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Is the only true medicinal whiskey that is commended by chemists for its absolute purity. Being entirely free from fusel oil, it is the one whiskey recognized by the Government as a medicine. Uniformly prescribed by physicians of all schools as a tonic stimulant. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is used exclusively in the foremost hospitals. Above all it has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine for diseases of the throat and lungs, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles, nervousness, malaria and low fevers. Take Duffy's. No other. It Cures Di[illegible]se.

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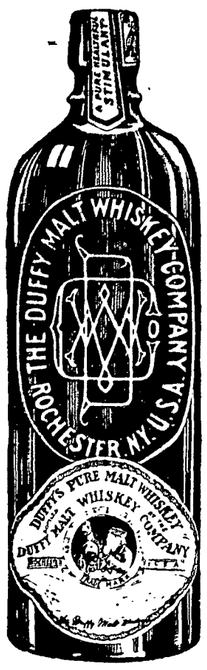

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EASTER EGG TOWN.

Bobbie and Dot lived in the country and Reginald lived in the city, therefore, Reginald thought that he was very wise and that Bobbie and Dot were very ignorant

When Reginald came to visit his cousins it was just before Easter.

"Of course you are going to have lots of Easter eggs?" Reginald said one day

"No," said Dot, timidly, "we have never had any Easter eggs. Are they nice?"

"Nice!" laughed Reginald. "Oh, what queer children you are! Never saw an Easter egg! Never saw an Easter egg!" and Reginald danced up and down and pointed his finger at them until the two little folks blushed very red indeed

"Where do you get them?" asked Dot at last in a meek little voice

Reginald went on teasing "Why, you get them at the Easter Egg Town, of course It is far away where the river meets the sea, and in it there are 100 hens pink hens and blue hens, and purple hens, and lavender hens, and the pink hens lay pink eggs, and the blue hens lay blue eggs, and the golden hens lay golden eggs, and the speckled hens lay the lovely mottled eggs that are so expensive, and there is even a Cochin China hen that lays china eggs"

Bobbie and Dot looked at Reginald with round eyes Did you ever go there, Reginald? they asked seriously for it never entered their truthful minds that Reginald was telling a story

"Oh, yes indeed," said the naughty Reginald. "I have been there lots and

lots of times, and it is the greatest fun"

"Take us," said little Dot, "oh, take us too, Reggie"

But Reginald shook his head "Oh, it's too far" he said and went off whistling

Bobbie and Dot sat down on a log and looked at each other

"Let's go," Bobbie breathed to little Dot softly "Let's go to the Easter Egg Town"

"It's very far," said Bobbie doubtfully "It's where the river meets the sea"

"But think of the pink hens and the blue hens and the speckled hens, and the hens with the china eggs," said Dot, and this was too much for Bobbie so they clasped hands and away they went down the path at the edge of the river.

At last they came to a place where the river widened out and Bobbie said: "Now we shall surely be there soon," and Dot clung to his arm and bit her lip to keep from crying and tried to walk faster on her little tired feet

As the children rounded a curve in the road, the sea spread out before them all red and gold and purple in the light of the setting sun, and right on the shore they saw a cottage and in front of the cottage there were hens, almost 100 of them, and the hens were gathered around a funny little woman, and the little old woman was feeding them corn out of a pan

Bobbie and Dot drew near and looked through the fence

"But where are the pink hens, and the blue hens and the golden hens?" asked Dot. "Oh, Bobbie, these are just white hens, and black hens and gray hens, and they won't lay pretty eggs at all."

"Perhaps," said Bobbie, hopefully, "they keep the prettiest hens in the hen house so that people won't steal them."

Well," said Dot, positively, "I shall go in and ask the little old lady" So she slipped through the gate and made her way between all the fluttering busy hens until she stood by the old lady's side

"Where are your pink hens, and your blue hens?" she asked abruptly

The little old lady looked at her in amazement "Pink hens? Who ever heard of such a thing?" she asked sharply.

Then Dot sat right down on the ground and began to cry.

"Now, what's the matter?" asked the little old lady in a kinder tone, and Bobbie, who had come up, explained about their search and told her all that Reginald had said about the Easter Egg Town

When he had finished the little old lady gathered Dot up into her arms.

"You poor little tired chickabiddy," she said, "you shall have some supper and then we will talk."

So she took Bobbie and Dot into her little cottage, and there they found a kettle of nice soup bubbling on the stove, and in a minute the little old lady had out three blue bowls and some bread, and then she took the little dusty shoes off Dot's tired feet and put the little girl onto a big chair and gave her the soup, while Bobbie sat on the other side of the fire and ate as if he were almost starved.

"And now," said the little old lady when they had finished, "your cousin was a naughty boy to tell you things that were not true; but wait until morning and I will show you something that will be nearly as good as the things he told you," and she smiled mysteriously.

She made up two little beds on the floor of an inner room and put Bobbie and Dot to sleep, and, after she had built a great fire in her kitchen stove, she went out to the hen house and brought back a basket of eggs.

When the fire was good and hot she put several little pots over the coals, and when they had boiled she dipped into each a dozen eggs and then sat down to wait. In just ten minutes she lifted the eggs out again, and, behold! they were changed from pearly white to all colors of the rainbow to red and orange and green, and purple, and a deep lovely blue more water was then added and more eggs dipped in; to come out in all the dainty colors—pink and pale blue and lavender.

The little old lady spread the eggs out on the table, and with a brush she put on gold decorations, and on one big pink egg she wrote "Bobbie" in gold, and on one big blue egg she wrote "Dot" in gold Then with her great basket of eggs she again went out to the hen house

The next morning when the children were dressed and had eaten their breakfast the little old lady took two baskets from a nail and put on her sun bonnet.

"Come," she said with a smile, "we will go out to the hen house I sent word to your mother last night that you were safe, and I asked her to let you stay with me today"

So Bobbie and Dot followed her, and when the door of the hen house was opened they beheld a long line of pure white hens setting on their nests, and each white hen turned up a red inquiring eye as the little old lady entered

"Get off your nests, chickabiddies," said the little old lady with a sweep of her arms, and every single white hen flew off and went fluttering and cackling through the door

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Dot, and "Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Bobbie, "what beautiful eggs!"

There upon the nests of soft white cotton were pink eggs, and blue eggs, and golden eggs, and eggs of every color of the rainbow and the little old lady picked up two beautiful ones marked with the names of the two children and presented them with a smile. "You are to have all that you can carry away" she said

"Did the hens lay them?" asked Dot in wonder.

"Yes," said the little old lady, "the hens laid them but you must not ask too many questions for that will spoil the charm," and she kissed little Dot and patted her on the head

She gave each of the children a basket and when they had filled them they counted their treasures and found that Bobbie had two dozen eggs and Dot had two dozen eggs

"And now you must go home" said the little old lady "Farmer Dunn will drive you over when he goes with the milk

So the children kissed the little old lady and were driven home in Farmer Dunn's wagon.

Reginald met them at the gate

"Oh, you little geese" he laughed, as he climbed into the wagon "I bet you tried to find Easter Egg Town Didn't I fool you?" and he threw back his head and laughed and laughed, and laughed but suddenly he stopped with a jerk, for Dot and Bobbie had uncovered their baskets

"Where where where did you get those?" stammered Reginald as his eyes fell on the beautiful rainbow eggs

"In Easter Egg Town" said Dot demurely.

"Oh, I say," said Reginald, "there isn't any such place"

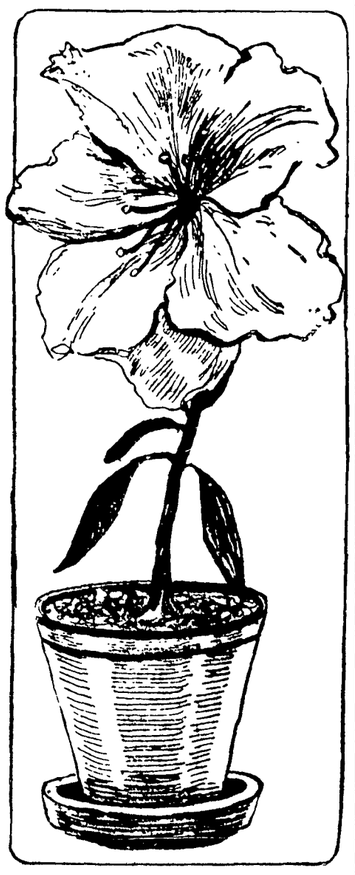
"Oh, yes," said Bobbie, "there is, and we have been there"

And with no further explanation to the staring Reggie, the two children jumped down out of the wagon and went in to show their mother all their lovely eggs

Japan's Easter Lilies.

Our Easter lily, called the "Bermuda" lily, is in reality a native of Japan and China.

In 1879 Japan sent us over $2,000 worth of bulbs for growing them. But in 1895 the imports jumped to $40,000,



by 1899 they reached $130,000, and they have climbed steadily ever since, while the output from Bermuda is supposed to be a quarter less than it was a decade ago.

In spite of heavy freights the Japanese bulbs could often be delivered here for half the price of the Bermuda product.

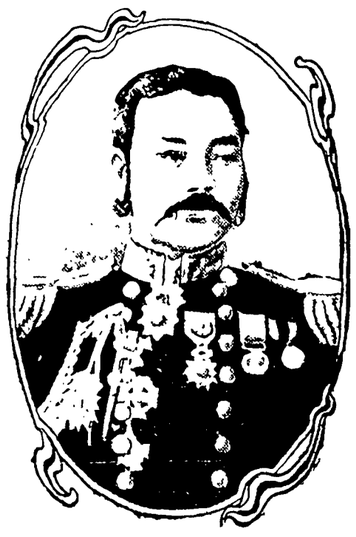
EARLY FAILURES IN LIFE.

Edison's Achievements Nearly All Founded on Partial Failures.

Talking in his laboratory after an exhaustive twenty-hour-day of labor, Edison said that three failures nearly always preceded one success. This referred to signal failures, not to ordinary small disappointments. It is not generally known that when Edison was working at his phonograph he was repeatedly disappointed in his efforts to perfect it, and more than once he was utterly discouraged and at the point of abandoning it. The same has been true of his more recent storage battery, which has nearly reached a point of efficient success. The failures which he encountered were sufficient to discourage a less determined spirit

"Why I had gone to bed completely exhausted a score of times," he explained "and fully confident that I would never resume work again on my patents I suppose a list of my best inventions carries tales of woe and sorrow which the public knows nothing of They represent something more than my work, they are my life blood An inventor's work is not so pleasant as some imagine, for he must toil and grope around in the dark all alone. He doesn't dare tell of his hopes and dreams to another for fear the latter will steal his ideas He is also tormented with the fear that nothing will come from his study and thought When the idea does flash upon his mind it seems little less than a miracle He can't understand it any more than he could the idea itself before it became clear to him

"Accidental discoveries? Oh, yes; many inventions are accidental I've read that nearly all of mine were the result of accident, blind stumbling upon something which I could not think out But let me say this, that while the idea flashes upon the mind suddenly, and at times in an apparently blind way, it is really the result of much thought, study, and work along particular lines When the mind is dwelling for months—yes and years upon a single phase of a question it is not so strange that some day the right idea will come to the mind I've had day inspirations and night inspirations I've almost dreamed some of my inventions true I've worked so hard over them that my mind actually worked while I slept and I awoke in the morning to find what I had been hunting for in my waking moments for years was as clear as daylight Yet my failures more than outnumber my successes There are more inventions that I have hoped to make but failed in than all my successful ones put together And some of them have absorbed more of my time and labor too than any now in use But I do not suppose that my life has been very different from that of others The public knows our successes but we keep our failures to ourselves That is natural Leslie's Weekly.



Vice-Admiral Shibayama, Japanese naval commander

The Man Who Revived.

At a meeting of the Pathfinders the other night, the conversation turned on the fine shades and grades of meaning that could be expressed by a single mark of punctuation

"When I used to live up in my native town," said a prominent member, "we used to hold a series of revival meetings Used to have them along about mud time, when nothing else was doing and we had plenty of time to give up our minds and hearts to religious influences.

"There was one young fellow of whom we had almost despaired, when all of a sudden one night, after we had sung one of our best hymns, he stood up and made his confession

"'Brethren and sisters,' said he, 'I have served the devil the first part of my life and with God's help, I will serve Him the rest'"

"Now I have always thought, if that fellow had only left out the pause before 'help,' or if he had only put a little more feeling into the 'Him,' he would have come out a good deal better.

"As it was, poor devil, he did just about what he said he would. He backslid in great shape and never got over it."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A $750 Suit.

A tailor named Guilding died in Dublin the other day It was he who made the suit of clothes for William O'Brien when O'Brien was in Tullamore jail. O'Brien refused to wear a prison suit and remained unclothed in his cell for several days. One morning his keepers were surprised to find him wearing a suit of tweed. It had cost $750 to get the suit to him, however.