which has a broader application than

Four high bred carriage borses wer

"I see no difference between them."

seem to me to be equals in blood,

said an unskilled looker on.

the finest. He is of a better

"Why, what is wrong?"

their vitality before middle age

In almost every family there

are busy in their clubs or entertaining

their friends. Often it is a homely old

in the harness, worn out by pulling the

dear to them-son, wife or brother.

The Young Man's Chances Today.

and integrity has a field for individual

effort such as has never before existed

success is neither harder nor easier than it ever was. Success never yet

came to the laggard, and it never will.

Let a young man be capable, have en-

terprise, be willing to work and carry

himself like a man, and he goes where

himself. No times, no conditions, no

combinations of capital, can stop a

ing to work according to the very ut-

most of his capacity and sinews of

"The real trouble is that the average

young man won't work. He has got the

psane notion into-his head that suc-

ess comes by luck, that men are made

by opportunities which either come t

them or are thrust upon them, and

he waits for luck or a chance to come

a sane view of conditions and seeing with a clear mind that as trade widen

opportunities increase he takes the

richer and the poor poorer. These are the conditions of mind and life which

He Was the Same Man

not much acquainted with the coa

market, but I can ascertain the price

"I beg pardon," laughed the mer

chant. "I really thought you were Mr.

Johnson, the coal dealer. You cer-

A few days later the merchant er

tered a tram car and seating himself

"Well, Mr. Johnson, I'm glad to rec

ognize you today. I made a laughable mistake one day last week, I mistook

that he did not know much about coal

but would inquire if it would accom-modate me. Then I looked at him and

"Yes," responded the gentleman. looking more amused, "and I am that

Enforced Politenes

During his term at the Military

ademy General Fitz-Hugh Lee places

a dummy in his bed one night and

inspecting officer reported him, and he was bauled up and sentenced to walk

ten extra tours of Sunday guard duty

during the time cadets were allowed out of barracks. One Sunday after-

noon, when all the world was having fun and enjoyment, young Lee was

walking one of those extra tours when he saw General Robert E. Lee, then

captain of engineers and superintend ent of the academy, pass his post with

als father-in-law. George Washin

quickly responded Mr. Custin, took is very polite, is he not? - Argonaut.

The answer of a little girl in a South

ondon board school recalls some

Ward. The teacher asked, "What is the chief food of the people of India?"

There was a long silence, but at last memories probably of her newspaper

eading came to her sid, and the child aised her hand. "Famine," she said

A Formidable Undertaking. Sockson Buskin—I'm raising mon to buy land to build a bome on for pe

he brilliant irrelevancy of Arten

went down to Benny Havens.

he looked so much like you."

The merchant recogni

same party again."

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson,

if it will accommodate you.

tainly resemble bim."

prominent merchant of Sheffic

accosted a gentleman on the

honorably succeed and who is will-

he will. His success depe

"A young man of capacity, industry

spinster aunt or sister.

Youth's Companion.

beauty and training."

him by years."

and women.

BABY HANDS painty hands with a faint rese has
Tinging the skin of snow.
Dimpled hands with their baby class
Whose owner too soon shall know
The cold unrest of a changing world;
Something, too, of its woe.

When you grow to the stature of won Baby with eyes of blue, What shall destiny hold in her paim For those little white hands to do; When the work and care of life begin, The work that is meant for you?

Will you wear some day on that dainty hand The badge of an earnest love? Will you value that love as a precious gift And be true as the skies above? Will you cast it saids with a careloss heart, Like a cast off faded glove?

Little hands with their restand hue, Ever keep firm your hold On the things above ill! life shall end, Till the little hands be cold and the unseen land lies all before

## # The # Drowned Man

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Every one in Fecamp knew the story of Mother Patin. She had certainly not been happy with her man, had

Mother Patin, for her man used to beat her when he was alive as they thrash the wheat on the thrashing He was master of a fishing smack

and had married her long ago because she was pleasant, although she was

Patin, a good saffor, but brutal, fremented the drinking shop of old Auan, where he drank regularly every day his four or five little nips and on days of luck at sea eight or ten or even more, just according to how good he felt, as he said.

The drink was served to patrons by old Auban's daughter, a brown girl, good to look at and who drew custom by her pleasant manners solely, for no one had ever hinted a word against

Patin when he came into the shop was content with looking at her, and his conversation was polite, the civil remarks of a decent fellow. After be he began to find her very attractive and at the second he winked his eye at her; at the third he would say, "If only you liked, Mamzelle Desiree, without ever faishing his sentence; with the fourth he tried to catch her by her skirts to kiss her, and when he went as high as ten her father brought

all the tricks, sent Desiree round among the tables to stimulate the orders, and Desiree, who was not her father's daughter for nothing. flitted in and out among the customers, joking with them with a laughing mouth and

snapping eye.

What with drinking his little nips,
Patin became so used to the face of Desiree that he kept thinking of her his nets far out, windy nights and calm, nights of moonlight and nights of cloud. He thought of her, gripping the helm in the stern of his boat, while his four comrades were sleeping. their heads on their arms. He saw her, always smiling, pouring him the shoulder, then saying as she went:

"There! Does that suit you?" And at last, keeping her thus in eye and mind, he was selzed with such a longing to marry her that, unable to fight any longer against it. be asked for her hand.

He was well off, owner of his beat, of his nets and of a bouse at the foot of the hill on the Reserve, while old Auban had nothing. So he was received with enthusiasm, and the wedding came off at the earliest possible

diag came off at the earliest possible day, both parties wishing to hurry matters for different reasons.

But three days after marriage Patin was utterly unable to conceive how he could have thought Desiree different from any other woman. Well, he must have been a fool to the himself up with a girl without a cent who had bewitched him with her rum, for sureliquor that she'd put some flithy charm into for him.

And he swore up and down the tid breaking his pipe between his teeth, abusing his outfit, and having cursed copiously in all the customary terms at everything he could think of he spit forth the rest of his choier on the flab and the lobsters taken one by one from baskets without an accompaniment of scolding and bad names. Then, home again, having within

Then, home again, having within reach of tongue and hand his wife, old Auban's girl, it was not long before he was treating her like the lowest of the low in his speech. Then, as she heard him resignedly, used to that sort of thing already from her father, he grew exasperated at her silence and one evening struck her. After that her life erening struck her. After that her life

For ten years they talked of nothing the on the Reserve but the thrashings Patin gave his wife and his way of swearing at her whonever be addressed ber. He fwore, in fact, in an individual style, with a richness of vocabulary and a sonority of organ equated by so other man in Fecamp. From the moment his boat appeared at the entence of the harbor, coming back from the control of the harbor, coming back from

the would launch from his deck to

Be stood up in the stern, steering, is eye ahead or on the sail when the was high, and, spite of the preoccupations of the narrow and difficul channel, spite of the waves from the channel of the channel of the channel of the waves from the channel of the c

It came out of his mouth sometimes like cannon shots, short and awful; sometimes like peals of thunder that rolled out for five minutes such a hurricane of objurgations that he seemed to have in his lungs all the storms of

VE CERUS MUSIC FINE

heaven. Then when he was off the boat and found himself face to face with ber, in the middle of a crowd of idlers and fishwomen, he fished out of the bottom of his hold a whole new cargo of insults and abuse and escorted home with these, she in front, he be hind; she crying, he shouting.

Alone with her, the doors shut, he struck her on the slightest pretext. Anything was enough to make him lift his hand, and once begun he never stopped, casting then in her face the real grounds of his hate. With each slap, with each thump, he vociferated 'Ah, ye penniless wench! Ah, ye ragged, hungry Jade! A pretty thing I did the day I ever washed my mouth with the rotgut of your thief of a fa-

She lived, poor woman, in a state of incessant terror, in a constant tremble of soul and body, in affrighted expectation of outrage and blows. And this lasted for ten years. She was so timgrous that she would grow pale when talking to any one, and she thought of nothing save of the beatings hanging over her, and she had, become lean, dry and yellow.

One night, when her man was at sea she was awakened suddenly by that wild beast's growl which the wind makes when it comes on like a hound unleashed. She sat up in bed, alarmed, then, hearing nothing more, lay down again, but almost at once there came bellowing in her chimney that shook the whole house, spreading throughout the entire heavens as if a herd of maddened cattle were rushing through space, snorting and lowing.

rose and hastened to the har bor. Other women were coming from every direction with lanterns. The men flocked out, and all watched lighting up in the night, on the sea, the foaming whitecaps of the summits of the waves.

The storm lasted 15 hours. Eleven sailors did not come back, and Patin

was among them. They found on the Dieppe coast the wreckage of the Young Amelia, his They recovered down by St. Valery the bodies of his sailors, but never found his. As the hull of his boat seemed to have been cut in two his wife for a long time waited in dread for his return, for if there had been a collision it might have happened that the colliding vessel picked him up and carried him to foreign parts. Later, little by little, she grew used

to the idea that she was a widow, still trembling each time that a neighbor woman, a beggar or a traveling peddler came in on her unexpectedly. One afternoon about four years after

the disappearance of her husband she stopped before the house of an old sea captain lately dead, whose furniture was being sold. Inst at that moment they were put

ting up a parrot, a green parrot with a blue head, who looked at all the people with a disturbed and discontented air. "Three francs!" cried the auctioneer. "A bird that can talk like a lawyer, 3

francs!" A friend of Mme. Patin nudged ber.

You ought to buy it, you that are rich," said she. "It would be company for you. It's worth more than 30 francs, that bird. You can always sell It again easy for 20 or 25."

"Four francs, ladles, 4 francs!" repeated the man. "He sings vespers and preaches like a cure. He's a phenomenon, a miracle!"

Mme. Patin laid 10 sous more, and they gave her in a little cage the bird with his booked beak, which she carried off.

She hung him up in her house, and as she opened the wire door to give him some water she got a peck on the finger which cut the skin and drew blood. "Ah, he's ugly!" said she.

Nevertheless she gave him some corn and hemp seed and left him preening his feathers and watching out of the corner of his eye his new house and his new mistress.

The day was beginning to dawn next morning when Mother Patin beard, unmistakable and distinct, a voice, strong, sonorous, rolling, the voice of Patin, crying:

"Will ye get up!" She was so frightened that she hid her head under the sheets, for every morning aforetime as soon as he open-ed his eyes her dead husband used to shout in her ear these words, which she well remembered.

Shaking, rolling in a ball, her back bent before the blow she expected, she muttered, her face hidden in the pil-

"O Lord, there he is! O Lord, it's him! He's come back! O Lord!" Minutes passed; no further sound broke the silence of the room. Finally,

trembling, she raised her head, sure that be was there, waiting, about to strike. She saw nothing save a ray of sun-

shine coming through the window. and she thought: "He's bidden for sure!" She waited a long time; then, a little

reassured, thought: "I guess I must have dreamed. He ion't show himself."

She was closing her eyes again, when there burst out right in her ear the raging voice of thunder of the drowned

"Blank, to blank, to blank to blank, will you get up, you"
She leaped out of bed, forced by he instinct of obedience, her whipped wo man's impulse to obey, that moves her still after four years and will always move her and will forever respond to

that voice. And she spoke: Here I am, Patin. What is it?"

But Patin answered not. Then, distracted, she looked about her, examining everywhere, in the wardrobe, in the chimney, under the chair, desperate with misery, con-need that only the soul of Patin was

Buddenly she thought of the garre which one could get into from the out-side by means of a ladder. For sure, he was hidden there to surprise her. Captured by savages somewhere, he could not get away any sooner, and now be was back, wickeder than ever. was no mistake about it. ound of his voice was enough.

She asked, lifting her face toward IT WAS VERY PRETTY the celling, "Are you up there, l'atin?" Patin did not reply.

Then she went out, and in fear and trembling, her very heart shaking, she climbed the ladder, opened the trapdoor, looked, saw nothing, went in,

searched and found no one. Sitting down on a truss of bay, she commenced to cry, but while she was sobbing, pierced by a poignant and supernatural fear, she heard in the room below her Patin talking. He seemed less in a rage, more easy, and he was saying: "Dirty weather! Hard wind! Dirty

weather! I've had no breakfast, - it! She sang out through the ceiling: "Here I am, Patin! I'm going to make your soup. Don't be mad; I'm coming!"

And she came down again, running. There was no one there. She felt herself as faint as if death had touched her, and she was starting

to flee for help to the neighbors whe the voice cried, right in her ear: "I've had no breakfast, ---! And the parrot in his cage looked at

ber with his little round eye, sly and wicked. She, too, looked at him, dismayed, murmuring:

"Ah, it's you!" He began again, wagging his head: "Wait, wait, wait! I'll teach you t

skulk, I will!" What passed in her mind? She felt, she realized, that it was he, sure enough, the dead man, who walked again, who came back hidden in the feathers of this bird to torment her once more, to swear, as before, all day and bite her and shout at her to bring the neighbors and make them laugh at her. She rushed on the cage, opened it, seized the bird, which, defending himself, tore her flesh with beak and claws. But she held him with all ber strength with both hands and throwing herself on the ground, rolled upon him with the frenzy of a mad woman crushing him, making of him a shred of flesh, a little soft green thing that no longer moved, no longer spoke, hung Then, wrapping him up in a towel as in a shroud, she ran out in her chemise, barefooted, to the edge of the quay, which the sea was lapping in little waves, and, shaking the cloth, she let fall into the water the little dead thing that looked like a handful of

frightful crime.

grass. Then she came back, threw her

self on her knees before the empty cage

and, upset completely by what she had

done, besought pardon of the good Lord,

sobbing as if she had committed some

The Joke. A variation from the usual "Englishman and joke" story was told in an up town hotel the other night. He was a young Englishman and was riding orseback with an American friend from Rye to Larchmont.

"I say, old chap," said the Euglishman, "what is written on that sign by the wayside? "Why, it says 'Private Road.' " re

turned his friend. "You ought to go to blacksmith and learn to read signs." The Englishman was interested. "I say, old chap," was his reply, "is

that a joke?" "Of course it is a toke. You will see it next week if you work hard." "Next week! Ah, smarty, I'll lay you

bawtle of wine that I see it before mawning." The wager was taken, and by the time they had reached their journey's end the American had forgotten the wager. Not so his friend. He thought and thought, and shortly before 1

o'clock the following morning he burs into his friend's room with flying hair and radiant with elation. "I have it! I have it!" be cried, bare-

ly able to talk. "The joke is-support he blacksmith was not iu." He got the wine.-New York Sun.

Jay Gould's Timely Hint. "I called upon Jay Gould once to ask him for a rule that would bring me success in my work." said Edward Boyer, principal of one of the finest grammar schools in New York city. Every one who knew Jay Gould knew that be was a preoccupied man, that his thoughts were usually far away

from the present scene. "I was introduced to him by a friend, but I felt that he was scarcely conscious of my presence. We had plan ned to make some startling remark to attract his attention, and as I did so the great financier looked at me for a nd as if he saw me for the first time. Then I put my important ques

"'What is your business?' he askeas quick as a flash.

"I am a schoolmaster.' I replied "Then let other people do the work."
"The advice was to the point and has proved itself invaluable."—Success.

Rules For Preserving Life. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the Chicago philanthropist, when celebrating his eightleth birthday gave these rules for long

No pies or cakes; no pains or aches. Most men dig their graves with their

teeth. If you overwork your liver, it will soon tell on your brain. Live like a farmer, and you

like a prince. Men can live ten days without estng. They can't do without pure al or five minutes.

Don't get angry and don't get excit ed. Every time you fret you lose a Let a man abuse his stomach. he'll get fidgety and cross to his fam

Doctors say don't sleep on a fromach. I take my after dinner no just the same, and I'm 80 years old You can't believe all the doctors say. If you catch a cold, lose your quin

Give away your money. It's exhi-rating and tends to longevity.

The idea of giving while one is all will become epidemic as soon as in discover what fun it is. and est an onion.

The Carthaginists were excellenged builders. Portions of the resilending from Carthage east and was along the seacoust of Tunis and Trioli are still to be found. The construction of the Carthaginian resi

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

One of the judges at a horse show in New York made a shrewd criticism BUT IT DIDN'T WIN THE OLD MAN WHO WAS SUING FOR DAMAGES. on view.

An Incident Which Shows What a Different Impression May Se Made by a Thousand Dollar Bill and Thousand One Dollar Bills. "A professional compromiser who

understands his business is a most valuable man on the staff of any big railroad," said a New Orleans lawyer, apropos of nothing in particular. "It is a great art," he continued, "and I had the fact impressed on me by something rather unusual that happened early in my career. I had been in practice only year or so, as I remember, when I was engaged by a certain railroad company to represent it in a damage suit brought by an old fellow who had been hurt at a crossing. I got the job be cause the regular attorney and regular assistant attorney were out of town on bigger affairs, and I threw myself into it with unlimited enthusiasm. A little investigation convinced me, however, that the company didn't have a leg to stand on, and neither, for that matter, did the claimant, both of 'em having been broken above the knee. So I advised a compromise and was told to settle it if I could for \$1,000.

"That fixed limit discouraged me, because the sult had been brought for \$20,000, and I knew the opposition lawyers had been filling their client with rosy hopes, but I thought up a scheme that seemed promising. The claimant was an ignorant old fellow, who had been a laborer for years, and I took it for granted that he had never had as much as \$100 at any one time in his life. 'I'll just hypnotize him.' said to myself, and, going to a bank. got a brand new \$1,000 bill. Then burried off to his boarding house. found him in a dirty little back room and made my proposition for settle

"Just as I anticipated, he declined it indignantly. 'Very well,' said I, pulling out the bill with a studied carvlessness 'in that case I'll have to return this money. But, by the way,' I added, 'did you ever happen to see a \$1,000 bill? It's quite a handsome bit of paper? To be candid, I was rather awed by the thing myself, but to my amazement be took it indifferently, glanced at it with no apparent interest and handed it back. 'It's verra pretty,' he said stolid-

ly and went on smoking his pipe. "A few days after this discouraging experience," the lawyer went on, "Mr. andrews, the claim agent of the line happened to be in town and dropped in to inquire about the case. He was i veteran in the business, but he always impressed me as being a man totally stitute of tact, and I never could un derstand how he held his job. He chuckled when he heard my story, 'My dear boy,' he said, 'you simply overplayed yourself. You expected that old man to drop dead at the sight of a \$1,000 bill. Why, bless your soul, he didn't know what it meant! It was be youd the outposts of his imagination. He was like you yourself when you hear an astronomer talk about ten bil lion miles. The figure conveys no idea to your mind. It is too big. But come with me,' he added, 'and I'll give you

an object lesson." "I was surprised and piqued, but went along, and the first thing An drews did was to get \$1,000 in \$1 bills at the bank. He cut the slips 'ant beld them together, stacked them up in a loose beap and wrapped them in a newspaper. Then he went to the boarding house and found the old man sitting in his little back room still smoking his pipe. He didn't seem to have moved since I was there before. 'Well, Connally,' said the claim agent after a few general remarks. Tve brought around that \$1,000 and want you to sign a receipt in full.' The old man got angry immediately. 'I'll not do it!' he yelled. 'I'll take what I succ for and not a cent less! 'You're foolish,' said Andrews calmly. 'No jury will give you over \$1,000, and your lawyers will get half of that. You'd

better do business with me.'
"He had been bolding the packa bills on his knee while he was talking. and just then he made an awkward gesture and knocked it off. He frabbed at it wildly as it fell and, with one swoop, scattered the money all over the qualid little room. It covered everything-floor, chairs, table, bed-and some of it even went into the washbowl. 'Doggone the luck!' he shouted 'Here, Connally, lend a hand, will you, and help me gather up this stuff.' The old man made no reply, but rat speechless and transfixed, white his slowly slid out of his mouth and fell into his lap. Meanwhile Andrews selzed a broom and began sweeping up serve us," whispered Connally at last, still staring stupidly at the litter, 'How much is there? 'The \$1,000 you don't want, snapped the cialm agent and kept on sweeping. In ten minutes be had collected the money in a big heap on the newspaper. 'Well, I guess I'd better be going,' he remarked as he bundled it up. 'Hold on a bit,' said the old man, and before I fully realized

what had happened Andrews had his autograph on the receipt.

"The whole thing had been done so rapidly and passed off so much like some well rehearsed scene at a play that I was simply dumfounded and tion. Andrews was very modest also it, though, and insisted there was a man with money," he said, 'you must use denominations that he can compre-

tion. Those who are hearty and digest plenty of food. Kodol Dys-pepsia Cure digests what you eat to and allows you to cat all the good I ent to buy land for a home for poor acts
od I guess you'll have to buy two or the ood you want. If you suffer adjection, heartburn, belching or ny other stomach trouble, this pre-paration can't help but do you good.

The stomach controls the situa

### THE MODERN COINER.

HE TAKES HIGH RANK AMONG INTEL-LIGENT CRIMINALS

Methods of the London Counterfeiter In Producing the "Queer"-Some of the Tricks by Which Spurious Monor le Manufactured.

"No," said the judge; "this horse," There is no rogue half so incorrigible touching one of them, "Is incomparably as the professional coiner, said a well known London detective. A reformed than the others, his temper is good, and he is stronger than any of them. burglar or pickpocket is quite common But I would not buy him. He will be but a regenerated coiner, in my experishort lived. The others will outlive ence, is even more rare than a black swan or a dead donkey. There appears to be some fascination in the misap-"He is too willing a horse. Look! He pulls for both himself and his mate. plied art, for no amount of punishment seems to deter a convicted coiner from He shoulders the whole weight, and the other simply trots alongside. There returning to his molds and batteries

the very moment he is free.

are many such horses. They use up The modern coiner takes a very high rank among intelligent criminals and It occurred to one of the bystanders is as far removed from his forerunner of a few generations ago as an average that there were also many such men man from an ape. The colner of our grandfathers' days was indeed a clum some unselfish, energetic draft horse who draws the loads of the others. It sy workman, who was content with battery made of jam jars, and manumay be the old father, plodding at his the year round while his wife factured his coins out of iron and tin, dismuth and brass, and the products of and daughters are idling in Europe his "skill" would impose on none but or it may be the lean, fast aging farmhe ignorant and careless. er's wife who keeps house and cooks Even today a few of the baser sor and irons and sews while the girls

of coiners are almost equally primitive in their methods. Their batteries are crudely contrived out of domestic vesels, and the rest of their apparatus As a rule, nobody notices these willconsists of plaster of paris and pluming drudges until they drop suddenly bago to make the molds, a crucible, an fron spoon, a file or two and a little oads which belonged to those who were grease. In fact, the whole of their equipment would be dear at half a crown. It is needless to say their victims are generally of the most igno rant classes, and even then they and their "snide pitchers," the men employed to pass the spurious coins, are often in this country," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "And

"lagged." The "superior" coiner, however, is man of considerable intelligence, who has often made an exhaustive study of netals and electroplating and can produce coins as perfect in appearance as any that are issued from the mint and which satisfy all the ordinary tests of veight and so on. In fact, many of the coins be produces are actually made of gold and silver, only the gold is of a low grade and is liberally alloyed with copper and silver, while it is a well known fact that it is possible to mold spurious coins of silver of the requisite fineness and yet make a profit of 100 per cent on the manufacture At this rate of profit the business is quite lucrative enough to compensate which are of full weight and of standard silver, are most difficult to de-

with reasonable profit, and they prefer to make their silver coins of antimony and lead (antimony furnishing the bulk of the coin), covered, of course, with a coating of silver. Spurious gold coins are largely made of platinum, a metal

which gives the requisite weight.

The process of coining is really very simple, although it requires both delicacy and manipulative skill. An exare keeping thousands of young men down and will keep them down. The times are all right. It is the young act impression is taken of the coin to be copied, and a mold is made from plaster of paris. The molten metal is then poured into the mold through metal is filed away, and the part from which it is removed is most carefully

> The coins are now placed in a rack in a silver solution, in which they are soon covered with a coating of silver electrically deposited on them. To re-move any suspicious newness they are covered with a mixture of grease and cigar ash or lampblack. To increase deception the coin which is copied is almost invariably old and worn, and the resultant copy, after undergoing the various doctoring processes, has al the appearance of a dirty, half obliter

beside a gentleman exclaimed heartily: ated coin of the days of the Georges.

A favorite trick with coiners of gold is to take a genuine sovereign and by another man for you and, addressing him very familiarly, asked how coal was. He looked amused and replied drilling or slicing remove as much as possible of the interior gold, filling up the cavity with platinum, so as to preserve the proper weight and ring. es the sovereign loses half or even as much as three-quarters of saw that he was a perfect stranger. It really was laughable, Mr. Johnson, but its intrinsic value, while retaining the stakable appearance of a good

Probably none but an expert teller could detect these impostures, but the rdinary spurious coin made from pewter, antimony, lead and similar base metals can almost invariably be detected by one of the following tests: If on rubbing the coin with a moistened finger the bright metal appears under the worn and dirty surface, you may be sure the coin is counterfeit. The practice of biting the coin, common to many people, is excellent, for the spurious coin is always "gritty" as distintine coin, and if you find that your susolcions coin will make a mark on a slate you may be sure that there is good ground for your distrust.—Londo: Tit-Bits.

Heroes and Cowards. Courage is an uncertain quantity; it varies with circumstances. A man who fancies that he is afraid of nothing Custis. As they passed he came to a "present" and heard the general say to Mr. Custis. "Do you know that ventures on the slippery pavement in young man is walking extra tours for violation of the regulations?" "No," quickly responded Mr. Custis, "but be s very much afraid of falling and hurting himself. It is on record that a man who wa as bold as could be in the morning

could never be relied upon for courage after dinner.
Some French soldiers, during the war of 1870, gallantly assaulted an alnest impregnable position, aithough leath seemed certain. Three years lat-

r two of those gallant fellows were in a theater when an alarm of fire was given, and they displayed extreme cowrdice, pushing over women and cau-iren in their frantic efforts to escape. m's Weekly.

failed to cure him they fed them on morphine. A friend advised the use of Kodol Dyspepsis Cure and after taking a few bottles of it he says, "it has cured me entirely. I can't say too much for Kodol Dys. pepsis Cure." It digests what you sat I C Simpoons the descript.

#### · Uninvited Guests.

Persons who want to save hotel bills are extremely likely to drop in at the parsonage, preferably one where the occupant has a limited salary and an unlimited family. The merest shadow of an excuse suffices for an introduction, as in two cases which a clergyreports in the Chicago Times-Hernld.

"Once," he said, "the last of our company had gone, and no new arrival was expected. I felt that I could renew acquaintance with my family and that we might sit down to a meal without strangers being present. Just then the doorbell rang. I opened the door myself, and a young lady whom I had never seen before stood on the doorstep with a satchel in her hand.

"'Are you the Dev. Dr. Blank?' she nakod "I told her that I was, and she intro duced herself as coming from Ak

"I heard you preach in Akron when I was a little girl, and now I have come to spend a few days with your family and hear you preach again." "I handed her over to my wife and daughters, and she stald a week and treated us with the assurance of an old

Another guest he liked to tell about was a fussy old woman from his na-tive town who had been waited on by every member of his family in turn who exacted constant attention. When she was leaving after a month's visit, he went to the door to see her off and politely ventured to hope that her stay with them had been pleasant. "I don't know as I have anything to

complain of," was the depressing an-

Armour's Generosity. The employees of the late P. D. Arnour always referred to him as "the old man." This was not so much the result of a habit among workmen of calling their employer "the old man as an eccentricity of the "old man" himself. When he wanted to give aid

anonymously, he said, "That's from the old man." Many gifts went out of his pocket under the signature of "The Old Man." A young girl went to the business office of the great packing concern one day to report the illness of a friend who worked as stenographer in the office, Mr. Armour happened to stand for an advance in her friend's salary with which to pay the doctor's bill. Thrusting his thumb into his vest pocket-that pocket which seemed a mint of reenbacks-he handed the girl a roll

"Take that to your friend," he said, then adding to relieve the girl's astonshment, "Tell ber the old man sent it." Before the girl could thank him he was gone, but just as she left the building he again appeared and, finding her gone, hurried batless into the street. "Here, here! I forgot something." h called.

word Mr. Armour pressed something into her hand. She looked down. I was a \$20 bill.

Mr. Armour had decided that his gift was not sufficient and hastened crease it.—New York Tribune

# Dyspepsia

weakened condition of the stomach and its inability to properly churn the food; or to unhealthy condition of the gastric juice, too much or too little seid, too much or too little pepsin

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