Love's Second Degree

By D. H. TALMADGE

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This is a bit of plain history, and the reader whose mental appetite craves adventures flavored with the essence of heroism and self-sacrifice will save himself disappointment by passing it by. It is, it may be said, the plainest of plain history.

John Delwin, the hero, is a man who sells groceries. Formerly he was an ordinary boy of numerous freckles, then a delivery clerk in the village store of which he was later part owner. His life, so far as his acquaintances can judge, has been a pelgim from the beginning.

When he married Emma Minkler he wore the customary black, and the bride was attired in the customary white, and congratulations upon the happy event were many and sincere, just as the village newspaper said. So far as is known no hearts were broken or even bruised in the case. John had no rivals. Nor had Emma. He wanted a good sensible wife. She wanted a good sensible husband. They were married. Everybody was, satisfied.

Theirs was the most commonplace of courtings. He escorted her home from church one night, and they stood for a time at the front gate while the little god of love performed his duty. They did not realize the solemnity of the occasion, otherwise he would have talked less fluently of butter and eggs, and she would have subdued her references to the starching and ironing of shirts.

It was fate.

John said to himself that there was a girl who was practical, a girl well calculated to comfort a man who worked for his daily bread. Emma said to herself (mark the coincidence) that here was a man who was practical, a man who wasted his brain tissue with no trivial subjects of thought. And from that moment the compact between them was virtually sealed.

A year passed before he asked her to share his fortunes. Scarcely an instant passed before he received his answer. He kissed her then, and they were very happy.

"John," said she, as they parted that night, "engaged couples are different from unengaged ones. Come and see me often, John, for I shall be lonesome without you. Come Monday, Tuesday and the other days."

"I'll do it," said John, trying to remember a couplet he had laboriously committed to memory; "I'll—I'll do it."

"Do," said she.

"O, I will," said he.

Thus it came about that whenever business was a bit slack in the store John girded up his apron, which bore a saleratus brand upon its bib, and went forth to call briefly upon Emma. And he never failed to find her busy with household work, her round white arms bared to the elbows, her fingers often bedecked with the dabs of dough, her face flushed by the heat of the kitchen fire. And he said to himself fervently, in much the same spirit that characterizes the stock burst of gratitude in the more thrilling of love tales, "What a prize I've won!" and "O, a girl she is! O my!" And he walked upon air in his leaden deliberate way straight to the wedding day.

Emma was not beautiful. She was not witty. She possessed not those qualities which throughout the pages of a questionable literature have made woman at once the despair and joy of the masculine heart. John understood this and gloried in it. He himself had not been a success at holding up one end of even a five minutes' conversation with the more dashing of the girls who attended the church socials. He rather feared these girls. He was never able to quite free himself from the suspicion that they were making fun of him. He pitied the brilliant young chaps whom they married.

And it was so also with Emma. The brilliant young chaps [adjective used in the purely complimentary sense] voted her dead dull without a dissenting voice. They said she was a cheese, whatever that may be in the human form. She was utterly without power to set the strings of the gilded male harps in motion. And she sniffed in her sensible solid way, declaring that she hoped the Lord would have mercy

"What a prize I've won!"

on the poor creatures that married them—with the emphasis strongly on the pronoun.

So she was married to John, and John was married to her, and, as has been stated, everybody was satisfied.

Another year passed, during which John builded a square dwelling with no nonsense about it, and set a row of hard maples along the front walk, and purchased a cow. Then he bought a simple wicker perambulator and opened a ledger account with the leading doctor.

Life for the blissful couple was on in real earnest, and life in real earnest is a pretty serious matter.

It was then that the covering of the ideals began to loosen in places and fall off. By the end of one more year the process was complete. John graduated at the cost of living. Emma neglected her household duties. He discovered with a shock that the cooking was badly done and that the house was badly kept. He uttered a hoarse note of complaint, and was momentarily paralyzed by the sight of Emma shedding great soaking tears. He had thought her superior to such petty weakness.

Matters did not improve during the next year. They unimproved. John's business affairs went wrong. It was the year of panic, and collections were difficult to make. Instinct prevented him from groaning in the market place, hence he brought his groans home and discharged them in an avalanche at his wife.

Then John failed. He came home one night, and sat for a long time beside a cobweb in a corner of the sitting room, staring with wide unseeing eyes at the picture of Garfield upon the wall, saying nothing, heedless of the food upon the table.

Emma sat in the kitchen, rocking

"What! You say that!"

ceaselessly, their child asleep in her arms. She knew what had happened. A glance at John had told her all she cared to be told.

So the minutes became hours, and the fire died out, and a chill came into the air. The clock struck nine. John spoke.

"Em," said he, "it's all over."

"I know it," she returned. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I'm clean discouraged—beat. I'm a poor stick."

"You are," she agreed promptly.

He started violently. "What!" he cried. "You say that? I reckon, madam, I'm as much of a success as you—you that deceived me—that lured me to marry you under false pretenses! You that made out to be helping your ma so good with the housework! You that run whenever you saw me coming and put on your apron and rolled up your sleeves and dabbled your hands with flour or grabbed up a flatiron! You—O, I know all about it! I should think you'd have been ashamed of yourself, letting your ma do all the work while you just lazed round! I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself this minute sitting there on that floor that hain't been swept for a week! Did you think I wouldn't find you out? O, you deceiver you!"

He arose to his feet, excitedly pacing from one room to the other; then paused, an expression of surprise and bewilderment in his eyes, for Emma was smiling at him through tears.

"John," she demanded, quietly, "who told you that?"

"I overheard your pa telling Squire Wigham," he said, "and they seemed to think 'twas the best joke ever was. But it hurt me fearful-and rolled me up. You've no idea how it rolled me up, Em!"

"Yes, I have, John," said she. "Mercy! Do you think I'm blind and deaf? But it wasn't so bad as pa made it out to be, honest, it wasn't. Just once I run and put on an apron and rolled up my sleeves to deceive you, and that time 'twas because I'd torn a big hole in the front of my dress and the sleeves were all stained up with raspberry juice. Pa was always teasing me about it afterwards. He thinks he's an awful rich joker, pa does. And as for my failing to keep house good for you, John, there wasn't any trouble till baby came, and then I didn't have time nor strength to do it, and you couldn't afford to hire help, and you wouldn't tell me why, and—and—O, John!"

She placed the child in its cradle, and with deliberate impulsiveness threw her arms about John's neck. His arm slowly wound itself about her waist.

"We're just as foolish as—as the fools, John," she sobbed.

"Fooler," declared he, decidedly. "I hain't given you a fair shake, Em. I'm going to be different."

They were silent for an interval—an interval of close, wordless communion such as in the popular love tales precedes the marital state, but never accompanies it. Emma broke the silence at last with a whisper.

"John, I'm awful sorry about the store."

"Don't you worry about that," said John. "I'm no worse off than lots of others. It don't fret me a mite—not a mite, Em."

Then he turned up the lamp and rekindled the fire and drew the curtains, and they sat down comfortably with beaming faces to tea and muffins just as the clock struck ten.

Gamekeeper's Tip $250.

The position of head gamekeeper to an English country gentleman who habitually has shooting parties is a most valuable one, for even the most humble of the invited guests is expected to leave a very substantial tip with the outdoor servant in question. In all cases where the visit extends to a week or more, the head gamekeeper expects, and generally receives, a tip of from £3 to £50, and it is very doubtful whether any sum less than a sovereign would be acknowledged with a word of thanks.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BEAUTY OF CHRISTIAN COURTESY POINTED OUT.

Discourse Preached from the Words of Peter: "Be Courteous"—The Value of Praise-Giving — Thoughtfulness for Others a Spirit to Be Cultivated.

(Copyright, 1902, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

Washington, Jan. 12.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges thoughtfulness for others and shows how such a benignant spirit may be fostered; text, I Peter ii, 8, "Be courteous."

In an age when bluntness has been canonized as a virtue it may be useful to extol one of the most beautiful of all the royal family of graces—courtesy. It is graciousness, deference to the wishes of others, good manners, affability, willingness to deny ourselves somewhat for the advantage of others, urbanity. Mark you, it cannot be put on or dramatized successfully for a long while. We may be full of bows and genuflections, and smiles and complimentary phrase, and have nothing of genuine courtesy either in our makeup or in our demeanor. A backwoodsman who never saw a drawing room or a dancing master or a caterer or a fold of drapery may with his big soul and hard hand and awkward salutation exercise the grace, while those who have richest upholstery and educated in foreign schools, and bothered to know which of ten garments he will take from a royal wardrobe, may be as barren of the spirit of courtesy as the great Sahara desert is of green meadows and tossing fields of wheat.

Christian courtesy is born in the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, who has transformed and illumined and glorified one's nature. Mark you, I am speaking of the highest kind of courtesy, which is Christian courtesy. Something like it—ordinary politeness —may grow up with us under the direction of intelligent and watchful parentage, but I am not speaking of that which is merely agreeableness of conversation and behavior. I am speaking of a principle of courtesy so implanted in one's nature that his sunnity of conversation and manner shall be the outburst of what he feels for the happiness and welfare of others, a principle that will work in the next world as well as in this and will be as appropriate in the mansions of heaven as in earthly dwelling places.

Now, you know as well as I do that some of the most undesirable people have been seeming incarnations of courtesy. In our early American history there arose a man of wonderful talent, an impersonation of all that calls charm drawing rooms and cultivated circles. He became vice president of the United States and within one vote of being president. Men threw away their fortunes to help him in his political aspirations and to forward his plans in conspiracy to overthrow the government of the United States, he trying to do in America what Napoleon at that very time was trying to do in Europe—establish a throne for himself. But he was immoral and corrupt. He was the serpent that entered its way into many a domestic paradise. He shot to death one of the greatest of Americans—Alexander Hamilton. The world found out long before he left it that the offender I speak of was an embodiment of dissoluteness and base amibition. He was the best illustration that I know of of the fact that a man may have the appearance of courtesy while within he is all wrong.

Absalom, a Bible character, was a specimen of a man of polish outside and of rottenness inside. He captured all who came near him. But, oh, what a heart he had, full of treachery and unfilial spirit and baseness! He was as bad as he was alluring and charming.

I like what John Wesley said to a man when their carriages met on the road. The ruffian, knowing Mr. Wesley and disliking him, did not turn out, but kept the middle of the road. Mr. Wesley cheerfully gave the man all the road, himself riding into the ditch. As they passed each other the ruffian said, "I never turn out for fools," and Mr. Wesley said, "I always do." I like the reproof which a Chinaman in San Francisco gave an American. The American pushed him off the sidewalk until he fell into the mud. The Chinaman on rising began to brush off his mud and said to the American, "You Christian; me heathen. Goodby." A stranger entered a church in one of the cities and was allowed to stand a long while, although there was plenty of room. No one offered a seat. The stranger after while said to one of the brethren, "What church is this?" The answer was, "Christ's church, sir." "Is he in?" said the stranger. The officer of the church understood what was meant and gave him a seat. We want more courtesy in the churches, more courtesy in places of business, more courtesy in our homes.

Let us all cultivate this grace of Christian courtesy by indulging in the habit of praise instead of the habit of blame. There are evils in the world that we must denounce, and there are men and women who ought to be chastised, but never let us allow an opportunity of applauding good deeds pass unimproved. The old theory was that you must never praise people least we make them vain. No danger of that. Before any of us get through with the world we will have enough and ignoble and depreciating and lying things said about us to keep us humble. God approvingly recognizes a system of rewards as well as of punishments.

When you hear a good sermon, stop after the benediction and tell the pastor, though you never saw him before that day, "Your sermon did me good." When a mechanic does a good piece of work tell him it is well done. When a physician brings you out of a perilous illness, stop him in the street and say, "Doctor, you saved my life." When you hear of a business man in some heavy stress of financial weather helping frailer craft into the harbor, go into his counting room and say, "I hear you have been helping your fellow business man to outride the tempest of a panic, and I came in to thank you for the good advice you gave and to let you know that all good citizens appreciate what you have been doing." Go down the street to-morrow and thank somebody. There are hundreds of people who never get thanked at all. Plenty of severe criticism, plenty of faultfinding, plenty of misinterpretation, plenty of depreciation, but as to gratitude—that is a market in which the supply does not equal the demand.

In the cultivation of this habit of Christian courtesy let us abstain from joining in the work of defamation. It is a bad streak in human nature that there are so many people who prefer to believe evil instead of good concerning any one under discussion. The more faults a man has of his own the more willing is he to ascribe faults to others.

What a curse of cynics and pessimists afflicts our time, afflicts all time! There are those who praise no one until he is dead, and that he is clear under ground and a heavy stone is on top of him there is no possibility of his ever coming up again as a rival. Some of the epitaphs on tombstones are so fulsome that on resurrection day I expect many will be ready to read the epitaph, for the moment think he got into the wrong grave.

There are two sides to every man's character—a good side and an evil side. The good see only the good and the evil only the evil, and the probability is that the medium opinion is the right opinion. Most of the people whom I know are doing about as well as they can under the circumstances.

The work of reform is the most important work, but many of the reformers, dwelling on one evil, see nothing but evil, and they get so used to anathema they forget the usefulness once in awhile of a benediction. They get so accustomed to excoriating public men that they do not realize that never since John Hancock in boldest chirography signed the Declaration of Independence, never since Columbus picked up the floating land flowers that showed him he was coming near some new country, have there been so many noble and splendid and Christian men in high places in this country as now. You could go into the president's cabinet or the United States senate or the house of representatives in this city and find plenty of men capable of holding an old fashioned Methodist prayer meeting, plenty of senators and representatives and cabinet officers to start the tune and kneel with the penitents at the altar. In all these places there are men who could, without looking at the book, recite the sublime words, as did Gladstone during vacation at Hawarden, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ," and from the senate and house of representatives and the presidential cabinet and from the surrounding offices and committee rooms, if they could hear, would come many voices responding "Amen and amen!"

Christian courtesy I especially commend to those who have subordinates. Almost every person has some one under him. How do you treat that clerk, that servant, that assistant, that employe? Do you use him in brusque terms and roughly command him to do that which you might kindly ask him to do? The last words that the Duke of Wellington uttered were, "If you please." That conqueror in what was in some respects the greatest battle ever fought, in the last hours, asked by his servant if he would take some tea, replied, "If you please," his last words an expression of courtesy. Beautiful characteristic in any class. There is no excuse for boorishness in any circle. As complete a gentleman as ever lived was the man who was unhorsed on the road to Damascus and beheaded on the road to Ostia—Paul, the apostle. I know that he might be so characterized by the way he apologized to Ananias, the high priest. I know it from the way he complimented Felix as a judge, although he did not greet the king, "I thank myself, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews, especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." And then the close words of advice which he gives: "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "in honor preferring one another;" "honor all men."

What a mighty means of usefulness is courtesy! The lack of it brings to many a dead failure, while before those who possess it in large quantity all the doors of opportunity are open. You can tell that urbanity does not come from study of books of etiquette, although such books have their use, but from a mind full of thoughtfulness for others and a heart in sympathy with the conditions of others. Ah, this world needs lighting up! To those of us who are prosperous it is no credit that we are in a state of good cheer, but in the lives of ninety-nine out of a hundred there is a pathetic side, a taking off, a deficit, an anxiety, a trouble. By a genial look, by a kind word, by a helpful action, we may lift a little of the burden and partly clear the way for the stumbling foot. Oh, what a glorious art it is to say the right word in the right way at the right time!

Alexander the Great won the love of his soldiers on foot by calling them fellow footmen. Rehoboam lost the ten tribes through his discourtesy. More thoughtfulness for others—let us all cultivate it.

Many years ago two men entered the largest locomotive workshops in Philadelphia. They were treated in a very indifferent way and were allowed to depart without any show of courtesy. They went into other shops, and no especial attention was given them. After awhile the two men entered a smaller shop, and the overseer took great pains in showing them everything and how they wrought and on what plan the shops were run. The two visitors were agents of the Czar of Russia, and those shops were transferred to St. Petersburg, and that polite man that bestowed such attention was called to build the locomotives for all the railroads of Russia and had fortune after fortune roll in upon him. Courtesy is a mighty force in temporal things as well as in spiritual things.

Let us start each year, each month, each day, with the question, What can I do to make others happy? On our way to office or store or shop or rail train let us be alert for heaven descended opportunities.

The time must come when the world will acknowledge international courtesy. Now courtesy between nations is chiefly made of rhetorical greeting, but as soon as there is a difference of interest their ministers plenipotentiary are called home, and the guns of the forts are put in position, and the army and navy get ready. Why not a courtesy between nations that will defer to each other and surrender a little rather than have prolonged armies, ending in great slaughter? Room for all nations of the earth and all styles of government. What the world wants is less armament and more courtesy, less of the spirit of destruction and more of the spirit of amity. This century has opened the way to many armies in the field and too many men-of-war on the ocean. Before the century closes may the last cavalry horse be hitched to the plow and the last warship become a merchantman.

There is nothing worthy in the thought that the earth will get too crowded with population if vast multitudes are not destroyed by war. When our old world is full of inhabitants, it will have fulfilled its mission, and it will be put aside like an old ship canal grown into a navy yard and dismantled and the world's inhabitants transferred to some other constellation. The angels in the song celebrated this coming international courtesy when in the Bethlehem starlight they chanted, "Good will to men."

If others lack courtesy, that is no reason why you should lack it. Respond to rudeness by utmost affability. Because some one else is a boor is no reason why you should be a boor.

So I applaud Christian courtesy. I would put it upon the throne of every heart in all the world. The beauty of it is that you may extend it to others and have just as much of it—yea, more of it—left in your own heart and life. It is like the miracle of the loaves and fishes, which, by being divided, were multiplied until twelve baskets were filled with the remnants. It is like a torch, with which fifty lamps may be lighted and yet the torch remain as bright as before it lighted the first lamp.

But this grace will not come to its coronal until it reaches the heavenly sphere. What a world that must be where selfishness and jealousy and pride and ascerbites of temper have never entered and never will enter! No struggle for precedence. No rivalry between cherubim and seraphim. No ambition as to who shall have the front seats in the temple of God and the Lamb. No controversy about the place the guest may take at the banquet. No rivalry of robe or coronet. No racing of chariots. No throne looking askance upon other thrones, but all the inhabitants profoundly happy and rejoicing in the perfect happiness of others. If I never get to any other delightful place, I want to get to that place. What a realm to live in forever! All worshiping the same God, all saved by the same Christ, all experiencing the same emotions, all ascending the same heights of love and exultation, all celebrating the victories. Courtesy there easy, because there will be no faults to overlook, no apologies to make, no mistakes to correct, no disagreeableness to overcome, no wrongs to right. In all the ages to come not a detraction or a subterfuge. A perfect soul in a perfect heaven. In that realm, world without end, it will never be necessary to repeat the words of my text, words that now need oft repetition, "Be courteous."

Irishman on Stand.

Lawyers with an appreciative sense of humor enjoy nothing so much as to get a quick-witted, ready-tongued son of the Emerald isle on the stand to relieve the monotony of the legal technicalities of the case. A gentleman who has been collecting samples of Irish wit and repartee for years thus relates the following anecdotes. Some of them are doubtless mellow with age, but in any case they will bear repetition:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the court clerk of a prisoner charged with some trifling offense.

"Phwat are yees there for but to foind out?" was the quick rejoinder.

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was on the stand.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity?"

"She wuz, sor, now an' then, but she generally used th' potaty masher."

A witness testifying in a murder case was asked to describe to the jury the exact location of a flight of stairs.

"Explain to the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "exactly how the steps run."

"Shure, sor, if ye shtand at th' bottom they run up, an' if ye shtand at th' top they run down."

In a suit by an installment house to obtain payment for a suite of furniture a witness was asked if he knew what "quartered oak" meant. Here is the definition:

"It manns thot it's thra-quarters poine."

Electric Power on War Vessels.

The board of naval construction, in a report on Congress, states that it is of the opinion that wherever the military efficiency of naval vessels can be increased by the use of electric power for auxiliary machinery it should be done, and also, as a large electric plant must of necessity be installed for military purposes, such as lighting, searchlights, turret-turning gear, ammunition hoists, rammers and elevating gear for heavy guns, etc., the use of electric power can with propriety be applied to other auxiliaries not likely to be used in action, but which the electric plant is capable of operating when the vessel is not engaged in battle—such as deck cranes, deck winches, etc. The board is also of the opinion that great attention should be given to the type and size of electric generators, their installation, and the installation of electric conductors; to the means of interior communication, and all other essential features.

Circumstances often control conditions and compel compliance with unpleasant situations.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE

Which the Doctors Failed to Cure or Understand.

A Medical man as a rule dislikes to acknowledge the value of a proprietary medicine—in fact, professional etiquette debars him from doing so. Yet there are many eminent physicians, those most advanced in their profession, who give full credit to the great curative properties of Vogeler's Curative Compound, from the fact that it is manufactured by an old and reliable company, proprietors of St. Jacob's Oil, from the formula of a brother physician, who to-day stands in the front ranks of the most eminent medical men in London, and on account of its intrinsic merit, it is largely prescribed by the medical profession; but, in the case which we are about to relate, the attending physician called it "rubbish," but, as it turned out, Mrs. Nettleton tells the doctor that "rubbish or not, it saved her life."

Mrs. Nettleton graphically relates the particulars of her own case, which will doubtless be of interest to many of our lady readers:

"I had been an intense sufferer for many years from dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, when a little pamphlet was placed in my hands, and, although at that time I had been bedridden for more than six months, I determined, after reading some of the wonderful testimonials therein of cases similar to mine, which had been completely cured by the timely use of Vogeler's Curative Compound, to try some, especially as my doctors failed to even benefit me, and I had almost given up all hope of ever being well again. It is most interesting, and, in fact, marvelous to relate, that the very first dose of fifteen drops relieved me. It was not long before I was able to get up and about; three months from taking the first dose I was enjoying better health than I had been for fourteen years. I continued well until a few months back when I was taken ill again, my troubles being dyspepsia and constipation. I had a doctor attending me for a month, but continued to grow worse, until I again found myself bedridden, when I bethought myself of my old medicine, Vogeler's Curative Compound, which I immediately sent for and took in place of the doctor's medicine; at that time I had not had a movement of the bowels for five days, but Vogeler's Curative Compound soon put me on my feet again—in fact, completely cured me a second time, but, of course, this attack was not as bad as the first, yet I fully believe I should not have been alive today had it not been for Vogeler's Curative Compound. If I had only thought to have taken it when my last illness took place, I should not only have been saved much suffering, but a $75 doctor's bill."

Mrs. Nettleton says she have recommended Vogeler's Curative Compound for indigestion and eczema, and in every case it has proved a cure beyond a doubt. Mr. Swinbank, our chemist, has sent me the names of no end of people who have been cured by Vogeler's Curative Compound. By the way, the proprietors have so much confidence in this great London physician's discovery, that they will send a sample free to any person sending name and address and naming this paper." St. Jacob's Oil Co, 205 Clay Street, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Nettleton is a confectioner, in the Brighton Road, where she has been established many years, and is honored and respected by all classes. Her statements as regards Vogeler's Curative Compound may, therefore, be regarded as reliable evidence of its great value. The public, however, may look upon this remarkable statement as one of the many which we are constantly receiving from grateful people all over the world, who have been cured of various maladies by the use of this brain and nerve food. It is the result of an eminent physician's life-long experience. These people are nearly always representative and well-known citizens.

Pays for Death of Lens.

Pittsburg, Pa., dispatch: A case famous in international diplomacy was closed by the payment of $7,500 damages to Mrs. Lenz, the mother of Frank G. Lenz, an American wheelman who was killed by Turkish officials. The money was turned over by the state department to Attorney John H. Mueller of this city.

Kills Girl for Wedding Rival.

Henry Clements of Knox, Ind., aged 18, Tuesday shot and killed Mrs. Edward Davis, 16 years old, his cousin and former sweetheart, and then fired a bullet into his own head, failing, fatally wounded, upon his victim's dead body. Pretty Merli Holcomb and Clements were engaged to be wed. The day was near and arrangements for the wedding were in progress. One week ago the bride-elect broke off the engagement and married Edward Davis, a rival suitor. Clements became morose and attempted suicide.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There is a vast difference in one's respect for the man who has made himself and the man who has only made his money.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit makes it a pleasure.

When in doubt use Wizard Oil for pain; both suffering and doubt will vanish. Your doctor and druggist know it.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought it is a mother's love.—Marchioness de Spadara.

FOUND AMERICANS BUYING LAND AT SASKATCHEWAN, WESTERN CANADA.

A Michigan Farmer Visits Saskatoon and is Well Pleased.

Mr. S. K. Lent was a delegate sent from the farmers of Allegan County, Michigan to Western Canada, to report on the prospects for successful settlement. His report is as follows: I went from Winnipeg to Edmonton, thence east one hundred miles by wagon. I found the country in that vicinity a rich, black loam, varying from 12 inches to 4 feet deep, the crops are simply something enormous; wheat and oats by actual measurement often standing five feet in height. I have been a farmer for forty years, and consider myself a fair judge of the yield of grain, and I saw wheat that would yield 50 bushels per acre, and oats that would yield 100 bushels per acre; not one alone, but a good many. As for root crops and garden truck, in no country have I ever seen their equal for all kinds except corn and tomatoes; the nights being too cool for these to ripen well. As a stock country it has no equal. East of Edmonton, on the head waters of the Vermillion River, I saw hay meadows containing from 10 to 100 acres, the grass standing 4 feet high, and would often cut 3 to 4 tons to the acre. From Edmonton I passed through some fine locations, namely, Wetaskiwin, Lacombe and other points.

From McLeod I went to Regina, thence to Prince Albert, 247 miles north of the main line. For the first fifty miles is fine farming country, but the next hundred miles is more of a stock country. Then at Saskatoon, Rosthern and Duck Lake I found some very fine farming country, so good that I found a party of Americans from Minnesota buying land for themselves—one party buying 12 sections, and the other 20 sections of land for themselves, which they proposed to improve at once.

I have traveled over twenty-three different States and Territories in our Union, and never in my life time have I ever seen such magnificent crops and especially as fine a stock country.

Hunters' License Fees.

In Florida a non-resident hunter is required to pay $10 to each county in which he shoots. In Michigan a resident obtains a license for 75 cents, but the non-resident has to pay $25 for the privilege. Throughout every other state, Canada taxes each person not a British subject $5 for an angler's permit for three months, and $10 for a period of six months. In British Columbia the fee is $50 for a season's shooting. Minnesota charges residents 25 cents and non-residents $25; Illinois $10.50, Wisconsin $25, New Brunswick $20, and a bond of $100 for a due observance of the laws, Manitoba $50, Ontario $25, South Carolina $25; Wyoming 40, North Dakota $25, South Dakota $10, West Virginia $25.

A Pueblo Indian Book.

The Santa Fe has in preparation a book on the Indians along its lines. The matter will be largely descriptive, arranged by an expert ethnologist; and although the primary object of the publication is to advertise the wonders and interesting features of the Southwest the book is expected to have a definite scientific value and great care is being given to the accuracy of the subject-matter and illustrations.

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Do not read great authors solely with a view to inoculating yourself with their idea on a certain subject, but reason the matter out and form your own opinion.

MISS BONNIE DELANO

A Chicago Society Lady, in a Letter to Mrs. Pinkham says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Of all the grateful daughters to whom you have given health and life, none are more glad than I.

"My home and my life was happy

MISS BONNIE DELANO.

until illness came upon me three years ago. I first noticed it by having irregular and having very painful and scanty menstruation; gradually my general health failed; I could not enjoy my meals; became languid and nervous, with griping pains frequently in the groins.

"I advised with our family physician who prescribed without any improvement. One day he said: 'Try Lydia Pinkham's Remedies.' I did, instead of the next month I was better, and it gradually built me up until in four months I was cured. This is nearly a year ago and I have not had a return of aches since."—BONNIE DELANO, 3248 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.—*$5000 proof if above testimonial is not genuine.*

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