

## SIGNS

The melancholy days are here—  
The signs are everywhere.  
The woodland leaves are turning sore,  
And fluttering through the air;  
The cricket chirps its mournful lay  
Beneath the window sill;  
The buckwheat field is turning gray  
Upon the distant hill;  
A dreamy silence seems to spread  
O'er the country side;  
The flowers that bloomed, alas! are  
Dead.  
Their petals scattered wide.  
But 'tis without such signs as these—  
The hills immersed in haze,  
The turning leaves upon the trees—  
We'd recognize the days;  
For now the agile college "men,"  
With hanks of hair to spare,  
Are on the campuses again  
And raising hordes there;  
They're hoisting flags and rushing  
caves,  
And also hazing some,  
And elsewhere showing that their  
brains  
Continue out of plumb.  
—Cleveland Leader.

## A PAIR OF SINNERS.

She was the only daughter of a draper who had once been eminent and was now retired; he was a young and prosperous barrister. She was of a morbidly poetical temperament, and looked at life always through a prism of sentiment. He was unimaginative and practical. In a word, each was the complement of the other.

They had been two months married, and but just returned from the honeymoon, and were seated cozily by the fire on a wintry evening, when Mabel in a languishing mood of sentimental melancholy, unburdened herself of a tardy confession.

"Are you sure, Clarence," she asked him, sighing, "that you really love me?"

"Absolutely, dearest."

"And you have never loved any one but me?"

"Never—never—never!"

"And you will love me always?"

"Forever."

He yawned and looked at his watch. They were half expecting a visitor.

"Something might happen to change you," she persisted, dreamily.

"What could?"

"Suppose I had a secret in my life which I had never revealed to you?"

"What sort of a secret?"

"I always used to say, dear, that I had told you all about myself—everything; that I was keeping nothing back from you. I am so sorry!" Her eyes grew misty with tears. "I did not intend to deceive you. There is one—only one—event of my life I have never mentioned to you. I had forgotten it until lately. It has been my one secret—the one page of my life I would rather no one would read."

"Well—and what is it?" he interrupted, a little irritably.

She sank down on the rug beside him in an attitude of supplication and clasped her arms about his knees.

"Don't look at me so coldly, Clarence," she pleaded. "Don't speak so harshly. Say you will forgive me, dearest. I know there should be no secrets between us, but it is such a little little secret, and I never meant to—"

"No—no. Well—let me know what it is."

"It overwhelmed me with shame. O, words cannot tell how deeply it humiliated me."

"Don't mystify me with all this preamble, Mabel. Tell me the worst, at once."

"And you will forgive me, dear, for not confiding."

"O, no doubt. It is nothing much, I'll be bound. You are scaring us both with a bogey of your own making. What is it?"

She dried her eyes, and, reaching up, laid a hand upon his shoulder caressingly.

"Did you know, dear, that I once used to write poetry?"

"Well, many persons do that. It may be foolish, but it is not wicked."

"I wrote a great deal of it. My sole ambition then was to be a poetess. Much of what I wrote was love poetry."

"Well, well! Yes?"

"And about six years ago, dear, I collected all my poems into a volume and published them."

"And the heartless man was the publisher?"

"No. The publisher was exceedingly kind. He thought very highly of my work."

"That I did not use my own name. I wanted to see if they would mistake my work for that of a man. I called it 'Heart Longings' by Harold Ramsay; but all my friends knew, so that really made no difference."

He had grown suddenly thoughtful and spoke absently.

"You will forgive me, darling—won't you?—for deceiving you?"

"Deceiving me?" he asked.

"Well, for seeming not to confide in you unreservedly?"

Taking the childish, pretty face between his hands, he gazed down into her dreamy, blue eyes.

"Yes."

"Well, coming to think of it, I remember I have a secret which I have never disclosed to you. So after all we are each as bad as the other."

She started and scanned his features eagerly.

"You? A secret, Clarence?"

"Only a little one—like yours."

"Only mine was no secret," she protested. "Besides mine was nothing for which you could blame me!"

"Now, I want you to make me a promise. If I forgive you, you will forgive me?"

She hesitated.

"Tell me, first, all about it."

"Do you promise?" he insisted.

"Yes, yes, dear. I promise!" she said, desperately. "Whatever it is, I love you and I must forgive you."

She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I won't keep you in suspense," said he. "We have both been sinners, and I was the worst of the two. I must tell you, then. Before I was a successful barrister I was a good-for-nothing young scoundrel, with a very good opinion of myself and a very bad one of everybody else. I was a wicked young dog and did several scandalous things that I am ashamed of now."

She caught her breath and waited in an agony of expectation.

"They were all of the same description, but I am sorry on account of one in particular."

"And that?"

"Well, being hard up I used to earn odd guineas in all manner of odd ways. I was a flippant, self-satisfied brute and—"

he paused, and putting an arm about her drew her closer to him.

"I have a heart now; you know I have, sweetheart, don't you? But once upon a time you have promised to forgive me and not to hate me!—in the days when you published your book, I was—"

"You—you—were?"

"The heartless man who reviewed it!"—St. Paul's.

Jersey Has a New Wonder

Jacob Gergen, a baker, living in Arlington, N. J., has a feathered wonder in his barn-yard. It was hatched from a high priced rooster of Brahma eggs, and is half rooster and half hen.

It looked at with awe by all the other fowls in the barn-yard, and they stand on one leg and blink at it without making any remarks in the cackling dialect. The rooster half scratches for worms, and announces their discovery to its better half in the regulation way, and then the twain having but a single head between them, the worm is devoured, the rooster is proud and both members of the combination satisfy their appetite without any impoliteness or greediness having been shown.

In reality the chicken is a bird and a half, according to the computation of the New Jersey farmers of the neighborhood, who can't quite figure two distinct fowls out of four legs, three tails and only one head. The egg that hatched the freak was evidently intended for a rooster, and the hen appendage is annexed like the wing to a dwelling house.

The main body has two rooster tails and the general contour of the barn-yard monarch. The head is without a comb. From below the left wing grows the body of a hen, with a fully developed pair of legs and a hen's tail feathers. Gergen doesn't know yet whether his strange fowl will be inclined to boss the barn-yard or show a disposition to hatch out a brood of chickens next spring.

Railroad Mileage in the United States.

There are one hundred and eighty-two thousand miles of railroad in the United States, capitalized at ten billion five hundred and sixty-six million dollars. The operation of this mileage gave employment last year to an industrial army of eight hundred and twenty-six thousand people. The number of passengers carried was five hundred and eleven million; the number of tons of freight transported was seven hundred and sixty-five million; and the net earnings were over three hundred and seventy-seven million dollars. It is significant that out of the five hundred and eleven million passengers carried, only one hundred and eighty-one were killed; but there were eighteen hundred and sixty-one fatalities among employes.

Hot House Grapes.

Hot-house grapes are the costliest of fruits in the New York market. They are never less than seventy-five cents a pound, and when they are most costly, in February and March, they sell for nine dollars a pound, sometimes going as high as ten dollars a pound. At prices ranging up to two dollars a pound there is a ready sale for them; at the higher prices they are sold almost exclusively for the use of invalids. The next most costly fruit is the hot-house peach. Hot-house peaches sell in February at two dollars and fifty cents each. They are used by invalids, but such peaches are also often sold for gifts. They are presented as flowers or as bouquets would be.

In the Press Club.

John Cowley, an English "remittance man," who worked on the papers in Chicago some years ago, but is now publishing the Anti-Philistine in London, was personally "on his uppers." On one such occasion he wrote a note to a journalistic friend who had borrowed five dollars from him. The missive, says the Times-Herald, is still preserved among the good things in the archives of the Press Club. "My dear —," he said, "I once heard you say that you could sit down at any time, write a story, and get one hundred dollars for it. Please sit down when you get this and write the story. Keep the ninety-five dollars, and send me five dollars."

It seems to be as difficult to identify the bones of Villamil as it was to identify the bones of Columbus. All Spanish bones look alike, to a degree.

## LIKE MAHOMET'S COFFIN.

Black men that was supposed to be a story and a myth.

"I've been in the fire-and-burglar-proof safe business for twenty years," remarked the veteran drummer, "and I guess I have sold my goods in nearly every State in the Union, but until I visited, a month ago, a western town of 5,000 people I had never seen a really safe safe—one that was proof against any and all forms of assault. It was the first time I had struck the place and I went there because I had learned they had opened a new bank, and I'm always on the lookout for that kind."

I got into town about 5 o'clock, and, without stating my business, I strolled around before supper to where the bank building was located just to have a look over the situation. It was quite a modern building for the size of the town, and the builders had put in a boiler and engine to give the power for water and electric light and steam heat.

"There was nothing remarkable about this, but at the rear of the building I found something that was at least novel. It was a plain brick addition twenty feet high, with full view of the interior, and right in the center, between heaven and earth, five feet below the ceiling and ten feet above the floor, hung a big safe suspended to a heavy anchor chain. It was an entirely new wrinkle to me, and after studying it awhile I went back to the hotel determined to ask a few questions before letting any one know what I was there for. The hotel clerk, after the manner of his kind, knew it all, and when he had finished his elucidations I had learned that the bank people, instead of spending their money on a high-priced, time-lock, burglar-proof, stone-walled vault and safe that might be dynamited full of holes, had simply bought a good cheap safe and, having put it in the high room they had built for it, had rigged a chain and pulleys and attached the combination to the engine down cellar."

"At closing time the safe was drawn up between floor and ceiling out of reach from above or below and left to swing until time to begin business again next morning. The steam was down by eleven o'clock, and then the only possible way to get at the safe was to raise steam and let it down within reach, a job the most skillful burglar could not perform without detection, because steam engines are not run on a silent schedule, as a rule. The next morning, after I had taken another look at the working of the arrangement and saw how easy it all was I never said a word about having safes to sell, or even that I was in the business, but slowly and sadly packed up my traps and got out of town."—Washington Star.

The Horse in Battle.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat, and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst, and have done with it as soon as possible. A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck with a bullet, are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands, and they get a heavy fall, if in the leg, or foot, or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot out of a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until the loss of blood brings him down. The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them, if possible, and, in any case, leap over them. When he has come upon three or four other riderless steeds, they fall in and keep together as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" of the bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.—Public Opinion.

True Colors For Eyes.

An eye specialist says that much of the strain upon the eyes of school children may be prevented by having in the class-rooms tinted walls and window shades of a suitable toning color. He regards this as a matter upon which far too little stress is laid by the building and furnishing committees of school boards. Clear, white walls are a menace to the eyesight that ought not to be tolerated in any schoolroom. It is just in these particulars that the service of women on school boards is efficient. Women take pains, and know from experience in the furnishing of their own homes how much apparently trifling details contribute to comfort, as well as to effect. Men, as a rule, are content to put this kind of work in the hands of tradesmen, who may or may not be intelligent workmen.

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## THOUGHT HE WAS MEANT.

That his intention was only talking 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 so 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 social 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 tocher week I just 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 and a man's voice say, 'Hello!'"

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

"Who is it?" the voice say. "Abel Turnspede," 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, 'Abel Turnspede!'"

"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.' 'Not' 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 ear, 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 hollers. 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 alleyway 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 if he wants to. Crying causes a baby's lungs to expand.

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

It Recalled Him.

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

As they hurried him to the scaffold a suddenly paused.

"Hark!" he whispered.

"They all listened."

"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 un-oiled 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 Studies.

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

TO EVERYBODY

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.

When you have indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, waterbrash, jaundice, insipidated bile, gall stones, or bloating, take Mrs. B. French's Crown Stomach and Liver Cure.

It is the only cure for indigestion. Don't take artificial digestives, they simply relieve.

Mrs. B. French's Crown Stomach and Liver Cure is the greatest summer tonic and blood purifier. It produces a beautiful complexion.

For the blood taint and Scrofula use Mrs. B. French's Crown Blood Remedy.

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

Cure constipation by using Mrs. B. French's Crown Dinner 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 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 Pills for \$1.00? Then why suffer when Mrs. B. French's Crown Pills 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.

The Mrs. B. French Crown Medicine Co. Rochester, N.Y.

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