and assimilated in part it only nourishes the body in part, and so the body is partly starved. And this starvation is felt in every organ of the body dependent on the blood which is made from food.

The great variety of the cures performed by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due to its remarkable power to heal diseases of the stomach and allied organs. It cures through the stomach diseases seemingly remote, but

stomach diseases seemingly remote, but which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and the other organs of digestion and nutrition.
"Weak" heart, lungs, kidneys and weakness of other organs is cured with the cure of the weak stomach.

cure of the weak stofnach.

Mr. Thomas A. Swarts, Box 103, Sub-Station C. Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I was taken very uck with severe headache, then cramps in the stomach and food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble, and my-back got weak so I could scarcely get around. The more I doctored the worse I got until six years fassed. I had become so poorly I could only walk in the house by the aid of a chair, and I got so thin I had given up to dis, thinking that I could not becared. Then one of my neighbors said, Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and make a new man out of yourself. The first bottle helped me so I thought I would get another, and after I had taken eight bottles I was weighed and found I had gained twenty-seven (27) lbs, in about six weeks. I have done more hard work in the past eleven months than I did in two years before, and I am as stout and healthy to-day. I think, as I ever was."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant' Pellets cur constipation.

Proved Her Nationality. Recently a bent old lady entered one of the Salina street stores and upon be ing asked what she wished to see made reply in what the clerk judged to be an unknown language. A second inquiry proving no more satisfactory, the clerk excused herself and went in search of one of her colleagues who is of German

"Oh, Miss L.," she entreated, "won't you come over to my counter for a minute? There's a poor old German lady there, and I can't understand a word she says."

Miss L. followed and, pausing before the stool on which the would be customer was seated, inquired in her sweetest tones:

"Are you a German?" The "poor old German lady" raised her handkerchief to her lips and evidently extricated something from her mouth. Then, bending a look of the utmost scorn upon the clerk, she exclaimed in a rich and unmistakable brogue:

"Garman, is it? Indade an I'm not. But I've got a new set of false tathe, bad scran to thim! An now, if yo plase, will wan of yez wait on me?"

Entertaining Squirrels. Alive in his native woods the squirrel is an amusing little fellow, and he will entertain you by the hour if you will

You probably become first aware of his presence by his dropping things on your head. Then he plays hide and seek with you as he zigzags up a tree. While he pauses for thought, or possibly to wash his face, another squirrel comes scudding along the branches of a neighboring tree, and away they go, one chasing the other, jumping from branch tip to branch tip, racing up and down the trunk and making the bark Sometimes one loses his footing and falls headlong 20 or 30 feet to the ground, landing there with a force that makes him bounce. You think every grain of sense must be knocked out of the small body, but he only blinks a bit, and, after a moment spent perhaps in letting the stars set that must have suddenly risen before his eyes, he streaks it up the nearest tree after the other fellow. Long after they have disappeared from sight you hear them chattering together .up among the leaves like two watchmen's rattles.

Miss Nellie Clements spent yester day with friends in Detroit.

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Must Bear Signature of



Very small and as cary CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE.

FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION FOR THE COMPLEXIO

THE AVERAGE MAN

And his hands showed the work he had His dim eyes were weary and patient.

And he smiled through his palor

A wistful, sad smile, as if saying,

tan

Nor a dictaror wearing a crown,
I'm only a hald working servant
Of those set above me. I'm down,
And it's no use complaining—
I'll get along the best way I can,
And one of these days'll come morn
And rest for the average man. He wages all battles and wins them, He builds all turrets that tower Over walls of the city to tell Of the rulers and priests of the hour. Without him the general is helpless,
The earth but a place and a plan:
He moves all and clothes all and feeds all,

This sad smiling average man. Then I lifted my hand in a promise. With teeth set close, and my breath Held hard in my throat, and I uttered A row that shall outlive death, And hope for the average man

AUSTRALIAN ELECTIONS. Parliamentary Contests in the Land of the

Melbourne witnessed the extreme of expenditure during the contest for seats in the Commonwealth House of Representatives. The candidate who spent most was Sir Malcolm Mc-Eacharn, a member of the firm of McIlwraith, McEachran & Co. His election for the city of Melbourne is understood to have cost some £50,-000. He is married to the daughter of the late mining king of the Ben digo gold field, and his period of office as mayor of Melbourne was signalized by hospitality on a scale of unprecedented splendor. On the other hand, a commonwealth adjoin-ing Sir Malcolm's has been won by the nominee of the Labor Party, Frank Tudor, an employe in the Den-ton hat mills, Melbourne. Mr. Tudor says his expenses will amount to less than £50. As a member of the House of Representatives he will re-

ceive a salary of £400 a year.

One candidate for a seat in Australian Commonwealth Parlia-ment issued on the eve of election the following statement: "I have traveled in the conduct of this con-test more than 10,000 miles, a large portion on foot: I have published and circulated, chiefly by my own hands, or by those of members my own family, 1,700,000 pages of literature in book form. I have pub lished 139,000 copies of speeches delivered in the constituency, and 125,-000 copies of four-page circulars. It is utterly impossible that this

amount of work and literature fail to have its effect." Alas! it was only too possible. The candidate who tramped, printed, published on this colossal scale found himself at the bottom of the poll when the numbers were up. - London Chronicle.

Royal Tene Englishmen with sporting proclivihave been loudly condemning Edward for the abolition of that time-honored sport known as "the royal hunt." As if to justing the King's action, a startling ample of the cruelty of this occurred recently in the heart

Windsor and under the very shadow of the castle. A stag, hunted by a pack from a distant district, rushed through the centre of the town, leaped over ences into the Long Walk, and then essayed to jump the gateway at the overeign entrance. The gateway was, however, too high, even for a frantic stag with a howling pack and huntsmen (and women) at his heels, and he fell back, lacerated in the chest

the spiked railings. Doubling back, the animal cleared the six or seven foot fence inclosing Frogmore, and so made its way into the Home Park, panting, terrified and bleeding. King Edward, returning from a drive round old Windsor, came upon the scene. Pulling up, he called for particulars of the incident, and then went on to the castle, after giving instructions as to the treatment of the hunted stag when it was caught. What His Majesty exactly said we do not pretend to say, but from remarks subsequently dropped by some who were present, we are quite en-titled to say that the King realized in this occurrence an abundant justi-

abolition of tame stag hunting. London Express. Still There Was a Profit

fication for the stoppage of "the roy-

al' hunt," and an argument for the

"And now, doctor," said the paient, as he prepared to depart with he mixture, the lotion, and the ills, what have I to pay?" "Oh, say 7s 6d," replied the doc-

"Make it even, doctor." "Well, well, we won't quarrel about trifles." The patient laid a sixpence on the

table and, with a polite "Good morning," was making for the door, when the doctor called after him. 'Stop! stop! what's this? \*It's all right, doctor," blandly replied the patient. "You said you would make it even, and everyone

knows that six is even and seven "Get you gone, you scoundrel!" roared the irate medical man. "I've made fourpence out of you, after all."—London Tit-Bits.

Personal and Real.

Lord Wellesley's aid-de-camp, Kep-pel, wrote a book of travels and call-ed it his personal narrative. Lord Wellesley was quizzing it and said to Lord Plunket: "Personal narrative — what is a personal narrative, Lord Plunket? What should you say a personal narrative meant?" Plunket answered, "My lord, you know we lawyer allowy to the personal narrative meant?" lawyers always understand persons as contradistinguished from real,"

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the wire man does at the beginning. Toy a package of Blue Hibboh Beylon Jea toway.

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trade for 25 or 50 acre farm, part payment,
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