

THE TALE OF A TAR.

I stood one day by the breezy bay
Watching the ships go by,
When an old tar said, with a shake of
his head:
"I wish I could tell a lie."
"I've seen some sights as would flatter
your lights,
And they jiggered me own forsooth,
But I ain't worth a darn at spinning a
yarn."
That wanders away from the truth.
"We were out on the bark, the Nancy
Stark,
Just a league and a half at sea,
When Captain Snook, with a troubled
look,
He comes and he says to me:
"Bo'sun Smith make haste for'ward
And hemstitch the spanker sail,
And accordion pleat the for'd sheet
For she's going to blow a gale."
"I straightway did as the Cap'n bid.
No sooner the job was thru
Than the north wind crack took us dead
aback,
An' 'murderin' lights how she blew!
"She blowed the tars right off the spars,
The spars right off'n the masts;
Anchors and sails and kegs and nails
Went by on the wings of the blast.
"Our galley shook as she blowed our
cook
Right out thru the starboard gill,
And pots and pans and kettles and cans
Went a clattering arter him.
"She blowed the fire right out of the
galley stove,
The coal right out of the bin;
Then she whistled apiece past the Cap'n's
face
And blowed all the hair off his chin.
"O, wiggle me dead!" the Cap'n said,
And them words blowed out of his
mouth.
"We're lost, I fear, if the wind don't veer
And blow awhile from the south."
"O wiggle me dead!" No sooner he'd
said
Them words that blowed out of his
mouth
Than the wind hauled 'round with a hur-
ricane sound
And blowed straight in from the south.
"We opened our eyes in wild surprise,
And never a word did we say,
For in changing her tack the wind blowed
back
The things she'd blowed away.
"She blowed the tars back on the spars,
The spars back on the mast,
Back flew the anchors and kegs and nails,
Which into the ship stuck fast.
"And 'fore we could look she blowed the
cook
Right under the galley poop,
And back came the kettles and pots and
pans
Without even spilling the soup.
"She blowed the fire back into the stove,
Where it burned in its regular place,
And we all of us cheered when she blew
the board
Back onto the Cap'n's face.
"There's more of me tale," said the sailor
hale,
"As would flatter your lights forsooth,
But I ain't worth a darn at spinning a
yarn
That wanders away from the truth."
—Master, Mate, and Pilot.

WINNING A GIRL.

By Nellie Bartlett.

"But you see," he said, his eyes serious, though his tone was bantering. "I am going to marry you after all."
Mildred laughed nervously and glanced in the direction of the cottage.
"You are brave, indeed," she murmured. "Don't you know that you are not supposed to speak to me, that I am to be sent to Europe as soon as possible, and never, never be allowed to even see you? Oh, there was a storm last night after you went away. I have never seen father so angry. He said you were a worthless scamp, a fortune hunter, a—oh, everything, and that I was a little nippy, whatever that is. Then he sent me to bed, and I could hear him stamping up and down for an hour." She smiled in spite of her nervousness, for the memory appealed to her sense of humor.
"I know," replied John Raymond, laughing with her. "The storm broke before I left; it must have been a tornado when I had gone. But, even so, I am not going to give you up. There must be something that will change them toward me. I'm not the worthless fellow they think me. Because I earn my living by writing instead of by stocks, your father has no use for me. But I'll do something, something desperate, maybe."
They gazed together like two children and held each other's hands in the warm sand. Little Clayton, Mildred's brother, came running up to them, his toes, pink and rosy, leaving funny little tracks as he played about. John's eyes suddenly lighted as he looked at the child.
"Let's go for a walk, Clayton," he suggested suddenly without looking at Mildred or meeting her eyes. "Sorry you can't go, dear," he said as they strolled away from the girl.
"John, what are you going to do?" Mildred hardly knew what she was saying, but the look in his eyes had troubled her.
"Mildred," he mocked, though his tone was also reproachful, "Clayton and I are going for a stroll. We'll be back sometime."
An hour passed by and she saw neither of them. Another hour, and still she sat there on the beach, darning neither to go to the cottage nor to move away from this spot. The morning was almost past when she saw him coming. He was alone and her heart beat wildly, but he turned before he reached her and went toward the house. It seemed to her that she waited hours, and then she rushed to the cottage. John was standing in the hall; before him were her parents, her mother weeping and her father standing irate, and so still in his rage that she was frightened. Only her lover was cool, and his tone when he spoke was quiet, though his face was deadly pale.
"I mean this, Mr. Morton," he was saying. "I should not have begun this thing without a firm intention of carrying it through in spite of every-

thing. Clayton is in a place where he will be safe for three hours. After that the tide will turn and nothing can save him. I love Mildred much better than I love your son, and I mean to have her. I can take care of her and make her happy. When you say she can be my wife I will go and get your son, if it is not too late."
"Oh, my poor little Clayton," cried his mother, wringing her hands. "Let him have her, George; don't hesitate a moment longer."
Mr. Morton was trying to be calm, but his disposition was not meant for peace in a situation like this.
"I'll call the police," he fumed, and started for the door.
"One moment," John interrupted. "Supposing you do call the police. I can assure you that nothing, absolutely nothing will untie my tongue regarding the whereabouts of your son. Even on the rack I believe it is usually some hours before the truth is revealed. I will submit to arrest quietly, but in the meantime your son will drown. There is no one can hear if he calls; there is no one knows of the cave in which I have placed him. You may do as you think best."
Five minutes passed, they seemed like five hours, and then Mr. Morton came across the room.
"You've won," he said, sarcastically. "For the sake of the women folks I've got to give in, but so long as I live you'll never darken my doors, nor my girl either if she goes with you."
"Ah, but that's not what I want, Mr. Morton," answered the younger man. "I want you to give me Mildred willingly, not with a threat to keep her from her mother and friends with a closed door. I am not a Wall Street speculator, but is this not a gamble? Have I not taken a risk here as desperate as many a chance you take with your stocks? I've staked a life; two, indeed, for my own would be forfeited should anything happen to your son. I am a good gambler; I wish you would be friendly."
"Take her, young man," said Mr. Morton. "I guess you're right, and while I can't honestly say I approve, I promise you my doors shall not be closed either on you or your wife. Now go get that boy of mine quick."
As John passed Mildred he slowly winked, startling her greatly, for her nerves had been keyed to the highest pitch. Five minutes passed and John reappeared with Clayton in his arms.
"Oh, mammy," cooed the child, "I've had such a lovely time. I've been playing with John's big bruvver and we've played Indians, and steamboats, and lots of things."
"You young scamp," began Mr. Morton, turning toward the grinning John who was already disappearing out of the door, his arm around the girl he had won, their heads close together.—Boston Post.

WHERE MEN ARE WOOD.

Maids of Ecaussines Are the Suitors at Annual Festival.
Once upon a time, many many years ago, when men and maids used to carry on their courtships in a manner far different from that which obtains today, a bashful suitor entered the town of Ecaussines in Belgium. At a loss for words, he planted in the darkness of the night of April 30 a white birch tree before the doorway of the house of his beloved one, in order that it might plead the purity of the cause to which his fluttering heart, draining him of equanimity, prevented him from doing verbal justice. The next morning when the damsel arose and found the tree, she knew, by love's unerring instinct, who had placed it there and sent to the bashful youth an invitation to call. The lad sought out the lass, was welcomed, entertained and encouraged. A "happily ever after" ending followed. Since that day the plan adopted by the timorous lover has become a custom in Ecaussines and suitors both bold and bashful have since employed it.
In the last four years, however, there has evolved from this charming custom a grand fete, in which all of the eligible men from towns for miles around Ecaussines have gathered at the quaint Belgian village and taken unto themselves wives from the wards of the municipality. The conveniences of this occasion are beyond computation for those of the young men with courage enough to propose marriage, but the hesitating have often come away wifeless and sad, victims of their own embarrassment. To better the lot of these would-be Benedicts and give them a chance with their more fortunate brethren, a new rule in the matrimonial game was agreed on this year, and when April 30 came, the blushing maidens of Ecaussines were invited to come to the nearby town of Ronqueres and there, instead of being pursued, were requested to follow out the "Superman" idea of becoming the pursuers and making proposals of marriage to those men who struck their fancies.
Willingly the diffident male permitted himself to be wooed and won; and now the young men are clamoring for the permanent establishment of this scheme which puts them beyond the danger of hearing the dreaded "no" from the lips of a woman.—New York Tribune.

New York's Ex-Speakers.

It is an interesting fact that in the present New York delegation to the house of Representatives there are three ex-Speakers of the Assembly—William Sulzer, George R. Mealy and Hamilton Fish—who succeeded one another in order as named.—Albany Argus.

In England one person in every hundred is unable to read and write; in France, two in every hundred.



Good Morning, Mr. Man!
Little tots go tripping by,
With the rattle of their laughter
And the gladness of their eye,
Heaven comes a little closer
That we all may pause to scan,
And it echoes with the greeting,
"Good morning, Mr. Man."
Through the pathways of the roses,
Where the little feet creep
Every bud that's dripping honey
In its morning happiness;
Nature sings her sweetest ballad
Where the tiny toddlers rattle,
And the meadows seem to chorus,
"Good morning, Mr. Man."
Ho! the footsteps of the children,
And the care-free little hearts,
Taking up the song of glory
Where the lifetime journey starts;
May their way be fair with fortune,
And the gentle zephyrs fan
Into names of love the greeting,
"Good morning, Mr. Man."
—St. Louis Star.

Little Dottie, aged three, while eating a piece of hard molasses candy, bit her tongue. On being asked her trouble she exclaimed, "Why, my teeth stepped on the end of my tongue."—Boston Journal.

An Explosion.
I am going to tell you about the explosion we had. It happened at night, which was best. Some friends were visiting us, and we all sat together around the table. About 10 o'clock we heard a far off rumble, it came nearer and nearer, and then we heard a report. It shook the house and everybody was afraid. Most of the people went out in the streets in the pouring rain. Some people said it was a thunderbolt; others an earthquake, and some said it was an explosion, which it was. We telephoned later and found it was the glycerine house in the dynamite works. The paper said it made a hole thirty or forty feet in the ground.—Mavis C. Ross, in the New York Tribune.

A Lost Opportunity.
Small boys are not always as sympathetic as their relatives wish, but, on the other hand, they are seldom as heartless as they sometimes appear.
"Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the doorstep, lifting up his voice in loud wails.
"The b-baby fell d-downstairs!" blubbered Tommy.
"Oh, that's too bad," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't much hurt!"
"S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the g-grocery! I never s-see anything!"—Youth's Companion.

Story of Esaw Wood.
Esaw Wood sawed wood!
Esaw Wood would saw wood!
All the wood Esaw Wood saw Esaw Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esaw saw to saw Esaw sought to saw.
Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And, oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood!
But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.
Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esaw sought a saw that would saw wood.
No day Esaw saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood.
In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esaw Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.
Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.
Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw!
Oh, the wood Wood's woodshed would shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!
Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.—Woman's Home Companion.

Dog and Cat Story.
Toby was a little brown rat-terrier, that lived at Farmer Brown's, and whose special business it was to prevent the increase of rats and mice at the stables and barns. But just now Toby had a family of four puppies, and found it very difficult to keep watch of the rats when her family required so much of her attention.
Old Tabby looked on disgusted. She had four kittens, which no one would think of comparing with these pups, and she was not at all "set up" over them. But kittens were rather an odd set with the Tabby, and this particular set were the cause of a great deal of trouble. Tabby had been allowed to lie under the kitchen stove before they came, and she did not see why she could not keep her kittens there. Again and again had small Jennie Brown carried them to the wood-house, and fixed as cozy a nest as any sensible cat could ask, but Mrs. Tabby would carry them back to the kitchen stove.
One rainy day, when it seemed that everything had gone wrong at the

Brown home, it rained so hard no work could be done in the garden, and the old hen that had hatched turkeys took them walking in the rain, when, if she had an atom of sense, she should have known that turkeys could not stand that. The chase after the old hen and her turkeys had exhausted the last mite of Mrs. Brown's patience, when, as she came into the kitchen, she saw the old cat with her kittens under the stove again. It was too much. Mrs. Brown seized the broom, and swept cat and kittens out into the yard.
My! how surprised and angry Tabby was. She stood up and took a look at the kittens, and I have no doubt, thought, "This is all your fault." Then she shook her feet and walked back into the kitchen, and sat down under the stove. Toby had witnessed the affair, and when the mother cat walked off leaving her babies in the rain, she could not understand it. She walked round the crying kittens, and then went whining to the open door, and looked at Tabby. But Tabby only blinked, and looked determined. She was comfortable under the kitchen stove, and she did not propose taking care of kittens that make so much trouble.
Toby walked back and forth between the crying kittens and the door, whining and trying to make the old cat see her duty, but all to no purpose. Tabby had enough of those kittens. Then Toby picked the kittens up, one by one, and put them in the nest with her puppies, and never again did the old cat go near them. Toby raised both pups and kittens, and seemed as proud of the adopted babies as of her own.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Told in the Dark.
Leo was in bed. He had said, "Now I lay me," then he had asked his mother to turn down the light.
Leo was a very lion to face all outside foes. He was not so brave when face to face with the little knight of right within him. That was what his mother called his conscience—the little knight of right.
"Mother" knew what it meant when Leo asked to have the light turned out; she sat down on the bed, and took Leo's hand and said in a tender, encouraging way—
"Tell mother all about it."
Leo lay very still for some minutes, then he burst out in a boy's way right in the middle of the story:
"Praps you'll think 'wasn't so—an' I don't know as I'd b'lieve it myself, only I saw them with my own eyes—I did, mother! an' you'll say yes, won't you, mother? I couldn't help it, really I couldn't—an' she's down in the kitchen!"
Mother smiled. She stroked the little brown fist. She spoke gently.
"What was the strange sight, and who is 'she'?"
"Well, it was this way. We boys were coming home from skating, just dark, an' a cat scattered across the road, an' all the fellows snowballed her—I did, too, mother—an' she tried to squirm through a picket fence an' got caught an' couldn't get through or back, either, an' all the boys yelled—an' that very minute the East Enders fired on us from over the wall, an' we had a reg'lar fight, an' drove 'em all the way back, just like the minutemen that time at Lexington."
"Then it was dark, an' I came home from the corner alone. An' along in the pine woods—this is true, mother, 'tis, I saw it with my own eyes—I saw that kit's face in the dark, in the air—an' lots of other kittens' faces, the dark was full of them, an' all the eyes looked at me, so beggin' like I was so sorry—an' a little bit afraid, too—an' I just started an' run."
"Did you leave the kitten faces behind when you ran home?" asked mother.
"I didn't run home—I—run back the road where we snowballed the kit; an' there she was, stuck fast in the fence, an' mewling just awful, an' I got her out an' brought her home an'—an'—she's down in the kitchen now!"
The little brown fingers squirmed around mother's as he went on doubtfully, "An' you will say yes, won't you, mother? I couldn't help it—I really couldn't, mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know—only three, mother!"
Mother lifted the little brown fist and kissed it. "We will take care of her somehow," she said.
Leo was very still for the next minute of two, then he suddenly asked:
"But the faces, mother, the kittens' faces, in the dark—how came they there? Such a many kits' faces—an' such eyes!"
Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied: "Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right!"—Little Men and Women.

Blue Fish Nets Instead of Brown.
It has been found by the owner of a fishing boat at St. Abbs, Berwickshire, that a net dyed as nearly as possible the hue of the sea, instead of the traditional brown, results in a much better catch.
The discovery was put to the test on Wednesday night, when of a fleet of sixty-five craft the boat with its nets dyed blue made by far the largest catch. The dye used is blue stone.—London Daily Mail.

Every Housewife

By Larkin Factory-to-Family

You can furnish your home and clothe yourself, money you spend for your household supplies: Coffee, Tea, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, etc.,—in all, the Larkin Products 800 such everyday necessities.

When you buy direct from us, the manufacturers, that include but our single profit; you save the expenses a wholesaler, sales-agent and retailer which you have to pay when you buy at a store. You get twice as much for your money as you can in any other way.

A Premium With Every Purchase

You are given your savings in a Premium with every purchase. Without spending a cent extra, you can obtain all kinds of desirable household-furnishings and wearing-apparel. Think what a safe and sensible way of saving and how easily you can accomplish it!

Over 1600 Premiums to Choose From

The Chair illustrated is but an example of our many offerings. Our Premiums include Silverware, Clocks, Rugs, Caskets, Bibles, Furniture, Stoves, etc., also Fall and Winter Styles in Women's Furs, Made-to-Order Suits, Coats and other Wearable-Apparel; all high-grade, dependable merchandise.

Given with \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

If you do not care for your savings in the form of a Premium, you can have them in extra Products. For example, for \$10.00 you can have \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products of your selection and any \$10.00 Premium in our Catalog. Without the Premium, for \$10.00 you can have \$20.00 worth of Products. Either way, \$20.00 worth for \$10.00.

Thirty Days' Free Trial—Pay If Pleased

We will ship you \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products and any \$10.00 Premium offered by us, on thirty days' trial. You then pay us \$10.00, if satisfied; if not, we will remove the goods at our expense, refund the freight-charges and charge you nothing for a reasonable amount of Products used in trial. We guarantee satisfaction to every customer.

We are the largest manufacturers in the world selling direct to the consumer. We have been in business thirty-four years and over two million families save by purchasing their household-supplies from us.

Our Catalog Free

It is brimful of money-saving offers. It tells you all about Larkin Factory-to-Family Dealing; gives the entire list of over 300 Larkin Products; illustrates and describes accurately and clearly all of the 1600 Larkin Premiums. Send for a copy before you forget it.

Larkin Co.
Established, 1875.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Will Enclose FREE MAIL TODAY!
one terminal my home out of present cost of postage.

Name _____
St. and No. _____
P. O. _____
State _____
City _____

A foolish wife drives her husband from his country.—German.

NEW STRENGTH FOR WOMEN'S BAD BACKS.
Women who suffer with backache, bearing down pain, dizziness and that constant dull, tired feeling, will find comfort in the advice of Mrs. James T. Wright, of 519 Goldsborough St., Easton, Md., who says: "My back was in a very bad way, and when not painful was so weak it felt as if broken. A friend urged me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, and they helped me from the start. It made me feel like a new woman, and soon I was doing my work the same as ever."
Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



When the will is ready the feet are light.—Danish.
Rough on Kats, vermin exterminator.
Rough on Hen Lice, Nest Powder, 25c.
Rough on Bedbugs, Powder or Liquid, 25c.
Rough on Fleas, Powder or Liquid, 25c.
Rough on Roaches, Pow'd, 15c., Liq'd, 25c.
Rough on Moth and Ants, Powder, 25c.
Rough on Squeeters, agreeable in use, 25c.
E. S. Wells, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

Sweet is the voice of a sister in the season of sorrow.—Lark Beaconsfield.
Be just to yourself and keep well. Check that cough with Allen's Lung Balm. Harmless and efficient. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.
Three women and a goose make a market.—German.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Kissing.
(New York Sun.)
To steal a kiss is natural. To buy one is stupid. Two girls kissing is a waste of time. To kiss one's sister is proper. To kiss one's wife is an obligation. To kiss one's mother is gallantry. To kiss one's father is devotion. To kiss a young, blushing girl is quite a different thing. To kiss one's rich aunt is hypocrisy. Kissing three girls on the same day is extravagance. To kiss one's mother-in-law is a holy sacrifice. So 41-'99

MUNYON'S EMINENT DOCTORS AT YOUR SERVICE FREE.

Not a Penny to Pay For the Fullest Medical Examination.
If you are in doubt as to the cause of your disease mail us a postal requesting a medical examination blank, which you will fill out and return to us. Our doctors will carefully diagnose your case, and if you can be cured you will be told so; if you cannot be cured you will be told so. You are not obligated to us in any way; this advice is absolutely free; you are at liberty to take our advice or not as you see fit. Send to-day for a medical examination blank, fill out and return to us as promptly as possible, and our eminent doctors will diagnose your case thoroughly absolutely free.
Munyon's, 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Advice to Amateurs.
Scott spent a part of one summer in the country, and hence was an authority on agricultural matters. "In milking a cow," he wrote his friends, "always sit on the side furthest from the critter, and nearest the soft spot in the pasture."

As many servants, so many masters.—Seneca.

Wine washes off the daub.—French.

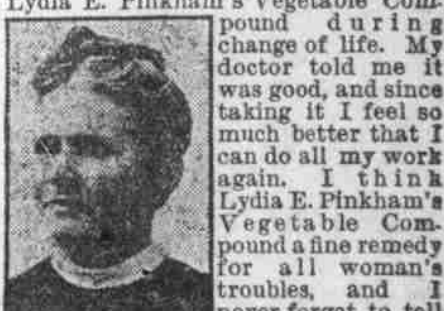
FOR HEADACHE—HICKS' CAPSULINE
Whether from Cold, Cough, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsuline will relieve you. It's liquid-pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c. and 50c. at drug stores.

Mystery of Cliff-Dwellers.
By piecing out and studying disinterred relics and fragmentary traditions of the Pueblo Indians, Professor Edgar L. Hewitt, president of the School of American Archeology, who spent several years excavating near Santa Fe, N. M., believes he has obtained clues through which scientific investigators will ultimately clear the mystery of the deserted cliff dwellings. The inscriptions on stone which Professor Hewitt has found indicate, he says, that the ancestors of the present Pueblo flourished about a thousand years ago. Then the desert began drying up, and to avoid famine, the dense population of the extensive cliff caves deserted their homes, leaving so few traces that their life history became a mystery for modern science. Wandering afar, Professor Hewitt believes they mixed with a lower order of savages nearer the coast and lost their identity.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all woman's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."
—Mrs. E. HANSON, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.
Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."
—Mrs. CHARLES BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.



Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing peculiarities to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

MONEY IN CHICKENS!

For 10c. in stamps we send a 100 PAGE BOOK giving the experience of a practical poultry raiser. One of our amateur, but a man working for dollars and cents—during 10 years, it teaches how to choose and cure diseases, feed for eggs and for fattening, which few men have for learning; everything requisite for profitable poultry raising. 100012, 211 Broadway, New York.

