

Two Sides To a Question

Evelyn Carpenter was a girl of decided opinions. One day as she was walking homeward suddenly a flood of sweet song seemed to soothe her ruffled feelings.

The sense of relief which had stolen over the girl gave place to one of anger, combined with some odd satisfaction. Here at last was an opportunity to do good, even if it were but obtaining the freedom of one poor, hopeless lark.

"This bird," she began rather timidly; "is it yours?" The cobbler looked at the cage with visible pride.

"Yes, yes, miss; my bird sure enough, and a fine bird too. Not a better bird in all N—, miss." He rubbed his hands and smiled genially.

"What will you take for the bird?" she asked, not feeling quite so sure of her cause now she had actually plunged into the battle.

"Wouldn't sell him, miss. Wouldn't take \$5 for him, not if I was starving." Evelyn took out her purse and counted its contents—30 cents. She drew out a quarter, saying in firm and superior tones, "Not a cent more."

The old man looked at her kindly and explained gently, as if to a child it was really very irritating.

"No, miss. I don't want to sell him. I was saying, you see, it was my lad gave me the little bird before he went to sea. No, I'm not likely to part with him for that, dearie," indicating the coin with smiling contempt.

"Aye, and him all the chick or child I've got left since Dick died. It minds me of my lad when I hear him sing so bright. Often when I'm feeling lonesome and low spirited he'll chime in so cheery and set me thinking how my boy's comin' soon—eh, dear; eh, dear! No, you can't have him, but never mind, never mind." He nodded kindly, as if to comfort her in her disappointment.

"Evelyn's patience could stand it no longer. "Do you suppose I would want to keep the poor bird?" she broke forth. "I want to buy it to give it back its liberty, to let it be free in the fields and the blue sky. Surely you know how very, very cruel it is to confine a creature made to soar and sing at the very gates of heaven in a narrow cage with scarce room to turn."

"This was delivered fluently, being a verbatim quotation from her speech at the opening meeting of the before mentioned society.

"Poor, miserable bird!" she concluded, apostrophizing the unconscious lark. The cobbler, simple soul, was a good deal taken aback at this convincing tirade. He attempted a defense, however.

"Nay, he's not miserable. Hear to him sing. Would he sing like that if he weren't happy?" "Yes," cried Evelyn, "he sings because he longs to be free. That is the song of despair, and not of joy."

The old fellow's face fell. Her eloquence half convinced him. Evelyn felt rather heated, and wanted, she didn't know why, to get out of the shop.

"Come," she said, "here's 30 cents, and far more than the wretched bird is worth."

"Nay," he said, sadly, "I'm not going to sell him. He's like an old friend to me, and he loves me too, that he does."

"Keep your bird, then!" cried the angry reformer. "Keep it, and let it die in its miserable prison. Some day you will perhaps repent your wanton cruelty!"

With which grandiloquent threat she departed, with rather more haste than dignity.

That night, getting into bed, Evelyn came to the conclusion that she had made rather a poor show.

She had also a lurking idea that her motive had not been quite so much the cause of righteousness as the pleasure of reporting progress to her new society. Her passionate words kept recurring to her mind as she lay sleepless half through the night.

She wondered if little birds had their duty to do, as she had; whether, perhaps, in giving pleasure to a lonely old man's declining days the lark might not be unconsciously doing its great

maker's bidding in the place for which he intended it. She was, she decided, over young to judge so hastily. And, being thoughtful and conscientious girl, she bravely resolved to go the next morning, humble her pride to the dust, and own herself in the wrong.

About 9 o'clock the next morning, walking with rather a red face up the narrow street, she perceived the old fellow standing at his door with the empty cage in his hand. He was gazing toward the sky, and she saw a tear trickle down his wrinkled cheek. He turned as she approached and smiled mournfully in answer to her inquiring glance.

"Maybe you was right, miss," he said; "maybe." He passed into his shop as a sob checked his utterance.

Evelyn turned away abruptly. Never in her life had she been so much ashamed of herself.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Has to Be Reconstructed.

It is doubtful if a man ever strictly makes a good husband; a man merely furnishes the raw material for a good husband.—Detroit Journal.

Gun shot wounds and powder burns cuts, bruises, sprains, wounds from rusty nails, insect stings and Ivy poisoning—quickly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Positively prevents blood poisoning. Beware of counterfeits. "DeWitt's" is safe and sure. Paragon Pharmacy.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson.

SUMMER BREEZES.

Now is the season when the angler exaggerates his net results.—Philadelphia Times.

A summer resort always open for the can't-get-away is to resort to the shadier side of the street.—Philadelphia Times.

Not a sweet girl graduate anywhere has written an essay upon "How a Square Meal Should Be Prepared."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, but there are several months in the year that he is exempt from the law. In these days nature gets even with him by including not only his brow in the sweating process, but his whole system.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes easy to give instant relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery. Allen's Foot-Powder is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating hot, aching feet. Trial package FREE. Sold by druggists, grocers, shoe stores and general storekeepers everywhere. By mail for 25 cents in stamps. Address: Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Lackamp, Elston, Mo., write: "One Minute Cough Cure Saved the life of our little boy when nearly dead with croup." Paragon Pharmacy.

THE CYNIC.

Half of what people call "education" is the worst sort of nonsense.

We would like to meet an advance agent for a show who is not an old newspaper man.

Every one is at least this mean: If he pays tax on his dog, he wants other people to pay on their dogs.

The penalty fame brings to a man is that every girl he ever treated to ice cream claims to have once jilted him.

As soon as a man gets a little money saved up some of his folks have trouble, and he has to spend it on a relief expedition to save them.

After a daughter has been married a few months her mother gets the first chance in years to make an extended visit. She goes to the daughter's and remains "until it is over."—Atchison Globe.

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RAW AS BEEF FROM ECZEMA!

No Torture Equal to the Itching and Burning of This Fearful Disease.

Not much attention is often paid to the first symptoms of Eczema, but it is not long before the little redness begins to itch and burn. This is but the beginning, and will lead to suffering and torture almost unendurable. It is a common mistake to regard a roughness and redness of the skin as merely a local irritation; it is but an indication of a humor in the blood—of terrible Eczema—which is more than skin-deep, and can not be reached by local applications of ointments, salves, etc., applied to the surface.



Mr. Phil T. Jones, of Mixersville, Ind., writes: "I had Eczema thirty years, and after a great deal of treatment my leg was so raw and sore that it gave me constant pain. It finally broke into a running sore, and began to spread and get worse. For the past five or six years I have suffered untold agony and had given up all hope of ever being free from the disease, as I have been treated by some of the best physicians and have taken many blood medicines, all in vain. With little faith I began to take S. S. S., and it apparently made the Eczema worse, but I knew that this was the way the remedy got rid of the poison. Continuing S. S. S., the sore healed up entirely, the skin became clear and smooth, and I was cured perfectly."

Eczema is an obtinate disease and can not be cured by a remedy which is only a tonic. Swift's Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD —is superior to other blood remedies because it cures diseases which they can not reach. It goes to the bottom—to the cause of the disease—and will cure the worst case of Eczema, no matter what other treatment has failed. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed to be free from potash, mercury or any other mineral, and never fails to cure Eczema, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Tetter, Rheumatism, Open Sores, Ulcers, Boils, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

Books on these diseases will be mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

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MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY... SAFE SURE SPEEDY MME. LE CLAIR'S FAMOUS FRENCH REMEDY. Never Fails.

POSITIONS SECURED... DRAUGHON'S COLLEGES. Practical Business.

REMARKABLE RESCUE... Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse.

One Minute Cough Cure... That is what it was made for.



When you go to Arkansas or Texas you can travel in comfort if you know how. Ask the ticket agent for a ticket via the COTTON BELT ROUTE and you can ride in a reclining chair car, without extra cost, and thus avoid the discomforts you would encounter in an ordinary car.

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SEA... TRIP... TO... New York IS VIA THE OLD DOMINION LINE. The Heart of the South.

Pennyroyal Brand... WE PAY \$200. Original and Only Genuine.

Mother's Friend... is a liniment for expectant mothers to use externally. It softens the muscles and causes them to expand without discomfort.