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The True and The False

No, not a court, an army, a legion of angels... the highest summoned him by a ray.

And then his sorrow and remorse, and bitter, bitter disappointment! that was the most severe, most insufferable of all.

True, much of all this had been written in letters to him, but what can be done in such a case, could it demonstrate the power of a feeling that it required a lifetime to live out?

But now! Oh! it is a passing bitter thing for death to step in between us and our late remorse; a bitter, a severe, an insupportable, a crushing punishment!

Yes! it was true. In the midst of his glorious struggle, the champion of political righteousness had been stricken down with a mortal illness.

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly. His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

NOW: To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

friends gathered around him. In their arms he was raised, and he lay dying.

The fatal intelligence found Mrs. Hunter cheerfully occupied at her writing-table in her morning-room at the hotel.

And after a few days she prepared to take him to Howlet Hall. The doctors remonstrated; but he repeated his brief, expressive phrase, "Home, Augusta," and could stand his ground.

And upon this fatal day Mrs. Hunter, gracefully wrapped in an elegant negligee, sat bending over her writing table.

And so he sat, with affectionate diligence, bending over her work, the long black ringlets, rich and abundant still, though here and there a silver thread gleamed undisturbed amid their blackness.

And Mrs. Hunter, supposing it to be a waiter, with a message or card, or some such matter, she had not looked up from her work of arranging the papers.

And a quiet, gentlemanly-looking person, clothed in black, entered, bowing, and somewhat deprecatingly advanced into the room.

Surprised at the uninvited, unannounced intrusion of a stranger, the lady arose, and with one hand resting upon the table, she looked up at the stranger with a questioning eye.

"Mother—dear mother—dear, dearest mother!" she cried, and she rushed to her feet, and she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and she kissed her.

For many, many hours, Daniel Hunter lay insensible, and for many days there came no word of him.



TO THE EDITOR

Sir—Mr. Geo. H. Barr, a member of my staff, who was official referee of butter and cheese at Montreal last season, in speaking of his work at the recent dairy convention held at Pictou, Ont., made the statement that "only 2 per cent. of the cheese which he examined were No. 1 grade."

As Mr. Barr explained in his statement, he examined less than half of 1 per cent. of cheese received at Montreal during the season, and further, as he was asked to examine only those lots which had been consigned by the purchasers it is not surprising that only 2 per cent. were first grade.

FROZEN MILK

Method of Preservation Yet to Be Tested on Large Scale.

Whenever milk is scarce in the cities somebody comes along and suggests that it be shipped from distant points in a frozen condition.

This idea has been frequently suggested during the past years, but it does not seem to be coming into practical use. The latest suggestion is that the fresh milk should be frozen by submerging the sealed cans in brine chilled far below the melting point of ice.

Dry Farming

(Christian Endeavor Weekly)

Every American should be greatly interested in the wonderful advance of possibilities for the West owing to the discovery that much of the land heretofore thought to be arid can be farmed with great profit without irrigation.

MISSOURI SALE BILL 61 YEARS AGO

State of Missouri, County of Pike, To whom it may concern: The undersigned will Tuesday, September 29, A. D. 1846, sell at public outcry for cash on premises, where Coon Creek crosses on the Missouri road, the following chattels, to-wit: Nine yoke of oxen with yoke and chain, two wagons with beds, three nigger benches, four buck niggers, twenty-five steel traps, one barrel pickled catfish, one hoghead of tobacco, one lot nigger hoes, one spinning wheel, loom, three foxhounds, a lot of con, mink and skunk skins and a lot of other articles. Am gone to California.

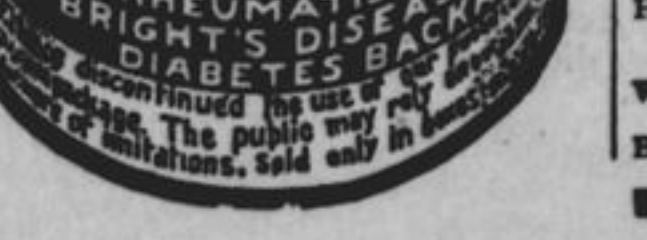
HERD OF 20,000 SHEEP

Moved to Winter Range in Utah Under Heavily Armed Escort.

Under the escort of a small sized army of heavily armed men combined herds of 20,000 sheep are being driven from the summer ranges in Montrose County, Col., to the winter ranges in Utah.

A Hundred Years to Come

When will you sit the birds that sing. A hundred years to come. The flowers that now in beauty spring. A hundred years to come.



THE TALLPOT PALM OF CEYLON GROWS TO THE HEIGHT OF A HUNDRED FEET, AND ITS LEAF IS SO LARGE THAT IT WILL COVER FROM SIXTEEN TO TWENTY MEN LIKE AN UMBRELLA.

whatsoever and frequently in the past attempts to drive across a cattle range have resulted in assaults on the herds, murders and the wholesale slaughter of sheep as a warning that the offences must not be repeated.

Great Forest Reserves of Nevada

The national forest reserve in Nevada now reaches the enormous total of 8,528,479 acres, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The total acreage of the State, including water surface, is something over 71,000,000.

Merely An Inquiry

What has become of the old fashioned man? Who could edit a paper on this snipie that Of NOT asking the question which always began: "What has become of the old fashioned man?"

Locating Him

"Where's the man that's at the bottom of this fuss?" demanded the policeman, forcing his way into the centre of the excited crowd.

Seasonable Rhyme

Seasonable. In proper season, off one seas, On seas, the heavy seas on; In heavy seas, one never sees The proper thing to seize on.

Be Ready

In times of peace prepare for war, When baby's sleeping, O beware! Have slippers and your skin guards near, For when you run to soothe the dear, You're apt to strike a rocking chair.

Like All Women

"Is your wife of the same opinion still?" "She is of the same opinion, but not still."—March Smart Set.

Uncle Allen

"There wouldn't be half so much trouble in this world," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "if the people who ought to be listening didn't insist on doing all the talking."

Fond of Variety

A Young Irish man, who was a believer in the variety that is the spice of life, surprised every one by bringing a suit against her inoffensive spouse. When questioned by the judge as to the cause of the legal separation, she said: "When Mike married me he swore he would die for me, and—and he hasn't died yet!"—Exchange.

The Ruling Domestic

Caller—I am so sorry your mistress is out. Do you think she will be at home this evening? Maid—She'll have to be; it's my night out.

What's in a Name?

Reed—Is that a fact that you have given your automobile a name? Green—Yes, named it after my wife. "Because it is unmanageable." "No; because it is always running people down."—Yonkers Statesman.

Joys of Winter

My blood is thin, and so am I; I've no fat as a buffer, Against the cold, and that is why To some extent, I suffer. My flat has insufficient steam, Of summer I don't fondly dream, I like this winter weather. —Chicago News.



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On the Elevated

"Judge, you always ride in the smoker, yet you never smoke." "Yes, if I go into one of the other cars I might crowd some tired person out of a seat. In here it doesn't make a difference whether I do or not."

Keating Cool

The 300-pound renter on the sixteenth floor looked about for the fire escape, the elevators having stopped running and the smoke forbidding the use of the stairs. "At last he found it. "Pretty blamed narrow escape," he said. But he managed to squeeze through it.