

CHILD LOVE.

When weary and worn with the struggle in seeking life's coveted prize. When clouds of despair hover round me and shut out the blue of the sky. At times when I feel so discouraged and burdened from bearing the load that seems to completely overwhelm me while struggling close the rough road.

This then, for relief, that I turn me away from the world and its cares. My arms round the one who still loves me—this golden-haired baby of mine.

What temptation can I not conquer? What battles not win, if the prize is the love and the mute adoration that beam in my little one's eyes? With her dimpled arms thrown around me, and her baby voice in my ear. There's sunshine forever about me, and all of my doubts disappear.

The blossoms of spring may wither and the birds lose their power of song. Yet life has a sweeter attraction than these to entice me along. Her smile, like the sunbeams of noon, day, brings gladness and warmth and good cheer.

And drives off the shadows of darkness and doubt that are hovering near—God take away from me forever the riches of earth, but enshrine the wealth of the love of my treasure—this golden-haired baby of mine—Buffalo News.

When Phyllis Took Me

PHYLLIS, I asked, "will you marry me?" "Seventeen," said Phyllis. I looked at her in astonishment. "Seventeen?" I questioned. "Seventeen?" she asked. "Why, the score, you silly," she responded demurely. "Some one has to keep track of it."

That's the trouble with Phyllis. If her sense of humor was not so highly developed, I'm sure I would have had her ages ago. She never will take me seriously.

"Bother the score," I cried desperately. "Anyhow, we'll not count the other sixteen times."

"But I would very much rather," Phyllis was starting into the fray. I didn't know just what she meant. I never was much good at guessing.

"Well," I answered, indifferently. "Just as you please. Count them if you like. All I mean was that none of them mattered so much as this time."

"Positively your last chance, ladies and gentlemen," she cried gaily. I assented in my most dignified manner. Phyllis laughed. I do wish she would take me seriously, once in a while.

"Why do you keep on proposing to me like this?" she asked me. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig; others are troubled if they behold a cat," I quoted. "Are you answered?"

"That is no answer, thou unfeeling man."

"If you must have it," I replied, flippantly. "I suppose it's my form of diversion. My hobby if you will. We all have our hobbies, more or less, you know."

Phyllis frowned. I liked that from immensely. Then she looked at me quickly when I was not expecting it. "You appear to be enjoying yourself," she complained.

"Me?" I queried in mock innocence. "Oh, I protest, really, I'm not."

"Well, then, you ought to be," I said. "I know it. I agreed. I ought to be. Seventeen times ought to be productive of more than has shown so far. I wonder," I concluded dreamily to myself, "I wonder if eighteen will do it."

"You haven't been answered, for seventeen yet," said Phyllis.

"No," said I, "nor for any of the other sixteen either."

"Now, there was," Darcy Graham, said Phyllis, inconspicuously. "He asked me to marry him nineteen times and swore eternal devotion each time whether I would have him or no. There's a man for you!"

"And then went and married Kitty McPherson," said I, almost to my self.

"No," corrected Phyllis; "Kitty married him."

"Willie Atkinson came next," I ventured.

"The only man up to thirteen," said Phyllis.

"Which accounts for his failure," I suggested.

Phyllis paid no attention to my remark.

"Hold your head that way again, I said. "What long eyelashes you have!" Phyllis deliberately turned the other way. "Hold it round," I commanded. "I want to look at it." Phyllis held it round. "Why, you like to be commanded at times," I said. "A rather pretty mouth, too," said I gravely. "and your color is also very fair yet. One would never guess you were getting up in years."

"I'm not!" denied Phyllis, with a certain assumption of dignity. "I'm only twenty-three."

"You don't show it," I responded gallantly. "Were I asked to make a guess, I should say 'sweet sixteen' and—"

"Quite so," said Phyllis, dryly. "How awful it must be to be laid on the shelf!" I remarked sympathetically.

"I'm not!" asserted Phyllis, indignantly.

"The very idea!" I murmured in a surprised way. "I never even imagined of such a thing. But you know," I concluded distantly, "you haven't had a proposal in three weeks."

"I have," insisted Phyllis. "I had one just to-night."

"Oh, but that doesn't count," said I. "You told me so yourself. These are only sort of trial heats, to keep you in form, you know."

"Oh," sniffed Phyllis. "Besides," I added, "I need material for my stories."

"What a risk you are willing to run for the sake of material!" said Phyllis.

"Yes," I replied suavely, "but it is necessary that one make some sacrifices for the sake of art."

"Suppose, though, I were to accept you some time?" queried Phyllis in an awful tone.

"I would have a new climax for the new," said I, indifferently.

I had expected Phyllis to be affected; instead, she burst out laughing. That's the trouble with Phyllis; she never will take me seriously.

"You're a goodie," she complimented me.

"Aw, thanks," I murmured. "So good of you."

Phyllis regarded me gravely. Now, it's on odd thing, but whenever Phyllis looks at a fellow just like that he feels sort of funny all over, you know. I don't know what it is, but I think must be what they call personal magnetism.

"Jack," she said, "do you know you have some gray hairs?"

"It's not polite of you to remind me of it," said I.

"And your complexion isn't as good as it used to be," she continued. "Besides, there are a lot of little things—particularly about your clothes."

"Nothing serious, I trust?" I asked, in alarm.

"No," said Phyllis, "nothing serious. But a lot of little things. I think you need some one to take care of you."

"Parks is an unexceptionable valet," said I in his defense.

"But he draws his salary every month," put in Phyllis.

"And why shouldn't he?" I interrupted.

"Now, a wife," began Phyllis, musingly.

"Would draw hers at the end of the month and every other day," I retorted.

I concluded, Phyllis taking no notice, "I think you need a wife. Now, why don't you propose to some nice girl, Jack?"

"I have," said I, stoutly.

PROPHET MUST KEEP RECORD.

This is Why a Weather Prognosticator Was Doubtful.

"I rather myself that I keep track of the weather about as well as the bureau man himself," said a resident of Detroit Free Press man, "and I re-bumiliated at what happened on the car yesterday morning. Three or four of us were talking about the weather for the past winter, and I mentioned that we had nine very bad days in December. An old chap across the aisle who had been listening to on talk down to his pocket and pulled a memorandum book and softly said:

"My dear sir, I think you are mistaken. We only had three cold days in December. I have the record here. It was Dec. 22, 23 and 24."

"I ignored him," said the oracle, "and remarked to my friends that Jan. 2 and Feb. 19 were the two coldest days of the winter."

"I beg your pardon, sir," put in the man with the book as he held it up against his nose to see. Jan. 8 was so cold that I went without an overcoat, and on Feb. 19 the thermometer marked 41 degrees above."

"I tried to save my reputation by announcing that we had had twenty-eight days of sleighing in Detroit during December, January and February, but that book went up to the old fellow's nose again and he replied:

"No doubt you mean well, but you're mistaken again. We have only had twenty-four days, and three of those were very poor."

"You may have heard the birds singing along about Jan. 17," said I, thinking to get even with him.

"No, sir," he blandly replied. "From the 17th to the 22d it was fairly cold, but on the 23d the buds began to start on my rosebush."

"The old chap lied—deliberately and maliciously lied—and I know he did," said the weatherwise man with a victorious air. "but what could I do? He had his record in his little book, while I had nothing, and before that car got down to Woodward avenue my reputation as an oracle was knocked into a cocked hat and my fellow-passengers were regarding me with pity and contempt."

An Accurate Description.

This is the way little Mabel, when she was about three years old, described her papa's mustache cup.

"Papa has a cup, and Mr. Worth has one, too, with a little hole in it, and a shelf over it, and they put their mustaches on that shelf."

Continued in Our Next.

Well, Clarence, asked papa, "how did you like school?"

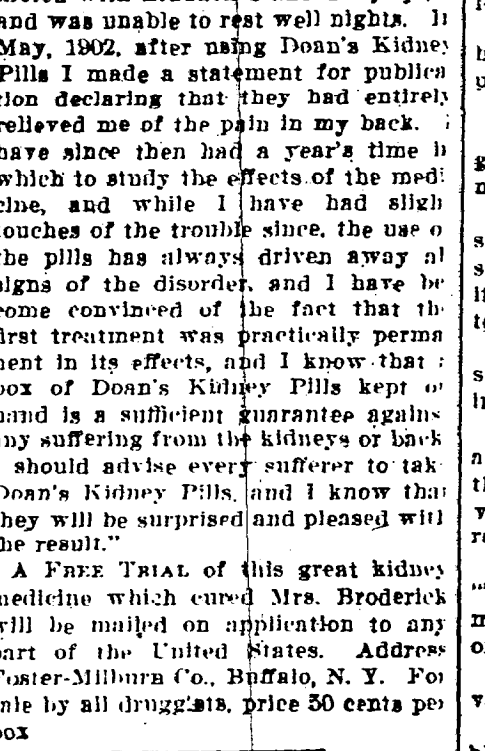
"Oh, I like it all right," he replied, "but we didn't get through to-day, as we all have to go back to-morrow."

TESTED BY TIME.

Mrs. Robert Broderick, who resided at 1015 Virginia St., in San Antonio, Texas, tells an experience that will interest every reader. It shows as well that Doan's Kidney Pills are last-ling cures. She says: Up to the early part of the year 1902 I had been a sufferer from kidney troubles for many years. The pain in my back became worse and worse until it was a daily burden that interfered with every duty. I was much afflicted with headaches and dizzy spells and was unable to rest well nights. In May, 1902, after using Doan's Kidney Pills I made a statement for publication declaring that they had entirely relieved me of the pain in my back. I have since then had a year's time in which to study the effects of the medicine, and while I have had slight touches of the trouble since, the use of the pills has always driven away all signs of the disorder, and I have become convinced of the fact that the first treatment was practically permanent in its effects, and I know that a box of Doan's Kidney Pills kept in hand is a sufficient guarantee against any suffering from the kidneys or back. I should advise every sufferer to take Doan's Kidney Pills and I know that they will be surprised and pleased with the result.

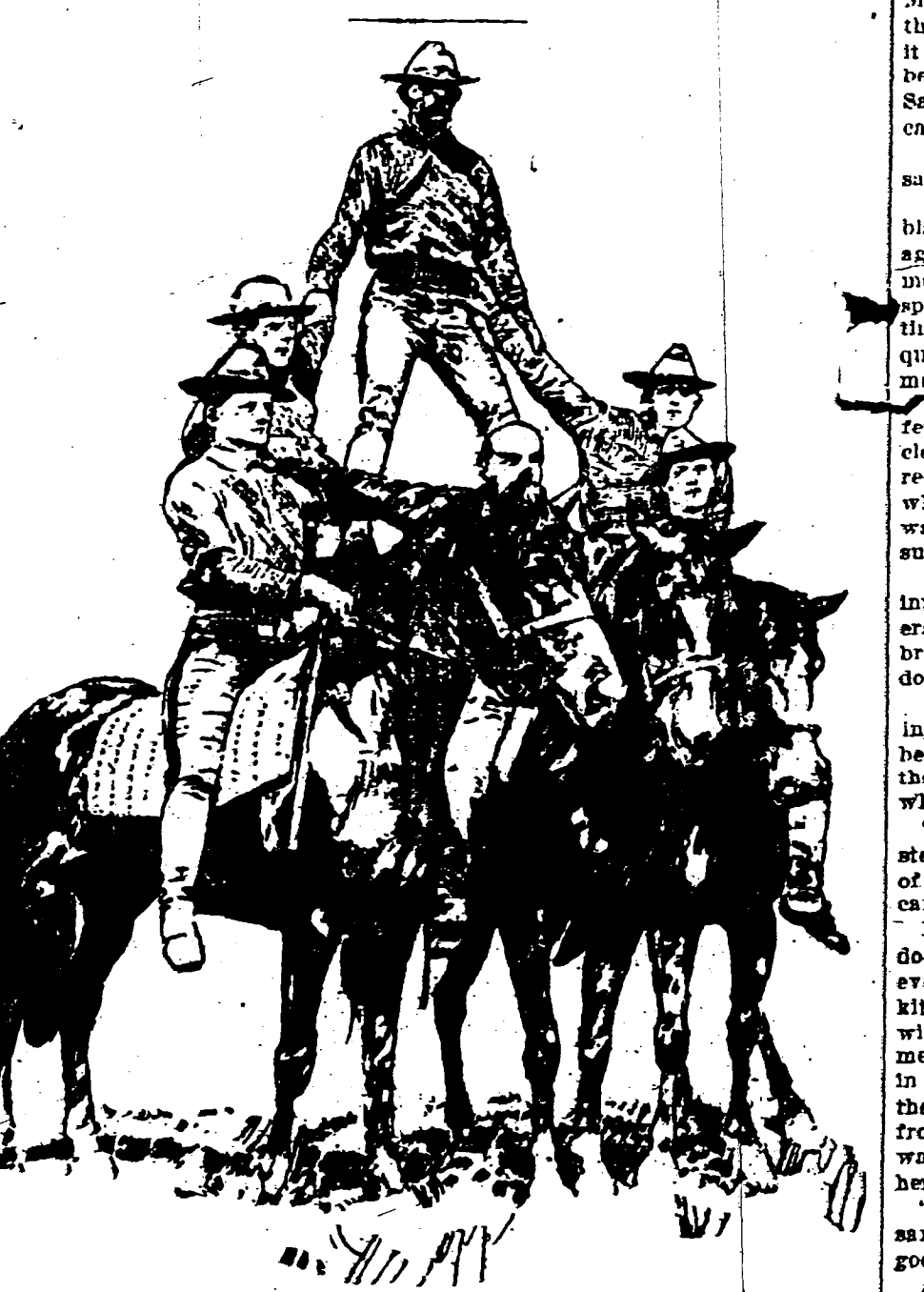
A FINE TEST OF THIS GREAT KIDNEY MEDICINE which cured Mrs. Broderick will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

A Feline Toothache.



Dreadfully painful.

UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS EXPERT TRICK RIDERS.

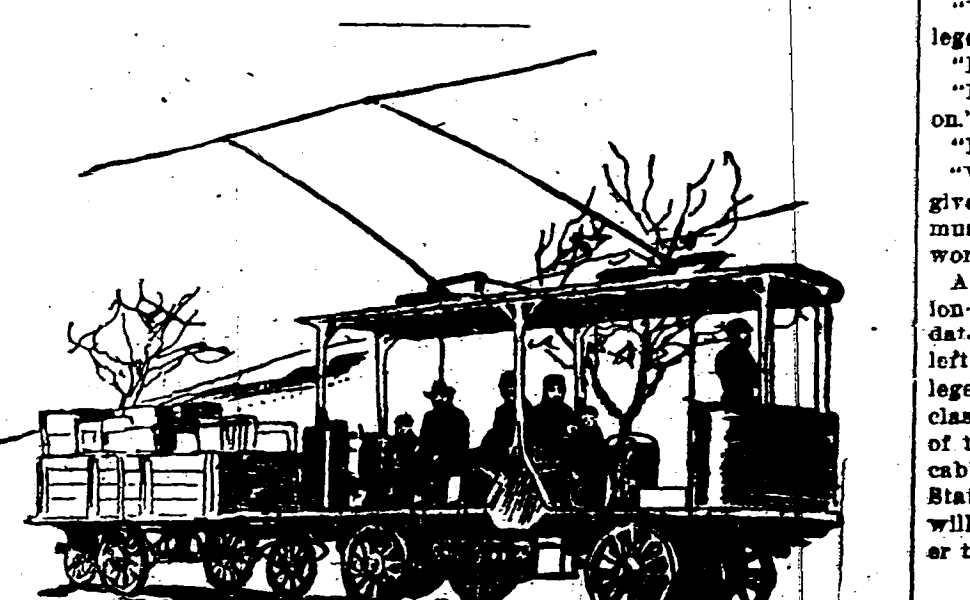


ROUGH RIDERS FORMING A PYRAMID.

The fact that Uncle Sam's soldiers do something beyond killing time or enemies, according to peace or war, at \$12 a month and rations, is not over-prominent in the average lay mind. That they do drill and work unceasingly and with daring intrepidity, was shown at the military tournament held at Madison Square Garden, New York. Among those who participated in the show were veteran regulars from a number of United States forts, guardsmen from local regiments, cadets from West Point, and boys from various military schools.

Competition for the honor of appearing at the New York show is always keen, but this is merely incident to the strenuous drill which every branch of the United States army takes regularly, day in and day out. The fact that the cavalry, while lacking the glitter and show of English or continental regiments, has attracted world-wide notice by reason of its rough riding ability and general mobility attests the success of the system in vogue with Uncle Sam's drill masters.

TRACKLESS TROLLEY CARS USED IN DRESDEN.



Dresden, Germany, comes to the front in this age of electrical wonders with the most startling novelty. It is a trackless trolley. As yet the proposition has hardly gone beyond the stage of experimentation, but tests already made are said to have proved its practicability. Auto-omnibuses, motor cars and trailer cars are already in use. As shown by the accompanying illustration, the vehicles are fitted out with a trolley pole similar to those in ordinary use, with the exception that they are so hinged as to give freedom of movement to the vehicle in any direction. The steering is accomplished by an attachment to the front wheels of the front car. By means of the hinged pole the train can be turned aside for passing convenience and can travel on either side of the road.

Meg's Disappointment.

"You must do the best you can, Meg," said Mrs. Bryant, as she tied on her bonnet. "Look after baby, see the fire doesn't go out, and get a bit of dinner. The cleaning must stay till I come back. It's very awkward your Uncle Tom getting ill on a Saturday, but it can't be helped. I shall be back by tea time. Good-by, dearie!"

When Mrs. Bryant had gone, Meg threw herself into a chair and burst into tears.

"I declare it's too bad," she exclaimed. "To have to stay at home and look after baby, instead of going blackberrying with the other girls! Uncle Tom must have got ill some other day."

"Why 'oo crying, Meg?" asked little 3-year-old Bessie, putting a chubby little hand into Meg's.

"Get away, Bessie," cried Meg, peevishly, "forgiving little Bessie, so he stroked Meg's hand softly and while he said:

"Poor little Meg! Poor little Meg!" Presently he trotted away into the garden, and Meg went on crying dismally.

"I'm always being disappointed," she grumbled. "No matter what I settle to do, something's sure to stop it; and I had set my mind on going to Bessie Woods to-day."

"Wherever has that child got to?" she said, after a time, suddenly jumping up and running into the garden.

"Meg Bryant, Meg Bryant, come along!" called a number of voices, from the other side of the hedge which divided the little garden from the high road.

"I can't come," said Meg, crossly. "There's uncle gone and got ill, and mother goes off all in a hurry, and no one left to look after Bessie."

"What a shame!" cried several voices.

"But wherever is Ben?" Meg asked blankly, when she saw he was nowhere in the garden. She was getting quite frightened.

"We haven't seen him on the road so far," said the girls; and they all good-naturedly joined in the search.

"What shall I do if he's lost?" said Meg, in dismay.

"He's not lost, never fear," replied a big girl, consolingly; "he couldn't get far on these little legs of his."

And to Meg's great relief, when they reached the corner where the road turned there was the little chap tottering along in the middle of the road, his faded red frock and yellow head being a bright patch of color in the distance.

Meg flew to her little brother, and caught him up, covering his face with kisses.

"Oh, baby, baby, what a fright you did give me!" she said, as she held him.

"I'm going to mudder," said Ben, solemnly. "Meg's cross; mudder's nice."

"Come back with me, darling," said his sister. "Meg'll be nice to Bessie now."

"'oo?" said Bessie; "didn't I come?"

The fright had quite driven away Meg's ill humor, and when she entered the cottage again and saw how untidy it was, owing to Mrs. Bryant's having been suddenly called away, she was so angry that she began to scold.

"The Saturday's cleaning, a bright thought came into her head."

"I'll do the cleaning to-day," she said to herself, "and surprise mother."

So she set to work with a will. Ben black-headed the grate, and she scrubbed the table thoroughly, mopped away at the floor till not a speck of dirt remained. By dinner time Meg was very hungry, and had quite recovered from her disappointment.

After dinner there was a little rest, and Meg went to the well, and the water was clean; and Meg went to the well, and the water was clean; and Meg went to the well, and the water was clean.

And Meg went to the well, and the water was clean; and Meg went to the well, and the water was clean; and Meg went to the well, and the water was clean.

Mind This.



It makes no difference whether it is chronic or inflammatory.

Rheumatism of the muscles or joints.

St. Jacobs Oil cures cures promptly. Price, 25c. and 50c.

Guaranteed Investment Securities.

Safe, guaranteed and profitable investment, paying 6% interest. Write for particulars. 1601

Have You Children?

Then we can help you to provide for them without depriving yourself or them. The question of how to live well and save well at the same time is answered in our (free) booklet. Write for it. Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., 321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

A Candid Opinion.

"What do you think the greatest need of the modern drama is?" And after serious thought Mr. Stormington Barnes replied: "Lower railway fares and better hotels."—Washington Star.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. H. H. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 a bottle. Treatise free. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 391 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It treats the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swells, Sore Feet, Calluses, Athlete's Foot, and Improves Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new shoes comfortable. It is a safe, reliable, and sure cure. Do not substitute. Sample mailed free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

At Canterbury Cathedral there are always about forty workmen engaged in the structure.

"The Klean, Cool Vaseline Kind" is the trade mark on stores which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

The average American uses 128 pins a year.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has an equal for coughs and colds.—Jesse B. Botes, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1905.

Japan's shipyards turned out forty-one steamers last year.

Old Sykes, Packs of Chairs, etc., can be dried with PUTNAM'S PATENT DRYER.

Twelve hotels in New York City have more than 281 telephones.

Be Had Followed Directions. A little black boy sat on the soap box which served as a front step to the tumble-down shanty. His skin was more than black. Here and there it looked as if it had been varnished.

His fingers clung together, when he attempted to open his hands, and fling of silky sweetness were spun about him as he threw back his head and opened his mouth in epileptic ecstasy. Horace! World explains his happy condition.

"Goodness, law!" exclaimed the old mammy, who came suddenly round the corner. "What you sitting dat away for when I jes been trying ter clear you up? Ef you ain't went an' 'oo lashed yo' self I'm head in foot!"

"Dat ain't 'lasses, mammy."

"Whut's de use o' me trying ter make yo' 'spectable. I'd like to know! I wash yo' an' I dress yo', an' den I tells yo' ter go an' use de comb, didn't I?"

"Yes'm, An' I look round, an' de comb I could find was dis yer honeycomb, but I d'ne use dat, main my, I sho'ly did."

Men with polished pates ought to shine in society.

Black Hair

"I have used your Hair Vigor for five years and am greatly pleased with it. It certainly restores the original color to gray hair. I keep my hair soft and shiny. Helen Kilkenny, New Portland, Me."

Ayer's Hair Vigor has been restoring color to gray hair for fifty years, and it never fails to do this work, either. You can rely upon it for stopping your hair from falling, for keeping your scalp clean, and for making your hair grow.

It is a benefit. All druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, write to J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Send for a free trial bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address: J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PENSION.

ADAM W. MOORE, JR., Pension Attorney, 100 Broadway, New York City. KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. Send for a free trial bottle. Address: Kidder's Pastilles, New York City.

The Razor Slips

Apply CREAM OF OLIVES at once. It stops the bleeding, soothes the skin, and helps new skin to form. It takes the skin from any bruise and reduces the swelling. Drawn by the heat and sting from a scald and prevents a scar. Alays the roughness of the skin. It removes pimples, blotches, redness and leaves the skin as soft as velvet. Have it in your home and apply it at once. It is the only true skin cream. It is the only true skin cream. It is the only true skin cream.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ham's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unrepentant.

HE dutiful are the beautiful. Leniency is the law of love. The best things cost least. Your strength is God's call to service. Man's progress reveals God's purpose.

Meekness is might with right. Work alone gives value to rest. Reproof is the proof of a friend. A prejudice cannot be a principle. The straight gate is for straight men. The wise father makes a glad son. He cannot give who will not forgive. God pours nothing into empty heads. Manhood depends on moral muscle. Life will give out what you live in to life.

A hard head may go with a tender heart. He offends mercy who depends on merit. You cannot kick back and pull forward. You ask for a loaf and God gives you a seed. The restless are not likely to be successful. Pardon may be the opposite of mercy.

The self-sacrificing are never self-satisfied. The enlarged soul will not be swollen with success. Men mistake the glory of gain for the gain of glory. It is doing the right in the dark that is always hard. The hold-up church cannot give the world any uplift. There are no places for spectators in life's grand game.

Rome cannot be regenerated by a change of climate. The outer act is the gauge-glass of the inner character. The brave man is not afraid of being called a coward. The wind of words will not carry the flying machine of pride over the walls of repentance.

SOME MODERN FABLES.

Little instances that Annas as well as instruct.

Early fables were written for the express purpose of pointing a moral. Some modern ones have the same character, but more often their purpose is rather to amuse than to instruct. F. Austrey's "A Bayard From Bengal" contains some bright and sunny parables of old parables and legends, together with some fables which are exceedingly modern in spirit.

"A cheery laugh goes a long way in this world," remarked the byena.

"But a bright smile goes further still," said the alligator, as he took him in.

"The accommodation might be more luxurious, it is true," remarked the philosophic mouse, when he found himself in the trap. "But, after all, it is not as if I were going to stay here long."

"People tell me he can shine when he chooses," said the extinguisher of the candle. "All I know is, he's post-poned shining for a long time."

"I shall not have perished," gasped an altruistic cocker, "before I die before expiring from a dose of insect-powder. For a fatality the owners of the house doubtless be more careful how leave such stuff about."

"A certain ant that had lost its way, owing to the sudden collapse of the bank in which its savings were invested, applied to a grasshopper for a small temporary advance.

"I am sorry, dear boy," chirped replied the grasshopper, "that, although I am playing to the hilt, business even evening, I have not put by a single grain. However, I will get up a concert for your benefit."

This he did, with such success that the next winter the ant was once more sufficiently prosperous to discharge his obligation by offering the grasshopper a letter to the Charity Organization Society.

An omniscient busybody, perceiving a phoenix well alight, promptly extinguished her by means of a convenient watering pot.

"Had you refrained from that un-called-for interference," said the justly irate bird, "I should by this time be rising gloriously from my ashes, instead of presenting the ridiculous appearance of a partially roasted fowl."

A Cautious Confession.

"I'm getting painfully careless, my dear. I've just found a portrait of George Washington in my coat pocket that has been there for the last ten days."

"Well, I don't see anything serious about that."

"Don't you, my dear? I'm glad to hear it. You see, the portrait is a part of the stamp on that letter you gave me to mail last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Story of Dewey.

J. Martin Miller, the Washington newspaper correspondent whose recent interview with Admiral Dewey has created a buzz of excitement not only in this country but in Germany and Europe, knew Admiral Dewey well at Manila. Mr. Miller has been a globe trotter in his day, and has covered every part of the globe. He was at Manila during the warm times there when Admiral Dewey was the hero and master of the bay. Speaking of Admiral Dewey at that time, he said: