STRANGER THAN FICTION

IS THE TRUTH CONCERNING JOHN GIBBONS, OF EAST LONDON.

He Was Tortured With the Pains of Sciatic Rheumatism—Tried Doctors, All Sorts of Medicine and Went to the Hospital in Vain—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him When All Else Had Failed.

From the London Advertiser.

There are two things in this world which Mr. John Gibbons, a resident of Queen's Avenue East, will henceforth have implicit confidence in. One is the judgment of his wife and the other the curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In his case the two went hand in hand. Mrs. Gibbons thought of the remedy, the pills did the rest, and to-day Mr. Gibbons is a well man where last fall he was virtually a cripple. An Advertiser reporter called at the house the other evening and was met at the door by Mr. Gibbons, to whom he told the object of his visit, and was given cordial invitation. The reporter had no sooner got [illegible] when Mr. Gibbons went into a sitting room. The sunshine of the May evening poured through the hall [illegible] and when Mr. Gibbons reappeared he had in his arms a whole dozen of bottles, all he has to show for more than a hundred dollars spent in medicine. Mr. Gibbons was busy showing the reporter and decanting upon the table the medicines they had cured him of. The reporter had abundant opportunity to judge the personal appearance of the man, and his speech betrays his birthplace. Still bears the marks of his frame is erect, active and when he walks he does not drag his feet, run, or jump like a man who has been crippled for years. He looks a picture of age and vigor. Born in Bristol, Eng., and [illegible] years ago he married [illegible] of Gall. After the [illegible] condition he settled down to business in London, keeping a [illegible] shops and did very well, having plenty of work and being in strength to do it. He was taken down with a wrenching pain in the small of his back, which he took an acute attack of lumbago, following a cold he had caught while laying down on this floor." In telling his story, Mr. Gibbons underwent terrible agony, rising at a step and my wife helped him from the floor. I felt sick at the sight of it. It then got his back and got into my leg. I could not move to see me. They were kind, but none of them knew any good. The neighbors came in and all over Queen's Avenue where I would get an attack of lumbago and taken to the house. I suffered about three weeks when I was able to be around again, suffering as much as ever. My wife had read a pamphlet which contained a number of remarkable cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I consented to try them. I took about half-thirteen boxes altogether, and in two months since the attack I felt no suggestion of pain." "Do you feel entirely cured?" "Yes, sir, I can go to work just as well as I could before I ever had rheumatism. I feel perfectly strong and vigorous." "No, I don't think I have had an attack of sickness like this since, as he lighted his pipe.

Mr. Gibbons was weighed at home on the occasion of the reporter's first visit, and was found to weigh 140 pounds. The statement was then read to him for confirmation of Mr. [illegible] He was home all last winter, Mr. Gibbons, "and last year I was so severe as to be down on his knees, and to tell the truth I could not get up. I had to crawl to the door many a time. The bottles he has emptied upon the table almost all of them been purchased since I commenced taking the pills. The number of bottles he took the amount of money he paid for them Mr. Gibbons, "I believe I would never be able to work again. But now, I believe I am as well as I ever was." Little create new nerves, and thus renew the entire system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other means had failed. Unlike other medicines, they establish a permanent improvement in health. They are a marvel among the medicines of modern medical science. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or may be had by mailing the price, 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Beware of imitations and substitutes. The genuine have the full trade mark on the wrapper around each box. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred. Protect yourself from imposition by remembering that does not exist a medicine of equal merit. The genuine are sold only in boxes bearing the trade mark around the box, and the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred. Protect yourself from imposition by remembering that does not exist a medicine of equal merit. The genuine are sold only in boxes bearing the trade mark around the box, and the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box.

Contd.

[illegible] point in their favor. Good where they [illegible] good nature are [illegible] They are [illegible] case of a certain [illegible] one acquaintance [illegible]

[illegible] days he does; he [illegible] much of his reputation [illegible] other man. "I [illegible] that much of it [illegible]

[illegible] Columbus, Ohio, [illegible] for some [illegible] Liver Complaint, [illegible] Pills the best medicine [illegible] These Pills do [illegible] stripping, and should be [illegible] is required. They [illegible] cold, and relief in the [illegible] recover their purity, [illegible] agreeable tasteless [illegible]

MUCH IN PARVO.

[illegible] are sacred: [illegible] and love. [illegible] greatest science to forget.

[illegible] is a rare cosmetic. [illegible] I believe a great man, but not in dentistry.

[illegible] honor is a fugitive never located.

[illegible] mother's heart is the child's school room.

Our possessions are wholly in our performances.

Calamity is a man's true touchstone.

There are follies as catching as contagious diseases.

Money is like manure, of very little use except it be spread.

Pleasures bring intimacy, and effeminacy generates ruin.

Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.

The deadly Indian bug, in which men wrestle with their eyes.

In struggling with misfortunes lies the true proof of virtue.

Each succeeding day in my scholar of that which preceded.

O, friend, as long as I study and practice learning, I know where I am.

NOT A QUARTER

But Just 10 Cents, and 40 Doses In a Vial of Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills.

No pain, no bad after effects, pleasure in every dose—little, but awfully good.

Cure sick headache, constipation, biliousness, nausea, sallowness. They are purely vegetable. In big demand and all druggists sell them. Try them.

A FORWARD GLIMPSE

THE GREAT DIVINE TALKS OF A GOOD TIME COMING.

The Castles of Sin Are Going to be Captured—A Time of Great Municipal Elevation and Prosperity—The Music of the Future.

Washington, Sept. 20.—So much that is depressing is said about the wickedness of cities that it will cheer us to read what Dr. Talmage says in this sermon about their coming redemption. The text is Zechariah viii., 5: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Glimpses of our cities redeemed! Now, boys and girls who play in the streets run such risks that multitudes of them end in ruin. But in the coming time the roughness in our cities will be so moral that children and lasses shall be as safe in the public thoroughfares as in the nursery.

Pulpit and printing press for the most part in the day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities; at this time, but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers, and to all who are trying to make the world better, if we should for a little while look forward to the time when our cities shall be evangelized by the gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the world?

Every man has a pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Architedes of Syracuse and Paul of Tarsus. I should have expected of him a heartiness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity or its artistic embellishments, or its intellectual advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well. People who have had a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnished the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplaces of Homer, I conclude at once that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We make no war on laudable city pride, or, were the idea of building ourselves up at any time, try to pull others down. Boston last continue to point to its Faneuil hall and to its Common and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence hall and its mint and its great college. Washington must continue to point to its Capitol and its monuments and its public buildings. If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, the city having been the place of his nativity or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking: "What is the thing have you done there? What one act was thing have you done been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

I think we ought and I take it for granted all are interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on the way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his crown. Hail, conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows, and there are sighs, and there are sufferings all around us, but as in some bitter, cold winter day, when we are thrashing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm springtide that will after awhile come, so in the dark winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illuminated by some great victory, just as we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth or an angel in heaven or a devil in hell will spare it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and as that Bible is a holy truth. The old Bible is right about it. If the nation is to be saved, of course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on towards defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm singing, and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purged there will be no hilarity, and as all games will be published there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak where now one fortune is made there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now, when that time comes of which I speak, and when all dishonesty and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, such confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier success achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of fellows speculators and famous stock gamblers. The great fire to business is ended. When the right shall have buried the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thunder down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain makers! I am not talking in an abstraction. I am not making guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In the time of which I speak taxes will be here nothing. Now our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, income taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! The business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. And taxes so on, our great industries are a breeding ground for crime, individual and public. We have to pay the board of the criminals who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the paupers made by those plunged into their graves through sensual indulgences. We have to pay for the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal practices are great and tremendous. Who support the almshouses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But, in the glorious time of which I speak exorbitant taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of money for municipal improvement, which money, before it gets to the improvements, drops into the pockets of those who voted it. No over and terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No impaneling of juries to try incendiarism and murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories. Grander architecture. Finer equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer opulence. Better churches.

In that better time, also, coming to those cities Christ's churches will be more numerous, and they will be larger and they will be more devoted to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not 400. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshipers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in your time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted so sing times that nobody knows. And then, after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep.

In many of the churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear, nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The $2 or $5 I pay to hear any of the great queens of song is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time that for all matters practical I would prefer the hearty, outbreaking song of a backwoods Methodist camp meeting.

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God—how would it seem standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the church of Christ get many hours the start; it will be caught and passed by the Hosanna of the Sabbath school children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man, who, through "perseverance of the saints," went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please stop singing, as he bothered the choir.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never know our God,
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

"Praise ye the Lord. Let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities and in the world hosanna will meet hosanna and hallelujah, hallelujah.

In that time also of which I speak all the haunts of iniquity and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will be illuminated. How is it to be done? You say perhaps by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it. The gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

A gentleman in England had a theory that if the natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied and rightly developed it would make this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius and which rushed from edition to edition, he said: "Fellow man, I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance without labor and without pay; where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful farms and man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinements of luxury and in the most delightful gardens; where he may accomplish without labor in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years. From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views that can be fancied. From the galleries, from the roofs and from the turrets may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheaters, terraces, fountains, sculptured works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement to lure the eye and fancy, all this can be done by urging the water, the wind and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and he says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be $20 each, and $100,000 or $200,000 shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then, this being formed, the world will see its practicability, and very soon $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 can be obtained, and in ten years the whole earth will be emparadised. The plan is not so preposterous as some I have heard of. But I will take no stock in that company. I do not believe that it will ever be done in that way, by any mechanical force or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the gospel of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and salvation. This is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes desired a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it. He lifted a great sunglass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear this sunglass, and he focused the sun's rays upon those ships. Now the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. Oh, my friend, by the sunglass of the gospel converging the rays of the sun of righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world we will make them blaze and expire!

In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from the marble steps of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemers in the streets? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores. No lager beer saloons. No distilleries, where they make the three X's. No bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. No instruments of ruin and destruction. No list-pounded forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a crowd stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and philanthropists, and the Christian men and the honest merchants of our cities.

Then what municipal governments, too, we shall have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city halls and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the city hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments of crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long and waiting all night long.

Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness and carried up to the courts and put in prison, of course? What will you do with the grogshops that make them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than $20 or $30. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of $1,000? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and, with an adroitness and perfidy that beat the strategy of hell, flings a shrinking, shrieking soul into ruin? Nothing. What will you do with those who flooded that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story and frantically asked what he should do? Nothing.

Ah, we do well to punish small crimes, but I have sometimes thought it would be better in some of our cities if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, $10 desperadoes, and put in their places some of the monsters of iniquity who drive their roan span through the streets so swiftly that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of his retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom! But all these wrongs will be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumblings of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the Church of God going to be or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married, but when righteousness and peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Hunger fed. Crime banished. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working in?

Oh, you think sometimes it does not amount to much! You toil on in your different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say: "It does not amount to anything." You might as well quit that. Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red sea it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said, "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But after awhile the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on either side and the billows reared as God pulled back their crystal bits. Wheel into line, O Israel! March! March! Pearls crashed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shouts of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of Israelites reach the beach the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift-fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch forth their hand over the sea, the spilling sea of crime and sin and wretchedness. "It doesn't amount to anything," people say. Doesn't it? God's winds help will after awhile begin to blow, path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we shall be greeted on the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us and derided us and tried to destroy us will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, or thrust out from the foam the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

AN ANCIENT COSMETIC.

The Cool and Healing Cucumber Used as a Beautifier.

The coolness of the cucumber has been ascertained to be a scientific fact. It is always considerably cooler than the surrounding atmosphere. It has also possessed some reputation as a cosmetic in the old meaning of the word, a "healer" of the complexion, not a "beautifier." The cream of cucumbers is prepared from the pulp of peeled cucumbers, with a mixture of almond oil and other ingredients. Purchase from a trustworthy druggist four ounces of almond oil, add a quarter of an ounce each of white wax and of spermaceti. Put these ingredients in a jar, and set the jar in a saucepan with warm water reaching up to within two inches of the rim. Let the water boil. A marmalade jar is just about the right size to use. When the wax and spermaceti are melted into the oil add five tablespoonfuls of the thick juice of a large, nearly ripened cucumber. Obtain the juice by pressing the pulp on a fine hair sieve. Color the cream with a few drops of spinach green. Use enough to give a very delicate tint of green. Pour it to harden into several small jars. It is an excellent cure for sunburn and is very healing and soothing to the skin.

Wash the skin at night thoroughly with warm water before applying the cream. Dry off all the moisture with a soft damask towel and rub the cream of cucumbers gently into the skin. In the morning wash it off with warm water and tone the skin with a bath of cold water to make the tissues firm.

An Extract from a Newspaper Note—"As soon as Professor Knodle took the floor his remarks showed that not a single point escaped him."—Life.

New Style of Dressing the Hair.

Writing on dressing the hair, Isabel A. Mallon, in September Ladies' Home Journal, says that a pretty and absolutely new coiffure is the one that, while it rather gives the blouse effect, really consists of three deep waves that turn back, and which are, of course, made by the iron. At the back the hair is arranged in a double eight twist that does not show well at the sides, but does not rise above the top of the head. Women who have very little hair can do it close to the head, fasten the switch by a string drawn through its loop, which is the best way, and then, pinning down their own hair close to the head, arrange the switch to form the double eight. Elderly ladies, especially those whose hair has grown entirely white, wear it effectest in a Pompadour roll, which requires a small pad under it, and then in the back have a plated switch carefully pinned to the hair in a loop-like fashion. Many ladies who have reached middle age or passed it adhere to the coiffure selected as becoming when they were young, and it must be confessed that there is a certain dignity about this."

Heard of Hats.

Embroidered horse hair plateaux, twisted into extraordinary shapes, and trimmed only with flowers and feathers in algrette form, are highly favored by a small minority who crave for something extreme and original. A hat that pleases much is of drawn green tulle, the round brim and high crown both hedged with box-pleatings of tulle and trimmed with a large spray of deep pink roses in front, a huge bow of pink glace ribbon behind, and a looped arrangement of green satin ribbon underneath the brim behind.

Golden straws have come to the front again. A lovely hat in this color is very becomingly trimmed with a white bird in front having two feathery wings, and on either side black and white gauze ribbon lops, the back being lifted with a bunch of white auriculas.

It is not true that when a baby is born in Russia it is named after the first sneeze its parents hear.

THE BEST OF MEDIUMS.

You may talk about your posters and your ads upon the fence,
But they don't the kind of mediums that appeal to common sense;
You may talk about your dodgers, and your circulars and such,
But I calculate they don't assist an advertiser much;
And especially in winter, when the snow is on the ground,
I wonder where your posters and your dodgers can be found?
But within the cosy homestead when the parlor stove's aglow,
The newspaper is read aloud to everyone we know.
The farmer sees the painted sign upon the barn and grins;
Two dollars yearly for the space he usually wins,
And there his interest in the ad begins, and there it ends,
And the same is true of nearly all his neighbors said friends;
But they read the local paper every day or every week,
And in its welcome columns all their information seek,
And you may be quite certain that the ads therein displayed
Are also read with interest and are sure to make some trade.
It stands to reason, anyhow, that what a fellow buys,
He's going to read and get his money's worth, if he is wise.
The father, mother, uncle, aunt, the daughter and the son,
Are going to read the newspaper, and so is every one.
So it also stands to reason that a local merchant's ad
Will there attract attention, be it either good or bad.
And the newspaper as medium leads all other kinds with ease,
For that is where the multitude the ad verisement sees.

—PRINTER'S INK.

"SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT."

BY MYRTLE REED.

Down in the negro quarters on a Georgia plantation stood a quaint little log cabin overlooking cotton fields that were white with their snowy fruit. Born in slavery, living in slavery and apparently destined to die in slavery, yet old Joe was happy; for to him slavery was not bondage—only a pleasant way of being cared for.

His days of active usefulness were over. He had served long and faithfully in those same cotton fields, then as house servant, and later as a coachman. Now on account of age and the "misery" in his back, he spent his days in mending harness, telling stories to the children and making playthings out of the odd bits of rubbish they brought him.

His wife, Sally, was head cook at the mansion which stood in another part of the plantation, in the midst of trees and flowers. Down a little further was a tiny brook that sang all the livelong day and turned back, regretfully perhaps, to wind by the window of old Joe's cabin.

"The Pines" was a most hospitable house and usually thronged with guests for its young mistress had an indulgent father and money sufficient to gratify every possible whim. Mrs. Langley she was now, but to old Joe she would be "Miss Eunice" always. He had carried her when she was a baby, watched over her when she was ill, and once when a pair of maddened horses dashed down the drive, utterly beyond their owner's control, he had snatched the unconscious child from almost under the wild feet, and—saved her life, they said, but the brave fellow had received internal injuries and had not been able to do much since.

"Yes," he said one afternoon, to an appreciative audience of pickaninnies and white children who sat together around his feet in a truly democratic fashion, "dat ar day war a great time fo ol Joe. I war jes a gwine to do house wen I see dese yer hosses comin ker-blip! right whar Miss Eunice war a playin wid her doll-buggy. Dere wasn't no time to call her, so I jes grab her and run, an my foot ketch in de doll-buggy an I know Miss Eunice ober my head in some soft grass an den de hosses tramp on me an I kinder lost my 'membrance. Pretty soon I fin myself in de house an do doctor an ol Missis war a standin ober me. Doctor say, 'he come to all right,' an ol Missis, she jes stoop down and kiss ol Joe! Think oh dat!

"Den Miss Eunice come in, an ol Missis say 'Come here dear, and see Uncle Joe. He done save yo life.' An den I lose my 'membrance again. One day Mas'r walk in an he say, 'Joe, here's yo papers, yo's free now, jus oz free oz I is.' I say Mas'r, I don't want to go away from you an Missis an Miss Eunice. I want to stay here on de ol plantation along o my ol woman. And den he wife his eyes an say, 'I'll gib Sally paper too, an Sally say 'no Mas'r, me an Joe don't want to be free; we wants to stay here where we's happies' an Mas'r say he kepp dese yer papers for us till we done want em. Dese was mighty fine times for ol Joe!" and he beamed at the children around his feet who had been listening with ever-fresh delight to the old, old story.

"Now play something, Uncle," the children cried, and Tommy Langley brought the fiddle that always hung in one corner of the cabin. His eyes brightened at the sight of the old brown thing, but he gently put the eager child away, saying, "No, honey, not dis time. I got de misery in my back wuss on ober. Go way, chillens, ol Joe's—so—tired!"

They obediently trooped out of the cabin and the old man's head dropped on his breast. The gaunt gray figure twitched with pain, and he did not move until Sally came in to get his supper.

"Well, honey," she said cheerily, "how's yo back to-day?"

"Years like de pain gets wuss, Sally," he replied.

"Neber yo min, yo'll get better by-an-by." Coming closer she dropped a bundle of illustrated papers in his lap. "See wat Miss Eunice send yo; an look here!" She pointed proudly to her stooped shoulders, where a scarlet kerchief shone like a ray of light in the dim cabin.

Joe tried to smile, then said feebly, "Miss Eunice mighty good to us, Sally."

Sally assented and moving quickly about the cabin, soon had the evening meal on the table.

"Come Joe, cheer up yo cheer. Dis yere hoe cake done to de t'un!"

"Years like I couldn't eat no supper," he said, then gave a half-suppressed groan that quickened an extra twinge of the "misery."

"Po ol man," said Sally sympathetically, and she ate in silence, watching the kindly pain-drawn face, with ever-increasing anxiety.

As twilight fell, the sufferer sought his couch, where he moaned and tossed restlessly, and the pitying Sally, stretched wearily on a faded rug near the door was soon fast asleep.

* * * * * * *

Up at the Pines all was light and laughter and music, for a crowd of young folks were gathered 'neath its hospitable roof and guitars and mandolins inside the whole house rang with melody of a more or less penetrating quality. In the midst of the gaiety, Tommy stole up to his mother with a troubled look on his usually merry little face.

"What is it, dearie?" she asked, putting her arm about him.

"Mamma, I'm afraid Uncle Joe is going to die. His 'misery' hurts him awful!"

"Is Uncle Joe very sick, dear? I knew he was not well, but he has always been ailing, you know. I'll have the doctor see him to-morrow."

"All right, mamma," and the little face grew bright again.

She kissed him tenderly and said: "Run away to bed, little son, the birds went long ago."

Tommy went off obediently, but Mrs. Langley felt worried about the faithful old fellow who saved her life. "I'll see to him to-morrow," she thought and began to plan various things for his comfort and happiness.

A little later a pretty girl with a mandolin, said: "Do you know, I feel like having a lark. Excuse the slang, please, but there's no other word that will express my meaning."

"Try a swallow," suggested a young man in a way that was meant to be funny. "There's lots of lemonade left in the pitcher."

She scorned the interruption. "I want a lark, a regular lark!"

"How would a serenade do?"

"Capital!" she laughed. "Just the thing! We'll take our mandolins and guitars into the moonlight and make things pleasant generally."

"But," said a maid with a practical turn of mind, "who is there to serenade? There aren't any neighbors, are there?"

"Give it up!"

"Ask Mrs. Langley—she'll know," and a smiling ambassador from the merry group, Mrs. Langley's own nephew, went to the fair-haired hostess who sat with her husband in the library.

"Aunty, who is there in this charming spot whom we can serenade? The girls think it would be fun, but we don't know where to find a victim in this isolated Eden."

Mrs. Langley rose quickly, and going to the little party, told them of old Joe and how she owed her life to those strong arms. She finished the story with an eloquent gesture that brought tears to the eyes of many and added: "Go down to the old man's cabin and sing the quaint negro melodies he loves so well—that he used to sing to me when I was a little child. And take these roses with you; he used to love them so; you can throw them in at the open window."

As she spoke, she took a great handful of white roses from a vase and with a little pearl-handled knife, dextrously removed the thorns, then handed them to her nephew.

"How do we get there, Aunty?" he asked, with something like a tremor in his voice.

"Follow the brook," she replied. "It flows right under his window, and you cannot miss the place. I'd go with you, only I can't sing, and wouldn't be of any use." She smiled brightly at them as they went down among the shadows, then to the tiny brook that seemed like a musical stream of silver in the moonlight.

The party was strangely silent for one bound for a "lark," and by much crossing of the little stream that wound its tortuous way through the grounds, they came to Uncle Joe's tiny cabin in an unseen nook of the plantation. They grouped themselves under the window in silence.

"Now then" whispered one of them. The mandolins and guitars played the opening strains of the sweet old melody, then their fresh young voices rose high and clear:—

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

The old gray head turned feebly on its hard pillow, and Sally stirred restlessly.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

Above the song of the brook that seemed like a tender accompaniment to the tinkle of the mandolins the music rose, and old Joe woke from his dream of pain.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Oh light of the angels! Oh rapture of the song! The familiar words brought back so much to the old man's listening soul!

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

The fragrant shower fell around him. He grasped a great white rose that was within reach of his hand and pressed it to his parched lips.

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

Out of the clouds was the chariot coming for him? Yes—wrapt in celestial glory.

Swing low, sweet chariot.

The song died away, and the singers heard no sound within.

But the tired head fell back upon its pillow with a sigh of infinite content, the chariot came, and Uncle Joe forgot the "misery" and the roses alike in passing from supreme shadow to supreme dawn.

Learn to be Self-Reliant.

People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to or to lean upon. Once down, they are utterly helpless, and can never find their feet again without assistance. Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position making difficulties their stepping stones and driving determination from defeat, than bushes resemble oaks. It is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action by assisting them over obstacles which they ought to be able to surmount alone. Did any man ever learn to swim well who placed his whole confidence in a cork jacket? This assistance may be of advantage for a few lessons, but he who would learn to care for himself must cast aside all such supports.

Don's for Bicycle Riders.

Don't expect to accomplish everything in a day.

Don't attempt to run down cable or trolley cars.

Don't be afraid to ride a diamond-frame wheel.

Don't go into a century run without training for it.

Don't forget that the race is won in the last sprint.

Don't begin to ride for at least an hour after meals.

Don't occupy more than your share of the road.

Don't drink cold fluids when overheated from riding.

Don't lack confidence in yourself when learning to ride.

Don't lose sight of the fact that you were once a novice.

Don't lose sight of the fact that you must pedal straight.

Don't race until you have prepared yourself for the strain.

Don't think of doing any road riding on your racing machine.

Don't pass a wheelman in distress without offering assistance.

Don't ride so long that you return home thoroughly exhausted.

Don't put all the force of your pedaling in the downward push.

Don't wait until you become tired before turning about for home.

Don't push out on the road before you know how to ride properly.

Don't blame the other fellow for every collision you happen to be in.

Don't forget that others have as much right on the road as yourself.

Don't ride more than a mile at a time if a greater distance tires you.

Don't try to do too much at the start, particularly if you are a woman.

Don't allow your leg to get perfectly straight at any time while riding.

The Power of the Gospel.

The power of the Gospel is writ plain in all great moral enterprises. Its virtues have been tried in every department of individual and social life. We know what it is capable of doing because we know what it has done. We know what it has done for the uplifting of the masses into a true liberty and brotherhood. We know what it has done for the elevation of woman, taking her from bondage and from the seraglio and, through her, teaching the whole world the true ideals of womanhood and wifehood and motherhood. We know how it affects social, industrial and civil life. In all these directions its power has been tried; and we may profit now by experience and observation of the past.

No Need.

There is no need to magnify the truth in the ad offering microscopes.

DOTTED CYCLING COSTUME.

New Stockings—An Excellent Substitute for Leggings.

During the past month many cycling novelties have appeared each meeting with the hearty approval of the wheelwomen. One is a new stocking, which makes an excellent substitute for the legging at this season of the year, being much cooler. It consists of a balbriggan stocking, usually in black, with a short, footless knitted stocking worn over it. This style is particularly neat and admirably adapted for warm weather riding. At several summer resorts there are to be knitting bees, the girls planning to knit their bicycle hose. They will carry their materials in small cases strapped to the handle bars of their wheels, for these bees are always to take place in the woods, and to be followed by a picnic luncheon, served after the knitting hour is over. In catering to the tastes of the bicycle girls the manufacturers have not forgotten those who are partial to high boots, for a low shoe, of course, is worn with this unique bicycle stocking. The chief novelty of a new bicycle boot lies in the fact that it

DOTTED CYCLING COSTUME.

laces at the side, instead of the front, the bootmakers claiming this to be the proper place. They come in glace kid or undressed leather, the lacing to be on the outer side. A thoroughly stylish pair of these new boots, recently seen, were of tan glace kid, laced with dark blue cords and strapped at the top with two bands of leather of the same color. The bicycle suit worn with these boots was of linen, effectively trimmed with dark blue silk braid. The cap had a Tam O'Shanter crown made of blue silk and the peak in tan leather.

Experienced riders who do not approve of bloomers find the rather short skirt the ideal garment. It is becoming off the wheel as well and is graceful and really more modest than the longer skirts which are narrow enough not to catch in the wheel, for these latter cling and show the outline of the form very plainly. The skirt, if properly made, never annoys one by blowing. To insure this the fabric must have some body to begin with, and it must further be faced up about five inches with the goods. The neatest finish for this is small rows of stitching. If the goods is not heavy an interlining of canvas may be used between facing and skirt. The skirt should be lined with sateen to insure a freedom of movement that is impossible with woolen goods. The knickers may be made of sateen for summer wear and then a skirt lining is not necessary. The leggings should match the costume or the facing. A cheviot or mixed tone is very jaunty with leather facing and leggings. A band of leather is put on the hat also, and the gloves and buttons should be of the color of the leather.

The skirt has a front gore and from that is seamless to the center back, where one pleat is laid on either side.

The skirt buttons at the top of the front. The top fits perfectly smooth without darts, as it is cut circular at the sides and back. The waist fits smoothly over the hips and is cut with the back and side forms in one. A plain cloth, black or brown, looks exceedingly well with white cuffs and collar.

The skirt is appropriate to wear with shirt waists for the sunshine.

For the entire costume 6 yards of 44-inch goods are sufficient, with 1½ yards of sateen for knickerbockers.

Golfing Gown.

The golfing gown of brown cheviot is most admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. The skirt, which reaches to the ankles, is of a most convenient length, and is only about four yards round, so that it is not cumbersome or likely to get in the way of the player. It is trimmed around the bottom with perpendicular rows of white cloth,

hemmed by smoked pearl buttons. The blouse waist opens with broad white revers over a scarlet jersey front and in the back is high and finished with rolling collar, which flares away from the high center of the jersey. The shoulder seams are finished with straps of white cloth, like those on the skirt. The straw hat is of red rough straw