

On Her Feet

All day long and racking with pain from her head to her heels. That is what many a self-supporting girl must experience. On those days each month, when circumstances she would go to bed, she must still be at the desk or counter, and drag herself through the day as best she may.

Backache, headache, and other pains caused by womanly diseases are perfectly cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the cause of these pains. It establishes regularity, drives out infections, diminishes inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

PAINT ALL GONE.

"I have taken your medicine with the greatest pleasure," said Mrs. Smith, "and my husband, Mr. Westmoreland, is very pleased. Your favorite prescription has cured me of several attacks of rheumatism, and I am now pain-free." "I can honestly say I work a miracle with my medicines. Always a strict vegetarian, I have never had a toothache, a cold, or any other ailment. My pain is gone, and I don't like it. I have no headache now since taking your medicine. I have not had a toothache for fifteen years, and the best doctor in the state could not cure it."

Dr. Pierce's Cotton Seed Medical Advertising is covered and sent free on receipt of 2¢ one-cent stamp to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

AS FAR AS I KNOW.

THOM F. PORTER.

"As far as I know," said a person one night.

"There is a naught in this world but what is just right;

I have all I want both to eat and wear. The flowers I gather are fragrant and

The birds in the trees always sing a glad song,

And as far as I know, there is nothing wrong.

"All the people I know are loyal and kind,

And I am contented in body and mind;

I read about folks who are awfully bad,

About souls that are weary and hearts that are sad;

About children that quarrel and people who fight,

But as far as I know, everything is all right.

"I read there are people who do many things," said the person one night.

That on them the worst kind of suffering brings,

That women are wicked and men are untrue;

And sinfulness runneth society thro';

But as far as I know—ah, as far as I know—

I cannot affirm that these stories are so."

The person who said that, as far as she knew,

Was a child of six years, and to her it was true;

Or what we give could we all set to rights;

There is naught in the world but what is just right!

That we have all we want to eat and to wear,

And that justice and goodness abound everywhere.

Boston Globe.

SUNDAY SELECTIONS.

The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

Benevolence is a universal instinct. A never sees B in want that he doesn't wish C to help him.—*Sidney Smith*.

Never fear to bring the smallest mite to the smallest comfort, to the most infinite comfort to the smallest troubles.—*Phillips Brooks*.

The best antidote against evils of all kinds, against the evil thoughts that haunt the soul, against the need less prophecies which distract the conscience, is to keep hold of the good we have.—*Stanley*.

More earnest prayer for the missionaries and people is needed than anything else—prayer that the Holy Spirit may be given in great measure. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord.

If we will but look to our God as the keeper of Israel, we shall learn to believe that conscious abiding in Christ is the only safe refuge; for, indeed, what God has prepared for them that love him, —*Andrew Murray*.

If any one here is troubled with doubt about prayer, those two simple words, "Our Father," if he can once really believe them in their full richness and depth, will make the doubts vanish forever, and prayer seem the most natural and reasonable of all acts.—*Kingsley*.

The old, old Gospel will ever be the only comfort in the old, old fashion of death. The preaching of the Holy Spirit blesses to the salvation of souls. The preaching of any newer theology that Jesus Christ and Him crucified is predestined of God to failure.—*Robert Bruce Hull*, *To do*.

The Irish Hedge School.

The educational structure for which, taking advantage of the toleration of government, the hedge schoolmaster abided in his al fresco establishment, was a very hedgehog-like specimen of his kind. The peasants, animated by the strong Irish love of learning, built it for him, just as in modern days they assemble and build huts for evicted tenants.

It was not a very formidable undertaking. A deep, dry ditch or trench by the roadside was usually selected for the site. At the side of the trench an excavation, the required width being dug, so that the clay bank stood three sides of the interior walls. This served to trouble the snakes. When the fourth side, or front wall, was built with a door and two windows, was built of green sods laid in courses, while similar sods raised the back to the required height and pointed the gable ends.

Young and fat wattle cut from the nearest wood was laid together with straw ropes and without any mortar or roof timbers. Over these were spread brambles, then came a layer of "scrubs," or slabs of healthy earthy surface, and over all a thatching of rushes. The earthen floor was paved to an approach to a level, the rubbish cleared away, and a pathway paved to the public road. There was your hedge schoolhouse, ready for business.—Donoghue's Magazine.

THE DEVIL'S OWN

A Story of a Station Agent.

BY CHARLES DONALD MACKAY.

Tom Dean was ticket agent and telegraph operator for the Union Pacific at Wellsville, a settlement of not more than a few dozen scattered houses, the most pretentious of which was the "hotel" or "lunchroom." About 100 yards down the track from this popular resort at "train time" stood a low, one roomed building, the station, Tom's St. Helena.

To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Wellsville was well nigh intolerable, but Tom had hopes and made the best of it, and had renewed his belongings from the "hotel" to Mrs. Jordan's cozy little cottage, where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming companion, and "years ahead of the village in every way." Nevertheless the uneventful days would drag, and the nights—well, after the 8:50 "accommodation" pulled out until 11:10, when the west bound "express" dashed past, one might as well have been stationed in the middle of Greenland. At least he had some company.

"It is the 'devil's own,'" Waverley Magazine.

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RECENTLY REFUSED.

But the Promoters of the Scheme Propose to Act Without Authorization in the Event of His Continued Refusal.

Opinions in Washington.

By Cable to the Morning Star.

BRUSSELS, July 6.—The *Petit Bleu* says that Mr. Kruger lately refused to entertain proposals to arm privateers, but that the promoters are again urging the former president of the South African republic to let the Powers know that unless they intervene he will issue letters of marque. In the event of Mr. Kruger's continued refusal the promoters propose to act without authorization.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The report from Brussels that former President Kruger is being urged to let the Powers know that unless they intervene he will issue letters of marque is not true.

The red flag was dashed up the track, and with a noisy grinding of wheels and many jolts, came to a stop. A post was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but the open switch that meant death and destruction.

The passengers and crew tried to make Tom believe that he was a hero, but he only pointed to the clock and said:

"It was the 'devil's own'."—Waverley Magazine.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Speaker Denison if he saw a member wear any unwanted headgear other than the regulation tall hat would send him and point out the irregularity. In these days a billycock hat has frequently been seen in one particular quarter of the house, and the innovation is tolerated. What Speaker Denison would have said if he had seen a few strava hats in the extremely hot weather of last session the writer cannot venture even to conjecture.

A reference to hats recalls the curious custom which prevails that when a member wishes to interpose with a point of order after the question has been put from the chair he must speak "cover" or "cover" again, and when he has spoken he must be allowed to speak again in this way.

"Hands up—quick!" the foremost cried.

In less than two minutes Tom was bound, gagged and lying helpless behind the partition in the baggage end of the room.

"He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked the man who had spoken before.

"Down to the siding," came the answer.

The door closed quickly after them. One of the billycock-wearers and companion came the question. What did it mean? Robbie? There was nothing to shout about, but his speech was cut off by a sharp intake of breath.

Taking a last look at the lights, he entered the station and slammed the door after him as far as he could out the loneliness of the dripping outside world. The last light in the hotel had gone out long before the wind howled in the wires, the red light blinked and flickered—

"Well, of all the God forsakes!"

The door opened suddenly, and two men stepped into the room, followed by a third.

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"Where are they?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

increased rate of speed. His eyes were following the minute hand. He could see it move, and the hour hand? Yes, it was creeping along. Tom's strength was going fast. He sank to his knees and rolled over on the floor, but his eyes were fixed on that hand. How long would it take to reach 11:45? Closer and closer it crept. Now it touched the iron connection and moved slowly past it. The alarm had been sounded, but there were 15 minutes more before Bill would arrive. He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound. The noise of the storm was all he could hear.

Click, click, click came from the instrument—a message from Mayville. Twenty-six had just passed. Mayville was 12 minutes up the road, and the alarm would now be sent. Tom tried to calculate the time when the alarm started on that slow, brave, but his mind was a chaos of mad thoughts. What if Bill did not arrive in season? He rolled over on his face and waited for the storm to pass.

The door burst open. "Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's voice.

"Stop—hold up at Dyke's siding men!"

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