

AN UPROOTED OAK.

BY MISS NAPOLEON R. MORANGE.

In all the breadth of solitude
None lovelier in the world
Once monarch of the teeming wood,
A based and fallen now.

nie's lap, as she sat nursing by the fire
Christmas morning. "Dear old boy,"
she murmured, fondly. "I wonder if
mine reached him in time to take away
the drowsiness from his Christmas day?
and an inward prayer for his safety."
she tore open the letter, and was lost to
all else until it was read through. Then
she opened the packet his loving hands
had sealed, and in the midst of her
pleasure at the gift she rejoiced in the
love of this brave, true-hearted man.

ful cold face. And his hand held his
last letter tightly clasped in its cold
fingers.

Not Appreciated.

An old lawyer, who says he plays "no
kind of musical instrument whatever,"
has told the reason why he never
learned. When he was a young law
student he and his brother, who was
studying medicine, both boarded at
home, and at one time they both con-
ceived the idea that they had more than
ordinary musical talents, and deter-
mined to cultivate them. "So John
bought a flute," he said, "and I bought
a fiddle, and turning one of the attics
into a study, we practiced there half
the night through.

"We didn't want any one to know
about it, especially our father, who had
very strict notions as to the value of
time and no taste for music. So to
make him think we were hard at work,
I had quantities of law books heaped
up and John had a skull and lots of
bones scattered about, to the horror of
Betsy, the house-keeper, who slept in
the attic.

"She was once our nurse, and was the
only one who could hear us practicing,
so we had no fears of her telling.

"One morning, a week or two after
we had begun our musical night work,
we were late at breakfast, and looking
somewhat unrefreshed, father said:

"You mustn't study too hard, boys!"

"No, sir, not at all," we both an-
swered smilingly.

"Just then Betsy appeared at the
door, and looked mysteriously at
mother.

"Yes, what is it?" asked mother,
surprised at the flurry Betsy seemed to
be in.

"Well, ma'am, I want to say that
I'll have to leave you, ma'am."

"Leave me? Why, what do you
mean, Betsy?"

"Yes, ma'am; it's the boys at last,
ma'am. It's going on twenty-five years
that I've lived with you, and it's the
boys at last. It's not Christian-like,
ma'am, and I can't stand it no way."

"Why, Betsy, what have the boys
been doing? Do tell us at once."

"It's Mister John, ma'am; and some-
times I think Mister Tom helps
him. He's got some poor creature up
stairs, ma'am, and he torments him aw-
ful, all night sometimes, ma'am, when
you are asleep. The poor creature groans
and screams and almost shrieks right
out, and what it suffers I don't know,
but it's dreadful."

"I know they say doctors must do
such things when they are learning, but
I can't stay where such things are going
on. I never thought Mr. John was the
one to do so, but he does, and if it's all
the same to you I'll go, ma'am."

"Mother saw that there was some
mystery about, and telling Betsy she
would talk to her again, sent her from
the room, when my brother and I were
called upon to explain.

"We never heard the last of that
'poor creature' upstairs, but that was the
end of my violin practice."

By Telephone.

The telephone accomplishes many
useful and wonderful things nowadays.
One of the most important functions is
the enabling of patients to communicate
promptly with their physicians. Some
times the instrument may be of doubt-
ful service to the doctor.

One afternoon a city doctor was called
from the dinner-table, just as he had
finished his carving for the family and
begun to eat on his own account, to
answer the telephone.

"Hello! Hello!" came a sharp, eager
call over the instrument.

"The doctor recognized the voice of a
nervous man of his acquaintance.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm not well at all, doctor, but
I haven't got time to come and see you,
and I want you to cure me by tele-
phone, you know."

"Well, just hear this cough; ahum!
ahum! ahum! Don't that pretty bad?"

"But, the doctor began, 'I can't—'

"And what do you think of my
breath? Now, I'll breathe into the tele-
phone. Phew! Do you get that?"

"But I can't judge of your breath
through the telephone!"

"You can't, eh? So you can't—that's
a fact! Well, I haven't any time to
come and see you, nor to wait here un-
til you come down, so I guess I'll call
in at Doctor Handy's on my way down
town, and get him to prescribe for me.
Oh, I say! Don't put this in your bill,
now!"

As the doctor goes back to his cold
roast he speculates as to whether the
absurdly thoughtless and nervous man
or the telephone is the greater annoy-
ance.

A Tribute to Merit.

A monument has recently been
erected on Helvellyn (a mountain of
Cumberland, England, three thousand,
three hundred feet high) to the memory
of Charles Gough, who, in the year
1855, was killed by a fall from the
high crags on the ridge that joins Strid-
ing Edge to the summit; and of the
faithful dog who for three months
watched over her master's remains. Sir
Walter Scott describes the event in the
poem, "I climbed the dark brow of the
mighty Helvellyn," and Wordsworth
records it in his lines on "Fidelity."

The young man was returning to
Wythburn, where he lodged, from a
fishing party in a Patterdale. The
accident was probably caused by a false
step, during a blinding hailstorm or a
dense fog that day. It happened on
April 18th, and on July 20th his bones
were found, still watched by the faith-
ful dog, a little yellow, rough haired,
female terrier. She had given birth to
puppies, which were found dead by the
side of the corpse. It is believed,
though unable to procure enough food
for milk for her young, she maintained
life by bits of carrion, sheep which are
not unfrequently found on the hills;
but she might have had to range far
and wide during her three months' watch.
The mere fact that the bones were
found intact serves to prove the
assertion that the dog did not touch the
remains of her master, for dogs break
the bones to eat the marrow. This
animal died a few years afterward at
Kendal.

"We will wait for death together, old
fellow," he said, drawing still closer to
Hera. Hera rubbed his nose softly
against his hand in answer, and then
they quietly waited.

At first it was very cold. Then Jack
did not notice the cold much and sunk
into a sweet slumber, and all earthly
things faded away, and he had a glori-
ous dream of heaven. Jeannie, in a garb
and gleaming white wings, came to
greet him with outstretched hands,
a great light shining on her face. As
he looked farther he saw that this
light was reflected from the Divine
Presence seated on the great white
throne. He fell on his knees before
him, in rapt devotion, and the Presence
smiled upon him. Then the vision
faded away, and not even a dream dis-
turbed his repose. Horse and rider lay
perfectly still, and the snow drifted
and drifted, and covered them with its
soft white mantle. Jack had gone
home!

In the little snowbound cabin the
three men waited anxiously for the re-
turn of their mate, but he did not come.
When the storm was over they hunted
for him, but the snow was so deep
they could accomplish nothing. In
a few days the snow began to melt a
little, and the search was renewed.

In a drift, not twenty rods from the
cabin they found him, the light from
the glorious Presence he had beheld in
his dream still reflected in his beauti-

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

GATHERED BY OUR PATENTED
REAPER.

Jokes of Preachers, Lawyers, Doctors,
and Editors—Some of Them Very Dry and
Others Somewhat J-c-y—they WILL AID
Digestion if Consumed After Meals—Do
Not Read Them Upon an Empty
Stomach.

All Show.

Yankee Farmer (who settled in Ohio,
and raising for the Cincinnati market)
—I tell you what his Uncle! Them's
ther finest breed o' hanks ever reou
seen. Now ther ere snow ther weighs
600 pounds; ther n weights 740, an'
ther'er esnow I erkspect ter fat up
ter ter thousand. Old Pinks has got
er esnow ther weighs 960, and Deacon
Birdcock's prize latches on fer plump
half er ton. Ther ain't ther match o'
this ere county in this State fer fat
sows.

His Brother (a Cape Cod whaleman
on a visit)—Which way is ther wind?
Yankee Farmer—Ther wind! O, ther
wind is north, I should guess.

His Brother—I didn't know but what
'twas sou'; everything round hyer
'pears ter be sou'.—Arkansas Trav-
eler.

A Selfish Man.

Neighbor—I bear your husband has
had his life insured for a large amount.
Mrs. Sourface—He has, he has! Just
like him. Gone off and insured him-
self for a fortune, and he hasn't insured
me for a penny.—New York Weekly.

Peri at the Gate.



Mary Ann McCracken (just dis-
charged for cause)—Go away, is it?
'Deed an' I will not. The strafe's as
much mine as yours, an' here I stay
till I give yer new gir-rl the charac-
ter of th' house, and tell her what
foine folks yer are!—Puck.

He Collapsed.

A bow-backed, white-haired old man,
who must have been 75 years old, ar-
rived at the Third street depot the other
day in company with his wife, who
hadn't passed 25. While she was busy
looking after the baggage to go out
again by train he strolled outside, and
after walking around for ten minutes
he returned to the waiting-room just
in time to be seized by the collar and
asked:

"Where have you been all this time,
you old deceiver!"

"Looking around," he humbly replied.
"Looking at what?"

"Well, I saw a boy, a deg, two hacks,
and a woman, and I was—"

"Saw a woman, eh? You bet you
saw one if she was to be sawn! Now,
then, you collapse, and if I have any
more trouble with you, look out for
your bones!"

She whirled him around and pushed
him into a seat, and after falling with a
thud he folded his arms, crossed his
legs, and didn't even dare look up when
the man beside him said:

"Incined to be a gay old daisy, eh?
Well, you ought to have left her at
home. Third and fourth wives are al-
ways incined to be jealous."—Free
Press.

Quite True.

Wooden—Oh, what a beautiful sun-
set! I never saw such a magnificent
sunset in all my life!

Wagley—What nonsense! You never
saw any other sun set.

And Then There Was Music.

Fond Mother—John, do you know
Gertie has arranged a little piece for the
piano?

Fond Father—Good! Peace for the
piano means peace for all of us.

A Sister's Duty.

Miss Mittens—What does this mean,
Mr. Brotherton?

Mr. Brotherton—These? Oh, these
are just a few socks, underclothes and
coats that need mending!

Miss Mittens—But—?

Mr. Brotherton—You promised to
be my sister last night, you know; and
my sister used to do all my mending
before she was married.—Puck.

He Best Point.

Dr. Toolog—I hope you enjoyed my
sermon this morning.

Miss Smlax—Oh, I did; very much
indeed!

Dr. Toolog—What part did you en-
joy most?

Miss Smlax—Oh, that part where
you said, "and now finally, brethren."

The Stranger and the Boston Boy.

Stranger (to 7-year-old Boston boy)—
Say, bub, where's Boston street?
Boston Boy—While your mode of ad-
dress, sir, seems to me to favor of un-
der, not to say unwarrantable, familiar-
ity, you shall have the information you
seek. You will perchance desery some
distance up the street an imposing
structure of commingled Renaissance
and early Venetian architecture. The
street for which you inquire is immedi-
ately contiguous.

Compulsory Contributions.



Western preacher (as he gets the
drop on his congregation with his six-
shooter)—Brother Williams will now
please go through the pockets of the
brethren and collect the three hundred
dollars back salary that is now due me,
while we all join in singin' the long-
meter doxology, 'Praise God from
whom all blessings flow'; an' if I catch
any of you blokes turnin' for your
guns, I'll bore a hole through you big
enough for an elephant to play hoss in!

—Judge.

Temptin'; Justies.

Judge Erebus—Well, gentlemen er
de jury, has yer cogitated on the ver-
dict?

Foreman—We, hab, judge.

"Whereas it am yo functions to preser-
sery de same,"

"Jesso, Judge! We darfo' preclaims
dat de pris'ner am gilty er 'salt an'
batry."

"Massy on us! Didn' he kill de
man?"

"Suttinly he kilt 'im, yo' honah, but
yo' see de remains wuz mo' dan ninety-
fi' year of an' could'n last fro de season
anyway, so we on'y jut got de right ter
charge de pris'ner with a suttin per-
centerum ob de zult."

How Willie Solved the Problem.

Teacher (shrewdly)—Now, Willie,
supposing a dozen pair of skates cost
\$24 and your papa was saving \$1 a week
for each seven days, how long would it
take to get one pair?

Willie (promptly)—Two days.

Teacher (anxious to correct)—Now,
show me how you work the problem
and get this answer.

Willie (confidently)—One pair equals
two skates. Ma says pa gets a skate
every day. If it takes one day to get
one skate, two skates will take two
times one day, or two days. Therefore,
it would take pa two days to get one
pair.

His Memory or His Life.

IF YOU DON'T SEE ME
YOU MUST BE GONE
AND I'LL BE GONE
GET IT - SUE.

Salesman (with clerical emphasis)
—Cash!

Farmer Backwoods—Y-y-yes; don't
sh-sh-shoot. I'm a-gettin' it fast as
I-I-e-c-can.—Texas Siftings.

A Real Good Man.

A milkman was driving on Second
Avenue the other morning when a boy
halted him and said:

"See that barrel in the gutter up
there? Please run over it and make it
go 'smash'!"

"All right, bub," replied the man;
and he steered his bark in that direc-
tion, increased the pace of his nag, and
struck the barrel to knock the tar out
of it. But there was no tar there. It
was packed full of sand, and as the
wheel struck the wagon went over and
thirty gallons of milk softened up the
soil on the pavement. When the man
could get out of the wreck he looked
for the boy, but the boy had gone home
to ask his mother the meaning of the
name "Hayseed."—Free Press.

A Rational Theory.

Rabbit hunting on Bald Knob.
Geologist—How do you account, my
friend, for the barrenness of this eleva-
tion? Is it not possible that in some
volcanic period there may have been a
deposit of scoria here that has perman-
ently destroyed all possibilities of vegeta-
tion?

Jokolist—Not possible, my friend. I
should attribute the condition to a
wrangle in the family lapicide; in other
words to a falling out of hares.

No Doubt About It.

Professor—Historically, which is the
older bird, the dove or the stork?

Student—I haven't given the matter
any study, professor, but I have no hesi-
tancy in saying that the stork is of
longer standing.

Don't Read Deeply.

Briggs—An astounded that Clara
Vale Milk doesn't find out the char-
acter of that dissolute foreigner she's
about to marry. Why, that girl used
to be able to read a man like a book.

Dobbs—Probably she's satisfied in
this case to read only the title.

Plain as a Pile of Sticks.

Housekeeper—You here again? It
was only yesterday I gave you a regular
meal.

Tramp—Yes'm, I ain't forgot it,
mum. That's why I come agin, mum.
—Street & Smith's Good News.

Genuine Honesty.

She was an honest old woman, and a
very fat one, too. The latter fact was
self-evident, but the former was not so
much so until the old lady stepped on a
weighing machine in the Arcade last
evening. The indicator on the dial of
the machine flew around to a point that
marked 280 pounds. The old lady's
weight proved too much for the ma-
chine, and it registered her weight with-
out the penny. She looked all around
for the slot into which to drop a cent,
but could not find it. Then she laid the
cent on the top of the machine and
walked away. A bystander, who observed
the old lady's display of honesty, quickly
"swiped" the copper, and grinned as he
disappeared in the evening throng.—
Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from
the bad effects of the numerous medicines often
liberally poured into it for the suppositive re-
lief of rheumatism, neuralgia, constipation,
rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery.
The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely
less than that caused by disease. If they
are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated
or rheumatic would often be guided by the
expert hands of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would
in every instance obtain the speediest ad-
diver from rational medication. This medi-
cine is a searching and at the same time a
thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable
sources, and possessing in consequence of its
basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal
stimulant not to be found in the very local bit-
ters and stimulants often resorted to by the de-
bilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

Birdseye Pine.

The fine grain of the Louisiana pine
is now being utilized for making mantels.
The grain is said to be brought out in
polishing to a degree that makes it a
very effective rival of birdseye maple.
The new article is known as birdseye
pine, and there is a large demand for
it in the West, where it is manufactured
into mantels and other furniture. Cy-
press and other woods of the State will,
it is believed, be brought into use for the
same purpose. A number of North Caro-
lina is also being made into various kinds
of substantial furniture.—Westchester
News.

There's a good deal of
guarantee business in the store
keeping of to-day. It's too
excessive. Or too reluctant.
Half the time it means nothing.
Words—only words.

This offer to refund the
money, or to pay a reward, is
made under the hope that you
won't want your money back,
and that you won't claim the
reward. Of course.

So, whoever is honest in
making it, and works—not on
his own reputation alone, but
through the local dealer whom
you know, must have some-
thing he has faith in back of
the guarantee. The business
wouldn't stand a year with-
out it.

What is lacking is confi-
dence. Back of that, what is
lacking is that clear honesty
which is above the "average
practice."

Dr. Pierce's medicines are
guaranteed to accomplish what
they are intended to do, and
their makers give the money
back if the result isn't appar-
ent.

Doesn't it strike you that
a medicine which the makers
have so much confidence in,
is the medicine for you?

SHILOH'S
CONSUMPTION
CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is
without a parallel in the history of medicine.
All druggists are authorized to sell it on a pos-
itive guarantee, a test that no other cure can
successfully stand. That it may become known,
the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are
placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home
in the United States and Canada. If you have
a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for
it will cure you. If your child has the Croup,
or Whooping Cough, it will promptly and
surely. If you dread that insidious disease
Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for
SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and
\$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or Back lame,
use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

TACOMA 1100 is \$1,000 Carefully Inspected Here
TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., TACOMA, WASH. 1008

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether
from excess of work of mind or body, drink
freely of
MALARIAL REGIONS.
will find Tutt's Pills the most genial re-
storative ever offered the suffering invalid.

The Soap
that
Cleans
Most
is Lenox.