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SHAPING THE FUTURE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in that field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! we live our life again:
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the the past remain—
Man's works shall follow him.

MRS. BENSON'S PEDDLER.

BY KATE A. BRADLEY.

"Mary," said Mr. Benson from the depths of the closet, "where is that old checked coat of mine?"

"Why John—" began Mrs. Benson timidly.

"Mary haye you given that away?" asked Mr. Benson, coming into view.

"Why—yes, John, I did. You haven't had that coat on your back for three years and—and the man had such lovely—" here poor Mrs. Benson relapsed into the safe refuge of tears.

"Peddlers," exclaimed Mr Benson contemptuously. "Why can't a woman be satisfied with buying what she wants at a decent store, and not be picking up a lot of worthless articles from sneak-thieves, because they are 'cheap!' You'll be sorry for it some day, Mary, you mark my words." Mr. Benson went out and shut the door vigorously.

He walked down the street with a preoccupied frown upon his face. "I must cure Mary of that," he thought seriously. "Sometime she will have something valuable stolen. I've got it!" he exclaimed after a pause.

He fitted the key to the door of his private office, opened the door and then turned back.

"Jenning," said he, "I shall be very busy for an hour or two, possibly all the afternoon. See that I am not disturbed by anyone.

He entered his office, locked the door after him. It was a very easy matter to open a back window, drop into the alley and hasten to an obscure costumer's, where detectives and jail-birds were impartially disguised to play at hide and seek with one another.

Left alone Mrs. Benson cried a little while repentantly to herself, and then remembered that she had intended to wash the delicate bric-a-brac that was her pride and joy. To do this she must get her dainty white apron and her dear little new pan that she had bought of the last peddler—here she sighed a little. She slipped off her rings, moved out a little table and left the room for the necessay articles.

Little matters detained her and it was fully an hour before she again entered the room, bearing the pan. Just as she set it down a pull at the bell started her.

"I wonder who it can be—and Jennie is ironing," she thought.

She opened the door herself, and then almost shut it again in her, momentary dismay.

Certainly, it was a disreputable looking object, even for a peddler that stood on the doorstep.

"I've come, mum, ter see 'f ye didn't wan't t' exchange some old clo's fer somethin' rale vallyble." He edged his way past her and established himself on a hall chair.

"What have you, my man?" Mrs. Benson asked hesitatingly.

"I've some of the hansomest lace ye ever saw." He produced a piece as a sample.

It was just what she had been wanting to complete the dainty spring costumes she had just finished.

"Mr. Benson doesn't like to have me buy of peddlers," she said hesitatingly.

"I'm sure 'eed say 'twas all right mum, of 'ee was here. Just look around an' see ef thar ain't an old coat you can spare."

Mrs. Benson hestitated a few moments longer, than rose and went slowly from the room for a long ago cast off coat that she remembered. The tempation had proved too much for her. At the foot of the stairs she paused. "John wouldn't like it," she thought. "No I will go without the lace till I can afford to buy it." She turned back just as the sound of a closing door caught her ear.

The peddler was gone! Instinctivels her eyes flew to the table where she had left her rings; they, too, were gone.

Without a moment's thought she rushed to the door and screamed, "Police!" at top of her lungs. Strange to say, her call was immediately answered, for around the corner of the square appeared a blue-coated guardian, dragging the unwilling person of the identical peddler.

"He's stolen my rings!" screamed Mrs. Benson. "Don't let him come near me, sir!"

"I thought he'd stole something when I see him come away on the dead jump," said the policeman, "an I thought I'd just run him in and see about it. During this speech he had been rapidly emptying the peddler's pockets, despite his vehement struggles.

"Here they be, ma'am. They'll give them to you at the police station when I've sworn to them. Come along here, my beauty!"

"Mary!" screamed the peddler, when he could free himself enough to speak, but Mrs. Benson had sunk in a heap on the hall floor with the closed door between them, and the peddler was dragged off with a motely procession following.

To the statement that he was John Benson, a well known and respectable lawyer, only laughter and the reply," That won't work here," was returned to him, and he accordingly found himself in a very narrow cell with every prospect of a night to be spent in it.

Mrs. Benson waited for her husband's return that night with inward dismay, but with a brave determination to tell him the whole story.

Supper time came and passed without him. She ate her lonely meal and waited. Nine o'clock came, ten, and still he did not come.

Visions of possible murders, accidents, elopements haunted her, and she started with a little scream as the door bell suddenly rang. Old Jennening's face appeared in the frame.

"Is he dead?" she cried; "where is he?"

"He gave orders that he was not to be disturbed, so I waited all the afternoon, and when closing up time came he hadn't come out yet. Then I went out and got my supper. and when I came back he hadn't come out still; so I got uneasy and when he didn't answer, I got help and we broke in the door—and he was gone."

Mrs. Benson gasped.

"Be calm, ma'am, for I fear I've worse to tell. Shortly after he had given his orders not to be disturbed, there was a man came from the police station asking for Mr. Benson but I told him Mr. Benson was engaged. He said there was a man just arrested as a peddler, who claimed to be Mr, Benson, but—

He stopped with astonishment, for Mrs. Benson was half way up the stairs after her bonnet and cloak.

"Police station, Take me quick!" she gasp incoherently. "Oh, my poor John."

Mr. Benson was sitting disconsolately on the edge of a very hard bunk, wondering what poor Mary was thinking of his absence, when there was a murmur of voices, a sound of feet, a jingle of keys, and in another moment peddler and victims were in each other's arms..

"I'll never buy another thing of a peddler as long as I live. John, if you'll only forgive me!" cried Mrs. Benson, tearfully.

The Calamity Candidate.



Grover—Here's yer great extra! Terrible calamity! Short cotton crops caused by drought and the tariff!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Comparison.

The recent investigations of the senate committee showed that the average daily wages of British machinists were $1.50.8

but that the American machinist, under the McKinley law, gets on an average $2.71.4

per day.—New York Press.

Grover, the Artful Dodger.

Grover Cleveland's effort to drag into the campaign the so called question of negro domination is estranging from him many northerners who erroneously supposed him to be a man willing to stand up for his convictions, but who see in this silly talk of white supremacy an attempt on the part of Grover to dodge the free trade issue.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Delightful "Atrocity."

Since the treaty of reciprocity went into effect our exports to Cuba have increased at the rate of $7,000,000 per year. This is a small fraction of the results flowing from the culminating atrocity—the McKinley bill.—Helena (Mon.) Herald.

Brer Harrity.

Brer Harrity now is a chairman bold;
For Cleve and Steve is he.
Brer Roosevelt collars the campaign gold,
And he's for—Tammany.
—Philadelphia Press.

WHERE HE WAS AT.

Some Reflections Induced by the Cobb-Watson Episode.

It is fashionable to laugh at Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, but we do not laugh at the gentleman. He is not by any means the first man who in that house bear garden has wondered "Where was I at?" If we do not mistake, his father used to get lost there thirty-five years ago, and after all he seldom or never came up missing. Mr. Cobb is one of the sort of men who is not ashamed to take a cup of beef tea or consomme, bouillon or coffee during a speech. Bob Toombs used to have a glass of raw whisky on his desk in the senate. Nor was he one of the denying sort. Many more old timers can be named who would not have kicked up rusty because Mr. Watson or Mr. Anybody had written a book.

The affair is a farce. Mr. Watson wrote the truth without giving names. We see that Mr. Cobb came forward at once and admitted that he was the man who asked, "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" He did not admit being drunk, however, but from what he did admit we must suppose that his bouillon went to his head. As the entire blame seems to gravitate to the Alabamian, why not ask him to accept it and call off this laughable committee? It is only trying to hide the morals of the house, but as the house, if sober, does nothing, why not give it the eclat of at least getting drunk?

Probably the present house is as sober as any we have had for years and years. The Democratic minority of the preceding house acted as if full of forty rod whisky every day. It loosed a Texas steer on the floor and he kicked down a door. He was generally pawing and bellowing and shaking his head at the speaker.—Philadelphia North American.

The Democratic party, except in the person of imbeciles not worth mentioning, is a free trade party.—Henry Watterson.

A Scholar Nominee.

The Republicans of the Seventh Minnesota district recently nominated Professor James T, McCleary, of Mankato, for congress. The professor, although he is new at practical politics, is a voracious reader and close observer, and he is certain to make his mark as a member of the Fifty-third congress. Mr. McCleary was born Feb. 5, 1853, in Ontario, Canada. He was educated at the McGill university, Montreal, and adopted teaching as a profession. He has since been an educator, and is the author of a text book entitled "Studies in Civics."



JAMES T. M'CLEARY.

Minding Other People's Business.

There is chatter, chatter, chatter in the Mugwump independent Democratic newspapers about the terms they assume Mr. Platt will exact of the president. and the less they know of the subject the broader their conjectures and the more gross their imputations. These journals have no time or space left for the consideration of terms and conditions of placating Tammany for Cleveland. There seems to be policy in the omission of the Democrats and their allies to deal with their own business.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An Infamous Steal.

The gerrymander of the state by the Democratic boards of supervisors is the legitimate culmination of the theft of the legislature and the passage of the fraudulent enumeration act. Acting under the authority of the apportionment act the Democrats are busily engaged in the congenial task of disenfranchising thousands of Republicans, and nothing but a decision of the courts will protect the people from this infamous steal.—Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.

Those Thoughtless Factories.

For thirty years the protective tariff has been ruining the country, according to the free trade orators. Doesn't it strike these gentlemen that it is about time that the workshops and factories on which the burdens of this drain fall ought to be closing up? Isn't it foolish for them to exhibit such tenacity as to keep on running and earning dividends in utter disregard of the fact that they are in ruins?—Kansas City Journal.

What is the Electropoise? and What Will it Do?

The Electropoise has been in use for four years and is well known in some sections of the United States, but there are a great many sufferers that have never heard the name. Those that have heard of it and seen something of its wonderful power, are curious to know how on instrument so small and so simple can accomplish cures so great. Now, while the Electropois is very wonderful, it is not at all mysterious. Its operations fall in with what we know of science, and any one at all familiar with the simplest facts of Bialogy and Physics can understand.

HOW IT OPERATES.—The way in which the Electropoise accomplishes its cures in very simple and natural. It consists of a polarizer, which is connected by a woven wire cord with a small plate and garter. This polarizer is immersed in cold water, or put on ice. The plate at the other end of the cord is attached to the warm body of the patient, generally at the ankle. From the inherent nature of this polarizer it becomes negatively charged. By the well-known laws of induction, the plate, and with it the body of the patient, becomes positively charged. The body thereby becomes a centre of attraction for negative bodies. Oxygen is the most negative form of matter in nature. Hence the body, bathed in the atmosphere, drinks in the life-giving oxygen at every pore. Every process of life is thereby qickened. The temperature rises; the pulse throbs with a fuller beat; the skin tingles with new life; every organ acts with renewed vigor, and the effete poisonous products of the body are thrown off with ease.

That quickened change of matter which oxygen produces throughout the system, is accompanied by a largely increased genesis of **Nerve Force.** Organs half dead and stagnant are born again, and begin to perform their wonted functions. The heart, the lungs, the liver, the organs of the external senses, the organs of reproduction—all these throw off their derangement and weakness, and even the disordered intellect is oftimes reenthroned. Where disease has not already made too great ravages, restoration to **perfect health is inevitable.** The Electropoise is generally used at night while the patient is asleep, but may be applied of course at any time, and to several persons during the twenty-four hour. It will last a lifestime, never wears out, no loses its strength, never needs mending or recharging.

One in each family will render that family largely independent of doctors and druggists, and thus will save every year many times its small cost.

NOT AN ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE.—The Electropoise is not in any way akin to the numerous electrical appliances, such as belts, insoles, corsets shields, etc., palmed off upon the public. It has no method of generating a current, nor means of conducting one. It acts upon well known biological principles, and is heartily endorsed by many of the best physicians in this and other countries, and is daily used by them in their practice. It is pronounced by them the greatest discovery in the history of medicine, in that it does away with the use of medicines

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.—Accompanying each instrument is a book of instructions fully explaining its uses. Its methods of cure is so simple and free from danger, that the uninitated and even children can use it with perfect ease and success.

Editorial in Boston Christain Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness, September 3, 1891:

"A method of treatment of disease without the use of any medicines or drugs, which has been quietly extending itself over all parts of the United States during the past three years with very gratifying results.

We are slow to commend new discoveries of any kind for the reason that so many of them prove to be worthless. But we can commend the Electropoise as a safe and effective health restorer. We do not pretend to explain the philosophy of its workings, but, having realized its beneficial effects, we can speak of its results. About one year ago we recommended it to Bro. I. D. Ware, of Philadelphia, for his son, who was a great suffer from Sciatica. He had sought relief in various ways and found none. He was almost helpless and rapidly declining. The use of the Electropoise restored him to perfect health, and now after nearly a year he is rejoicing as one who has found great spoil. We have seen testimonials of most remarkable cures. This notice of the Electropoise is without solitation, and entirely gratuitous. We do it for the good of the affiicted. We have no personal interest in it, and are not paid for what we say in its favor."

The following editorial in Central Methodist, Catlettsburg, Ky., was written by Zephaniah Meek, D. D., editor.

"Unless about ten thousand men, mainly professional men, lawyers, doctors, editors, preachers, and all other classes, including the writer, are very much mistaken, the Electropoise effects cures and gives relief where all other known remedies have failed Especially is it efficacious in the case of delicate women and feeble children. I have used one for the past two years, and find it invaluble as a curative agent."

Names of prominent people in all sections of the U. S. generally can be furnished on application. Our cures cover all parts of the United States and Europe. Over 50,000 people have been treated with the most gratifying results. In the large majority of cases the cures have been speedy, but our claims are modest, and in long-standing, chronic cases you cannot expect speedy cures. We positiuely refuse to sell the Electropoise in hopeless cases.

For book of testimonials or for any information, send stamp or call at

Electropoise Treatment Co.
220 N. Charles St. Baltimore, Md.