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THE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Snow Battle.

From the signs of the times it is safe to say
That the big white fort will be stormed to-day;
The besiegers stand in battle array,
And the enemy take position.
The drums are beaten, the trumpets blare,
The flags are fluttering everywhere,
And every resolute soldier there
Has an armful of ammunition.

Their shouts ring out in the frosty sky.
They charge—they pause—they waver and fly!
They halt—they form—and again they try
With reckless, wild endeavor.
Fiercer and closer the conflict grows.
Who cares now for a tingling nose?
He that first o'er the rampart goes
Is covered with glory forever.

Thicker and faster the missiles fall.
Hark to the leader's stirring call:
"On! On! Over the wall!
The enemy's ranks are shaken!"
Bravely and blindly on they go,
Facing a fearful volley of snow;
Now on the height their banners glow—
Hurrah! for the fort is taken!
—*Eudora S. Bumstead, in Youth's Companion.*

"Do I Look Like a Lady?"

About thirty years ago, says the *Youth's Companion*, a young girl in a Western city was given charge of a Sunday-school class of rough boys, usually known as "river rats," who had never been in any school before. When she entered the room she found them lounging on the desk and benches, wearing their hats, puffing vile cigars, a defiant leer on every face. They greeted her with a loud laugh, and one of them exclaimed:

"Well, sis, you goin' to teach us?"

She stood silent until the laugh was over and then said quietly:

"Do I look like a lady?"

An astonished stare was the only reply they gave.

"Because," she continued, gently, "gentlemen, when a lady enters the room, take off their hats and throw away their cigars."

The lowest American secretly believes himself to be a gentleman, and in a moment every hat was off and the lads were ranged in orderly attention.

So remarkable was the success of the girl in managing and influencing men of the roughest sort that she made it the work of her life. She established clean and respectable boarding houses for sailors and boatmen, and reading and coffee rooms for laborers, and founded an order of honor, the members of which strove to lead sober, Christian lives themselves and to help their fellows to do the same.

Naughty Jo-ann.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" shouted Luke Moore, as his yoke of calves, Scott and Mac, sped on over the hard wood-road with their load of beech limbs on the little sled. How they kicked up their heels and pranced and shook their heads in the brisk winter air! Luke could not keep up with their nimble feet, and grasped the yoke as they galloped on down the hill, waving his goad before their noses to stop their mad career, for not far ahead, at the foot of the next hill, was another little team with its load.

But there was something the matter with that. It stood stock-still. Perhaps it was stopping to take breath. But Mac's head was up for a race, and Scott's tail stood in the air.

Puff—puff! "Out of the road there!" again shouted Luke, leaping on beside his naughty runaways. "Don't be—a—pi-i-i-g!"

"But Jo-ann won't go! She's laid down again!" shouted Lena back to the on-coming teamster.

Just then there was a crash. The two teams had come together. The sled lay down, the wood flew into the air, and in half a wink away went Scott and Mac across the snowy fields toward the barn, scared half to death at the racket they had made, and bawling with all their might.

"Huh! 'Fore I'd have such a steer as that!" sneered Luke. "Ain't worth a row o' pins—to lie down at the foot of every hill."

"But she aint a steer at all, Luke Moore!" protested Lena, in defense of her naughty Jo-ann, who lay contentedly chewing her cud, and seemed to be thinking instead of helping her mate pull the load to the top of the hill.

Luke jerked her by the guiding-rope tied to her stubby horn, and Lena cuffed her ears—not very hard, though—but Jo-ann shut up her big eyes and kept right on chewing. She had had cracked corn and clover hay for breakfast, and it made fine cuds. She liked it better than pulling a heavy sled up hill. Besides, it wasn't her business to drag loads. She would grow to be a cow some day and give white, sweet milk for the babies to drink and the grandmas to sip in their tea.

I don't know as that was what Jo-ann thought, but she looked very wise and would not budge an inch, with all their pulling and cuffing.

What was to be done? Scott and Mac had fled out of sight. It was almost dinner time, and Luke and Lena were hungry. But they could not leave Bet and Jo-ann to come on when Jo-ann got ready, for they might get into trouble.

Luke was all out of patience, and proposed snapping a stout stick onto her tail, but Lena would not hear of it. Just then something bumped against Lena's knee. It was a big French sweeting in her pocket, which she had taken to the woods for lunch.

Luke dabbed it against Jo-ann's nose. That brought her to her feet, and out whipped her long tongue to seize it. But not a taste would they let her have. Luke went ahead and held the sweeting about two inches from her nose all the way up the hill, and she had helped Bet pull the load up to the top before she knew it.

How Luke and Lena laughed at naughty little Jo-ann! They had a mind to give the big sweeting to Bet, but Jo-ann looked so penitent that they forgave her and gave her half.

After that, whenever Luke and Lena started out to the woods with their teams, they took along a pocket of apples. They found that coaxing was far better than beating.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Russian Government has ordered the planned great railway line across Siberia to be begun in May. When the line is completed it is estimated that the tour of the world in 50 days will be feasible.

After 22 Years,

St. Jacobs Oil cured a man of chronic pains from sunstroke, which took the form of chronic HEADACHE, which was completely cured as follows:

Paragon, Ind., July 30, 1888.

I suffered with pains in my head from sunstroke 22 years. They were cured by St. Jacobs Oil and have remained so four years.

SAMUEL B. SHIPLOR.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

RACY CHAPTER ON JAGS.

SWELLED HEADS THAT MAY BE ACQUIRED IN MANY WAYS.

Means of Getting Them Are Only Limited by the Combinations to Be Made in Mixing Drinks—The Straight Whisky Jag Is at the Bottom of the Ladder and the Champagne Jag at the Top.

ACCORDING to Webster, a jag is a small load; therefore one who has a jag carries a small load. That is, if you go strictly by the dictionary's definition. But modernized jags are of many kinds; some are weighty, and all are expensive. The meaning is so comprehensive that a score or more of words and phrases in use twelve months ago have lapsed into innocuous desuetude. Now, no one says "Brown was loaded to-night," or "Brown got caught in a blizzard," or "Brown was full," or "Brown was heavy," or "Brown was swamped."

"Brown had a jag last night" is the modern expression which you can qualify with any expressive adjective. "A cold jag" is good form, a "mixed jag" is in common use, and a "f. o. j.," meaning "fine old jag," is the very latest," but

AFTER HIS FIRST JAG.

everybody has caught on. The expression is not elegant, but it has a meaning, and has probably come to stay. "Jagged" and "jagging" will come on apace, and then somebody will add a few pages to the dictionary.

There is no prevailing style of jag for the very simple reason that no class of society can run a corner on it

The champagne jag is the happiest of all jags, because it is the most sociable. Who ever heard of a man evolving a champagne jag without the assistance of one or more friends? Mean men use straight whisky in a game of solitaire, and their jag is as uninteresting as the subjects are miserable and unhappy. But the champagne jag, provided the wine be

THE CHAMPAGNE JAG.

AI and the stomach be not disordered, calls forth all that is social in one's nature. No torpid liver should ever attempt the champagne jag, for the sake of the fine beverage spoiled. But when gentlemen and, mayhap, ladies, throw dull care away to listen to the popping of corks, the least harmful and most exhilarating of jags is the result. Its happiest effects are seen in the early morning. If one can sing his soul pours forth in melody; if one can dance the heels bespeak his joyous condition. If neither accomplishment is vouchsafed the tongue loosens at both ends and a happy, harmless loquacity reveals the jag. It is under

THE EFFECT OF MIXED DRINKS.

the influence of a champagne jag that man forgets his sorrows and sometimes his wife. He calls upon everthing in reach to contribute to his enjoyment, and the greatest sufferer is the pocket-book. The cost of a champagne jag, if the jag is rightly celebrated, is never known until the bills all come in.

No two jags are alike, no matter if they are acquired in the same way

The straight-whisky jag is the jag of sorrows. It has no redeeming features and the man who indulges in one should be hanged. The art at could not do justice to the straight-whisky jag. It has two pints in its stomach and a pint in its pocket, and it goes behind a house and drinks all by itself. It rolls from one side of the street to the other, and it yells like a Comanche until an officer takes it to the station. Then it gets sick, oh, so sick, and its head hurts, and the police judge depletes its pocketbook. Nobody pities it and nobody should. Even the bootblack shies stones at the straight-whisky jag. The plain-whisky jag is at the bottom of the ladder and the champagne jag at the top.

But the young man! The new young man who goes out with a friend is the happiest of all those jagged. He is proud of his jag, and long before he has any excuse for feeling hilarious he gets gay. And he drinks a sherry wine here, and a port wine there, and sweet wine, and sour wine, and he gets gayer and gayer. Such a jag! He finally orders champagne, for he has just received his month's salary. He rests against the

WHISKY STAIGHT.

bar, and invites everybody to come up and drink wine with him. He is very sick the next day. The new young man with a jag is a rara avis, and the newer he is the more inclined he is to talk of his jag.

The jag acquired by too frequent potations of hot drinks is a sad, sad jag. The hot-drinks jag is never remembered with enthusiasm. Sad, stupid, and sea-sick, the man with a hot-drinks jag is to be pitied.

MRS. VANDERBILT'S IDEA.

An Entertainment of Uppertendom.

MRS. CORNELIUS Vanderbilt is ahead, thus far this winter, in giving a unique entertainment. It was a musical afternoon reception. The guests were limited to three hundred. One man in all New York has the business of supplying extra chairs for Fifth avenue houses onsuch occasions. They are light arm-chairs with easy backs. This was the style of seats at Mrs. Vanderbilt's for her guests. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt greeted them cordially, without any stiff formality, in the beautiful hallway of the house. The usual laying aside of wraps and hats followed, after which the people assembled in the great parlors, which were arranged like a concert hall, with a piano and a violin stand at one end and rows of chairs extending crosswise to the other end. The performance began at three o'clock and lasted for something more than an hour and a half. Only four musicians took part, but that is no criter on by which to judge of the quality or expense of the entertainment. That quartette cost $1,200 for they included the stars of the musical season—Eugene d'Albert and Pablo de Sarasate, besides Bertha Marx and Otto Goldschmidt in minor capacities. The programme was literally brilliant, but hardly such as these artists would have cared to present had the critics of the newspapers been present. D'Albert and Sarasate realized that no single social set in New York could number three hundred genuine music-lovers in its list. They knew that a large proportion of the listeners would be not only ignorant of musical literature but lacking in cultivated taste. To a great extent, therefore, they catered to the audience, and no severe intellectual composition of Bach, Brahms, or Beethoven was used. The composers chosen were Schubert, Chopin, Rubenstein, Strauss, Sarasate, Grieg, Liszt, Wieniawski and Zarzychi. Most of these are ranked as classical, but the selections from their works were of the lighter character, and such as had been made tolerable to uncultivated ears by great repetition. Even at this, and though the pieces were performed superlatively well, there were not a few who found it a struggle to keep a bored expression from their faces. Yet everything was heartily applauded, and everybody said how much he had enjoyed it. A good many, like Miss Sallie Hewitt, the organizer of the ladies' orchestra, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Stanton, and the Misses Stokes, were undoubtedly in earnest; but there is no question that the social aspect of the affair entertained many others more than the very costly music.

At the close of the concert the guests were served with what was called a luncheon, but which might have been termed a banquet, although the company was in afternoon dress and some of the features of a formal dinner were lacking. But there was plenty to eat in the way of delicate pates, confections, ices, cold meats, salads, and bottled goods. The musicians get some of it, too, being treated precisely like other guests, and it was interesting to note that D'Albert, who has been dubbed "Cowboy Pianist" by some of the local musicians, on account of his uncouth appearance, dress and manner, behaved quite in conformity with the usages of the society in which he found himself for a time. While luncheon was being eaten there was more music, this time by Lander's Orchestra, a small local band whose chief business is to play waltzes and dreamy reveries at the houses of the mighty while the mighty feed. People like Lander's music because there is no necessity of suspending conversation while it is going on. The entertainment was over early in the evening, and the guests separated while yet there was time to get into evening dress and go to dinner somewhere.—*New York letter to Chicago Ledger.*

A Horse's Memory.

"Say, friend, you are on my horse, said one gentleman to another as he reined his horse before the door.

"Your horse! Oh, no; why, I bought this horse two years ago."

"You did?" answered the other; "well, I lost my horse—it was stolen—just two years ago."

The conversation took place under the far-spreading oaks of an old-time plantation home. A planter was surprised to see his horse return home after two years, and ridden by a gentleman who evidently had bought the horse in good faith. After some conversation the old owner of the horse, with much earnestness, said: "Well, sir, if you will dismount, unsaddle the horse, and he don't go to the fence, take the bars down, walk to the well, and if he don't find water in the bucket let it down the well, and then walk off to his old stable, I will give up, and that horse isn't mine!" "At your word; the horse is yours if he does all that," cried the visitor, and, leaping from the horse, unsaddled it. What was his astonishment when the horse went straight to the fence, let down the bars, crossed over, went to the well, and, finding no water, let the bucket down, and then, as though he had left home but yesterday, walked to the old stable. The animal remembered the trick, and the owner recovered his horse. There are those living now who can attest to the truth of this story, though it happened years ago.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Didn't Want Any New Medicines.

Agent—Madam, I would like to show you this new pictorial.

Madam—No, sir. I want none of your new-fangled stuff. I have taken Blank's cherry pectoral for years, and it's good enough for me.

Asleep in a Churchyard.

An old man who sleeps by the roadside yonder, and upon whose tomb are the familiar lines beginning, "Remember me as you pass by," spent the greater portion of the last ten years of his life by his wife's grave. He came in the early morning, and after removing any microscopic weed that might have showed itself since the previous evening, would light his pipe and solemnly contemplate the stones in his vicinity. He went away regularly to his meals, and as regularly took his afternoon nap on the grass by the graveside.

Shortly before his last visit to the cherished spot he requested me to decipher for him the dates upon several of the gravestones, and we conversed about many whom we had known in life and who had passed away. I remarked that the churchyard was a very pretty place, and his face lighted up as he rejoined: "Ah, mister, I always thought I should like to be buried here, for," looking around, "you see there's such a splendid view from here." This was uttered in good faith, and the old man seemed convinced that neither coffin lid nor churchyard clods would obstruct his view. Perhaps they don't. In a few brief weeks he came to his favorite haunts to stay. "Poor old William," the flowers upon your grave have run wild long ago, and no one seems to remember you as they pass by.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Knew the Value of Advice.

When D. K. Tenney was admitted to the bar he was one of the "boys." He enjoyed a good time as well as any one, and the following story is told of him:

He went to a country dance near Madison, Wis., one night and became smitten with one of the country girls. He danced with her nearly all the evening, regardless of the fact that a certain six-footer in the room kept watching him threateningly. Finally a friend approached.

"Dan," he said, "do you see that big fellow on the other side of the room?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's going to lick the life out of you."

"What for?" asked Tenney.

"You've been dancing with his girl all the evening."

"I didn't know it. What shall I do?"

"Well, if I were you I'd put on my coat and make a sneak for home. I'd get away from here just as quick as I could."

The embryo lawyer said never a word, but reached down in his pocket and pulled out a $2 bill.

"What are you doing?" asked the friend.

"Take it."

"I don't want any money."

"Take it," repeated Tenney. "I've taken $5 for a blamed sight worse advice than that."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Case of Rash Profanity.

When a man runs a quarter of a mile to catch a train, and jumps on the platform of the last car, "all out of breath," as the locomotive steams out of the station, he feels as if he had won a great victory. But when the train stops before it has proceeded fifty yards, backs into the station, and waits half an hour for some unexplained cause, he's mad enough to blow up the whole business with dynamite. But he simply "blows up" the railroad company with his mouth.—*Norristown Herald.*

There are 2,000,000 organized farmers in the alliances, principally in the South and West. They run co-operative stores, mills, warehouses, etc.

A Woman is the Case.

There always is. She is the power behind the throne. A woman's influence over the man who loves her is often absolute. To wield so great a power to guide, strengthen and help her husband, a woman's mind should be clear and healthy. It cannot be if she is suffering from any functional derangement. How many a home is made unhappy because she who should be its life and light is a wretched, depressed, morbid invalid. Wives, mothers and daughters, why suffer from "female complaints" which are sapping your lives away, when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will renew your health and gladden those about you? It has restored happiness to many a saddened life. Why endure martyrdom when release is so easy? In its special field there never was a restorative like the "Favorite Prescription."

To cleanse the stomach, liver and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

An altar of golden-rod was used in a Springfield (Mass.) wedding.

The very best way to know whether or not Dobbins's Electric Soap is as good as it is said to be, is to try it yourself. It can't deceive you. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them. Ask your grocer for just one bar.

The recent Haytian rebellion is said to have cost $10,000,000.

Syrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

Richard Wagner's signature is almost undecipherable.

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By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Rich, fragrant, fine, "Tansill's Punch."

March April May

Are the best months in which to purify your blood, for at no other season does the system so much need the aid of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, as now. During the long, cold winter the blood becomes thin and impure, the body becomes weak and tired, the appetite may be lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted to purify and enrich the blood, to create a good appetite and overcome that tired feeling. It has a larger sale than any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier, and it increases in popularity every year, for it is the ideal

Spring Medicine

Early last spring I was very much run down, had nervous headache, felt miserable and all that. I was very much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla and recommend it to my friends."—MRS. J. M. TAYLOR, 1119 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of salt rheum, which I have had for years. I do think it is a splendid medicine. I am 40 years of age and my skin is just as smooth and fair as a piece of glass. I have six children, and when anything is the trouble with them the first thing I go for is Hood's Sarsaparilla."—MRS. LILLA CLARK, South Norwalk, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berries and other well-known vegetable remedies, in such a peculiar manner as to derive the full medicinal value of each. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, all humors, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, general debility, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaints. It overcomes that extreme tired feeling caused by change of climate, season or life, and imparts life and strength to the whole system.

Blood Poison

"For years at irregular intervals in all seasons, I suffered the intolerable burning and itching of blood poisoning by ivy. It would break out on my legs, in my throat and eyes. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier, with no thought of it as a special remedy for ivy poisoning, but it has effected a permanent and thorough cure."—CALVIN T. SCHUTE, Wentworth, N. H.

"I had boils all over my neck and back, troubling me so much that I could not turn my head around nor stoop over. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me in two weeks. I think it is the best blood purifier."—DANIEL READ, Kansas City, Mo.

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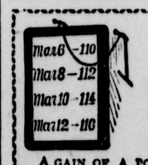

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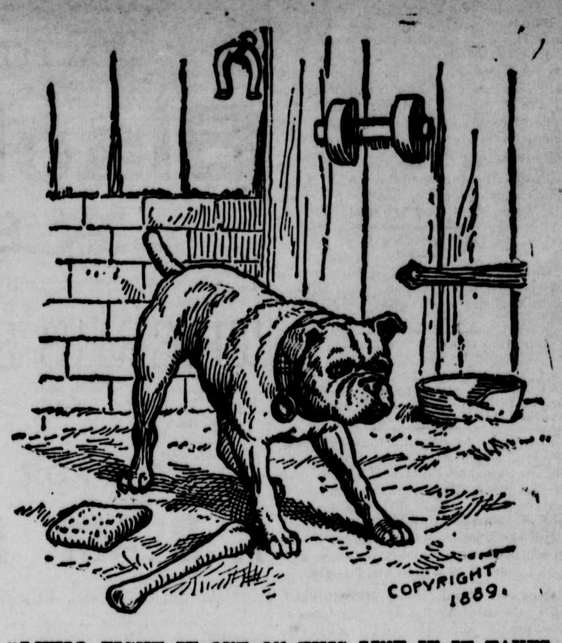

"I WILL FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER."

The bull-dog is not an animal to be admired, yet he possesses one trait that at least entitles him to our respect. His tenacity of purpose is proverbial. It makes him a formidable adversary. A like trait has often enabled man to overcome great obstacles and win victory under the most trying circumstances. In fact, it is only by tenacity of purpose and indomitable will-power, that many of life's battles are brought to a successful termination.

Disease, like man's more material enemies, is often an obstinate adversary, and it is only by the most determined persistency in the use of the best remedy that victory is attained over it. While Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended, yet in ailments of long standing, which are usually alike slow in their inception and progress, the cure must likewise be effected by slow degrees and regular stages. This can only be accomplished by a *persistent* use of this wonderful remedy for a reasonable length of time. When so used, it conquers the worst cases of Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Scalp diseases, and all manner of blood-taints, no matter of how long standing, or from whatever cause they have arisen. All Scrofulous affections, as Old Sores, or Ulcers, White Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, Enlarged Glands and Tumors disappear under a protracted use of this greatest of blood-purifiers.

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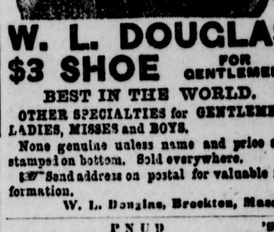

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