

WORTH WHILE.

I never could abide the peaky folks who
night an' morn

Kep' salin' people that they wished they
one't had been born;

This world is all a stage—I read that
some'ers in a book,

An' as fur me, I'm glad I got a chance to

have a look.
splendor of the sunshine an' the Make up a scene that strikes my fancy purty nearly right.

An' I like to watch the heroes standin' in the calcium's glow.

There ain't no doubt about it; it's a

Sometimes the scene's a joyful one, an' then agin it's sad; Some to the folks you see are good, an' some are purty bad.

I often wish I could help the enterprise Instide simply sittin' out in the admirin' tong. But even though my part in the occasion but small, the congratulate myself on gettin in And when at last the lights are out and must homeward go.
There if be no kick a comin'. 'Twee a liferst'

The Belligerent Schoolmaster

the teacher is still credited with vast mental range and encyclopedic knowledge-and is not regarded as a harmless drudge-there lived and "conducted classes" a long, raw-boned mountaineer named Hill. He was a man of amazing industry and possessed of diplomas of learning, but he retained in rich luxuriance the unpruned coloquial speech of his native mountains-a speech which took grotesque liberties with grammar and

Naturally Mr. Harris, the editor, was a man in high consideration; no political or social function was complete thout him. Naturally also, Mr. Harris, the schoolmaster, was a person of equal, if not superior consideration, and likewis in much distinct the schoolmaster, was a person of equal, if not superior consideration, and likewis in much distinct the schoolmaster of editities and likewis in much distinct the schoolmaster of editities the schoolmaster of edition the schoolmaster of editities the schoolmaster of editities the schoolmaster of editities the schoolmaster of editities the schoolmaster ver missed one of these delightful times which were a feature of Walkintenia society. Both, the vilely and each regarded his own ca- the village street. Hill, left thus un facts are interesting but not essential; the point is that both the editor and the schoolmaster, by chance, fixed their affections upon the same lady—a local heiress. At first good friends, they presently began to look

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The fixed the fixe at each other out of the corners of their eyes and then settled down to

their eyes and then settled down to a deadly rivalry marked by an un-compromising attitude of mutual scorn—a scorn which neither took the pains to hide.

The lady in the case was not wiser or more beautiful than the general run of girls, but she had the asinteness which belongs to her sex, and she held the balance so true between

drudge who, as is the way of some to explain she giggled more than foolish schoolmasters set in boys ever. It might be supposed from this to write compositions, many and that the editor was in high favor. long, and Mr. Harris, as befitted a But in that view he was evidently public spirited editor, offered a prize migtaken. for the best composition on a matter of "public interest," written by a county" some time during the next pupil of the school in which the whole town of Wauhatchie took Miss Carry-May, He was received pride But, because he hated Mr. Hill, Mr. Harris stipulated that the him frankly that she could not reeditor was to be the sole arbiter of merit. These compositions on "mat-ters of public interest" were duly written, doubtless with much painful thought and more chewing of the tops of innocent penholders on the part of the youthful authors. The results of their labors were handed to the editor, and the editor awarded his prize—a year's subscription to The Vauhatchie News. Further, he published the prize essay in his col-umns. This juvenile scrawl was not remarkable in any special way, but spring to his feet and declared that it was butspoken about a matter of he would go after Hill at once and local politics which was at that time thrush him within an inch of the making bad blood. What was worse, life, Before Miss Carry-May, now a foot yesterday, and then make some the youngster who wrote it in pug- little frightened, could stop him he remark to you. Was it complimennacious youth-had ventured to as- was gone out into the night. sume a position which did not at all with all possible speed he made agree with the stand which the shoolmaster's dwell the didn't think you had a pretty schoolmaster had judged it wise ing and rang the bell with a jargle foot, and he said it was immense.'—
to take on the same subject. Read-

ing the effusion now in a public print and proclaimed in scare headlines as a prize essay by a pupil of his school, the learned Mr. Hill fairly boiled with indignation. His enemy had played him a scurvy trick, and he must have revenge. He seized his hat, and still holding on to the offenddoing. The faithful servant of the several loafers who spent much time there. In the midst of this sleepy senate appeared suddenly the indig-nant Mr. Hill-very red in the face and agitating his newspaper—and desay. He began to sling his mountain not audible. say. He began to sling his mountain lingo about recklessly and even inlulged in threats of personal violence at which the editor smiled in the schoolmaster received a note young man I was too proud to ask my beside himself, made for the editor with his fists, whereupon the compositor and two burly loafers promptly collared him and histled him away, swearing in a manner that would have given infinite delight to the innocent boys over whom he presided hid doubtless, shocked the young ladies to death.

All the next they the schoolmaster which is schoolroom, and produced a "It's too ign." Husband—"Say, curious effect. Mr. Hill had been in what sort of a house do you want?" pleasantly. Then the schoolmaster, which read:

explained the mysteries of the pons asincrum to a lot of blockheads or made the same blockheads recite Latin verbs. The young villans had devial wind the same blockheads recite Latin verbs. The young villans had devial wind the same blockheads recite twisted estacically in his chair as mit myself!"

Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, for evidently heard all about the scene in the office of the Wauhatchie News. They tittered and talked in corners when he was busy-and the young la-dy members of the school were es-

pecially maddening.

Poor Hill stood at his blackboard and fumed. Was it not enough that Bollicose Editor. this meddling Harris should be perpetually in his way with the lovely petually in his way with the lovelyand wealthy-Miss Carry-May? No! The fellow must print in his confounded little paper things containing reprehensible and-what was infinitely worse-impolitic doctrines. Then he had the impudence to proclaim these things as "prize essays"

of the pupils of Wauhatchie Academy! And to cap it all, the jackanapes had defied him-him, the schoolmas-ter and the head of Wauhatchie Academy! The pupils knew-and Miss Carry-May would know of it, too. Harris would certainly tell her if nobody else did. It was intolerable.

was a min in high consideration; no political or social function was com-

And Harris turned in his deel, lime small talk, and was widently good petroit News-Tribune. Every one of the his term in the deep to continue of the must own a city residence and a land been a curious observer of this chance for Mr. Harris to-night, and country home or seaside "cottage" scene, and strolled slowly on down pers with much complacency. These ceremoniously, stood and stared facts are interesting but not essential; the point is that both the editor less fury. Then he rushed after the

> "I told you," said he to Hill angrily, "that I was going to supper," and he resumed his walk. This time Hill, ame back Monday morning—after standing like a lost man and the duel had been set for Friday—en-

young woman, instead of answering the two rivals that neither could his grins and compliments with smiles claim may long-continued advantage. as she had been used to do, was apt It so happened that the learned Mr. now to turn aside her head and gig-Hill and as assistant in harmies gle, and when the wretched Hill tried

The editor came back from "up the week, and called immediately upon pass against the Persian army. How with frowns. Miss Carry-May told spect a coward. Everybody knew, she said, that he declined to fight the schoolmaster afterward he had run away-and, well, she for one, was surprised. The editor, who had it very bad, was dumfounded at this view of the matter, and hemmed and haved at a fearful rate. Miss Carry-May took advantage of his confusion to overwhelm him with reproaches. "I never thought you would be a cownrd," she insisted, and was so clearly distressed that the editor sprang to his feet and declared that

which Mr. Hill was a boarder. A little boy—one of Hill's pupils—came to the door, and, to the question put as to Mr. Hill's whereabouts, re-plied with very round eyes that the schoolmaster had just left the house with no more explanation than that he was going "up the road a piece." ing newspaper, set out to find the editor started. That was the editor. This he had no difficulty in phrase Hill used to employ when he was going to see a "gal"-and what pen and the public was in his sanc-tum with the lone compositor and May? His enemy must have passed him in the dark.

The editor left the boy still starand retraced his steps hastily. A che came opposite Miss Carry-May's house again, sure enough he heard

derful grin, "Tel Mr. Harris," said he to the boy, "that I'll be there."

All the rest of the day he was notably preoccupied and fidgety, and several times the pupils heard him chuckle to himself. About half-past four, having at that time dismissed the last lingerer, Mr. Hill, from the window of his schoolroom, saw Mr. Harris walking by in a direction which might reasonably lead him to Dead Man's Hollow, which, by the way, was a lonely spot in the pines, and the reputed scene of a murder. The editor was accompanied by the same gentleman who had been his companion at the time of the street encounter. The two men walked rapidly, and Harris' face wore an expression of much grimness.

When the pair were well past the house and out of sight around a curve in the road, Mr. Hill laughed aloud all to himself, and followed the the from \$7 to \$15 per week has the

mind which beggars description. at his room he found a note in a strange, wild handwriting:

That pight the editor did not sleep. gazing after Harris for a moment, tirely cured of his warlike fever. He swung round in his turn and strode was very friendly with the editoroff in the opposite direction. He who received his advances with very walked violently, slinging his arms, bad grace-ignored Miss Carry-May The worst of it was that when the utterly, and was presently a violent schoolmaster met Miss Carry May the admirer of another of the young woadmirer of another of the young wo-men of Wauhatchie. The editor, for his part, withdrew from society, and his leaders took on a tone of chronic

misanthropy. Tonolseimmol (1990) Miss Carry-May, it seems, did actually, in time, marry the parson with red hair.—N. Y. Times.

More History Rewritten is it Leonidas was peforming his little xploit at Thermopylae when he was asked how he expected to hold the edly, "by just pretending I am the end hog on a street car.

At this moment Leonidas fell. Nero had just been taxed with cruelty for fiddling while Rome burned.-N. Y. Sun.

Slight Difference. Stubb-I hear Brown is confined to his bed.

Penn—Indeed! Any organic dis-ase? 5000 broom "No, I think it is planoic. The girl next door practiced so much she gave him nervous prostration."-Chi-

Tess-I saw Mr. Ruff glance at my

HUMOROUS.

He-"She holds her age well, doesn't she?" She-"Yes. She doesn't look a day older than she says she is."—Philadelphia Record.

Seizing the Opportunity.—Teacher-"When is the proper time to gather apples?" Tommy—"When the dog is chained."—Detroit Free Press.

Selby-"What's the matter with you, Smith? What are you kicking about?' Smith-"Morse called me a donkey." Selby-"I see and you are bent on proving it."-Boston Transcript.

True Sorrow .- "Now, then, Tommy," said the stern father, "are you sorry?" and agitating his newspaper—and de-clared with great vehemence that he objected to that so-called prize cs-say. He began to sling his mountain

father for money," remarked Mr. Cum-

many years presiding bishop of the Episcopal church in America, and who lived all his life a bachelor, was talking one day with a young man from the west about a tax a western state was trying to impose on bachelors, the tax to be increased a certain per cent, for every ten years of bachelor-hood. "Why, bishop," said the young man, "at your age you would have to pay about \$100 a year." "Well," said the bishop, quietly and in his old-time vernacular, "it's wuth it."

WHO ARE FIT FOR MARRIAGE?

This Is a Puzzling Enigma Which Each Man Must Solve for Himself.

Enigmas are plentiful in this world, but none more puzzling than the query: "When should a man marry?" mountains—a speech which took grotesque, liberties with grammar and idiom.

Nowethis Hill was, among other things, a "great hand for the gals," as he elegantly phrased it, and in their company he took a satisfaction which everflowed in grins and cackles and unsouth compliments. Even here, however, he had, like Washington Irving's tumortal Ichabod Cranewhom's the general, he rather closely resembled—an eye upon the practical side alsthings. In short, he was apt to look with special favor upon young women swho were blessed with rich fathers.

Now, in the same region in which this stheolemater held sway lived a gentleman who undertook to supply the companunty with the local news in weekly shastalments, and, to that and, firstained a plant consisting of a hand-press of respectable age and an office force of one compositor.

Natushy Mr. Harris, the editor, was a funn in high consideration; no politicity or social function was completed as a supply with a grant man in high consideration; no politicity or social function was completed for social function was completed as a supply with a grant man in high consideration; no politicity or social function was completed for social function was compositor.

Not now or or or one the town he met a buggy where fines to need the town he met a buggy where fines to need the town he met a buggy where fines to need the town he met a buggy where wis serious as section and a man with red hisr. Miss carry-May sound a fine with a presiding angel, of course, and a man with red buggy were Miss Carry-May bound. The plant is a first per were first per week his enemy state with a fall with a presiding angel, of course, and a man with red buggy were Miss Carry-May and a first purple of the town he met a buggy in the buggy with and a fall to himself and the purple where five to make a home fo

which interpreted often means a "palace by the see," A writer in Hanger's Weekly suggests that national legislation on this subject might be seeded eight the details being classified something as follows: Bachelors who think the income of one is enough for two, \$21,000.

Bachelors who know the young women are in love with them, and who

themselves are willing to go without clubs dig it and elets whatever they may happed to ha elets whatever they may happed to ha elets who happed to have extravagant tastes, \$50,000 a year.

Millionairest \$100,000 a year and un limited credit. of some of these oldworld ideas propounded by Wilhelm II., salutary reforms may be instituted here in, the taking of matrimonial Sounds Street Streets O. H. McGUGIN Silds

Statistics of Education tries-Roumania, Servia and Russia-are the last evilland. In Miese coun? tries the number of those who cannot read or write is in the percentage of 80 for every 100 of population. Among the Latin races Spain has the least enviable record, hamely, 65 for every 100; next comes Italy, with 48 to 100, and France and Belgium, with 14 to 100. In Hungary the proportion is 43 to 100, in Austria 39, in Ireland 21, in Holland 10 and in England 8. The white population of the United States counts 8 to 100, and Scotland 7. The countries purely German show a remarkable reduction in the number of the illiterate, the German empire having but one illiterate to every 100 of the population. In Bayaria, and, above all, in Baden and Wurtemberg, there are scarcely any. In Scandinavia homo ignorans is a species which has entirely disappeared. - Educational

Journal. Bouquets in Worship, There is a place of worship in an eastern city where tiny bouquets of flowers are, at the close of every morning service, handed to each lady member of the congregation. During service the flowers decorate the altar and the pulpit.-Chicago Chronicle.



Miss Nettie Blackmore, Minneapolis, tells how any young woman may be permanently cured of monthly pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Young Women: —I had frequent headaches of a severe nature, dark spots before my eyes, and at my menstrual periods I suffered untold agony. A member of the lodge advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I only scorned good advice and fest that my case was hopeless, but she kept at me until I bought a bottle and started taking it. I soon had the best reason in the world to change my opinion of the medicine, as each day my health improved, and finally I was entirely without pain at my menstruation periods. I am most grateful."—NETTIE BLACKMORE, 28 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Painful Periods

are quickly and permanently overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The above letter is only one of hundreds of thousands which prove this statement to be a fact. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality,—if it is painful something is wrong. Don't take narcotics to deaden the pain, but remove the cause—perhaps it is caused by irregularity or womb displacements, or the development of a tumor. Whatever it is, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is guaranteed to cure it.

If there is anything about your case about which you would like special advice, write freely to Mrs. Pinkham. No man will see your letter. She can surely help you, for no person in America has such a wide experience in treating female ills as she has had. She has helped hundreds of thousands of women back to health. Her address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is free. You are very foolish if you do not accept her kind invitation.



Details of Another Case. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — Ignorance and carelessness is the cause of most of the sufferings of women. I believe that if we properly understood the laws of health we would all be well, but if the sick women only knew the truth about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, they would be saved much suffering and would soon be cured.

"I used it for five months for a local diffi-culty which had troubled me for years, and for which I had spent hundreds of dollars in the vain endeavor to rectify. My life forces were being sapped, and I was daily losing my vitality.

I am now enjoying the best of health, and am most grateful, and only too pleased to endorse such a great remedy."—Miss Jennie L. Edwards, 604 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women.

Sibyl-"Oh, Mr. De Tanque, why do you refer to my singing as a "treat." De Tanque — "Your liquid notes fairly intoxicate me."—Baltimore Herald.

Cures croup, sore throat, pulmonary troubles. Monarch over pain of every sort. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Poverty uncovers a multitude of sins .-

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

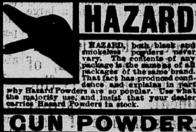
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CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE FOR BILLOUSNESS.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Capital Stock, \$2,000,000. Shares, \$100 each. Sold at Par.



YOUR GRANDFATHER ATTORNEY MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

In the cupboard Sixty Years Ago. There was no better remedy then for Man or Beast, and there never has been a better remedy since. Keep it in the house.