

The March of Men. (By Charles Buxton Goring.) If you could cut away the pain, And let the joys alone remain...

At The Junction.

Julian Grove, burdened with a heavy suitcase and an humbled pride, descended the steps of the yellow dandy...

The Junction train had run down to meet the neighborhood, and when that heavy express had gone tearing into the distance...

Julian preferred the winter sunlight and the crisp air to the lifeless heat of the big stove and the reek of many bodies.

He felt that he needed to be watered, for in his heart he believed the faults to be few. There was grave danger that he might forget again that he was the offender...

There was an accent on the "might" that left the matter in doubt, and Julian felt that it behooved him to keep vividly in mind what Lottie declared to be his offenses.

Only one girl remained behind to walk briskly up and down the platform. With a glad cry of surprise Julian hurried toward her.

"What are you doing here, Lottie?" he asked, as he took her hand in his. "Where are you going?" she countered.

"I was running down to town to see you," he explained. "And to think of finding you here, on your way to London."

Julian's face darkened. "I wish you'd make up now," he pleaded. "The fact that we met each other here at the Junction proves that it was meant by fate that we should be friends again."

"For a moment the girl hesitated. She had meant to keep Julian on the anxious seat for a few weeks, but now that he was coming penitent and conquered, she felt that perhaps it would be well to surrender before he should change his mind.

"It does seem a little like the working of fate," she admitted. "Here I go out of town to visit in Peltonville and you are on your way to town to see me. You are waiting at the Junction for a train that is late, and I am left behind by my train."

"Then accept the omen and say that you will make up," he urged. "We can go back to town and pick out the ring and then we'll come back to London and tell the folks."

"For another tense moment Lottie hesitated, then she nodded and Julian gave a shout of joy. "There's the whistle of our train," he cried. "I'll hurry in and get you a ticket back to town."

He hurried into the station wondering if he could not kiss Lottie even though the other waiting passengers might wonder. When he had gone Lottie dug into the snow bank with her shoe tip and presently some bits of pasteboard fluttered into the hole in the snow.

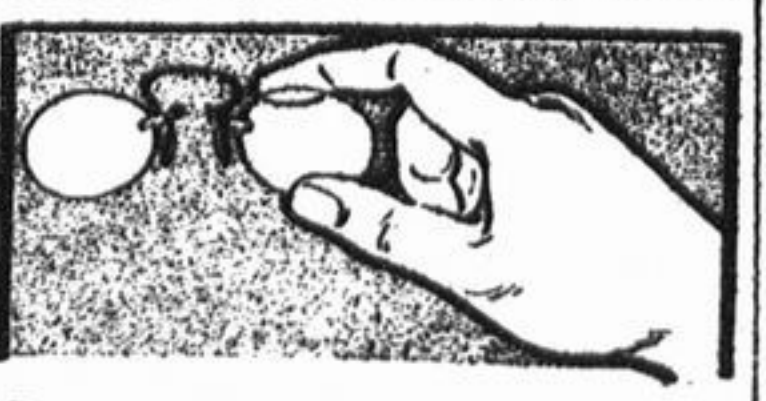
"I'm glad that he didn't know that I was on my way to give in," said Lottie half aloud. "It will be hard enough, anyway, to manage him without letting him know that." Grace Kendrick, in the New Haven Register.

The Country's Resources. According to governmental statistics the area of this country, including Alaska, is equal to all Europe, approximately. In unappropriated lands we have 754,895,840 acres awaiting settlement or development, and our developed water power is 5,357,000 horsepower.

Moderate of a Great Man. The modesty of a great man of science is shown in the relations between Darwin and his publisher, John Murray. When he sent to his publisher the famous "Origin of Species," Darwin wrote: "It may be conceited but I believe the subject will interest the public, and I am sure that the views are original. If you think otherwise, I must repeat my request: that you will freely reject my work."

Step Inside, Please. We recall the story of the negro porter who, having requested a well-known politician to move inside the Pullman, was asked slyly whether a platform wasn't made to stand on. "No, sah," the darky twinkled, "a platform is made to sit in on, sah."

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Danger in Eye Postures. Do not pollute an eye in any circumstances whatever. Blinding a eye, application over the eye for several hours must damage that eye, the assertions of those professing to have personal experience in this to the contrary notwithstanding.

Caught Live Fox with Coat. Catching a fox alive with an overcoat is a feat performed by David Cline, a member of the Fox Hunt Club of Winston Salem, N. C. After a long and exciting chase Mr. Cline and six hounds had tired Reynard out, and on doubling the fox came so near Mr. Cline that he threw his long overcoat over the animal and succeeded in capturing it just before the dogs arrived.—Far News.

The Ice and Oats of It. "What is all that racket going on down in the lot?" "Jim was breaking in the little mare—"

These Withering Glasses. "I generally read the paper on the way to and from the office," said the importantly busy young man. "I used to, myself," said the oldtimer, "before I got hardened to the looks of the girl straphangers."—Kansas City Times.

Do you know anything at all about Booth's Balm the Antiseptic Healing Ointment? If not, then it's high time you did. Booth's Balm is an absolute necessity in hundreds of thousands of the best homes in America.

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What Troubled Him. When about to leave town one day a certain elderly bishop, a bachelor, who was especially fond of his bath, gave strict orders to the housemaid about his "bath-tub," and told her not to allow any one to use it.

HYOMEI. Cures catarrh or money back. Just breathe it in. Complete outfit, including inhaler \$1. Extra bottles 50c. Druggists.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS. (Continued from Page One.) Ditwig of the Seventh Regiment are at Camp Deneen, Eight, with the rest of the I. N. G. boys.

Downers Grove was proud of her violinists, Ambrose, Sacksteder and Wolfersheim. It is rare to find three violinists so gifted in one village as these young men proved to be at the Auditorium last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Adams, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, spent a few days in Downers Grove last week with Mrs. Gill, of Foote street. They were married in Winnipeg on July 7th, and are on their honeymoon, and left for Detroit Saturday night, and will return to Winnipeg by boat.

On Tuesday evening a school of instruction was held under the auspices of Vesta Chapter, No. 242, O. E. S., at which Mrs. J. C. White, Grand Lecturer, was the instructor. The officers of Vesta Chapter are so proficient in the work that but few corrections were necessary.

When I was a child it was my great ambition to become a lion-tamer. But my mamma wouldn't let me. And then it was my ambition to become a detective. My papa's best friend was the chief of police, and through his influence I obtained a position as detective.

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The Inspector in the electric light plant received word that a wire was down on a crowded street. He hurried to the spot, and found the bystander handling the broken wire in a very careless manner.

Have Designs on People. Bill—I understand the inhabitants of the Marquesas islands have designs on a lot of people. Jill—Are they warlike? "Oh, I don't know, but they are considered among the most expert tattooers on earth."—Yonkers States.

Red Was Remiss. "Why is that naughty Miss Laburnum so prejudiced against everything red?" "Don't you know? Her father made his fortune selling circus leopards."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ABUSES IN PRISONS. Mrs. Maybrick Talks on Brutal Treatment of Prisoners. "There are relics of barbarism in American prisons still," said Mrs. Florence Maybrick, in a talk at the first annual luncheon of the League for Political Education, at the Hotel Astor, says the New York Tribune.

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Town Booming Helps V.—Where is Your Talent? Remember the case of the man who took his talent, wrapped it in a napkin and buried it? Not only did his master punish him for his folly, but his conduct has become a byword.



WHO SENDS HIS MONEY OUT OF TOWN TO BUY FROM MAIL ORDER HOUSES. The man who buried his talent at least had the talent to show for it. If we all spent our money out of town in a short time we would have nothing to show for it except BANKRUPTCY NOTICES.

WALKING IN THE RAIN. We ought to be out in the rain more than we are and to take the "same pleasure in it that the thirsty plants take, the London Times says. Even in London one can feel some of the delight of rain in the parks and it is pleasant to see the trees and flowers getting a washing and to hear country boys try sounds and small country accents among them.

No Money to Burn. "The meanest man we ever had in our town was Jake Bond," said Mr. Wilson, with an air of finality. "Yes, sir, he was the meanest. Ever hear what he used to do with the fire his last days, when he was so riddled with rheumatism he couldn't get out?"

Army Convict an Inventor. Lieutenant Edward Gottlieb left the United States army at New York a convicted felon with a five-year term in prison ahead of him for the misuse of funds.

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