

## POOR GROESUS.

But—out on Thes, dear!
For I have you and love to-day,
And just to-day is here!
If I were rich as Croesus—
I pause again and laugh—
The half the joy of you and love— Wealth could not buy the half!

I were rich as Croesu I wonder if the flame
Of autumn leaves would be as red.
If skies would look the same. If I were rich as Croesus-Would you hold me much dearer then, Love me more than you do?

If I were rich as Croesus—
Dear heart, there's naught I lack,
And if I lost what now I have,
No wealth could bring it back! If I were rich as Croesus,
And I were left alone,
Could golden dross bring back thy heart
To beat against my own?

Nay, I am rich as Croesus, Far richer, too, I ween, For there are hearts so close to mine That naught may come between; Aye, I am rich as Croesus— I've held your hands in mine! He never clasped you in his arms, Nor saw your dear eyes shine. -J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## 00000000000000 When the Hens of Germany Went on Strike.

BY ETHEL ARMES.

THE hens of Germany went on a strike once, and the settlement of their troubles was consigned to Baron Gustave Hermann von dem Mueller. agricultural attache to the German embassy of Washington, District of Columbia. The steward of the kaiser's estates, one Freiherr Otto Adolphus won Puckler-Lundorst, was en coute to counter combined told and silver assist the baron, and together the gen-outeur since 1850; he our American tiemen were to inspect "our most illustrious chicken farms" and purchase some American hens minus perverted notions. Thus Baron Gustave took up the chicken question with his customary and commendable fervor, and it was not many days before it became the official joke, and the baron's private correspondence with Mr. Whitelaw Reid on perches and nests was parodied in nearly every dining room of the diplomatic corps. Whenever the baron appeared at any social functions whatever, the conversation gravely and delicately turned to incubators, brooders, feeding troughs and hen

When at length the kaiser's steward reached New York, his mission had become famous, and Baron Gustave had, so it is said, a large number of thoroughbred American hens in gorgeously trimmed coops awaiting the tion I will ask you to use at your dis- the perspiration from his brow. emen then toured the farms and hatcheries of Long Island and central New York, collecting samples as they went, so that by the time they reached Washington city they might easily have started in on Louisiana avenue on the wholesale basis.

I was assigned to the story and went up to the embassy the morning after the gentlemen arrived. Johan, of course, always comes to the door. Every newspaper man in Washington knows Johan-to his sorrow. I asked that intelligent Prussian if the freiherr Otto Adolphus von Puckler-Lundorst was in, and he blinked his eyes and scratched his ear, and said, as usual, "Vot vos dot?" I spelled the name and he shook

his head. "Is the baron von dem Mueller in?"

I then asked. "Nein," returned Johan.

"Why, he hasn't left the city again!" I exclaimed.

"Nein, er schus goom pack." 'Well, Johan, where is he?"

'Er vas py der loodging." "Do you know where that is, Johan?" "Nein."

"Is the ambassador himself here.

Johan?" "Nein, er vas in der ould gountree

for dis von mont more." "Well, Johan, is the first secretary

in?" "Der gount Karl Yosef Wilhelm von Steinwartz-Linstow?" John inquired

placidly, "you like mit him to see?" "I do," said I, and Johan shuffled off. Never yet in the 15 years that Johan has been doorkeeper of the German embassy has he lifted his heels from the floor. He returned, in his own time, and led me to one of the basement offices with white painted brick walls and barred windows overlooking the green square in the back yard. Behold! the Count Karl Josef Wilhelm von Steinwartz-Linstow. He was at least six feet five, blonde, of course, race of the Volsungs! He bowed pro-

and with English but faintly accented inquired: "What, fraulein, may I haf the pleas-

foundly several times when I entered,

ure of doing for you?" "Tell me, if you please sir, where I may find the freiherr von Puckler-Lun-

dorst?" I said, albeit hopelessly. "Alas!" the count's very heart appeared to break, "he has come, fraulein, und he has gone!"

"Oh!" I cried. "Oh!" he murmured spentaneously, "the freiherr will so sorry be! It was to Maryland that he was obliged to go early this morning-on business. But is there no one else who can for you nicht von varmer!"

"Perhaps Baron you dem Mueller daylight again, "it will so vast a pl

ure 30 for him."

"It is very important," said I.

"Of course—of course! I will telephone at once to the bards that he shall here come."

The count retired into the telephone

box. Presently he emerged. "Alas," he murmured again, "the baron is in conference with the secretary of agri-culture until 12 o'clock. The hour is not harmonious with him, fraulein."
"Where will he be this afternoon?"

mediately, fraulein, and learn." Again the count telephoned. "He

will be in his lodgings on Connecticat fraulein. To make this certain, Herr Walters will telephone him to be there and I myself will telephone to the agricultural department, and then, fraulein, if you will be so kind as to leaf your number, I shall there send word definitely arranged, and I will tell Herr Walters to do the same. I am sorry, fraulein, that this does occasion for you one worry, but it is all that can be done just now, is it not, fraulein? Or is there more that I may do?"

I thanked him and said, "perhaps another time." As he held open the door for me, he

mured low: "I only hope, fraulein, that there

may another time be!" As it was then 11 o'clock, I decided to walk to the agricultural department leisurely and correl Baron Gustave if secretary laughed and told me he was sages from the embassy had come for the baron while he was in his office, and that Prussian gentleman, excitable at all times, had become quite un-manageable and had left 20 minutes before. The secretary was good enough to detail a clerk to locate the baron for me, while he joyfully rendered statistics in the point in question. He gave me the thrilling news that our egg crop exceeded in value the

hens laid during the last fiscal year, last behold der lady!" 1,290,000,000 of eggs; that we have in the United States 87 standard varieties of chickens. He even presented me with pictures of all the various kinds | The silence was ghastly. of hens, the very ones he had given before. It seemed that all these deto the baren and the freiherr the day partment figures had quite stage the Prussians. The secretary said that Baron Gustave had told him with tears in his eyes, in the presence of the freiherr, that the hens in Germany would not lay, and that every egg in the empire had to be imported from Hungary.

"The baron also stated," remarked the secretary dryly, "that he was charmed with the American hen, only he wanted the department to guarantee that she would keep up her model cretion.

By this time the clerk reported that the embassy said the baron was at the club, the club said he was at the lodgings and the lodgings said he was at the embassy.

I returned to the office and there I found enough messages to float a dozen barons. The first four actually stated that the Count Karl Josef Wil helm von Steinwartz-Linstow was doing all in his power. The last one from Herr Walters was definite. It informed me that the baron was at lunch at the Metropolitan club, and would come to his lodging at three by the clock, according to the hour named, where he would be charmed. An hour later I was again called up. Herr Walters asking in a heart-rending tone if I could not possibly make the appointment at two instead of three by the clock, and I replied that I could. I took a car in time to make the lodging at the hour named, when, as luck would have it, the fuse burned out and I had to get out and walk, so it was slightly after two when I reached the lodgings.

This was a two-story, pressed brick building, painted pale yellow with ginger-bread trimmings, opposite the convent on Connecticut avenue. The first floor was devoted to Turkish baths. On the second flourished the baron and his suite. I went up a long flight of dark stairs and reached a gloomy hall with crimson hangings and a few old

guns and shields for armorial effect. A small, stout gentleman in an embroidered smoking jacket opened the door. His hair was perfectly erect over his mushroom brow. It was Herr

"Ach! you vas der lady!" he cried, "und der baron on der ferry instant vent oudt! He was vatink von hour,

und den he vas opleeged to go!" I sank into the first chair that I found. "Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" "Ach! I was scho chorry! I was scho chorry!" he also cried sympathet-

ically, "gannot I do somedings, fraulein? I gan telephone to-" "No!" I exclaimed, "don't ever think of the telephone ever any more. Do you suppose the baron will come

"I veer not deez afternoon, fraulein! You see he vas opleeched to go to meet der Countess Steinwartz-Linstow at der schtation Paldimore und Bennsylvania, mit der gount whose wife she

dree o'clock." A Countess Steinwartz-Linstow! I recovered presently and asked Herr Germany.

plied and took my departure. Strange to say, I had no sooner boarded the elevated to return to the city room, than who should step on but Baron Gustave Hermann son dem Mueller and Count Karl Josef Wilhelm von Steinwartz-Linstow.

"Ah!" cried that Volsung. "There

iss the fraulein!" "The baron himself!" I exclaimed. "Utd last! Utd last!" cried the baron in such an overwhelming voice that every passenger on the car turned around and stared, "Utd last we von another vind!" Off went his tall hat "Where will he be this afternoon?" and he bowed to the very platform.
"I will to Herr Walters telephone imnot nearly so beautiful a man, for his nose and his fat cheeks were very red, and then-well, he was Baron Gustave avenue, near L street, at three o'clock, Hermann von dem Mueller. Heaven itself could not preserve me. He poured forth in an absolute torrent:

"Fraulein! I dees morning a mes

sach vrom Gount Linstow haf viles I vas mit der segredaire off acrigulture, dot I vos gome to mine loodching atd to you that the appointment may be dree by der cluck to see von lady. Akain der same messach goom vrom Herr Walters-von young lady he say, und viles I am dinking vot gan dot be, der gount akain sendt vord dot it vos von madter off imbortance, und she vas young und scharming und Herr Walters he sendt ofer der same vordts. I dinks I gannot mit der segredaire stay no more! I vas hoory to der cloob to bowed many more times and mur- loonch. On der vay I schoop vor von glass off pier, and when I goom to der cloob I dhere findt dree messach, von vrom der lady asking vhere vas 1? gannot eat off mine loonch, und den Gount Linstow sendt vort dot der gountess dit telegraph dot she vill possible before he got away to his lodg- gome at dree by der cluck, insteadt off ings. Alas! as my Siegfried said, he dis efening, und der abbointment mit too had come, und he had gone! The der young lady must be schange to dwo. I schange it und der lady say mighty sorry, but he could not help dot vas goodt, so Herr Walters tell it—that at least five telephone mes- me. I go to mine loodching before two und I nicht findt der lady. Herr Valters telephone. She dit gif no undser. Vot am I to do? I vait. I vait von hour und she vas nicht gome! Herr Valters do all vas he gan: he telephone vonce more, but der fraulein gif no undser. I valk oop und I valk down. Den I dink det vas von schoke! Dhere vas no lady! I poot on mine hatd und schoin Gount Linstow. In all der time I mit Washington city am I nefer has so crate hoory und eggscitement undt distress! But now udt

By this time there was of course an enraptured audience on all sides. I tried to speak, but no words came.

"Vhat, fraulein, may I ask, vhat gan dees so imbortant madter be?" inquired the baron.

My voice returned and I stammered blindly: "What kinds of hens, sir, is freiherr von Puckler-Lundorst going to take back to Germany with him?"

It was out! I dimly saw the total and utter collapse of my friend the count. I vaguely heard through the roar of laughter in the car the loud tones of the Baron Gustave Wilhelm von dem Mueller:

"Fraulein! Vot vas dot? Ach! Der Blymouth Ruck, und der Vyandotte under der Plack Spinach, und der Puff standard in Germany-which informa- Go-sheen, und-" he paused to wipe "Just-those-hens?" I faltered.

"Vy ask you, fraulein, iff der vas hens alone? Der vill be hens und cocks, too!"-National Magazine.

## Drop in Values.

An old story of Emerson was told the other day by a Cambridge man. "A New York woman," he said, 'called on Emerson one morning. The philosopher was reading in his study and near him, on a plate, there lay a little heap of cherry stones. The visitor slipped one of these stones into

her glove. "Some months later she met Emerson again at a reception in Boston. She recalled her visit to him and then she pointed to the brooch she wore-s brooch of gold and brilliants, with the cherry stone set in the center.

"'I took this stone from the plate at your elbow on the morning of my call, she said.

"'Ah,' said Emerson, 'I'll tell my amanuensis of that. He will be pleased. The young man loves cherries, but I never touch them myself." -N. Y. Herald.

## A Missing Mascot.

"No more luck," she wailed; "I shall never have another bit of luck, I know shan't. I've lost it and I hadn't had it but three months."

"What is it that you have lost that you are making such a fuss about?" nquired a friend. "Your pocketbook?" "Pocketbook," answered the forlorn one. "No, I wish it was only my pocketbook, that wouldn't be serious. But I've gone and lost my beautiful yellow garter and-yes, it may be a plain old thing, but it was such a mascot. Janet wore it when she was married, then gave it to me and I have worn it ever since. And such a good time as I have had! Dances, whist clubs, and no end of larks, and I've met simply slues of men. You know they say that whoever wears such a mascot will be mar-

## Portuguese Politeness.

now for fair."-N. Y. Times.

ried within the year. Guess I'm dished

The Portuguese are extraordinarily polite, not to say ceremonious, in addressing their friends, whether viva voce or by letter. In writing to a Portuguese lady you must not put on the envelope an equivalent to "Mrs." or "Madame," as in England or iss. She vas coneggspected goom at in France; no, it must be (in Portuguese, of course) "Fer Illustrious Excellency, Senhora I-bnna Maria Katerina So-and-So." "Senhor" and "Sen-Walters about the chicken farms in hora" are never put alone on an envelope when writing to a gentleman or "Ach!" he cried, "Fraulein, I vas gentlewoman; they are, indeed, when icht von varmer!" "Weil, maybe I did, if you look at it that way," admitted the man with the "Alas! Neither am I," I sadly re- inferiors.-Lady's Pictorial.

#### CHEAP SHOES NOT ECONOMY

me Footwear Suggestions Which It Will Pay to Make a Mote Of.

"Give your shoes a rest," is the mandate issued by a man who has grown up among shoes and known them as he does people. "Shoes need a rest as the wearers do. This may strike you as peculiar, and you may imagine I am stretching a point to make a good story, but it's a fact. Shoes require rest. In that way they will last at least twice as long and always look more than twice as weil. It enables them to air out-to dry out and to regain their shapeli-

ness, says the New York Telegram. "Everybody should have at least two pairs of shoes. You should change your shoes as you do your undergarments. There should be a pair of shoes for dress occasions, another for business or shopping, others for sports, and it is quite essential there should be storm bootskept for this special purpose.

"A week is plenty long enough for pair of shoes to be worn at one time; a day is better.

"Men for a long time have known the value of shoe trees. It is quite recently that women have taken to them. Femininty is gradually being educated to the notion that the life of a pair of shoes is doubled by use of a shoe tree. The latter is to a pair of shoes what a tailor's goose is to a man's clothes. It re-

stores the appearance of newness, "Shoe trees are your exact last, or should be, so as to retain almost identically the correct shape of the shoes. If the shoes when taken from the feet are damp with perspiration, the leather in the lining tries out more rapidly. If worn out before it is thoroughly dried. the lining will soon decay.

f'Enamel and patent leathers, because of their air-tight characteristics, require more care than ordinary leather in this respect. If it so happen that your shoes become wet, great care should be exercised in drying them. Never dry them on a radiator or a stove or in the oven. Dry in a warm room or at an open window.

"In the old days our grandfathers greased their boots to keep the leather in good condition. A much better quality of leather is used to-day, and the method of preparing it is very different. However, some dressing on a shoe is needed to keep it pliable and soft. But care should be taken to get the best. No shoe can do its best work when burned up daily with poor dressing frequently used at shoe-shining stands. Plain vaseline rubbed on with a cloth is better than nothing, but the proper way is to procure a dressing at a reliable house and then you can feel safe in using it.

"It is poor economy to buy a cheap shoe. The material is not there, neither is the fit.

"Ill-fitting shoes wear out in about half the time that a perfect fitting pair will. If too tight it causes the leather to shrink, and if too loose there will be wrinkles and eventually cracks.

"Always remove your shoes the mo men you come into the house. Walking in and downstairs ruins a pair of shoes quicker than walking miles on the pavement. Slippers are all right for the privacy of one's own apartment, but ad for the feet if worn too constantly Particularly is this so if one happens to have weak ankles. Better a soft kid boot with a hand-turned sole. As to rubbers, it is better to wear them, and necessary often, though they are bad on shoes, drawing them out of shape and permanently softening the leather. But while some women can wear heavy storm boots, others cannot, so each case will have to be judged separately.

"Unlacing the ties or shoes at night very wide is good. It changes the lace and prevents unshapeliness. These are the main 'don't,' and although there are many others, if a woman will follow the rules laid down here she will have the satisfaction of keeping her shoes twice as long. They will look fresh longer than without the care. It will be found not only to be an economical method, but will do more to give her a trim appearance than anything else."

# THE WINNER AT A RAFFLE.

Gets the Prize. But Before He Gets Through "Buying" Pays for It.

'You must be going to eat Christmas dinner," observed the cable-car conductor to the man who got on the rear platform with a large turkey under his arm, relates the Chicago Daily News.

"Sure thing," said the man, with grin. "Pretty good bird, ain't it! Heft

The conductor raised the bird a moment and whistled. "Must have cost you something," he hazarded. "Ten cents," said the man.

"One dime. Got him in a raffle at Mur-

"What?"

\$2.50

phy's down the street. Murphy raffled off 20 of 'em Thanksgivin'. Thirty numbers there was to each at a dime. I tries a dozen times or more then but I couldn't shake high ner low an' I had ter take the old woman home a chicken. Bauman had a raffle, too, an' last week I went against his game. Once I came within one of the highest number. Feller shook 40-three sixes twice runnin'. I took two or three chances on each of the five sheets Bauman had, an' then I quit and tried Murphy. Every time I went in for a drink I took a throw for luck. Finally I shook low on the last number of a sheet, an' Murphy handed over the birds. Of course I set 'em up, but I

"I'll give you 15 cents for him," said the conductor, jocularly. "I guess you must have bought about five dollars' worth of chances, though, altogether, not counting the drinks."

could afford to do that, getting a turk for ten cents that would have cost me

# Women in Our Hospitals

Appalling increase in the Number of Operations Performed Each Year-How Women May Avoid Them.



Going through the hospitals in our large cities one is surprised to find such a large proportion of the patients lying on those snow-white beds women and girls, who are either awalting or recovering from serious opera-

ply because they have neglected themselves. Ovarian and womb troubles are certainly care increase among the women of this country—they creep upon them unawares, but every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at left or right of the womb, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, leucorrhosa, dizziness, flatulency, displacements of the womb or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an un-Why should this be the case? Simsymptoms are indications of an un-healthy condition of the ovaries or womb, and if not heeded the mean of the ovaries or healthy condition of the ovaries or Miss Ruby Mushrush, of East womb, and if not heeded the penalty Chicago, Ind., writes: has to be paid by a dangerous operation. When these symptoms manifest themselves, do not drag along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and sub-mit to an operation—but remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from surgical operations

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstru-ation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset to write her for advice. Her advice and with such symptoms as dizziness, lassimedicine have restored thousands to tude, excitability, irritability, nervous health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

bring hope to despairing women. Mrs. Fred Seydel, 413 N. 54th Street, West Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have bean a great sufferer with irregular menstruation and ovarian trouble, and about three months ago the doctor, after using the X-Ray on me, said I had an abcess on the ovaries and would have to have an operation. My mother wanted me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a last resort, and it not only saved me from an operation but made me entirely well."

Lydia E. P. nkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women

When Vanity enters at the front door Reason steals out the back way.—Chicago Record-Herald. 10,000 Plants for 16e.

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as the earliest, finest, choicest the earth produces. They will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with plant and seed to grow enough seed to grow 1,000 fine, solid Cabbages, 2,000 rich, juicy Turnips, 2,000 blanching, nutty Cel

2,000 blanching, nutty Celery,
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
1,000 splendid Onions,
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This great offer is made in order to induce you to try their warranted seeds—
for when you once plant them you will grow no others, and

ALL FOR BUT 160 POSTAGE. providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 26c in postage, they will add to the above a big package of the earliest Sweet Corn on earth—Salzer's Fourth of July—fully 10 days earlier than Cory, Peep o' Day, etc., etc. [K. L.]

Too many seeple keep their charity in cold storage. X. Y. Times.

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One Night Treatment: Soak the hands or feet on retiring, in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure and purest of emallients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, or bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For red, rough and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with brittle, shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, a single treatment affording the most grateful relief, and pointing to a speedy, permanent and economical cure, In no other ailment have Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment been more effective. One Night Treatment: Soak the hands

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St.Jacobs Oi

Price 25c. and 50c. \*+\*++++++++++++++++++ tra ia, cut a very poor figure in com-parison with the high-priced buds that bloom all the year around in hothouses. —Birmingham Age-Herald.

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Also variable route tickets good going to

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The philanthropist generally manages that some one shall catch hun in the act.

N. Y. Times.

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