

IN WINTER WOODS.

BY SARAH E. HOBART.
In winter woods that melody
Of whispering winds and rustling leaves
That tumbled quivering succeda
The joy's wild clamor echoing from
The swirls of air from tree to tree
The pining crows recount his needs
The snow-laden oaks the fruited woods
In winter woods.

Here lift the oaks their architecture
Of unbroken gloom against the blue;
The stern-bell adlers blend among
Within the cedar's columned nave.
Though all the blasts should wildly rave,
The stately trunks stand firm and true;
No transient any the winter woods.

In winter woods the mosses gleam
Like emeralds through the fallen leaves.
The forested hills in airy waves
Its silver with the rock's gray seam.
The slanting sunlight's fitful beam
Falls softened where the brooklet grooves;
The spindrift year her past retrieves,
In winter woods.

And yet the season lacks no grace,
Though dead the trees and faded flowers,
As through the desolated bowers
The hastening snows come on apace.
Stern Nature turns her sternest face
To him who loves her white alabaster,
And for his eyes with beauty dowers
In winter woods.

MOBLEY AND THE MULE.

BY C. E. CARTER.

F ALL the low lived, contrary critters I ever see in all my born days," said Uncle Jake, breaking the oppressive silence that had settled like a pall over the grocery store immediately after Col. Mulkins' vehement protest against Bill Fegley's habit of resting his feet upon the edge of the open pickle barrel. "Old 'Lias Mobley's mule was a little the orneriest."

"What'd he do?" gurgled Sam Lowry at the imminent risk of struggling himself with tobacco juice. "What'd he do," repeated Uncle Jake scornfully. "Why, they wasn't nothin' mean he didn't do. He was born a bit-er'n over with deviltry. Cussedness just oozed out'n him all the time same as blood out'n a hippotamus. 'Fore he was six months old he sneaked up behind old 'Lias one day while he was stooped over dippin' up a bucket of worter for the old mare and histed him clear over into the middle of White River. Old 'Lias mighty nigh drowned 'fore he got out, and you can bet he was hoppin' mad, but that tarnaal mule looked so powerful innocent and sympathetic and kinder like he didn't do it a-purposse that 'Lias had'n't the heart to touch him; he gath'ered up a fence stake and took his spite out on the old mare instead."

"It's the nature o' mules and politicians to be treacherous," put in Joe Bradley. "Now there that old brindle o' mine—"

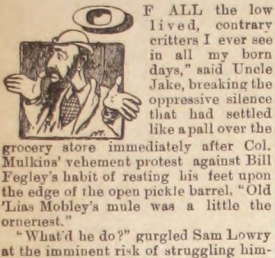
"That mule growed ornerier every day he lived," continued Uncle Jake, calmly ignoring the interruption. "He mighty nigh starved himself swoopin' round so much, lookin' for a chance to get into mischief. Didn't 'pear to relish nothin' at eat unless it was somethin' somebody didn't want him to have. One time he broke into the yard, walked right past the open corn-crib door and stuffed himself on a parcel o' hops Mrs. Mobley had spread out on the kitchen roof to dry till he nearly busted. They purty near killed him, and old 'Lias lammed him with a pitchfork till he was out o' breath, but that mule bore it all as cheerful as you please. He seemed to carry the idea that he'd only done his duty, and that whoever tries to do the square thing in this world must expect to be persecuted."

"And he was jest sharper than tacks, too. One time 'Lias' boys, to have some fun with him, gave him a trough o' oats with a hull lot o' cuckle burrs sprinkled over the top. Did that mule eat burrs and all? Not a bit of it! He simply 'bent-faced and switched his tail around in them oats till the burrs had all stuck to it, then eat up the oats and went out and scratched the burrs off agin the garden fence where they'd be likely to seed the whole place."

"But it wasn't until 'Lias tried to break him that the real character of that mule was developed. 'Lias could put the harness on him all right and hitch him up; but the hull Mobley family couldn't make him go until he got a real good scare, when he would start with suddenness, that would nearly dislocate 'Lias' neck."

HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF A HORNET'S NEST AS BIG AS A HALF BUSHEL."

'Lias hitched him up to the light wagon one day in the spring and went to town. They got there without any serious difference of opinion, but when they had got out o' town on the way home, the mule made up his mind to go on a strike and strike he did. 'Lias coaxed, and argued, and threatened, but the mule wouldn't so much as wiggle an ear. Finally 'Lias jumped out and grabbed a rail off the fence and stuck it up nearly close enough to strike, when he gave a jump and started off towards home lickety-bridle. Old 'Lias dropped the rail and started after. When he would get up 'most close enough to touch the hind-end gate, the mule would make a sprurt like he got out o' reach again. It was ten miles home and the mud was about four miles deep. The mule kept about three feet ahead o' 'Lias every blessed step o' the way. 'Lias was nearly ready to drop, he was that tired



"I'LL BET A GILL O' BUTTER MILK I'LL START YE."

"Now if you ever saw an astonished mule in your life it was that one about two seconds later. 'Lias was so tickled that he forgot to get out o' the way, and the result was that he got a head put on him as big as the mule's, which was so big that they had to take down two panels o' fence to get him out o' the field."

"That mule never balked after that. All you had to do was to make a buzzin' noise and he'd break his neck a-pullin'. And 'Lias quit jawin' the young ones and jined the church agin, and, like the folks in the story books, 'they all lived happy ever after.'"

KAUAS PHILOSOPHY.
A gossip is always willing to be a liar.
No man wants to be religious as bad as he don't want to be.
The best friend a man has is the friend who makes him the least trouble.
Deal in flattery if you would learn how few people are not subject to vanity.
The reason for doing a bad thing is never as good as the reason for not doing it.
When the average man prays for his neighbor, the Lord hears lots of gossip.
Every dollar's worth of prohibited fun you have costs two dollars in repentance.
Stand guard over your thoughts, that they may not make you the prisoner of a feeble friend.
Give a man that which he particularly longs for, and in five minutes he longs for something else.
So many girls of sixteen who imagine they are dying of broken hearts, can scarcely wait until the dinner bell rings.
There is a sound foundation for the doctrine of forgiveness. If a man robs you, it is cheaper to forgive him than to go to law. If a man owes a hundred dollars, it will cost you more than that to collect it.—Atholton Globe.

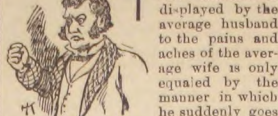
EVERY little while a story goes the rounds about the old family clock stopping short as one of the family draws his last breath. For the purpose of encouraging the liar to tell his story more frequently, and to weave around it an additional charm, we hereby offer a reward of \$10,000 for one of the clocks. No tick, but cash down.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

HEADACHES TRY BOWSER'S EN-DURANCE.

Bowser's Levity Over His Wife's Excoriating Agony—Says She Has No Spunk—But, When His Turn Comes, It's Spunk Meantime.

BY MRS. BOWSER.



HE indifference displayed by the average husband to the pains and aches of the average wife is only equaled by the manner in which he suddenly goes all to pieces at the slightest sickness. We have a regular program at our house in certain lines. I am subject to nervous headaches. About once a fortnight Mr. Bowser comes home at noon and finds me on the sofa with my head tied up and my temples throbbing as if they would burst. It's just the next thing to being pounded on the head by a war-club, and if the house was on fire I should take my time about getting out, and that without trying to do anything except the camphor bottle. The program then runs as follows: Enter Mr. Bowser. Hangs up his hat and overcoat. Marches into back parlor, evidently suspecting some calamity. Stands and gazes at me as if I were some curiosity. I try to smile, but it is a dead failure. "Humph! Cholera, I suppose!" "N-o." (Very faintly.) "Yellow fever, then. I always knew you'd have it!" "N-o. Only—only—" "Only small-pox, eh! Nice thing to bring into the house, isn't it!" "Mr. Bowser, I—I've got one of my headaches!" "O-o-o-h! Is that all! Good lands, but you gave me a scare! Headache? Humph! If I was a woman of your size and age I'd show a little spunk."

"But it's dreadful!" "Bosh! There's nine parts of imagination to one part headache. And he goes slapping around the house and whistling away, as if every sound did not fall on my skull like a blow of a hammer. "Coming to dinner?" "Mercy, but I can't eat."

Good Manners in the School Room. All children are desirous of being called polite, and as soon as they are old enough to understand the meaning of the word, this desire may be used as a strong and effective means of making a school room quiet and orderly. It must, however, be taught as much by example as precept, for no number of lessons on politeness will have any effect on the pupils unless the teacher has it always in mind herself and shows it in manner and conversation. By remembering that "please" and "thank you" are always the proper accompaniments of every request, and that an even pleasant tone of voice is the only polite one in which to speak to any one, a great deal of friction may be avoided. Many a pupil has been stung into a quick or rude rebuff by the harsh voice of the teacher who is tired and irritated and has allowed her feelings to show in her voice. Even if their resentment does not show itself in personal rudeness to her, it shows in their manner toward each other, and altogether gives a tone to the room, which is anything but pleasant.



MRS. BOWSER ATTEMPTS TO ALLAY THE PAIN.

"Can't, eh? Well, if you will let your imagination run away with you in this manner I can't help it. Be more left for me to eat, you know." He looks in as he is ready to leave the house and says: "If you are down town this afternoon come in. Bye-bye, booby!" We have another program—one which is followed when Mr. Bowser comes home with a bilious headache. If I happen to be looking when he gets off the car, I ask about it, and what is the matter. He comes dragging his legs, head down and eyes half closed, and I meet him at the door and inquire: "Mr. Bowser, have you been run over on the street?" "W-worse'n that!" he gasps, as he sits down on a stair step and holds his head in his hands. "Have you been shot at or stabbed by a ruffian?" "Would that I had!" "Mr. Bowser, what awful, awful thing has happened? Answer me at once!" "I've—I've got one of those infernal headaches!" "O-o-o-h! Is that all? Why, I didn't know but some awful thing had happened. Well, dinner is ready, and I've got pork and beans, as you requested."

"P-pork and b-beans! My soul, woman, but how can you talk p-pork and b-beans to a dying man!" "Only a head-ache! Why, what should a great big man like you care about a head-ache? Come to dinner." But he staggers into the sitting-room and falls sideways on the lounge, and utters a groan which arches the cat's back up to an angle. "Mr. Bowser, these headaches are all imaginary. I observe as I take him by the legs and swing him about so that he rests on his back. "O-o-h!" "If I was a man of your size and age I'd show a little spunk."

"O-o-o-h! How can I stand it!" "Well, there'll be the mare left for me to eat. Better lie as quiet as you can." "But I don't go out to dinner. He wants a pillow for his head and he wants his shoes taken off and his feet covered up, and then I have to remove his collar and necktie and tie a wet towel around his forehead, and all his pluck has departed. It isn't near as bad a headache as mine. The slightest headache a nervous woman ever has will double discount any headache assigned to a man to carry about, but she must grin and bear it. I get the hartshorn for Mr. Bowser. I change that for the camphor. I chafe his hands. I make mustard plasters for his feet. I warn the cook to be quiet in the kitchen, and I send our boy over to a neighbor."

Then I turn the pillow over. Then I hold the camphor under his nose. Then I take off the towel and tie it

tighter around his aching head. He seems at last to fall into a dose, but suddenly opens his eyes and faintly calls: "Mrs. B-Bowser!" "Yes, dear."

"Do you think I'm going to die?" "Die? Why you've only got a head-ache."

"But I feel a g-grogness—a sort of sinking away. Do you think it can be a collapse of the system?" "Of course not. You've got a fever—a little one about as big as a pin-head. All you've got to do is to go to sleep."

"But you'd better call the doctor."

"Nonsense!" "If you don't get the doctor I'll be dead in half an hour!" And so I go to the telephone and ring up the central, and hold an imaginary conversation with the doctor, as follows: "Mr. Bowser thinks he's dangerously ill and he wants you to come up right away. Can't you? That's too bad. Well, come in two hours at the latest. He's on the lounge now. Yes, I'll be there with a headache. Yes, I'll keep him smelling of the camphor bottle. Good-bye."

The entire afternoon is taking up with nursing Mr. Bowser and assuring him that he has not been struck with death. Then, at tea time, I must make him toast and punch him an egg, and at bed time the cook and I have to help him up-stairs. He gets into bed with a series of groans, turns over with the declaration that he will never see another sun rise, and is sound asleep in ten minutes. Next morning, when he arises fresh and clear-headed, and I inquire if his headache is all gone, he looks at me in a disdainful way and replies: "Mrs. Bowser, my headache, as you call it, was a violent and malignant attack of spinal meningitis, and nothing but my great will-power, aided by pluck and courage, enabled me to throw it off. Had it been you, you would have given up and died?"

There are occasions, however, when a teacher sees the need of speaking in a strong, emphatic unmistakable way—and then it should be done unhesitatingly, and if possible, privately. But it must always be directed toward the offending member—not against the class as a whole, or against inoffending pupils whom she has to deal with before her wrath against the sinner has subsided. A sudden transition from the stern voice of justice, to the quiet one of sympathy is a lesson in true politeness which children will not be slow to understand.

The "precept" would come under two principal topics, viz: I. Politeness to the teacher—and II. Politeness to each other. Number one, to consist of two heads: 1. How to speak politely to her; 2. how to be helpful to her. These may be elaborated and illustrated as the teacher thinks best. Under number (2) would have to come many lessons in general politeness, such as handing things and picking them up, passing in front of one, etc., as well as the usual, of course, apply to their intercourse with the teacher as well. One lesson should be devoted especially in the case of girls' classes, to the subject of speaking kindly about class-mates and teachers. Girls are very apt to show their anger by saying ugly things about each other, and it sometimes goes so far that some will object to sitting near or reciting with others. Of course they are obliged to do it whether they wish to or not, but it is always an unpleasant disturbance and in the end discipline naturally. Girls should be taught the silliness and ill-breeding of these occurrences.

In lessons of politeness more than any others, constant reference must be made, and constant illustrations shown, as the daily intercourse brings them up. If this is not done, the teacher may give some very good language lessons, but the manners of her class will improve very little.—Popular Educator.

A Sharp Woman. A boy was driving a load of horse-bedding down Trumbull avenue the other day when a woman called to him from the steps and asked: "How much is the load?" "Twelve shillings." "Well, I want it." "Have you a barn, ma'am?" "No; I want it for the grass." "But—, but." "Unload it right there and I'll get somebody to scatter it over the lawn. Grass wants something to protect it this time of year, and this will make a good fertilizer in the spring." "It's horse-bedding, ma'am," protested the boy. "Can't I see that! Here's your money." The boy grinned and backed up and unloaded the huge bulk of dry chipshavings on the lawn, and he had only finished when the woman hired a boy to "munch" the grass. Outside of all the neighbors have said and figured, and outside of all the smiles and grins with the passerby, it is estimated that it will take several full-grown men three steady weeks of hard work to get those shavings out of the grass when the spring comes.—Free Press.

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

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The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N.Y. They're known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

Right right. The first stage is to purify the system. You don't want to build on a wrong foundation, when you're building for health. And don't shock the stomach with harsh treatment. Use the milder means.

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PADWAY'S READY RELIEF, THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD. NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

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To Dispel Colds, Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, get gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

What She Meant. The language of the Irish "servant-girl" sometimes requires interpretation before it becomes intelligible to the average listener. Old words in new senses have some of the difficulties of a dead language.

"What are my duties, if ye please, ma'am?" asked Bridget of her new mistress. "You'll be expected to do all the cooking, the washing, some of the sweeping, and other things which I will tell you as they come on," said the mistress. "And Thursday afternoons, when Mary is out, you will have to answer the bell, and wait on the table at dinner."

"An' will ye stretch for yourselves, or will I stretch for ye?" asked Bridget, doubtfully. "What do you mean?" asked her mistress, who, after an explanation which took some moments, discovered that her new cook meant to ask whether she would be required to pass the various dishes at dinner, or whether the family would serve themselves.

Man the Life Boat! Ere your wave-battered, dismasted bulk is dashed to pieces upon that cruel reef by the restless waves. Save, too, a shattered physique, fast yielding to the attacks of disease with that imperial renovator of health and strength, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The range of its powers is wide, its action prompt and thorough, its use always safe. Chronic indigestion, debility and nervousness, malarial complaints, rheumatism, neuralgia, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, and that physical decay without apparent cause, which is often premature, are specially checked and ultimately cured by this medicine of many uses and sure results. Sleep appetite and vigor are improved by this helpful tonic and regulator, the use of which likewise tends to remedy undue lassitude.

A Bank on Wheels. New Zealand has a bank on wheels. On certain days of the week a clerk from one of the Palmerston banks travels up and down the railway line from Palmerston to Otaki, transacting the ordinary business of the bank en route. Laden with a satchel containing his supply of cash, he is provided with all the usual precautions against danger of robbery, he makes the carriage his headquarters and there receives visits from customers at the way stations, changing checks or taking deposits as occasion may require. This plan is said to bring a good share of profit to the bank's credit, and proves a great convenience to settlers, who are saved all the trouble of journeying to town to relieve themselves of surplus money or to procure change. This will probably continue until some bold rascal invents interviews the clerk and cleans out the bank.

WHEN horses are suffering from the bites of flies or stings of other insects, sponge the parts which cannot be protected by nets with water in which insect powder has been mixed—a tablespoonful to two gallons of water.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Chesbrough Manufacturing Company, which appears in another column. This company are the original discoverers and only manufacturers of Vaseline, which is known all over the world as the best quality of soap. The most valuable remedy in use. Their goods are sold by druggists throughout the country, but we wish to caution our readers, when buying, to accept only goods in original packages, and labeled Chesbrough Manufacturing Company, as sometimes unscrupulous dealers try to substitute preparations which are of little value when compared with Vaseline, and some are injurious and unsafe to use.

By sending the company a dollar by mail, the sender will receive free quite an assortment of these beautiful and valuable goods without any charge for delivery. We know whereof we write when we say the "Vaseline" Soap is a revelation.

A MAN too proud and high'y connected to work and too poor to live must catch on to some society organized to mitigate the feelings of those who think they compliment the world by staying in it.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP is cheaper for you to use than any other soaps would be given to you for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cost more than soap. Ask for Dobbins'. Take no other. EVERY soldier's grave is filled with a dead patriot, no matter whether or not the dead man tried his best to get away from the fight. "BREMISHERS are unseen by night," but, when daylight comes, every one will know whether you use SAPOLIO. Buy a cake and clean your house. LAUGHTER and song are the heart's rivers of hope. No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

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