"For that I may not wear my rose Fuil-cherished on my breast. I leave my rose upon the stalk At honor's high behest.

"For that I may not show my pearl In orbed moonlight fire. I leave it gleaming, fair and far, Unflawed by my desires.

"For that, through ban of cynic Fate, My love may not be mine In face of day, I go away. And leave my saint in shrine."

Thus spake her love ere that he went; The loved one bent her head And, shivering, "A shrine is cold And desolate," she said.



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house square. He does errands for doan' you, Mars Willie? Her mammy clerks, saddles borses and feeds them | gin her ter me de night after de for travelers, takes notes for young steamboat 'Liza Battle burn up close men to young ladies' homes, sweeps down yonder ter de sholes. out offices for doctors and lawyers, and builds fires for bachelors. I was one of his clients; and, as he had a gar games, he had been one of my nacks wid de munny you and Mars clients. I defended him once and he Alfred gin me 'n' puts 'em in her lap; got ninety days. He had been married kills er panter which was er follerin also, and I advised him to quit his her when she wuzzer pickin' will wife.

One morning Sam came to my room | den she tells me she wishes it was about daylight to build the fire. had not slept well during the night and was vexed because of such early intrusion. I rubbed my weary eyes a moment or so, and while he was piling on the hickory logs, I asked what in the name of Boneyards he was doing there so soon; and before he had time to answer I proceeded to give him instructions, along with a piece of an irritated mind, which were intended to arrest disturbances at such an hour in the future.

"Yassah, Mars Willie, I know'd you was gwinter raise de dickens, but ses to myse'f, I does, 'Mars Willie most likely des fume 'n 'raise Cain, but I ruther have him beat me dan have de cats stan' dare at my do' in de darknis' 'n' cuss me up an' down wusser'n er jay bird ever cuss er yaller hammer.' 'N' dat's what deyse been er doin' ever since fo' bed time -er sittin' in front er my do' spittin' out sulfous flah frum dey eyes an' hollerin' monstus words from dey moufs what de ol' Scratch teaches 'em to say. Dat's de reason I'se heah."

"Cats!" said I. "You afraid of cats? Mercy, what a coward! Why didn't you chuck 'em off or catch one and kill it? The others would have left you alone if you had murdered one of them. Afraid of cats! That is the reason of my being disturbed, eh?"

"Kill er cat? Lordy, Mars Willie, doan' you never do dat; nose'r des leav' 'em alone by deyselves, go on 'way frum 'em if dey pesters you, but doan' never kill air one dat's de goe-

"Miss Nancy (my mother's first name), she done rais' you chillun' up des like Ol' Miss rais' her-Miss Nancy tried fer ter do dat, bring 'em up in de right way. 'N' menny's been de time when your ma say to me, 'Sam, see Mahs Willie doin wrong, des tell him fer ter 'member his gran'pa what stood up 'n' shot de British wid Presidenner Jackson down yonder at N'Orleans,' 'n' dat's de reason I'm er tellin' you to let de cats erlone."

"What nave cats ever done to you that you should come here and deliver me a lecture about what mustn't do? Do you think I'm afraid of cats? You speak of them as if they were possessed of the evil spirit.



" know'd you was gwinter raise de

dickens,"

Nonsense! They can't harm you living and nothing dead ever harmed anybody."

He was silent for some moments, sitting there in front of the big hearth, which by this time was alive with coals. I knew he had some sort | Sallie, play for dat Yankee man from of story to tell and that he needed no Fillydelfy when he come down here, xing. Presently he said:

was workin' fer Mister Bailey, 'n' | when I shuts up de knif 'n' turns my you know, Mars Willie, I ain' had back, de debble-cat he try ter bite er nair streak er luck since. Des' mis'ry | piece out'n my lip, but er angel han' non top er mis'ry heapin' deyselves | swishes him erway 'n' den I leaves on top er one 'nuther tel' I wish I was | dat place 'n' comes on ter town, 'n'

Mant Aun 'n' me done been enat Mars Eli Thorn- "Yassir, but dat 'oman I married ica.

dam Knight, colored, free born and | ton's. She was er mighty sprightly honest, does odd jobs about the court 'n' lovely gal-you 'members her,

"I totes Mary Ann blackberries 'n shakes de plum trees fer her when de dew was er stannin' on de leaves jes predilection for "craps" and other vul- lik' hit been er rainin'; buys nickroses fer ber sister Em'line's grave-



"Dat cat whut I kill hope up on my back wid de eyes ob de debble."

slav'ry time 'n' I was er whi' man that owned her, 'n' all dat time she was just er growin' up like cotton when de June sun come er bilin down-but I down' say nuthin' tell she git goed and grown, when, ez tol' you, I asses her at de quiltin'. 'N' I'se so happy dat evenin', Mars Willie, I feels des if I dun tuk fo' drams and hit was er Sunday. We puts off de weddin' till cotton is pick'd.

"Well, one day I kills er cat 'n' dat night I has de stranges' dream, I does, bout Mary Ann. I know'd badness gwinter happen 'n' sho' nuff de very nex' day, back er de guardin, dar I seed her er sittin' on de groun talkin' wid dat yaller nigger Ike frum Mars Tom Campbell's place. I sez, 'Come erlong, Mary Ann, 'n' les git de cows, 'fo' dark,' but she jes' laff sho' her teef 'n' Ike he say: 'G'long, nigger; doan' you see de lady's engaged?

"I doan' say er word, but fo' I gits very fur in de paschur' dat cat whut I kills hops up on my back wid de eyes o' de debble in de head whut looks blue 'n' red 'n' green 'n' yaller all at de same time, 'n' says des as plain, 'Kill dat yaller gal; kill 'er Sam; kill her! Dar de knif' in yo' pockit-slash her tu de heart-she done flirt wid you, flirt wid you; now's de time; kill 'er, 'n' cyarve îke's heart outten him; cyarv him!' But jes' run, Mars Willie, 'cos I know'd I kwinter do powerful harm 'fi staid 'roun' de paschur. I gits erway from whar my eyes could see 'em. I doan' sleep nair er wink, 'n' nex' mornin', des es I was, er hitchin' up de mules fer to go atter wood, who should comeriong but Ike er holdin' Mary at 180 degrees. These differences are Ann's han's, 'n' she er wearin' de clo's Miss Martha dun gin her fer de weddin', 'n' she turn 'n' look at me impuden' lik' 'n' say, 'Dat's right, Sam: go fer de wood fer ter mak' de flahs! but me'n' Ike we gwine ter de fish fry,' 'n' as she walk off she kin'er turn 'n' say, ''Nn' Sam, here's dat brass ring o' your'n-I doan' want it no mo.' Ike, he gwinter gimme er

"De mules dey switchin' dey tails fer to keep de hossflys off'n 'em 'n' de debble-cat he hop up on my shoulder 'n' poke his bref in my facebref dat had fiah in hit, 'n' say, 'Kil em now, Eam! Kill 'em!' Des es l gits my knif out'n my pocket, dat still hold blood on it from whar I cut myself 'n' opens it, er voice des es plain as my voice is now, 'n' sweet as de planner is when yo' sister, Miss 'n' de voice say, ''Member dy Father "I kill er cat down yonder when I who are in Heaven, Sam,' 'n' den

> here I is." "Oh, but you are married now since dat big quiltin' day | Sam; what's the difference?"

dun tak up wid er passel er trash. 'fluenced by dat 'zorter from Knoxville, 'n' you tol' me to quit her." As I was dressing Sam stood in silent and oppressive meditation. Finally he asked:

"Mars Willie, ef you had er wife 'n' she tuk up wid wufflus trash, what'd you do?"

"Take a gun and kill somebody, probably," I replied. "Den 'fi kill er preacher, what de

judge gwinter do wid me?" "Order you hanged, most likely." He almost dropped the stick of wood he was about to place on the dog-irons. Turning abruptly, he se-

verely asked: "Look here, Mars Willie, what sorter 'torney is you, anyhow?" and as he got no response, mumbled between his teeth, "Dat's de cat's doin's, givin' dat sort 'vice; dat's de cat's doin's; dat's de cat's doin's," and he kept on with the words as he opened the door and walked away.

KITE-FLYING IN THE EAST.

In Oriental Countries the Sport is a

National Pastime. Home-made kites satisfy the American boy and afford him lots of fun, but it is strange that he does not invent an artistic and national kite, such as they have in Japan, China and Korea, where all the flyers have a meaning. A figure of an eagle or of Uncle Sam with his arms outstretched would be quite imposing.

In all these oriental countries kiteflying is a national pastime and thousands of people on holidays gather upon the hills and watch the sport.

In China the sport ends on the ninth month in a festival called "ascending of their photographs, but now this on high." In Japan and Korea the boys only fly their kites for fifteen | to them. days out of the entire year.

But kite-flying in these countries is quite secondary to kite-fighting. The fighting machines are made on rectangular bamboo frames covered with paper and have a hole in the middle. They have no tails and the strings are of silk dipped in fish glue and powdered with porcelain. The moment two kites' strings are crossed, no matter if one belongs to royalty itself, the player must let out his line. The string that is drawn tight is sure to be cut through. The instant a kite is cut down it is seized by the small boys in the streets.

Gould's Watered Stock.

Jay Gould was a resident of Rut land, Vt., for a year or two in the early fifties, when he was engaged in the construction of the old Rutland and Washington Railroad, now a part of the Delaware and Hudson system. and the following anecdote concerning him is told by an old citizen of that place who was employed by Mr. Gold at the time.

In the building of the roadhed it was necessary to use a dozen or more teams of oxen for hauling purposes. One hot day in midsummer the oxen were suffering greatly from the intense heat, and one animal had succumbed, when Gould, noticing their the cattle to the Castleton River and cool them with water to avoid further deaths among them.

"This," says the old resident, "was the first instance I ever heard of when Jay Gould watered his stock."

Newspapers Came High. When Cy Warman, "the poet of the rail," was traveling through Bonanza Valley, near Dawson City, a short time after the discovery of gold in the Klondike, he passed a young man with a heavy pack of papers on his back. Some men were working their claims near by, up on the slopes of the hills,

"Now and then," said Cy Warman, "the young fellow stopped, put his hand to the side of his mouth, and shouted up to the men 'N'Yor-r-k 'n S'attle papers!' in orthodox newsboy

"I asked him how he sold them. 'Fifty cents for Seattle an' a dollar for New York,' he replied. He had two hundred papers, and expected to clear a hundred dollars on the trip, which would take him three days."

Boiling Point of Water.

Water boils at different tempera tures, according to the elevation of the sea-level. In London water boils practically at 212 degress Fahr.; in Munich, in Germany, at 2091/2 degrees; in the city at Mexico at 200 degrees; and in the Himalayas, at an elevation of 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, caused by the varying pressure of the atmosphere at these points.

Crown Gems of Rare Worth. The Russian crown jewels constithe largest collection in the world. Priceless stones are each year added to it. From time to time immemorial the Eastern princes under the dominion of Russia have brought gorgeous gifts to the zar, and from the East have come wonderful jewels, which have accumulated year by year.

Because She Smiled. Because she smiled he went away Brave hearted to his work that day: His petty cares were all forgot, He hurried on with one glad thought: His task became joy giving play, He did not know the sky was gray; to him the world was bright and gay: By splendid hopes his breast was

man was made from hopeless clay-Because she smiled. -New York Herald.

Finns Love Liberty. Since the decree of the Czar in 1899 depriving the people of Finland of their constitutional liberty, 150,000 Finns have come to the United States. Newcomers are looked out for by the Finnish Exiles' Club, at Battery Park, New York. Ten per cent of Finnland's

NEW USE FOR ALUMINUM.

It Replaces Wood in the Making of Bobbins for Factories.

According to La Metallurgie, at a recent meeting of the "Societe d'Encouragement pour l'Industre National," an interesting paper was read on the substitution of aluminum for wood in the machinery of spinning mills, reports Consul Guenther. In the textile industries-spinning, dyeing, and silk weaving, among others-a wooden bobbin is generally used. This is cheap and easily worked, but it has many drawbacks. Being very hygrometric, it suffers from variations of temperature; this accounts for the fact that in spinning factories where the atmosphere is full of humidity the bobbins revolve irregularly, causing jerks which slacken the speed and occasion the threads to break. The result is waste of stuff and loss of time in joining the threads again. It has been proposed to substitute aluminum for wood. Bobbins made of this metal revolve in any temperature and any degree of humidity; their relative lightness (five aluminum bobbins weigh no more than two wooden ones) allows the machines carrying them to move more quickly, or an equal speed may be obtained at less expense of motive power; finally, the smaller volume of the bobbin diminishes the cost of transport. It was stated that several firms had adopted the use of aluminum bobbins and had found that they possessed many advantages.

Quite a Loss to Actresses.

Popular actresses made in the past from \$300 to \$1,500 a year on the sale source of revenue is altogether lost

"I," said a popular actress, "drew from my photographer, up to ten years ago, a regular annual income of \$800. I was under contract to pose only for him; he had the exclusive sale of my pictures, and on each picture that he sold he paid me a royalty.

"That is the way it used to be with all popular actresses. They signed papers to the effect that they would pose only for one photographer, and he signed papers to the effect that he would pay them a royalty on each of their pictures that he sold. Thus they made easily from \$5 to \$25 a week.

"No such pleasant condition exists to-day. The change is due to that perfecting in the half tone process whereby the magazines, the weeklies and the newspapers can reproduce photographs beautifully."-New York Telegram.

Road Built in a Day.

Lothian road, a prominent street in Edinburgh, was made in a single day. Sir James Clerk of Peniculk bet with a friend that he would between sunrise and sunset prepare the line of road, extending nearly a mile in length by twenty paces in breadth. It happened to be in the winter season, when many men were unemployed. He had no difficulty in collecting several hundreds

condition, ordered the drivers to take of these on the ground at the appointed time, when he gave them all a plentiful breakfast of porter, whisky and bread and cheese, after which, just as the sun rose, he ordered them to set to work, some to tear down inclosures, others to unroof and demolish cottages and a considerable portion to bring earth to fill up a great hollow to the required height. The inhabitants, dismayed at so vast a force and so summary a mode of procedure, made no resistance. So active were the workmen that before sunset the road was sufficiently formed to allow Sir James to drive his carriage over it.

WRONG TRACK

Had To Switch.

Even the most careful person is apt to get on the wrong track regarding food sometimes and has to switch

When the right food is selected the host of ails that come from improper food and drink disappear, even where the trouble has been of lifelong stand-

"From a child I was never strong and had a capricious appetite and was allowed to eat whatever I fancied -rich cake, highly seasoned food, hot biscuit, etc.-so it was not surprising that my digestion was soon out of order and at the age of twenty-three was on the verge of nervous prostration. I had no appetite and as I had been losing strength (because I didn't get nourishment in my daily food to repair the wear and tear on body and brain) I had no reserve force to fall back on. lost flesh rapidly and no medicine helped me.

"Then it was a wise physician ordered Grape-Nuts and cream and saw to it that I gave this food (new to me) a proper trial and it showed he knew what he was about, because I got better by bounds from the very first That was in the summer and by winter I was in better health than ever before in my life, had gained in flesh and weight and felt like a new person altogether in mind as well as body. all due to nourishing and completely digestible food, Grape-Nuts.

"This happened three years ago and never since then have I had any but perfect health, for I stick to my Grape-Nuts food and cream and still think it delicious. I eat it every day. I never tire of this food and I can en- in the newspapers for advertising. joy a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream when nothing else satisfies my appetite and it's surprising how sustained and strong a small saucerful will en by Postum Ce., Battle Creek, Mich

True food that carries one along and "there's a reason." Grape-Nuts 10 days proves big things.

population of 2,000,000 is now in Amer-Wellville," in each pkg.



A burst of blue, your eyes and you; The sunlight and a cloud or two! The birds, the bees, the waving trees, The shadows racing o'er the leas-And you!

Money.

Money was made to be subservient to man. To-day man is subservient to money.

The love of money has lost man honor and woman virtue. It has instigated murder and propagated living deaths. There are no depths so deep that greed will not sink to their levels for gain. Let us beware, then, lest our love of Mammon lead us away from our better and truer selves into ignominy and disgrace.

Money, once upon a time, made the mare go, but modern spenders exchange it for gasoline.

Every man that has much money scoffs at its value—but he keeps the money.

A New York scientist says the human body completely returns to dust and is renewed, atom by atom, once every year. That accounts for the divorces. A man marries an angel and finds, in a year, she has changed to a Xantippe. Can anything be plainer?

According to a Missouri paper, a young man of that vicinity recently asked a girl to marry him. She replied: "I will ask you to wait a few days for my answer; but don't you make any other arrangements until you see me again."



"FATHER" WAITS If Time were a man would it wait for woman?

Macomb (Ill.) Bystander-A Russian nobleman has married a Chicago girl whose pictures look like one of the Bystander girls. Every once in a while some handsome and worthy young fellow comes along and takes one of the Bystander girls and goes to housekeeping with her, but we draw the line on foreign noblemen. If ever one comes fooling around this office we will have the office boy kick him clear across the public square.

This is too good to get away, and besides we cannot write all the jokes and run a kitten-britches factory, too: In New York the other day some boys espied this sign in the window of a taffor shop:

Twenty-five Dollars Reward Will Be Paid for any Damage to This Property.

They promptly broke all the glass in

sight.

Make a kow-tow to Johnny Murphy, the Chicago newsboy. Recently in Chicago John became the "champeen" "polper" seller in "de entoi'e wolld," hawking 1,160 "uxtries" in two and one-half hours at the corner of State and Madison streets. He defeated "Noodles," the record breaker of New York, by almost 300 papers. Johnny Murphy is a product of Chicago's

It is needless to say that this is from a Kansas exchange: "The Wichita Eagle tells of a tuberculosis young man who had but one lung, but who now has three. He married the other two. One can acquire almost any desired quantity of anything by living in Kansas."

Newsboys' Alley. Hail to the king!

An editor, a country editor, of course, came home the other night and told his wife he had seen a butterfly with a garter-snake in its mouth! This was the first inkling the wife had ever received that he was "hitting" the gasoline can. The editor has since signed the pledge.

The theater managers of New York City have abolished all window lithographs, banners and "snipe" posters. New York is therefore a much neater looking city. There is plenty of room

"Why is a hen unlike an editor?" asks an exchange. We give it up. unless it's because she has wings make one feel for hours." Name giv- while the editor has to get along in his shirt sleeves! What's the joke?

A cheering smile from the woman he loves will do more of a morning to Get the little book, "The Road to bolster a man against the knocks of business than quarts of spring tonic.

OFFERED INCENSE IN VAIN.

Woman's Flattery Not Appreciated by Gifted Professor.

Barrett Wendell, professor of Engtish at Harvard, cannot endure fulsome praise of any sort or in any disguise. This is well known to Cambridge undergraduates, and seldom do any of them offend. At summer schools, where he is in great demand as a lecturer, he does not escape so easily.

A year or so ago he gave a course in English literature at the University of California. At the first meeting of the class he asked the members to state in writing t benefits they expected to gain from the course. Many filled their papers with laudatory reference to Prof. Wendell, but one young woman far surpassed all others. "I have long worshiped you from

afar off," she began, "and now come to sit at your feet and sip inspiration from your gifted lips." Prof. Wendell read the paper at the next meeting of the class with this

caustic comment: "I have never known of a woman making such a fool of herself on a

SAVED CHILD'S LIFE.

lingle page before."

Romarkable Cure of Dropsy by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sedgwick, Ark., July 11.—The case

of W. S. Taylor's little son is looked upon by those interested in medical matters as one of the most wonderful on record. In this connection his father makes the following statement: "Last September, my little boy had Dropsy; his feet and limbs were swollen to such an extent that he could not walk nor put his shoes on. The treatment that the doctors were giving him seemed to do him no good and two or three people said his days were short, even the doctors, two of the best in the country told me he would not get better. I stopped their medicine and at once sent for Dodd's Kidney Pills. I gave him three Pills a day, one morning, noon and night for eight days; at the end of the eighth day the sweiling was all gone, but to give the medicine justice, I gave him eleven more Pills. I used thirty-five Pills in all and he was entirely cured. I consider your medicine saved my child's life. When the thirty-five Pills were given him, he could run, dance and sing, whereas before

Curious Parochial Custom. Before entering on the parochial du-

be was an invalid in his mother's arms

from morning until night."

ties of their annual meeting the assembled vestrymen of St. John's, Exeter, England, take each a pinch of snuff from a box which is handed round to them with much solemnity. This act of good fellowship is carried out in accordance with the wishes of the Rev. J. Hill, rector of the parish in 1810, who gave the snuff box for the

Dusky Admirer of Chamberlain. E. B. Sweet-Escott, C. M. G., governor of the Seychelles, tells a story which should have interest for Mr. Chamberlain. One of the latter's greatest admirers was, it seems, ex-King Prempeh of Ashantee, who carried his admiration far enough to order a complete suit of clothes like those worn by the ex-colonial secre-

BTATE OF ORIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, | 68. FRANK J. CHENRY makes outh that he to senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENRY & Co., doing aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of GATARBH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATABBE CURS. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my pres-

tary, plus an eyeglass

ence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON SEAL NOTARY PUBLIC. Hait's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Totedo, Q. Sold by all Druggists, 73c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Practical Demonstration. "Oh, how could you!" exclaimed the

fair maid, who had been kissed unexpectedly. "It will afford me pleasure to show

you," calmly replied the audacious

Wherely he proceeded more slowly.

young man.

Important to Methers. 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,

Cat Walked Long Distance Home. A cat belonging to Mrs. Grant Griswold, who moved to Norfolk, Conn., from Winsted about one month ago was missed from its new home in Norfolk last week and later appeared at its old home in Winsted, having walked fully ten miles.

This Will Interest Mothers. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms, Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Annihilated. Teacher-Tommy, can you tell us which birds are extinct? Tommy-Yes, ma'am. The dodo and

the dove of peace. Hundreds of dealers say the extra quantity and superior quality of Defiance Starch is fast taking place of all other brands. Others say they can-

People would get along better if they didn't all expect to gather roses without pricking their fingers with the thorns.

not sell any other starch.