

Scated by the glowing embers in the gloomy old firelit hall, watching the flame retreat, advance, flare up in splendor, and then die into a dull glow, was Jack Long. Thirty-five years had elapsed since Jack first saw the right of day, and his life had been as full of joy and misery, of light and shadows, as the ordinary life of mangind.

Typical of the ever-burning glow was a love within has heart which ten years had not smothered.

Like the fire flame leaping high and sinking low, was the hope in his breast.

As Jack sat there alone, gazing into the fire, thoughts of bygone days came over him, trooping at his memory's call

Mingled with those memories was a fair and radiant maiden, with hair or sunsnine and eyes of azure. This image conjured up so vivid and lifelike was his loving, laughing sweetheart, Queenie Graham, as she looked on that Thanksgiving night so long ago.

It would be ten years on the morrow since he had last gazed upon the dimpled, smiling, roguish face which he loved so well.

They were then betrothed, and s.e wore the betrothal ring which he had placed upon her finger only a few weeks before.

How vivid that picture came before his eyes. Ten years seemed to have rolled backward, and he was a youth of 25 again, and Queenie Graham, his sdored one, a blushing maiden of 18.

The old-fashioned farmhouse, with white, oaken floor, and the boys with their sweethearts, and the jolly old Addler who played half asleep, only awaking to call out in deep, stentorlous tones:

"Swing partners to place."

The lamps swinging from the ceiling gooded the scene with the most bril-Lant light.

Gay laughter and jest told of light hearts, and happy faces glowed to the soul-stirring music of the "Irish Washerwoman," sawed off by the fiddler.

Jack's love, like all true love, did not run amooth. In fact, love begets its own misery, .. e was madly jeatous when she smiled on Sam Brown, and in swinging partners Sam held her hand too long and squeezed it too ardently to suit the jealous lover.

"Queenie, you're a flirt," he declared, "I saw you wink at Sam Brown."

She turned on him with proud, flashing eyes, and said:

"Don't be surprised if I call you another. You kissed Susie Bell."

"That's not true." "Yes, you did; for I heard her tell

Mary Courtwright,"

"It is false, Queenie," he cried, in his indignation. Susie Hell was a round-faced, ugly country girl with no attractions, and tongue given to misshief making.

The dance went on, and the lovers' quarrel with it. As Jack and Queenie whirled in the giddy mazes of the dance that silly, childish quarrel waxed hot, entrancing her beauty with every angry word she uttered.

At last, as the "set was over," she waddealy jerked the betrothal emblem



"QUEENIE, OH, MY LONG-LOST LOVE."

his hand said:

Miss Sue."

Long donned his topcoat and winding of death. his muffler about his neck to keep the chill November air from his throat, went out into the night never to look upon the face of that adored being

again. He neard from Queenie occasionally, and at last that she had gone east to ple, and among them the veteran of How far east or what part of the east, he did not know, and was too proud to ask.

She was lost to him forever, and he grew melancholy. He went west, to be as far from her as possible, and engaged in business at a frontier town, with cowboys and ranchmen for his as-

with South.

prang in the first call to arms. Rough | the other's heart.

riders were wanted, and he had learned to mount the wildest broncho.

He enlisted, and hurried off to the front. At Santiago he landed, and in the march to the city was in the first skirmish.

Then came that noble charge on San Juan him. He led the charge amid dust and heat, fighting like a mad man until struck down, faint and bleeding, he lay on mother earth to die.

"Queenie, Queenie, oh, my long-lost loved one, shall I never see you more?" he was heard to murmur, as borne away from the field. Somehow there was something in this piteous cry which touched the hearts of those who heard it. A newspaper man who was near sent with his report the following brief sentence:

"A soldier, wounded and dying, while being carried from the field, was heard to exclaim with his last breath: 'Queenie, Queenie, oh, my long-lost loved one!' No doubt this piteous appeal wrung from a noble heart was to some faithless sweet-



"WILL YOU DANCE WITH ME?" heart who had deserted him years be-

This simple little paragraph had been copied and recopied, and discussed, and made the theme for count-

less stories and ballads. But Jack, who ultered it, didn't die. He lived to return to America, was honorably discharged, and resolved to pass another Thanksgiving in the old neighborhood where his young days had been spent. So he returned, after an absence of nearly ten years, and was at the house of his tather on this evening, gazing sadly into the fire which seemed to reflect his own ach-

What was life to him now? That chief charm, that only light

to his soul, had gone out, leaving all gloom and darkness.

He was like an old man.

ing heart.

His hair, once dark as the raven's wing, showed traces of silver in it, and his face, so handsome, clear and fresh, now had the lines of care upon

Though he sometimes smiled and assumed an appearance of gayety, his mother knew that his heart was sad. But that mother had a hope that

happiness would yet dawn on her son. She had a piece of intelligence she had not broken to him. Queenie Graham, after an absence of ten years, had returned to visit an aunt

There was to be a great Thanksgiving party at Jack's grandmother's, the oldest lady in the neighborhood, at which she was to invite all the young folks, for "Grandma Goodwin" took great pleasure in young people.

Queenie would no doubt be there. and she determined that Jack should meet her. The mother knew that her son's pride would keep him away if he knew Queenie was to be there, so she kept that surprise a secret from

She little knew how love had humbled Jack's pride.

In the vest pocket of the veteran, he carried the self same ring which Queenie had thrust back on him ten years before. It was next his heart when he stormed San Juan hill, and he hoped if he was slain the bullet would pass within the golden circle of his youthful love, and that he might from her finger, and thrusting it into die with her name on his lips.

But fate destined Jack to live. He "Here is your ring; you can mirry was once more home, among friends who had crowded about to hear him With a heavy heart the angry Jack | tell of the wild charge and the storm

Would he go to grandmother's next day to the Thanksgiving dinner: Yes, he would.

The mother was happy.

The old carriage was loaded with jolly young folks and middle-aged peo-

Grandma's table groaned with plenty; goose and turkey, pies and candies, citer, nuts and apples in abun-

But what was far more precious to the ex-rough rider was a radiant face he had loved so long before.

He thought she had suffered as well Then came the mutterings of war as he. They were too much surprised at meeting that neither would tall He had always loved the weak, and | what emotions were being stirred in

Queenie's beauty was marured and seemed more heightened by time. She was far more lovely than before. After the first moment's shock of surprise pride assumed control, and placed each other on the guard.

They longed to break the ice, but neither wanted to make the advance. After the feasting was over the happy group assembled in the great parlor to talk over pleasant reminiscences or indulge in a quiet tete-a-

Then someone, may his tribe increase, said:

"I brought my violin. I will play and call off; let us have a dance tonight."

The suggestion was greeted with

a hearty shout, and the young fellows rushed to find their partners. Right quickly they all took their

places on the floor, when they found that they wanted just one couple "Come, come, Soldier Jack, secure

a partner," cried he voluntary mu-Moved by some uncontrollable impulse, Jack arose and went to where Queenie Graham sat, and, bending

low, whispered; "Will you come and dance 'Haste to the Wedding' with me?"

She assented, and all were at their

Then someone on the plano accompanied the violin in that sweet old melody, "Haste to the Wedding."

There is always an opportunity in a quadrille for a sly word now and then between partners.

"All join hands and circle to the "I want to ask you something," she

whispered, when they were at their places again. "What is it?" "First four forward and back again."

And away they went. When next they have an opportunity s.e thrust into his hand an item

clipped from a newspaper. it was of a young soldier carried bleeding and dying from San Juan hil!,

murmuring: "Queenie, Queenie, oh, my long-lost loved one, shall I never see you more?'

"Was that you?" she asked. "Yes," he answered. Then he took her nand. It trembled, and her azure eyes grew dim.

"Balance all." It was several minutes before either could speak.

The sweet-tuned violin, accompanied by the piano, poured forth such soulstirring music as can be found only in that precious old air, "Haste to the Wedding."

He was about to speak when the musician "calling off" shouted:

"Gents to places-all promenade." It gave him an opportunity to recover himself, and when next they glided across the room he whispered: "Say, Queenie, will you keep that old promise you made long ago?"

She looked up at him, smiling through her tears. Ten years of misery and suffering

had passed since be held that hand. Oh, it was reward for all that suffer-"Queenie, I have it yet," he whispered, taking from his vest pocket the

betrothal ring which he had carried all these ears. "It has never left me, for I always had hoped that a time might come when I could restore it to the finger

where it belonged. It was with me on that dark, gloomy day at San Juan hill, where I saw so many noble men "I carried it over my heart and prayed that if I feil some Sphanish

bullet might pass through the band of love to reach a heart that beat for you. Oh, Queenie, did you know that you have never--"

"Swing partners to place." What an abomination was that old fiddler and the dance to Jack. When he next got an opportunity

he whisnered: "Never been out of my mind."

CLANCY'S RAFFLE.



Thère's a raffle down at Clancy's; They are throwing for a "turk. By the way the dice-box dances You can see it's hard at work.

Whew! the air is close and smoky! There's a crowd about the beer: Every staiwart thirsty blokey Downs his pint without a fear.

"Twinty-wan," called Jerry Clancy And he pounded on the bar. Shore, the game is rather chancy, Lucky divil that ye are!

"Come, O'Brien, tak' the bi-r-d!" Then said Clancy, with a wink: Whirra, boys, an' haven't ye hear-r-d O'Brien ashk yez ahl to dhrink?" There were twenty-seven husky men

'Whiskey here!" each shouted then.

Gathered there about the bar.

Clancy answered: "Here yez are! "Tin cints aich, ye lucky sinner!"
"Faix!" O'Brien said, "thot's nate!
"Tis a moighty coshtly dinner—
Eight years old, four pounds in weight!"

A day for toll, an hour for sport, but for a friend, a life is too short.-- Ru

LADY LETTER CARRIER.

Enjoys That Distinction.

Boughter of a West Virginia Farmer

Uncle Sam has formally received into his service, as a United States mail carrier, the 18-year-old daughter of a West Virginia farmer. Miss Dora Wolfe had served a little apprenticeship to the duties with which she is now officially invested, by carrying the mail between Ripley and Sandyville, W. Va., during the illness of the former postman, and when the latter resigned she made successful application for the vacant position. The trip which she must make daily—one journey each way-between the above-named points is through a somewhat lonely region. Miss Wolfe makes it upon horseback. As her father, besides being a farmer, conducts a livery stable, she has good mounts at her disposal, and carries also two bags of mail. People have not yet quite accustomed themselves to the sight of the young letter carrier as she passes daily by their fields and farm houses from her home at Ripley and back again. No one would doubt the chivalry of the West Virginian mountaineers, especially when a handsome girl is concerned, but Miss Dora Wolfe always goes armed when she transports the United States mails in her charge, if merely as a measure of ordinary precaution.

NEARLY A BREAK DOWN.

Mrs. Olberg, a Prominent Minnesuta

Lady, Tells a Remarkable Story. Albert Lea, Minn., Nov. 19.—(Speclai)—There are few men and women in this state or indeed in the whole northwest, who have not heard, or do not know personally Mrs. Henriette C.

Olberg of this city. Mrs. Olberg was Judge of Linen and Linen Fabrics at the World's Fair, at Chicago, and Superintendent of Flax Exhibit at the International Exposition at Omaha, Nebraska, in 1898. Mrs. Olberg is Secretary of the National Flax, Hemp and Ramie Association.

and Assistant Editor of the "Distaff." Her official duties are naturally very onerous, and involve a great deal of traveling and living away from home. She says:

"During the World's Fair in Chicago, my official duties so taxed my strength, that I thought I would have to give them up. Through the continual change of food and irregular meal hours, and a poor quality of water, I lost my appetite, and became wakeful and nervous in the extreme. My Kidneys refused to perform their usual duties. One of my assistants advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. and sent for a box. I am pleased to say that I derived immediate and permanent benefit. I used three boxes, and feel ten years younger.

"I have great confidence in the effleacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and am always glad to speak a good word in their favor.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are weak women's best friend. All Dealers, 50 cepts a box.

Electric Road to Plateau.

An electric rack-railway has been built at Laon, France, to connect the railway station with an elevated plateau 672 feet above the station, where most of the inhabitants live. The overhead trolley system is used in combination with a rack-rail track. Ordinary street cars are used, seating forty passengers. The total cost of the line, which is a mile and a quarter long, was nearly \$90,000.

STATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,

LUCAS COURTY. Frank J. Chency makes outh that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Q. Sold by Druggista, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886

A. W. GLEASON

The "Newsle" Worth \$40,000.

During a period covering fourteen years, Thomas Dalzell, of Allegheny, Pa., has saved between \$10,000 and \$50,000 from the profits made in selling newspapers. He began when a 9year-old boy, saved his money, invested it until, at the present time, he probably stands at the head of the wealthy newsdealers in the country.-November Success.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what alls you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Hot Bath for Fatigue. When nervous, tired and irritable, get into a hot bath for a few momenta. then rub yourself down well and rest in bed from twenty minutes to onehalf hour. You will be surprised and pleased at the result.-American Journal of Health.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA. a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

In Use For Over 30 Years, The Kind You Have Always Bought,

The Myrch Tree.

Myrrh has been known from the earliest times, but only in the present century has the tree from which it comes been identified in Arabia and Persia.

IOI FOR OKLAHOMAI THE RIGHT CHIEF STREET

Are You Using Allen's Post-Rese Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet Corns and Hunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Very Dangerous "It's danj'us," said Uncle Eben, "to git into de way e' complainin'. A man kin allus stop workin' to kick, but it comes hand to stop kickin' to work."---Washington Star.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

In the archaic vase room at the British Museum anyone can gaze upon bables' feeding bottles of sun-baked clay which were antique when Joseph went into Egypt.

Thanksgiving Day.

If your system has been cleansed with Garfield Tea, you may be able to digest comfortably your Thanksgiving dinner.

The mineral output of Canada for 1899 was placed at \$37,000,000, of which \$21,019,000 was gold.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BRONG QUININE TABLETS, All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

Have you ever noticed how much in-

dividuality there is in a footstep? Piso's Cure for Consumpt.on is an infalitble medicine for coughs and colds. -- N. W. SAMUEL,

leean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1960. Speaking of has-beens, partridges are among the things that whir.

Some articles must be described. White's Yucatan needs no description; it's the real

Don't brood; a gnat of trouble soon becomes a camel of calamity. DON'T EXPERIMENT

With your health. Use Batt's Caps for Colds. Prompt cure guaranteed. 25c at druggis a He does not guard himself well who

Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gume, reduces for flammation, allays pain, cores wind cotic. He a bottle

is not always on his guard.

Good shoes and good gloves are the beginning of good dressing.

MARRIAGE PAPER.
Best Published FREE. J. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohlo. An indolent man is a dead loss to

himself. Coe's Cough Balsam to the oldest and best. It will break up a cald quicker can acything clos. It is always withhis. Try th.

He who laughs can commit no dead-PARREN'S HAIR BALBAN Is the favorite for dressing the hair and renewing its life and cotor, Himpuscousis, the best cure for corns. 15cts.

A great talker is a great liar.

ow that ris ever a man feels avenger.--Thores

Pen Picture for W

weak at my stomach and have gestion horribly, and palpitation the heart, and I am losing flesh headache and backsche nearly me, and yesterday I nearly had by ics; there is a weight in the lower of my bowels bearing down all time, and pains in my groins thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit and I believe I am diseased all over no one ever suffered as I do."

cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham attention daily. An inflamed and cerated condition of the neck of th womb can produce all of these symp



toms, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely us need of it. The subject of our por trait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams Englishtown, N.J., has been entire cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Con pound, and the guiding advice of Mus.

Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.
No other medicine has such a recor for absolute cures, and no other medi-cine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a ste Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pinks ham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your troubles. Her advice is free.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try

a delicious and healthful dessert. Pre pared in two minutes. No bolling! no baking! add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors: -- Lemon, Orange, Rasp. berry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. so ets.

FADED IN HER YOUTH

Pretty faces and graceful forms of young women! Why is it they are so soon replaced by plainness and lankness? It is because the young girl just entering into womanhood does not know how to take care of herself and has no one competent to instruct her. It is not necessary that there should be anything weakening or wearying about the ob-

ligations of a female organism. Parents of young girls should inform themselves and prevent their dear ones from making costly errors. That young woman has a just cause of complaint, who is permitted to believe that great periodic suffering is to be expected, that severe mysterious pains and aches are part of her natural experience as a woman. These things are making constant war on her health, her die-

more—it is criminal. Dr. Greene's NERVURA

position and her beauty. It is a wanton sacri-

fice, absolutely unnecessary and cruel. It is

for the Blood and Nerves Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerveremedy, is the right medicine for every young girl who is just entering the first stage of womanhood. It prepares the system in every way to act normaily. It enriches the blood supply, and keep the nerves calm and steady. Fortified with the great medicine, all the womanly duties may be undertaken and experienced without the slight est jeopardy to health. It preserves the gifts of nature and assists their development into glows

ing, healthful beauty. MRS. MARY FRANCES LYTER, of 3 Hunter Alley, Rochester, N. Y., says: I was very pale and delicate had no color, I took Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy,

and now I am well and strong, my face is plump cheeks red, and my complexion pure." MRS. WILLIAM BARTELS, 239 East 87th St. Hew York City, says:

"Dr. Greene's Nervura made a wonderful improve ment in my health, and that dark, sallow look left in face. My friends herdly know ms. I have gained flee The nervousness in women which invariab comes with pain is of itself certain to stop i development of beauty in face and figure.

cited nerves make sharp lines and hasty The beautiful curves which make w attractive are not possible when the female organism is out of order, surely is when discomfort and pain are always or even periodically It is only necessary to look in the faces of young women everywhere that this must be so. Else why are they so pale and thin?

GET FREE ADVIOE FROM DR.

Real beauty is rare. It belongs to perfect health. It is on who takes the matter in hand io, the great specialist in these s so, and show you how to avoid the a