

She Made Them Gentlemen.

When Annie May was two years old her father left his plow in the field one day and never came back. It took so few words to tell a tragedy! Three weeks later a white faced woman with a baby in her arms stood at the door of the orphan asylum of the nearest city. For days she had been trying to get work, but nobody wanted to be bothered with a baby. So finally she had walked the twelve miles to the city and the last sad resort.

'But we don't take babies here,' the superintendent said, regretfully, for she knew trouble when she saw it. 'You will have to carry her to the foundling.'

The mother turned away. Weary and travel-worn as she was, there was dignity in her gesture.

'If you can't take her,' she said, 'I'll have to go on. My baby doesn't belong there.'

The superintendent hesitated. It would be a great deal of trouble, doubtless, and yet—Annie May, in her mother's arms, dimpled and laughed. The superintendent spoke quickly:

'It isn't regular, but since you hope to get work soon—'

'And I may come and see her every week?' the woman asked, holding Annie May close.

'Every week,' the superintendent replied.

It was the way Annie May entered the asylum. It was wonderful how quickly she became at home there. She never had known children in her short life, yet she only laughed at the noisy crowds about her; not even the roughest boys could frighten her; indeed, she seemed to like the boys best—a fact which the boys themselves were quick to recognize.

One day—nobody knew how it happened—Annie May was discovered at a boys' table at dinner time. One of the assistants promptly went to remove her. Then arose a sudden clamour from the boys.

'Leave her be—we'll take care of her.' 'We'll be good to her, you bet!' 'We kin feed her all right!' 'Aw, leave her be!'

The assistant hesitated, but the superintendent did not. That tableful of boys had long been a problem to her.

'If I let Annie May stay with you, will you remember that she is your guest, and treat her as gentlemen should?' she asked.

Although the boys only looked sheepish and kicked each other under the table, the superintendent seemed content.

Some weeks later she was speaking to a friend about it. 'You've no idea,' she said, 'how that baby has changed those boys. There has never been any loud talking or quarreling since she has been

with them, and their table manners are good enough for anybody. Annie May has done more for them than all the rest of us together.'

Annie May was not at the asylum very long. Within a year her mother had found work and she was taken away. But only eternity can tell what her baby love did for those rough, lonely, boyish hearts.

On A Down Grade.

Sir Martin Conway, during his travelling in the Bolshoi Andes, climbed Casapala by rail, a height of thirteen thousand six hundred and six feet. Then he was given a hardy,—four wheels, a platform, seat and a brake,—and on that conveyance made a memorable trip back to Lima.

Gravitation was our engine, he says. It gripped us in the midnight darkness of the tunnel, where, sightless, we felt the ground as, if it were sliding out beneath us. The wheels whirred. There was the sense, if not the aspect, of motion, till the tunnel's eye came in view ahead, a mere speck of light revealing stalactite icicles on walls and roof. Larger and brighter it grew; like a bomb from a mortar we burst forth into the day.

Down we went, down and down. The kilometer posts, flew by us like a railing. We were swung round corners and plunged in and out of the night of tunnels. These, when curved, as they frequently were, seemed to screw about us with a motion of their own. We dashed along the margin of giddy precipices, and over unpaved bridges with giddy depths below. Bang! went the wheels against a stone fallen upon the rails. The car was flung into the air, but fell safely back.

The brief twilight was soon over, and solid night came on. Then began the romance of this hundred and fifty mile ride, and fancy was turned free to dignity or flight with imaginary terrors.

There was no moon, but Jupiter and Venus were bright enough to cast a shadow. The Southern Cross was visible just ahead. The Milky Way shone bright. Meteors darted across the sky, and the hilltops reflected flashes of summer lightning.

Now and again we passed the house of some railroad employee, where a light shone and dogs rushed barking forth; but we hurried on unceasingly down and down, rejoicing in our furious flight.

The next morning the end of the run came without accident, at Lima.

Sortly Tempted.

The author of 'A Visit to Java' tells a good dog story which has also to do with ducks. The moral of the story is that neither the one nor the other should be

subjected to temptation beyond reason.

A planter in Java kept a number of canine pets. Among these Bob, an English bulldog, was his favorite. The dog was as good-natured as he was ugly in appearance, seldom misbehaving, even when severely tempted. On one occasion, however, he did give way to anger; but it must be admitted that he had provocation.

His master had some black ducks which he had reared with much care to ornament the little lake in the garden. One afternoon when Bob was taking his nap in the neighborhood of the kitchen, with his small white teeth protruding from his black lips, after the manner of bulldogs, and gleaming in the light, an unfortunate duck came by. Seeing the white particles the duck mistook them for grains of rice, and tried to pick them up.

The stroke of her bill on Bob's nose woke him and aroused his indignation. A short scowl and a plaintive quack, and the duck's career was ended.

But that was not all. So serious did Bob consider this insult to his dignity that, in spite of repeated whippings, he persisted until he had killed every one of the ducks.

In The Yachting Season.

People whose homes are in certain parts of the country for whose business takes them there at the season when the frost is coming out of the ground will understand the judicial moderation of the answer which Mr. Saunders, a 'back country' farmer, gave to an anxious book agent.

'I suppose,' said the book agent, 'that there wouldn't be much use in coming up here in there early spring as the travelling would be so bad.'

'Depends on your methods of travelling,' said Mr. Saunders, impartially. 'I shud think you could get along first rate if you planned right.'

'What do you mean by that?' demanded the book agent, suspiciously.

'Well,' said Mr. Saunders, with much deliberation, 'if you expect to go steppatly-stepping with those paytent leather shoes on, 't wouldnt take long to stomp you; but along down the main road the bo'ring's pretty fair in the season you speak of, and if you had a mind to try your hand at scowling I presume to say you could canvas the entire town without any trouble.'

The Natural Remedy.

There is an old negro in Washington who believes that the art of healing is a 'gift' not to be acquired. A friend who knew his point of view recently attempted to draw him out.

'You say you're a natural doctor, Uncle Enos; now what would you recommend in

the case of ague?'

Uncle Enos leaned on his broom in silence for a moment, lost in thought, but when he spoke it was with the calm assurance of an oracle.

'De bes medicine for de ague would be an efflorescent powder, to puff out de skin and 't it off de bones. When de skin is drawed tight over de bones, and de ague begins to shink it, de bones is jes natchelly painful an' acheful, sah. But de efflorescent powder it fize an' fize inside an' puff out de skin, an' obbligate de difficulty in a sho't time, sah!'

Well Preserved.

The man who essays to give a lecture or talk in the 'slums' must have his wits well in hand. He may encounter apathy but he is sure also to find an embarrassing readiness of tongue.

An earnest young man from a college settlement was addressing a company of fathers and mothers on the subject of 'Christmas in the Home,' telling them of ways in which the day might be made bright although money was scarce. He had visited many houses in many cities, and was well informed.

'I'm not talking about what other people have told me, he said, genially; 'it's what I know from my personal experience. I have seen over a hundred Christmas celebrations and—'

'Man, dem,' came in a rich Irish American voice from the rear of the room 'it's wonderfully preserved ye are for a man 't hat old!'

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'Please Don't!'

A group of rough young fellows were standing on a corner, joking loudly and

with rough talk, and neither changing the character of their language nor lowering their voices for passing pedestrians. One young man, as rough as any of his companions, and quite the equal of the worst in profanity, was in the midst of a sentence, every second word of which seemed an oath, when a woman, making her way across the street and hurrying to escape the passing teams, gained the corner and landed almost in the midst of the group. She stood a moment, horrified and bewildered, face to face with the young man.

'Oh please don't!' was all she said to him, but she looked him for a moment squarely in face. It was not a wholly bad face. It turned crimson under her look, and the sentence stopped unfinished.

She was gone in a moment. A brief silence fell on the crowd, followed by a laugh at the expense of the young man whom she had addressed. But he did not join in the laugh, and after a time withdrew, manitely uncomfortable because of the incident.

It was not long before he swore again, but when he did it the memory of the mild rebuke, 'Please don't!' also came to mind. He seemed to hear it every time he spoke coarsely or profanely. Before he would have admitted it he was making an effort to purify his speech, and when his companions noticed it and rallied him on 'turning parson,' he began to avoid them and to seek better society.

But in due time his old companions themselves began to respect the change which they saw in him, and to notice that he was doing better in every way. He found steady employment and became more careful in his dress. The change in him was too genuine to be sneered at, and those who in the beginning had laughed began to envy and admire him, and seek his friendship anew.

So it came about that one young man's life was permanently changed, and others were indirectly uplifted, merely because of a gentle and timely rebuke.

It is a rare transgressor that cannot be touched by some 'angel of a better nature.' The timely word of a friend, or even a stranger, is often more efficient than a sermon.

Your unsatisfactory experience with other preparations should not influence you against 'Painem's.' It was the first the best, the only painless corn cure. Give it a trial. A corn treated with other remedies wouldn't do so again if it could help it. Give your corn a chance. Druggists who sell only the best always sell Painem's Painless Corn Extractor.

Pale sickly children should use 'Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.



THE LAST LETTER,