

IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT.

Life would be an easy matter
If we didn't have to eat.
If we never had to utter,
"Won't you pass the bread and butter,
Likewise push along that platter
Full of meat?"
Yes, if food were obsolete,
Life would be a jolly treat,
If we didn't shine or shower,
Old or young, 'bout every hour—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
'Twould be jolly if we didn't have to eat.

We could save a lot of money,
If we didn't have to eat.
Could we cease our busy buying,
Baking, boiling, brewing, frying,
Life would then be oh, so sunny
And complete;
And we wouldn't fear to greet
Every grocer in the street
If we didn't—man and woman,
Every hungry, helpless human—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
We'd save money if we didn't have to eat.

All our worry would be over
If we didn't have to eat.
Would the butcher, baker, grocer
Get our hard-earned dollars?—No sir!
We would then be right in clover
Cool and sweet,
Want and hunger we could cheat,
And we'd get there with both feet,
If we didn't—poor and wealthy—
Halt and nibble, sick or healthy—
Have to eat, eat, eat, eat, eat—
We could get there if we didn't have to eat.

Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE MISSING FAN.

"My fan; some one has taken my fan!"

Lady Mary Vancouver was a pretty, smart little widow, richly endowed and a great personal favorite.
It was at the hunt ball at Weatherly that she exclaimed about the loss of her fan, having left it for a few minutes on a seat while she danced with Sir Henry Willock. Lady Mary always had a court of adorers. They assembled round her when she stated her loss, and a vigorous search for the missing fan was at once begun, but with no successful result. It was nowhere to be found.

"It belonged to my great-grandmother, is a Louis XIV. fan, and more than that, has always brought its possessor good luck. Oh, why did I bring it to this ball? Now my luck is gone, and I shall henceforth be the most miserable of women."

Vainly did "the adorers" and some of her lady friends seek to comfort her. Lady Mary was inconsolable.

"It must be found—someone has taken it by mistake," said Sir Henry.

"Suppose we offer a reward?"

"I don't believe the richest of rewards will bring back my poor, dear fan," she murmured sorrowfully.

"How much would you give to get it back?" asked one of those who stood around.

"Myself and my whole fortune," was the somewhat astonishing answer.

There was a laugh and a murmur of "Happy fan to be so highly valued."

But Lady Mary did not apparently perceive that she had spoken extravagantly. She was of Scotch descent, very superstitious, and on that account far more than on account of the intrinsic value of the fan she was inclined to make herself downright ill and miserable at its loss.

No more dancing! She could not dance when she was in mourning for her beautiful fan, but as she was chaperoning two young cousins she stayed on till the ballroom was thinning.

Sir Henry Willock remained in devoted attendance, but he was not the only one who did so. He was supposed to be the favored suitor, and there were others who were jealous of him. The loss of the fan and the reward she had offered, though of course he could not believe that she really meant it, annoyed him.

To the others it gave fresh zest, and the fervor to win Lady Mary's much coveted hand was increased, since she herself had shown the means by which the race might be won.

Sir Henry conducted her to her carriage. It was a four-mile drive to the Moated Grange, which was a lonely dwelling for a lonely woman.

"Do you know M. de Lanteuil—Marquis de Lanteuil is he?" she asked Sir Henry as they went down the staircase.

"Never saw him till to-night."

"He is handsome," she went on.

"Staying at the duke of Forthingay's, so he must be somebody. If I had not been so unhappy I should have cultivated him and asked him to the Grange."

"A mere foreigner," remarked Sir Henry. "One can never be sure of those fellows."

He was becoming more and more jealous, and Lady Mary, who did not fail to see it, was, in spite of her mourning, bent on teasing.

"I'll give a breakfast," she said, "more fashionable than a luncheon, and ask all the Forthingay party—less compromising than asking him alone. You can come, if I have room."

"Thank you, I am going to town to-morrow for a few days on business."

She laughed, for she did not believe him.

"Good-night, Sir Henry. Glad to see you when your business is over. Oh, my poor fan! Perhaps it will be found before you come back."

Two or three days passed. Lady Mary did not ask the Forthingay party to breakfast. Perhaps, like the rash reward offered for the fan, it was merely flippant talk.

That she was really unhappy about its loss was nevertheless very certain.

and since the fan was not returned it seemed evident that the thief did not plan for the possession of Lady Mary and her worldly effects.

"Some woman, of course," she said bitterly. "How I hate my own sex! They are always thieves and crooks!"

It was an unpleasant, misty day, which might perhaps account for an increase of bitterness. A ring at the visitors' bell, however, made Lady Mary once more alert.

"Who can that be in such weather?" M. de Lanteuil was announced.

She looked just a little bit astonished, as she had not asked him to call.

He bowed profoundly and explained: "I have been sent by the duchess of Forthingay on a mission to ask you if you will waive ceremony and come over to dine this evening. I bring a note from the duchess."

Lady Mary took the note and wondered why the man was sent with it instead of a servant.

It told her that "M. de Lanteuil was a favorite at Forthingay and asked if she would be kind to him as a foreigner and show him the beauties of the Grange; also to be sure to come that evening, as a surprise awaited her."

"What is the surprise?" she asked, looking up at him.

"If Mme. la Duchesse has not revealed the secret, how shall I?" was the guarded answer.

"The duchess loves mystery," she said, laughing, "and you, monsieur, if you would see the beauties of the Grange you must come in the summer."

"With pleasure, madam."

"All I can show you now is the orchid house."

She led the way along a covered path that led to a hot-house. The rearing of orchids was her pet amusement.

M. de Lanteuil was entranced. Never before had he seen such lovely specimens. He himself was a connoisseur.

But what seemed to entrance him was even than the exquisite blooms was the lady herself. It was in order to pass an hour with her that he had persuaded the duchess to let him go with a message to the Grange.

And what did Lady Mary think of him? He cultivated orchids on his French estate, and from this discovery there were not for her many steps to take in order to cultivate him. Besides, had she not told Sir Henry that he was handsome? Poor Sir Henry! He had no slight cause for jealousy, and so he would have thought could he have watched the tete-a-tete.

At last M. de Lanteuil felt that he must linger no longer, and having obtained a promise that Lady Mary would drive over to Forthingay castle to dinner he departed, leaving the lady in a state bordering on flutter, which was by no means her chronic condition.

She was beautifully dressed, wore lovely jewels and looked charming when she entered the drawing room at the castle.

Dinner was soon after announced, but not a word was said about a surprise, though Lady Mary was on the tip of her tongue, longing to know what it could possibly be. So excited was she about the surprise that she almost forgot how much she was in love with the marquis, while, as for the fan, she had for the time being ceased to remember that she ever possessed one.

It was not till the gentlemen had joined the ladies after dinner that there was any question of the momentous surprise. Then it was that the groom of the chambers came up to Lady Mary with all the pompous dignity his office imposed and presented her with a packet.

With impatience and in some trepidation, since every eye was upon her, she tore asunder the paper that enveloped it.

"My fan—my dear, darling lost fan!" she cried. "Who is the lucky being who found it? This is indeed a surprise!"

"M. de Lanteuil," said the duchess. "He found it under a chair at the hunt ball."

Lady Mary looked at him without speaking. She did not thank him, for she was wondering why he had kept it from her so long. She forgot that by the reward she had offered she had made the immediate delivery difficult.

A few minutes later he was conducting her to her carriage, the duke remaining discreetly in the background. Then only did she find words to thank him.

"And the reward, Lady Mary—the large reward you offered?"

"My promise shall be redeemed," she whispered.

For a moment their hands met in one fervent grasp, and she was gone.

Poor Sir Henry Willock! No one thought about him during the wedding festivities brought about by the dear, quaint old fan which played no insignificant part in the toilet of the bride.

A Wonderful Alarm Clock.

Something new in the way of alarm clocks has been invented by a Frenchman, who utilizes clockwork and the phonograph. Instead of the clanging bell that rings, stops and rings again, and finally becomes useless because one gets accustomed to it, the Frenchman's scheme contemplates calling a man in the morning with all the force necessary to awaken him.

Some of the new speaking clocks have been exhibited in Paris. One is timed to shout at 6 o'clock in the morning, "Get up; it's 6 o'clock. Don't go to sleep again."

This can be repeated until the sleeper is awakened, gets up and turns off the machinery. Other calls are more emphatic: in fact there is no limit to what can be said by the new clocks, for all that is required is for one to talk any desired message into the phonograph cylinder and set the mechanism so that the vocal pyrotechnics may be exploded at a given time.

FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

A BOSTON MAN HAS A TUSSEL FOR A BIG FISH.

An Exciting Adventure in the Waters of Florida Which Threatened to Cost the Lives of the Fisherman Engaged in It.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Prince, of Boston, have been spending several weeks at the Punta Gorda hotel, at Punta Gorda, on the west coast of Florida. They have returned to Tampa bay, and will remain for some time yet.

Mr. Prince is an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, and has been devoting much time on the west coast to the capture of the festive silver king. At Fort Myers he had excellent luck, landing three large tarpon besides having a very exciting adventure with a huge spotted shark. They were out fishing one day, Mr. Prince, the guide and Mr. Foster, of Philadelphia. They had great luck, catching two fine tarpon, the larger weighing 112 pounds and eight ounces and being over five feet long. The larger one fought fiercely and required all of Mr. Prince's efforts to land him successfully.

But the most exciting event of the day was their capture, as it were, by a big spotted shark. After the last tarpon had been landed, it was over half an hour before they received another bite, the fish seeming to have left the place.

"There's a shark round here," remarked Saunders, the guide, sagely. "If these fish leave this way, it shows these ugly brutes are near by."

Hardly had he ceased speaking before there came a vicious tug at Mr. Prince's line, and a big channel bass jumped out of the water in its first rush. As it settled down into the water, there was a furious agitation underneath, and the form of a big shark was seen as he grappled the fish and rushed to one side, snapping the line short.

The loss of his fish made Mr. Prince mad, and he vowed revenge. There was a long shark line and hook in the boat, and putting a delicate morsel on the big iron hook, it was thrown overboard where the shark had disappeared. Not many minutes elapsed before the line straightened out with a violent jerk that made the boat tremble from one end to the other, and the big fish was seen to be securely hooked.

Finding himself caught, he thrashed the water violently, tossing up the spray dozens of feet, and making a great commotion generally. One man was stationed at the bow, holding the rope, it being wound round a strong stanchion beside him. Finding that he could not escape, the big water tiger churned the water up and down, darting to and fro, and, finally, with a settled viciousness, started for the boat.

As he came up Saunders skillfully avoided the rush, and as the shark passed by, its gleaming teeth showing in the clear water, he gave it a vicious jab with their big gaff. The shark returned the compliment by an upward flip of its tail that sent about half a barrel of water into the boat and made it rock furiously.

He then started off in a new direction, the boat being whirled around by the tightening of the rope as if it were on a pivot.

"Look out there!" shouted Saunders; "he's in for a long tow. Watch the rope carefully."

And so it proved. Back and forth over the bay the big shark towed the boat, sometimes at railroad speed, and the again slackening up. At one time, thinking that he was pretty well exhausted, Mr. Prince drew in the line and got the shark within striking distance, when a small harpoon that they had in the boat was thrown at him. As the iron penetrated his side, the big fellow gave a leap forward, the rope going out so rapidly as to burn Mr. Prince's hands. It ran out until held by the stanchion at the end, and the boat was towed forward so rapidly that the water burst over the side.

There was no way of uncoiling the rope, and the boat seemed to be going deeper and deeper as the angry fish increased its speed. Mr. Prince was loath to cut the rope, as he was anxious to secure the big fish. As the speed increased, lower went the boat until it was half full of water. Saunders, the guide, grew a little anxious as he glanced around; they were fully two miles from shore, and in deep water, and the sinking of the boat there would be a serious affair.

"Cut the rope, Mr. Prince," shouted he finally; "he is too much for us this time. This is a damned predicament, but we can't help it."

Mr. Prince waited a few seconds longer, but, finding that the boat was becoming waterlogged and that there was danger of a catastrophe, he unwillingly seized a hatchet that lay on the thwart and cut the rope. The released boat came to a stop, rocking on the smooth surface of the water, while the last seen of the upright harpoon in the shark it was fast speeding out to sea at the rate of about forty miles an hour.

Mr. Prince, in relating his adventure, says that it was one of the jolliest that he has ever experienced in these waters, and but for the fact of his guide's caution he believes that he would have stuck to his fish until the boat was under water, as he was so wrought up with the excitement of the chase that he had forgotten their peril.—New York Times.

The Cavalry Charge.

A writer reviewing Sir Evelyn Wood's book on cavalry in war, remarks that no man who has not knelt or stood up in the ranks to receive the impetus of a cavalry charge, at the moment when the rushing horses are almost upon him, can possibly realize the effect produced on the strongest nerves; and no man who has not sat astride a rushing charger, almost at the instant of impact, can understand the tendency of the horse-soldier to pull up sharp at the gleam of the bayonets. Edouard de Colbert, one of Napoleon's "cavalry generals," wrote:

"What I should like to see would be that, at ten paces from the enemy, the bits should all drop out of the horses' mouths. If that happened, however strong the enemy might be, he would be overthrown to a certainty."

THOUGHT HE WAS MEANT.

But His Intention Was Quite Different Through a Telephone.

The train was late that night, and Atlanta seemed a long way from the south Georgia town in which I was to catch the early train—and as I curled up on the bench in the little waiting room and went to sleep, voices awakened me after a while. Then I found that some of the men from the village had come in to spend a notable evening around the stove. A big, broad, red-haired young man had the floor, and was giving his experience which, as I judged, had recently befallen him.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "when I was in Atlanta 'tother week I lost thought I'd take in the town; so I went into one of them big, tall buildings that reaches most to the sky to get a good sight of the whole thing at once. Just as I walked into an office to look out of the window I heard a bell go ting-a-ling-ling and a man's voice say, 'Hullo!'"

"I looked all around, but didn't see anybody, so I ain't saying nothing. The voice again say 'Hullo!' This time I answers 'Hullo!'"

"Who is it?" the voice say. 'Abn Turnispeed,' I says. Then he tells me, 'Speak a little louder, I can't hear.' I noticed the voice seemed to come from a little closet in one corner of the room. I yelled out loud, 'Abn Turnispeed!'"

"It was quiet a few seconds then, 'Yes, you owe me five dollars.' 'I was surprised but I only yelled back: 'I don't no such thing.'"

"'No!' said I, as loud as I could holler."

"'You don't say!'"

"'Yes, I do say, and what's more I'll say it, if you don't shut up,' I yelled. 'I would like to see you,' the voice answered."

"By that time I was mad, so I called at the top of my voice, 'Well, jest walk out and take a look at me, you idiot!'"

"'So you will settle with me, will you?' he asked."

"'My, I was mad!' 'Yes, I'll settle with you!' I says. And with that I jerked that door open, and there stood a man with something up to his ears, an ear trumpet, I reckon. I jest grabbed that man out there and kicked him clean to the other side of the room. You oughter heard him! 'Plice! Murder. Murder!' he howls. A lot of men rushed in and grabbed me."

"'Turn me loose,' I says. 'There's your crazy man.' But they 'peared to be friends of his,' and hustled me out into that alligator thing that runs up and down the buildin', and 'fore I knowed it I was at the bottom, and a policeman took me off before I could say a word."

"They kept me locked up all night. Next day that man come, with his head all tied up, and told the judge that he was jest a-talking to a friend (blamed if I could see any friend), and that judge made me plank down I kinder felt the town did me."

An Anti-Expansionist.

The Doctor—Let the little fellow yell 'he wants to. Crying causes a baby's lungs to expand.

The Father—Then, by gum, I'm an anti-expansionist.—Chicago News.

It Recognized Him.

He had been goaded to an act of madness. He had killed a neighbor who sat on the fence and jeered at him. Now he must die.

As they hurried him to the scaffold he suddenly paused.

"Hark!" he whispered.

"Is it the tune your mother sang to you when a prattling babe?" murmured the tender-hearted warden.

"No," replied the condemned man harshly. "Listen again."

Then they all heard it.

It was the mournful creak of an unrolled lawn mower!

A look of resignation rested on the face of the doomed man.

"Now I'm ready to die," he said. "Lead on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wonderful Invention.

Inventor—I've hit a money-making thing at last. The preachers will go wild over it, and it will sell like hot cakes. It's a church contribution box.

Friend—What good is that?

Inventor—It's a triumph. The coins fall through slots of different sizes, and half crowns, shillings and sixpences land on velvet; but the pennies and halfpennies drop on to a Chinese gong.—Tit Bits.

Practical Clinician.

Mrs. Timkins was taking her son to school for the first time, and, after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of his having a thoroughly good education, finished up by saying "And be sure he learns Latin."

"But, my dear madam," said the schoolmaster, "Latin is a dead language."

"All right," said Mrs. Timkins. "He'll want it. He's going to be an undertaker."—London Tit Bits.

BE PLEASANT TO EVERY BODY.

If you feel cranky and out of sorts look to your Kidneys, Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Diseases of these organs cause nine tenths of all the mean feelings in this world. If your kidneys are not acting properly or are breaking down from Bright's Disease, there is only one remedy that will build them up and restore them to a healthy condition; that is, Mrs. B. French's Crown Kidney Cure.

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It is better than a trip to Hot Springs. Get strong, make blood and get beautiful rosy cheeks in the natural way with Mrs. B. French's Crown Blood Tablets.

Cure constipation by using Mrs. B. French's Crown Diaper Pills. They are the only remedy that contains the choicest laxatives combined with tonics.

What is the use of suffering from Hay Fever when Mrs. B. French's Crown Catarrh Cure No. 1 will cure you! For all forms of Chronic Catarrh there is only one remedy that will cure it.

Mrs. B. French's Crown Catarrh Cure No. 2. It is the only guaranteed catarrh cure on the market.

Would you take the Piles for \$1.00? Then why suffer when Mrs. B. French's Crown Piles and Pile Ointment will cure you! Guaranteed if used together.

Remember that Mrs. B. French's Crown Cough Cure is the only remedy that destroys the germs in the air passages. It is not a dope. Why do you suffer from a lame back when a Crown Plaster will cure it?

It is spread on oil cloth and is the best chest protector made. Don't forget that Diabetes makes you nervous and cranky. Mrs. B. French's Crown Diabetes and Nerve Cure cures either form. This remedy makes strong men and women out of nervous and physical wrecks. In case of Sugar Diabetes the Crown Stomach and Liver Cure must be taken with the Crown Diabetes Cure.

Rheumatism yields quickly to Crown Rheumatic Cure and Ointment. The Ointment is the best remedy for sprains, bruises, etc. In cases of rheumatism the Rheumatic Cure and Rheumatic Ointment must be used together.

Inflammation of the Eye quickly disappears when Crown Eye Water is used.

Mrs. B. French's Crown Skin Ointment for all eruptions on the skin, sunburn, chapped skin and chafing. Nothing equals it.

If you do not derive benefit after taking two-thirds of any package of these medicines, return it to your druggist and get your money back.

Send for Symptom Blank, fill it out and return to us and a diagnosis of your case and the proper treatment therefor will be given by our expert, absolutely free.

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