JIM.

Jim was a chap who was in hard luck; e was always unfortunate, always stuck wasn't his fault he was out of work; e wasn't the sort of a chap to shirk; And there was the summer coming op, While his little savings were almost gon And these words rang in his ear each day:
"No, no, we've nothing that's in your

way,"
Till the chance of a job looked mighty

To poor old Jim.

That's how it was when the war broke

Jim saw them enlisting all about, And heard the call of the drum and fife, Then he kissed his baby, and kissed his wife. "It's thirteen dollars a month, you know,

Little woman," he said, "and I'd better

So with the baby she watched one day The gallant regiments march away, And murmured o'er, while her eyes grew

dim:
"God keep you, Jim!"

Down at San Juan when that charge was made Right into the Spanlards' ambuscade, In a deadly shower of shot and shell,

A soldier—one of the bravest—fell.

Face downward he lay till the Red Cross

came, And they heard him whisper some loved one's name.
"It's no use, boys," with a groan cried

"Look after the others, and don't mind And they said, as they lifted his hat's

"Why, it's poor Jim!" That's about all, for poor Jim died Far from his wife and baby's side, In Cuba there, and the grasses wave Over a soldier's lonely grave.

frayed rim:

And it's just as certain to me as fate, When Jim's soul got to the heavenly

"Is there a chance for a Failure here?"
"Why, yes!" good Peter called out to

"Come right in, Jim!" -Malcolm Douglas, in Farm and Home.

Lucy's Engagement

II OU don't look very amiable tonight, Mr. Dalton," observed Miss Wylde.

When Miss Wylde first brightened the lady's left hand was unadorned very sorry for if she had heard. with jewelry of any description, and the general jealousy that arose in the matter of paying her attentions must have been highly gratifying to the lady's vanity. She accepted it at present," she said naively. them all, but favored no one in par-

Then she walked through the in a manner calculated to display to "Oh, dear," she gasped, "this is best advantage an engagement-ring, killing!"
which glittered and twinkled cheer- "It will in the end," said Dalton correct finger.

since we met, Mr. Dalton," she rehis troubled face, "yet you've scarce- "Your face is funny." ly spoken a word."

handkerchief. Not being sure what face is funny!" his pocket, and coughed apologeti- laughter increased.

"At all events, it proves that you have a voice."

"Yes," he admitted limply, with

and sulky and disagreeable as this stood before him. "A man never I would never have consented to see hates a pretty girl. He thinks he you, much less favor you with my does-that's all." company to-night."

"You look upon it as a favor?" hinted Dalton.

"Of course I do," she said. "I an owl!"

"Yes," agreed Dalton absently. "Then why do you do it?" she demanded. "Why don't you say some-

thing pleasant?" Mr. Dalton was silent. He wanted to say something very badly, but the have," she asserted, with a pert nod. ring kept him back.

"Nice evening, isn't it?" she remarked, with veiled sarcasm, to force

the conversation. "Splendid!" he replied. "How is -er-your mother, Miss Wylde?" "Very well, thank you." She nod- late hints," he said gruffly.

ded smilingly. "It's awfully good of you to inquire about her. She and I way with you men. I suppose you living together alone don't make think me anything but pretty now. many friends. We're quite alone in You can't find a word in your mind the world."

"How st.d," he commented sympatheticall.

She looked at him in surprise. "Do you know, Mr. Dalton, that I'm getting sick of office life?"

"Are you?" "Yes." She looked him full in the face as she spoke, and colored slightly. "I shan't be sorry when I give

"Are you thinking of giving it up then, Miss Wylde?" he asked. "I-I don't know exactly. It all de-

pends." "On him, I suppose," thought Dalton. Then he said, with a nervous "Why did you encourage me?" laugh: "I hardly see why young la-

pardon me you, they're married and out of it before they've time to wear out a pen-nib!"

"Some prefer it to marriage." She

"Do you?" he questioned eagerly. "I-I don't know," she replied jerkily, poking up the gravel with her sunshade. "I've er only tried one side of the question, and I don't like ridiculous!" it. As for the other side, I-"

"What?" he interrupted, picking up looking down on her wrathfully.

"Might try it some day," she said previous sentence.

"You'll have no difficulty about that," observed Mr. Dalton, with another glance at the ring. "No," she agreed listlessly. "I sup-

pose my turn will come some day." Mr. Dalton opened his mouth to ask a question, but shut it promptly as the enormity of his presumption struck him. Then he opened it again determined to know the worst, and hinted:

"Er-I hope he's in a-er-good position, Miss Wylde."

She looked at him quizzically, a faint smile curving the corners of her mouth.

"Yes," she said slowly, "he's in a good position-good enough for me; but he's so awfully dense!" "Dense!" echoed Mr. Dalton.

"Yes, woefully dense and stupid. I've encouraged him for a long time now, but he's too-er- He won't do as I want him to. I believe if I asked him to he'd run away."

"Some fellows don't know when they're lucky," he observed. "Well, it's not for me to say

whether he's lucky or not," she replied. "I know that I've encouraged him, and he's too dense to see it. gate,
And asked this question, in hope and Don't you think so, Mr. Dalton?" "I-er-really I don't know the chap," he confessed, somewhat surprisedly.

She looked at him, with her eye brows wrinkled perplexedly, and nodded her pretty head.

"Oh, yes, you do," she stated emhatically. "You know him very well phatically. indeed." "Do I?"

"Yes. He is employed-er-" she laughed a little confusedly as she stopped in obvious hesitation; then, owering her voice, she continued "in the counting-house with you." "Oh!" Mr. Dalton's face first ex-

pressed blank amazement, then utter disgust. He said something under the dull city warehouse with her his breath that Miss Wylde did not presence, all observed with joy that hear-something he would have been

"What's his name?" he demanded. She pursed up her lips and shook her head.

"I don't feel at liberty to disclose "But I must know!" Dalton burs

out. "I have a right to-" He stopped abruptly, and felt uttercounting-house one morning, un-blushing, and holding her left hand sical pear of laughter.

Therefore Henry Dalton gazed at features, and thinking of his own sad it sorrowfully on the evening in fate: His doleful face only stimulated Miss Wylde's laughter, and her "It's quite a quarter of an hour pretty shoulders heaved convulsively. "I never saw anybody look as marked, with an amused smile at sorrowful as you!" she jerked out.

"Funny, eh?" he repeated. "You Mr. Dalton fidgeted uneasily on the go and play the deuce with a chap's end of his seat, and pulled out his feelings, and then tell him that his

he wanted it for, he put it back in Miss Wylde nodded feebly, and her "Yes," she said weakly, "your face

"That's encouraging," she laughed. is funny-awfully funny!" Dalton watched her for a moment

in disgust. "I shall hate you soon!" he obanother furtive glance at the offend- served vindictively., "if you don't

g ring.
"I wish you'd say something," she "You could never do that," she said. observed plaintively. "If I'd thought rising from her seat, and nodding that you were going to be so moody her pretty head confidently as she

> Dalton gazed at the ring he hated on the finger he loved, and felt that his case was hopeless.

"When a fellow hints at his affecknow lots of other young fellows tion to a girl," he argued within himwho do, too. You ought to feel flat- self, "and she laughs at him, it's time tered, instead of moping there like to chuck up the sponge." Therefore he determined to be nasty.

"You're not at all devoid of selfconceit," he sneered as he rose, too. "Who told you that you were pretty? I didn't."

"No; but lots of other fellows You have, too, in your own way, You haven't told me to my face that you think me pretty; but you've unconsciously hinted the fact in more ways than one."

"Then I emphatically retract all my

"Yes," she replied calmly, "it's the wicked enough for application to me,

can you?" She smiled tantalizingly into his face, but Dalton sat down again without a word; and, after regarding him for a moment with an irritating

smile, she sat down also. "When I met you to-night, Mr. Dalton," she said quietly, "I had no idea that we should quarrel. I always thought you a nice fellow, but now I one large door. He made inquiries firmly believe that you are nasty tempered."

"And I always thought you'd have Something in his voice and man-

dies should go in for a commercial mer tickled her again, and she once life at all. If they're pretty, like—er more indulged in a burst of laughter. more indulged in a burst of laughter. "You're nothing more than a heart-less firt!" he burst out angrily, "You, being engaged to another felme to love you, and now you're laughing at me. Hang it all, it's too

bad!" "Too-oo funny, yeu— Oh, dear me!" she laughed. "You—you're too

Dalton rose in disgust, and stood

"I'll leave you to finish your laughter in solitude," he remarked, with angry sarcasm. "And—and I'm presently, by way of rounding off her hanged if I don't find out the chap that you are engaged to, and get him the sack!"

> This awful threat appeared to have the very opposite result to what Mr. Dalton anticipated, for she laughed more than ever, nodding her head feebly. Dalton stood for a moment in angry indecision, and seized her left hand.

> "Who put that ring on there?" he demanded. "I'm going to know be-fore we part to-night!" Miss Wylde struggled with her

mirth for a while, and became suddenly serious. "If you'll promise not to fulfill

your threat of getting the person dismissed, I'll tell you." "I promise. I didn't mean it," he pleaded anxiously. "I wouldn't play

you such a trick!' "Then," she said slowly, "the person who put that ring on my finger

"Yes," he queried eagerly, as she paused, and seemed on the point of laughing again. "My-oh, dear-myself!"

gasped. "You put that on yourself?" he repeated. "Why?"

It was some time before she was able to speak at all coherently, and Dalton waited impatiently. "Come, tell me why you engaged

yourself to marry yourself?" he demanded eagerly. "I will if you will go away to your

own end of the seat, and promise not to move," she replied. Dalton, in some astonishment, slid back along the seat, and Miss Wylde

watched him roguishly. "When I first took up my present employment," she said, "there were such a nice lot of fellows in the counting-house that I didn't know which I liked best. I tried them all for a little while, and managed to make them all so fond of me that I could see I was going to get into hot water. I liked one better than all the rest, but he was so dense and bashful that I began to be afraid that I should receive the proposals of all the rest before his, and-and I didn't want them. So, to make a long story short, I put on my mother's engagement ring, to keep them at their proper distance. I knew the one I liked best was safe enough, and that I could draw him out whenever I wished; but I couldn't resist the temptation of teasing him-er-

to-night." "To-night!" echoed Dalton. you-" Then he paused undecidedly. and stupid!" she said. Then she stamped her dainty foot, looked at him severely, and concluded: "And I don't believe you care for me at all!"

Dalton edged cautiously along the seat towards her, and, as it was nearly dark, he ventured to put his arm round her slim waist.

"Haven't you been rather rough on me-er-Lucy?" he inquired plaint-"You don't mind now, do you,

Harry?" she replied with a bright smile. "I--" What she was going to say further

was lost in Dalton's moustache .--London Answers.

Criminals' Grim Jests.

The callousness and even grim humor of condemned criminals is well exemplified by the following stories: On walking to the scaffold in solemn procession a criminal once called to the governor of the prison, "Just oblige me, Guv'nor," he said, "by telling me the day o' the week?" "Monday," answered the surprised governor. "Monday!" exclaimed the prisoner in disgusted tones; "Well, this 'ere's a fine way of beginning a week, ain't it?" And he marched on with disgust imprinted on every line in his face.

On another occasion an officious hangman whispered as he placed the white cap on his victim's head: "If there's anything you'd like to arst me I'll be pleased to answer, yer know." The victim craned his neck forward, and said in an equally low voice, "You might tell me, is-is this planking safe?"-London Globe.

Prudery in Extremis.

We have all heard of the American ladies whose sense of modesty was such that they clothed the legs of their tables and chairs in nether garments. The following occurrence at one of the great London hospitals is illustrative of feeling every whit as nice. A cold-storage chamber was being constructed in connection with the post-mortem room and the secretary of the hospital, on going to see how the work was getting on, found that the chamber was being fitted with double doorsand those of small size-instead of as to the deviation from the original plan, when the chief carpenter. who was superintending the work, more pity for a chap's affections than replied: "Oh, sir, we are putting in to laugh at them," he observed. double doors and a wooden partition double doors and a wooden partition in order to keep the sexes apart!" -London Lancet

HUMOROUS.

two places at de same time." dat so?" "Yes; he was over in France and home-sick."—Detroit

Auntie-"How many commandments are there?" Bessie-"Ten." Auntie-"And if you break one of them, what then?" Bessie—"Then there'd be nine."—Baltimore World.

Elderly gentleman (as freshman jumps on rapidly moving car— "Have a care!" Freshman (breathlessly)—"No, thanks; I've got trou-bles of my own."—Harvard Lampoon.

Tess-"I told that old beau of yours that you were married." Jess -"Did you? Did he seem surprised?" Tess-"Yes, indeed! He said: 'How on earth did that happen?"-Philadelphia Press.

Lavaround Lucas-"Dis youse ever speckulate on Wall street?" Tired Timothy-"Yes, I uster stand around the stock exchange and wonder where my next meal wuz comin frum."-Ohio State Journal.

First Fan-"That right fielder is mighty light on his feet. Look; how he went into the air for that fly." Second Fan-"Well, he ought to be. He's jumped eight contracts so far this season."-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Hettie-"Now that you have broken your engagement with Fred, shall you return to him the diamond ring he gave you?" Minna-"Certainly not. Hettie; it would be a constant reminder of the happiness he had

missed."-Boston Transcript. Well Provided .- "The pleasing thing about your husband," they said to the wife of the man who has just been elected to office, "is that he has a well-defined policy." "Two of 'em," answered the wife proudly; "one for \$5,000 and one for \$10,000, not to mention the accident policy." -Chicago Post.

DOCTORS AND INSURANCE.

The American Professor's Relation to the Employers of Medical Service.

The greatest single employer of med-

ical service, and one, we urge, which is not sufficiently or rightly valued by us, is the life insurance company, says American Medicine. The largest companies have on their lists of active examiners as many as one-third of the practitioners of the country and smaller companies may have 10,000. There is hardly a medical man that is not or that has not been employed by the insurance companies. The benefit extends to the humblest and youngest through the beneficial and assessment organizations, and there are few men so busy that they do not welcome positions with the largest companies. Several million dollars a year, at least three, is certainly not too high an estimate of the income to the American profession from this source. This fact, it may be incidentally noticed, should give pause to those who advocate rival companies limited to policies on the lives of physicians. Moreover, the best companies pay good fees, not seldom and they pay 100 per cent. of our bills promptly, and in cash. The positions thus held by medical men are often of social, professional and financial advantage to the examiner. We are not unmindful of the fact that the profession as a rule gives its quid pro quo. Without our services, the results of scientific research and zeal, the financial affairs of the insurance companies would not be so prosperous, and at all times the companies are dependent upon our special knowledge for this success. The queries to which all this leads up, however, are these: In the first place, are we, as a profession rightly and sufficiently cognizant of our obligation and advantage in this matter? Not, we do not hesitate to reply, so long as we do not specially and better prepare our medical students to meet tthe peculiar demands to be made upon them. There should be in every medical college some special lecture courses designed to give the special instruction required of the life insurance examiner. Some of the questions in examinations by the colege, and by the state boards should be framed with this in view. Secondly, are those members of our profession who are examiners giving back to us results of their examinations? They have splendid opportunities for research, tabulation of statistics, and the formulation of valuable conclusions derived from the rich clinical material placed at their disposal. Some good work of this kind has been done, but as a whole the scientific contributions of the medical examiners of life insurance companies are deplorably wanting in unity and throughness. The companies may rightly ask of us a proper recognition and preparation for their special work, and we may as justly demand of them more scientific, statistic and literary work as evidences of their social obligations.

A Way Out.

"George," the sweet girl pleaded, "you simply must dye your hair." "Ridiculous!" exclaimed Mr. Towhead, her flancee.

"No, it isn't. A fortune-teller told me to-day I'd marry a dark-haired man."-Philadelphia Press. No Ground for Suspicion.

First Chambermaid-That man. in No. 14 gets an awful lot of letters. If they're from women-Second Chambermaid-Oh, no; he's

Patience—Is your minister liberal in

a perfect gentleman! These letters

Patrice-Oh, yes; he often preaches for two whole hours.-Yonkers States-

are all unpaid bills .- N. Y. Times.

DURING SUMMER MONTHS

Dr. Hartman Gives Free Advice to Suffering Women.



ous women are so because they are suf-fering from some form of female dis-

ease. By far the greatest number of female troubles are caused by catarrh. Women afflicted with pelvic catarrh despair of recovery. Female trouble is so common, so prevalent, that they accept it as almost inevitable. The greatest obstacle in the way of recovery is that they do not understand that it is catarrh which is the source of their illness. In female complaint, ninety-nine cases out of one hundred are nothing but catarrh. Peruna cures

catarrh wherever located.

The following letter was recently

186 W. 38th st., New York City. The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. Gentlemen.—"What bread and meat means to the hungry Peruna means to the sick. It is an especially valuable medicine for sick women. I have found that no medicine so quickly restores condition. I but voice the sentiments of women who were once sick, but are

now in perfect health.

MISS LIZZIE SNEATHING. All women who are in doubt as to what their trouble is should write Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio. Give him a full description of your trouble, previous treatment, symptoms and age. He will promptly reply with full directions for treatment free of charge. This is an opportunity which no ailing woman should miss. Dr. Hartman has become renowned through his success. perience in these matters is vast. Correspondence is strictly confidential. No testimonials published without written consent. Dr. Hartman relies principally upon Peruna in these cases.

"I have been a sufferer for years with bearing down pains and back-ache, and got no relief from doctor's prescriptions. I commenced taking Peruna and after taking the first bottie I felt much better and within a month I was a well woman, and heartly recommend it to anywoman who is in as poor health as I was." MRS. A. JOHNSON. Miss Mabel Meyers, Argentine, Kansas, collector for the Kansas Temperance Union, writes: "Peruna has proved a friend to me for it cured me

Peruna cures catarrh wherever lo-

Mrs. Alex. Johnson, 256 University

evenue, Kingston, Ontario, Can.,

when I was sick and the least I can do in return is to acknowledge its value the public. Since I was 17 years old I have suffered with headache, backache and pains in the shoulder blades. I caught cold easily and my lunge were weak. Catarrh lungs was what the doctors called my ouble, I took their medicine for eighteen months without any benefit and hearing about Peruna I decided to try it. I used nine bottles and was restored to health. This was two years ago, and I am now in perfect health."

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be glad to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of

The Hartman Sanitarium, Colum-

An Old-Time Terror.

Among ancient relies at present on exhibition at Chicago, is a sheet of papyrus bearing a complaint to a chief of police who held office just 2,092 years ago, that the premises of the writer had been robbed. Whether the work was done by a porch climber, a duplicate key man, or an ordinary hall sneak is not recorded, but the antique document is suggestive that in some was nall sneak is not recorded, but the antique document is suggestive that in some ways a score of centuries has not greatly changed the world. One can imagine that old-time chief threatening his dusky Egyptian force with the terrors of a "shake-up."—Buffalo

What About Your School Houses? What About Your School Houses?
You may not this season be able to build a new one, or make the radical changes in the old one that you had in contemplation, but there is no school district in the United States that cannot afford to tint with Alabastine the interior of their buildings, thus making them more attractive, getting colors made with special reference to their effects on the eyes of the pupils, getting a sanitary and rock base cement coating that will not harbor disease germs.

The dosely crowded school rooms need all the safeguards to the health of the pupil that intelligent officials can surround them with, and all sanitarians unite in saying that Alabastine is the only proper maing that Alabastine is the only proper ma terial to be used on such walls.

Doubtful Recommendation. "Can you make me a set of teeth that will look natural?" asked the patient.

"My dear, sir," replied the tooth carpenter, "the teeth I make are so natural that they fairly ache."—Chicago Daily News.

It Cures While You Walk, Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Considering how easily people jar lo of their money, aren't you ashamed of the fact that you don't get more of it?—Atchison Globe.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption aved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y. Feb 17, 1900.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time that we fall.—Confucius.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All

SECURITY.

Cenuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Breutsood

Very small and as only CARTER'S FOR MEADAGNE, FOR BILLOUSHESS FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price Person Vegetable Andrew

CURE SICK HEADACHE. Allen's Ulcerine Salve

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A. N. K.-G